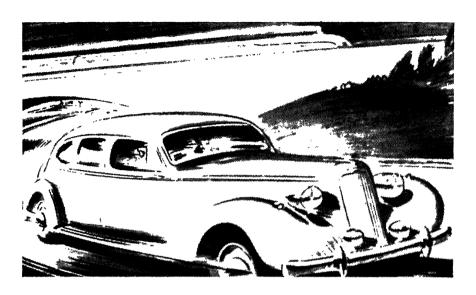
# World Review





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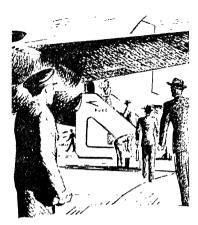
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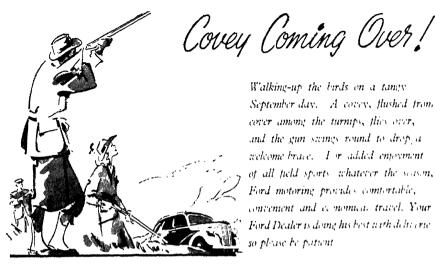
# World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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## THINKING ALOUD

## TERENCE KILMARTIN

## BACK TO LONDON

To come back to London after a holiday in Ireland is like returning to Egypt after a brief excursion into the Promised Land - a land not only flowing with milk and honey, but glutted with butter and eggs, with beef steaks and Guinness—a friendly, easy-going, hospitable land, untroubled by most of the cares and difficulties of life in post-war England.

'No queues!' sighed the good lady with whom I shared a taxi from Euston -- 'and you arrive back at Holyhead and have to queue for a cup of tea.'

Yes, a trip to Ireland (and the same, I suppose, applies to Switzerland or Denmark or other countries comparatively untouched by war) certainly brings home to one the rigours of life in contemporary England. But there is no necessity to feel ashamed at the contrast, like so many English travellers returning home after sojourns in more favoured lands. The tendency among such people to bewail the drabness, the austerity, the restrictions which are the unfortunate but inevitable heritage of war sacrifices, and to impute them all to the alleged bureaucratic schadenfreude of the government, is a deplorable, if natural one.

It is surprising, incidentally, the number of Englishmen of strict Unionist antecedents who have recently conceived a sudden affection for rebel-ruled Eire, which is now regarded as one of the last few remaining strongholds of free enterprise.

## ALARM AND DESPONDENCY

In Ireland one feels curiously remote from the rest of the world. I revelled in this benign isolation, hardly looking at a newspaper throughout my stay. What

a depressing catalogue of calamities and frustrations I found on my return when I studied the back numbers of *The Times*: fatuous wrangling over rules of voting and procedure at the Paris Peace Conference; more serious trouble in Palestine; Soviet rejection of the Baruch Plan for the control of atomic energy; Mr. Jinnah's sudden *volte face* in India; the flare-up of full-scale civil war in China.

Domestic news was less gloomy, though a poster I noticed outside my newsagents bearing the words 'Government Bloody but Unbowed' seemed to indicate trouble on the Home Front. I took this to refer to the bread-rationing crisis, or perhaps to Labour's loss of votes in the July byelections. But the former had more or less subsided, and the latter appeared to have aroused but little excitement—and public interest was in fact largely absorbed by the sordid details of the Heath murder case.

### PARIS AGAIN

THE Paris Peace Conference could hardly have begun less propitiously. The conflict between the conception of world government by the Big Powers and the more liberal or democratic idea of a world parliament in which the small powers would have their say has been brought to a head with a vengeance. Russia alone now stands uncompromisingly by the former policy. The other members of the Big Four partnership, after hovering uncomfortably in between, have at last openly begun to support the claims of the smaller nations. The Russians at least are consistent: they clearly never intended the conference to be anything more than a mere 'rubber stamp'—and it would be nothing more nor less if the two-thirds majority rule prevailed. But Britain, the



Tel Aviv-Jewish capital of Palestine. The architecture is not impressive

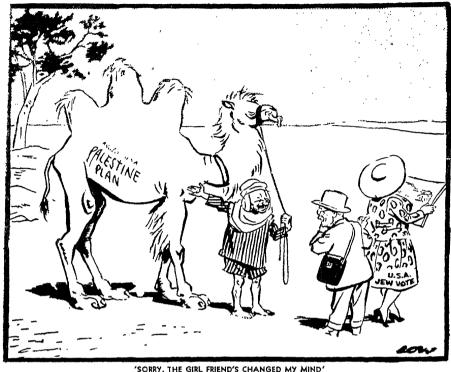
U.S. and France themselves originally supported this rule, evidently assuming, with rather childish optimism, that the smaller powers would swallow it. If no changes were to be allowed to be made to the draft treaties as agreed upon by the Big Four, the present conference would be a waste of breath.

As I write, the deadlock continues and seems unlikely to be satisfactorily resolved. M. Molotov refuses to accept the British compromise despite the fact that it was passed, curiously enough, by a majority of more than two-thirds. The compromise formula is in any case somewhat irrelevant since, in the last analysis, any alterations to the treaty, whatever the size of the majority recommending them, depend on the unanimous agreement of the Big Powers. Disappointment and resentment at the Soviet attitude is only slightly assuaged by the reflection that at the Versailles Conference the small powers were given no chance to vote at all.

#### PALESTINE SOLUTION?

THE new federal plan for the solution of the Palestine problem seems reasonable enough at first sight; but it lacks the advantage of finality and is open to the objection that it perpetuates the present quasi-colonial régime, since the Central Government retains all but the most minor powers. Even on the all-important question of immigration the final word is to lie with the mandatory power. However, if the Americans accept the plan and are prepared to share the responsibility for trying to make it work, it may succeed. At the moment Mr. Truman still hesitates, torn between concern for his international obligations and the exigencies of domestic policies.

The British Government is apparently determined, whatever happens, to carry on in the Holy Land—'if necessary alone'. Surely this is asking for trouble. No sensible person would suggest that we should suddenly clear out of the country



A Low cartoon in the Evening Standard sums up the American attitude to Palestine

leaving the Arabs to the tender mercies of the Jews, or vice versa. But I can think of no reason, other than the demands of imperial strategy, why we cannot hand over our mandate to the United Nations and let them solve the problem. Even Mr. Churchill is now in favour of this, and he can hardly be accused of a desire to surrender imperial property. In urging this course he maintained, rather unconvincingly, that sheer altruism had caused us to hang on to the mandate for so long. However this may be, he is to be congratulated for his belated realisation that this altruism has now gone far enough.

Meanwhile Jewish terrorist tactics are alienating all but the most ardent supporters of the Zionist cause. The tragic lot of the survivors of Nazi pogroms is being forgotten in the almost universal opprobrium aroused by the St. David Hotel outrage. Nothing could have been better calculated to stimulate ever-latent anti-Semitic feeling—and orders so offensively worded as that of General Barker do nothing to help matters. Whatever the provocation, men in such responsible positions as his should learn to mitigate their spleen when it comes to issuing written orders. A verbal outburst would have been more excusable.

The superficial resemblance between the two situations leads many commentators to draw a parallel between the Zionist problem and the Irish 'troubles' after the 1914–18 war. The activities of the Jewish terrorists have even been compared with the underground struggle of the European resistance groups. The



DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN, the great Jewish leader. Will he check Zionist extremism?

analogy is grossly misleading; and the reason I mention it here is that many American and other critics of our Palestine policy are inclined to seize on it to belabour the British as monstrous oppressors comparable to the Nazis, withholding the right of self-determination from a subject people. The analogy is certainly more feasible in the case of Ireland, for there, as in Palestine, the British were the villains, and there also a third party existed—the Ulster Unionists who were more strongly opposed to the rebels than to the occupying power. But the weakness of the comparison appears when one realises—what most, Englishmen have always refused to acknowledge—that the Irish were fighting for the freedom and independence of their own country against a power which had no right to be there at all. The Jews, on the other hand, whatever their historical claims to the Holy Land, cannot be said to possess any inalienable rights to the country, while the British are there by virtue of a League of Nations mandate.

The accusation of divide et impera is nevertheless a potent one which will continue to be used against us, however disinterested our motives, so long as we maintain a semi-colonial régime in Palestine. That is the great drawback of the new plan, for even in the unlikely event of the Jews and Arabs reluctantly accepting it, both will continue to play one another offagainst the British who, as the Economic tremarks, "will remain subject to the pressures and kicks from Islam and Jewry and Washington that have embarrassed them for years".

## ANOTHER 'NO' FROM GROMYKO

WITH the international spotlight oscillating between Paris and Palestine, the deliberations of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission were given relatively little publicity in the British press, and the ominous fact of the Russians' rejection in toto of the Baruch Plan for the control of the atom bomb seems to have been largely ignored perhaps because



The inserutable GROMYKO



The U.N. Atomic Energy Commission in session

nobody really expected them to accept it. The public has grown dangerously cynical and disillusioned about these matters. The name Gromyko has now become synonymous with non-co-operation, and his latest 'No' was received with a halfhumorous shrug of the shoulders regardless of the immense significance of the issues at stake in this particular case. People are anyway rather bored with the atom bomb. The Bikini affair was a singularly blatant piece of hackle-raising, worthy of Hollywood, and it has resulted, paradoxically, in the widespread notion that the atom is not so hot after all, since warships can survive it and therefore still have their uses. This may, of course, be what the originators of the experiment intended. Admirals, after all, are not particularly anxious to lose their jobsas a French journalist, commenting on Admiral Blandy's smug announcement after the first experiment, maliciously but very pertinently remarked.

This idea that the atom bomb is not so serious a weapon as it was once thought to be is a very dangerous delusion, which all too many people are cherishing today. As if the dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were not proof enough of its deadly efficacy! Any scientist who knows what he is talking about will tell you that there is no defence against the bomb, nor is there likely to be. And it is futile to pretend—this is another common fallacy—that in the event of war no nation will dare to use the new weapon for fear of retaliation.

## DE GAULLE CHANGES HIS TUNE

It is interesting to see that General de Gaulle has at last become convinced of the necessity, long urged and reiterated in these columns, for a strong Western bloc based on Franco-British co-operation. The General's analysis (in his speech at Bar-le-Duc) of the post-war distribution of power, though clothed in his curious



BVATT OF AUSTRALIA, spokesman of the smaller powers at Paris

apocalyptic prose, was a clear and unequivocal statement of the realities of the international position.

The hopes of establishing world peace through a union of the nations transcending the petty claims of national sovereignty are fading fast, and we are forced back inexorably to the uneasy resort of the 'balance of power'. It is a sad reminder of the fundamental unteachableness of human nature.

The following passage from General de Gaulle's speech is especially significant:

'America and Russia, rich in men and resources, compact in their territories and naturally protected, the one by immense oceans and the other by its own space, are drawn towards expansion which according to eternal custom is clothed in the mantle of doctrine, but is in the last resort a spreading-out of power. Nobody henceforth can evade the heavy anxiety laid upon the destiny of each country and each individual by

the future relations of America and Russia.

'Who, then, can restore the balance between the two new worlds. Surely only the old world of Europe, which is able to provide the necessary element of balance and understanding in the heart of a world which is tending to split in two... Such balance implies, first of all, an understanding between London and Paris . . . . What a blessing it would be for the world if . . . the two peoples of France and Britain, these fine old courageous nations, bound together by so many common sacrifices, by similar hopes and mutual respect, could get together on a solid basis to serve the cause of peace as they did to fight war.

De Gaulle's attitude has in the past been one of the main obstacles to such an entente. His present retractation is none the less welcome, for though he is no longer in power, his voice remains a powerful one in France.

## 'OUR THREATENED VALUES'

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Victor Gollancz's excellent little book. Our Threatened Values, published a month or two ago, is being as widely read as it has been widely and favourably reviewed. The crisis of moral values with which Mr. Gollanez is so justly preoccupied is an obvious and distressing phenomenon, however understandable it may be in view of the demoralisation due to the influence of Nazi and Fascist ideology. Mr. Gollancz sometimes lays himself open to the charge of exaggerated quixoticism, particularly in what he has to say about Germany. If so, it is a comparatively innocuous vice, which is becoming ever more rare even among the English, who were once its principal exponents. 'No other country', H. A. L. Fisher rem ck somewhere in his History of Europe, 'so swiftly or so lightly conceives a passion for the oppressed in other

lands'-often, indeed, to the extent of forgetting the maxim 'Charity begins at Home'. Today it is only apologetically and almost furtively that one can sympathise, for example, with the millions of Germans expelled from Poland and Czechoslovakia. This deprecation of hum mitari in feeling is becoming an absolute mania: as Gollancz says, there is hardly a politician and hardly a newspaper that doesn't succumb to it— 'If you were to believe our public men, you would think that pity and mercy were not merely irrelevant but positively disgraceful, and that to have nothing whatever to do with them was a positive ethical duty. So pervasive is this new morality that even men who are obviously moved largely or even solely by humanitarian considerations pay lip service to it and hurriedly add, when they mention pity, "That, of course, is not the primary consideration." They appear to be afraid that otherwise people might think them wicked.'

The press is especially guilty in this respect; but it is largely true that a people gets the press, like the government, that it deserves, and the popular newspapers in this country are probably a pretty accurate reflection of public opinion.

An even more unpleasant aspect of this anti-humanitarian mania is that it is so often combined with an odious self-righteousness. People who advocated the indiscriminate bombing of Germans and Japanese, or who now cry 'Let them starve!' will denounce almost in the same breath the cruelty and callousness of the Russians.

Mr. Gollancz, once a fervent supporter of the Soviet Union, certainly does not spare it now, for in its growing power and influence he sees 'the major force opposing the maintenance and development of our Western values', which the Russians have never really shared. It is a tragedy that the increasing decadence of the West—its lack of a firm, dynamic faith—renders it



VICTOR GOLLANCZ, the publisher, whose recent book, Our Threatened Values, is a timely plea for decency and justice in international affairs

so very vulnerable to the power of the Soviet *mystique*.

Another recently published book, The Dark Side of the Moon, which describes the ordeal of the hundreds of thousands of Poles deported into the wilderness of Central Russia early in the war, throws a good deal of light not only on the sombre despotism of the Soviet régime but also on the peculiarities of the Russian character in particular its callousness, its cold indifference to the sufferings of people, and its lack of respect for human personality. Not even such an earnest apologist of the Soviets as the editor of the New Statesman and Nation has attempted to dispute the authenticity of this book, which is all the more impressive for the restraint with which it is written. Mr. Martin, however, continues to harp on 'the duty of British Marxists to support Russia', despite all its faults, on the grounds that the monster Capitalism has been eliminated there—a



RICHARD STOKES, M.P., speaking at the opening meeting of the Lague des Deats des Peuple

dangerous fallacy this, which leads so many humane and sincere Left Wingers to condone and even to defend tyranny and injustice. Poor Marx! Were he to come alive today there is no doubt that he would be shocked and horrified by the régime which is supposed to be based on his theories. Critics of Socialism have always contended that a slave state on the lines of contemporary Russia is the logical and inevitable result of Marxism, and Left Wingers fall into the trap and ruin their case by persisting, against all the evidence, in extolling the Soviet system. Anyone who has read Koestler's The Yogi and the Commissar, for example, will know that Stalin repudiated most of Marx's principles years ago.

## LIGUE DES DROITS DES PEUPLES

To return to the question of the decay of Western European liberal humanitarianism. A welcome sign that the flame still burns, however fitfully, not only in this country but also in France, is the manguration of the new French Lique des Droits des Peuples, a similar association to the Duchess of Atholl's League for European Freedom, The 'Red Duchess' was present at the inaugural meeting of the Lique at the end of July, and another British representative was Richard Stokes, one of the rare band of independent-minded Labour M.P.s. The aims of both societies are to uphold the rights and liberties of all peoples, particularly the small nations, to defend the freedom of the press; and to combat injustice, hypocrisy and violence in all their forms, such as open or veiled annexations of territory, brutal transfers of population, the maltreatment of minorities, etc.

The Honorary President of the French League is the veteran Socialist, Bracke Desrousseaux, and the young Anglophile Liberal deputy, Pierre Bourdan, well known for his wartime broadcasts, is also apparently a member.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS Monthly Comments (XIV)

## SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

In my last survey I wrote: 'By the time these lines appear, the Conference should be in full session, still lingering among those early annabilities... reluctant to embark upon the angry seas of business...'

My forecast has proved far too optimistic. There have been no 'early anniabilities' in Paris. From the formal opening of the Conference, its mood has been one of exasperation and obstruction. Now, as I write, comes news of Monsieur Molotov's attempt, after more than a week of sessions, to substitute for an ordinary majority the two-thirds-majority system used at San Francisco -- obviously with the purpose of stopping the mouths of the small Powers round the end of the Conference table.

At this stage, it may be as well to consider as dispassionately as we may the history of Russia's attitude both at the general conferences, in the Security Council and in the Council of Foreign Ministers from the opening of the San Francisco Conference until today. Only thus will the policy of the Kremlin assume any proper shape or coherence.

At San Francisco it was Russia who insisted upon the disastrous Veto, and the world who accepted it as the price of getting the U.S.S.R. into UNO. Its purpose was to cow the small nations and bring home to them the impropriety of quarrelling with big ones. Its effect has been to caricature the very principles of the Atlantic Charter, and to castrate UNO at birth.

The next step was the decisions at Potsdam, when for a moment it seemed as if Russia, in return for a large part of Germany's industrial equipment, might condescend to administer the conquered land in some sort of concert with her three great allies. The spectacle of the British and Americans being driven to fuse the economy of their two zones is some measure of how this hope has been realised. At no moment during the sad fifteen months of occupation have the Russians shown any disposition to allow their allies the least say in the eastern area of Germany, or to trade foodstuffs from its rich agricultural lands against the coal and steel of the Ruhr and the Rhineland. Their German policy, in short, has been inspired by what would seem to be the utmost impatience of international deliberations.

Next came a moment of Russo-American rapprochement when it looked as if an attempt

would be made to 'freeze' us out of the Big Three. Though our nulitary power may be formidable, our bulk cannot compare with that of our partners; while it might be argued that, despite their almost pathological fear of Communism, the American people stand psychologically nearer to the Russians than we do. Long ago Kayserling remarked certain basic similarities in Russian and American civilisations-frontier civilisations, one that had advanced West, the other East: civilisations of the log or frame house; civilisations where men drink, not, as in Europe, from gaiety and good fellowship, but to seek oblivion from the desperate ennui that eats at the heart of both of them. To these common qualities, we in 1946 may add the worship of the machine, a creed of beneficial scientific progress which not even the atom bomb has seriously impugned, and a passion for trading individuality against the tastes and the protective colouring of the crowd.

A Russo-American entente, therefore, is psychologically feasible, and it seems to have been in the wind at the time of Mr. Byrnes' appointment as Secretary of State. Its advantage to the Russians hardly needs description; to the Americans might have been opened a vast Slav market, while both parties were supposed to seek rewards in quickening the disintegration of the British Empire.

But no doubt the scheme never became more than a dream in certain hot heads. The reluctance of American capital to make Russia a rehabilitation loan on easy terms, Russian intrigues in the Far East (which the American public had come to regard as a special American preserve), the atomic bomb spy scare in Canada, and rumours of Russian atrocities that began to seep into the States from Berlin and Vienna-combined to breed a profound suspicion of the Kremlin in the American mind. The proposing of a Moscow conference was to be America's last great gesture of 'appeasement' towards Russia. Had Mr. Secretary Byrnes thereafter not quickly altered course, he might have run into ugly storms at home. In the following months, when the Russians 'turned the heat' on our Persian interests, the Americans stood resolutely by us. Today the Soviet press, the Soviet radio, castigate the United States no less savagely than they do the United Kingdom. The attempt to



A family of Tartars, one of the less reliable of the Soviet Union's minority races. Many were deported to Siberia during the war

transform the Big Three into a 'Big Two' has failed—for the moment at any rate. At the same time, during the unfortunate London Conference of nearly a year ago, Monsieur Molotov began a manœuvre to curb the authority of France and China in the Council of Foreign Ministers. Here he was partially successful. By a decision of the Moscow Conference China has not been consulted in the drafting of any treaty now to be considered in Paris.

The latest stage has been Monsieur Molotov's efforts to reduce the Paris Conference to a mere formality, where the small powers would acclaim without criticism the draft treaties pushed in front of them by the Big Four. Considered together, these several Russian manœuvres fall into one coherent pattern. It is clear that Russian foreign policy is informed not only by morbid distrust of the outside world (which we knew already) but also by a violent impatience of any form of international control through committees. Within their own sphere—from the Stettin-Trieste line on the West to Southern Korea on the East, the Russians brook no foreign interference. Outside they would limit their dealings if not to one, then at most to three, of the greatest powers. For the small nations of this world they show a contempt that evokes memories of Hitler in his dealings with Austria or Czechoslovakia.

This attitude, however painful to us, is perfectly in the spirit of the planned totalitarian society. Committee rule is a fundamental instinct of Western society; because of the word 'Soviet' we assume the Russians feel naturally as

we do. No error could be more gross. The All-Russian Council of Soviets assembles only to legalise decisions already taken by the Government. The very structure of the hall in which it meets, with row upon row of desks facing the rostrum of government, precludes the possibility of criticism, let alone organised opposition. Nor indeed can you permit organised opposition, and all the phenomena that go with it, like minority reports, in a planned society. A small body at the very summit of the Soviet administration works out, for example, the details of the new Five-year Plan. The workers henceforward must work eight hours per day for a seven-day week. Who would be idiot enough to waste time asking the workers whether the prospect pleased them? What are the Secret Police for: Labour is short in Eastern Russia? Very well then! Deport thither the Chechens and the Tartars from the Crimea!fifteen hundred thousand souls. But who would think of first consulting the wishes of backward races like that? Isn't it enough that they were suspected of having fraternised with the German invader?

When such is the habit of Soviet internal government, why should we expect the Russians to accept completely opposed principles in the conduct of their foreign affairs? Way should they run the risk of finding themselves out-voted and discomfitted by societies they distrust or despise? Men of goodwill in the West believe that only by a sacrifice of national sovereignty to some higher international authority car civilisation be saved. The Russians believe, after Murx, that peace can come to the world only when



The all-Russian Soviet Congress in session. Criticism is taboo—the arrangement of the benches clearly precludes organised opposition

Communism reigns supreme there. Nor are they in the least interested in saving civilisation as we understand it.

The fundamental incentive for co-operating with the West is therefore absent. It went with the destruction of the German Reich. And even if the Paris Conference reaches uneasy agreement over, for instance, the peace terms to be imposed upon Roumania, we will be no nearer a settlement of the great questions that torment Europe, for they are questions which only a European Concert could resolve.

But if we are not to have a European Concert, what then? We can, I believe, only fall back on the idea which has been constantly advocated in these pages—a Western arrangement. The strength of the Communists in France and Mr. Bevin's laudable desire not to exasperate the Russians unnecessarily, so long as there was any hope of collaborating with them, have no doubt held both sides back until now. But the whole fate of Germany, which is really the fate of Europe, turns upon the possibility of our two nations moving close to each other. Our task in Central Europe is at the moment two-fold. (1) We must stand firm with our French allies against such further Russian encroachments as Mr. Bevin had in mind the other day, when he hinted at the possibility of Eastern Europe being swallowed. (2) We must somehow get the Ruhr going again, not as a mere gesture of German rehabilitation, but for the good of all Western Europe.

I touched upon this vicious problem nearly a year ago in these columns, and while the position is not quite as serious as it was then, there can be little doubt that the present policy followed in the Ruhr is delaying European recovery in a most dangerous manner. The mines are running at about 35 per cent of their normal capacity; of this half goes to the other zones or to limitrophe countries such as France, where the Ruhr coal makes up for the disappearance of British imported coal. These disastrous exports retard the recovery of the German steel industry (which would after all be working entirely on our account); make it impossible to get new mining equipment with which still further to increase coal production, or even to keep it at its present low level, and rule out the manufacture of new agricultural machinery, essential if more food is to be grown in the British zone.

Unfortunately, the French have set their faces against any moratorium of coal exports from the Ruhr. Indeed they clamour for more and more Ruhr coal. The trouble is, the average Frenchman does not realise the dangers involved in letting Germany become a gigantic slum. He recalls how three centuries ago, when the Thirty Years' War had brought Germany to a condition no less abject than her present one, France was free to turn the moment into the most glorious of her history. He forgets that in the time of Louis XIV there was no interlocking international economy, and that then a Frenchman could watch a German starve, without any risk of starving himself.

# ITALY—THE TASK OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

## RUGGERO ORLANDO

FOR the second time in this century, the Italian nation is running the risk of stepping on to the international scene as a political paradox.

The first time was after the end of the 1914-1918 war. Four great empires had crumbled the Hohenzollerns, the Habsburgs, the Romanovs and the Caliphs. The Italian delegation was raised to the rank of being one of the 'Big Four' at Versailles and, after the American withdrawal, became one of the 'Big Three' in the organisation of the League of Nations. But economically and psychologically the Italian nation was still weak and immature. Italy, founded as a nation-state only a few decades earlier, had not had the time and possibility to accumulate reserves of wealth such as had Britain, the United States and France. Thus she emerged from the war effort with her resources far more drained than any other victorious power. Reconstruction of transport, industrial reconversion, strike waves and unemployment—the general features of the postwar years-were felt more gravely in Italy than in any other victorious country. For instance, the Italian taxpayer could not afford to quell industrial unrest with the expensive system adopted in Britain—the dole.

As a consequence, very few Italians, whether voters or leaders, realised the progress made by the country in the international field, the security victory had brought to her frontiers, or the potential commercial hegemony in the Balkans. On the contrary, discontent and disappointment were rife and the nationalistic slogan, put out by the extreme Right—'We won the war and lost the peace'—found favourable reception.

Today, the leaders of the Italian Republic are faced with the danger of a similar dualism, although its terms are inverted. Nowadays Italy's potential is far above her international status. Excluding Germany, she is the most highly populated country on the Continent after Russia. She still owns a very fine set of industrial plants, although, at present, work is seriously hampered by lack of raw materials such as coal, iron and cellulose. She cannot possibly hope to buy them with gold reserves or exports; the vicious circle is made even more inevitable by the considerable curtailment of the Merchant Navy. On every

economic issue the conflict arises between national and international factors. Psychologically, it is the same: the anti-Fascist revolution and the acknowledged contribution to the war against Hitler on the one hand, and the lack of a corresponding international status on the other, have increased these dualistic feelings deeply rooted in Italian tradition and temperament. Such statements as that by the philosopher Benedetto Croce, leader of the Liberal party—'Italy is a conquered country but she feels victorious'—have well defined the ill, but have hardly helped to cure it.

In 1918 and even more so now, Italy was, and is, of all nations the most unfit to live in a world divided by strict national boundaries. Geographically and socially, she is linked both with Western Europe and the Balkans. Her principal item for export is labour; her history, that striking contrast between greatness and slavery, records fame and glory when internationalism prevailed. Italian life sank to its lowest level in times of international disintegration. Virgil and the Roman Law flourished when the known World had become one; Dante, Saint Francis, the bankers of Lombard Street and Michelangelo emerged when Europe reached her spiritual and religious unity under the aegis of the Roman Church; the Risorgimento was born out of the general bourgeois ascendancy and economic liberalism which in the nineteenth century united all Europe. Mazzini's words: 'I love my country because I love all countries', best expressed the internationalistic feeling which formed the background of Italian national independence. The national hero, Garibaldi, began his career fighting against tyranny in South America, and ended it fighting Prussian aggression against the Third French Republic, 1871. In the International Brigades in Spain, Italians formed the largest foreign contingent, the 'Garibaldi Brigade'; their organiser, Carlo Rosselli, who later on was murdered by French Fascists, on Mussolini's orders, described Fascism as 'anti-Italy'. And indeed nowhere was Fascist-exasperated nationalism so much out of place as in Italy-a country which depends on international interchange for all her industrial raw materials, on expanding world trade for the employment of



Olive-pickers in Italy were paid 1s. a day before the war. Improving the lot of the landworkers it one of the principal tasks facing the new regime

her merchant navy and her harbours, on a liberal spirit abroad that would allow other countries to absorb her surplus population and, on the other hand, stimulate tourism and travel. Yet Mussolini was ever ready to bang his fist on the table and carry fear of aggression into the international council chambers, always ready to provoke and aggravate dissents between nation and nation.

Rosselli, in fact, had defined another 'dualism' which Fascism added to the old ones. And now the Italian Republic is threatened with two possible and opposite mistakes. From the distinction between Italy and Fascism arises, on one hand, the temptation to pretend that Fascism was only a temporary disease from which the nation has completely recovered. On this assumption, many bitter lessons would become ignored; or else the Italian Republic could slip along the lazy way of accepting the recent Fascist traditionpossibly under other names and forms-and refrain from hard self-examination and from developing a new policy. Strong forces are at work in Italy at present, trying to put a brake upon a new course. One already notices much destructive criticism coming from certain elements, especially among the middle classes, against democratic leaders at home and democratic nations abroad. Their aim is obvious: since a defence of the Fascist past would be unpopular and hopeless, they are struggling against any possible alternative to Fascism. Such elements are not very numerous, but they are backed by great financial power. Under Mussolini it was impossible to make or even to keep big money, without sharing interests and responsibility with the régime. That is why most wealthy people still feel a link with Fascism and are opposed to radical reforms. But they are not alone. Fascism, in the lust for centralisation and showmanship, created all sorts of new bureaucracies and enlarged the old ones. With the offer of a job in the Civil Service, however meagrely paid, thousands were bribed into upholding the Fascist status quo. But Italy can simply not afford to keep an army of parasites, and now these people feel they are doomed. Their livelihood is threatened not so much by Left Wing theories and political trends as by Italy's need for a sound financial policy.

The Republic finds its first enemy in the economic troubles and in the civic and political immaturity of the Italian middle classes. This, too, is the result of another characteristic dualism'. Italy is unique for the capacity for revival which she has shown throughout her history. Many countries have reached in the past periods of hegemony and splendour, but none of them was able to be reborn like Italy to the most sublime heights after a long period of decadence and practical effacement. No country has ever produced an Etruscan civilisation, an Archimedes and a Julius Caesar and then suffered centuries of barbarism, and, after being turned into a



GIOVANNI GIOLITTI, Prime Minister of pre-Fascist Italy and adept at the political juggling which characterised that period

wilderness, has yet revived to create the commercial glory of Venice or the artistic achievements of the Renaissance. Like 'Renaissance', the word *Risorgimento* means re-birth.

Italians have a hard price to pay for this unique privilege of reincarnation. Their personality is split in the uneasiness of having the oldest tradition in Europe and being the youngest amongst the great states. The lower-and older -classes are among the most civilised and refined in the world. The middle classes, who asserted themselves much after the industrial and bourgeois revolution in the West, have all the awkwardness of newcomers. In an international hotel, even the most superficial observer will notice that those who have the worst manners are the Italian clients, while the most princely, dignified and friendly manners are displayed by the Italian waiters. And indeed there are many people in Italy who wonder why the ones have to be the masters and the others the servants.

Furthermore, the Italian bourgeoisie is the least numerous and the poorest of the corresponding classes in other Western countries. An approximate idea of this fact can be gathered from the figures of the British and Italian census in 1931. The population of Italy is more or less equal to that of England, Wales and Scotland, and comparisons need not be reduced to percentages. In 1931, professionals, clerks and

secretaries numbered 2,362,695 in this country; in Italy, 577,057.

The economic contrast is even more disproportionate. Here are figures relating to the savings and current accounts in private banks for Italy in 1935, and for Britain in 1940, 1935 in Italy was a somewhat normal year. The real buying power of the lira was somewhat lower than the official rate of exchange to the pound sterling. For purposes of comparison we may assume that one pound equalled 100 lira. Everybody who travelled at that time between the two countries will agree that the lira is thus quoted higher than it actually stood. Yet the total of savings and current accounts deposited in 1935 in all public and private national banks and the most important provincial banks was £,111,188,000. In 1940, current deposits and other accounts in only the 'Big Five' British banks amounted to f,2,119,555,308.

We can make allowance for the difference between statistical methods in the two countries and for many other permanent and temporary factors, the analysis of which cannot be given in an article like this one. Nevertheless, the difference in the above-quoted figures is so striking that one need not hesitate to draw the conclusion. The Italian middle classes have not the maturity, wealth, or numbers required for the stability of a bourgeois government of the type which Britain, France, the United States, Holland, Belgium, etc., had for a long time. Unfortunately, this fact is not only proved by statistics but also by the tragic experience of the last twenty-five years.

After the Risorgimento, that is to say, in the second half of last century and in the first two decades of our own, bourgeois parties could still manage to lead the nation, thanks to general economic expansion and the safety valve of emigration. But even then, the balance was far from stable. Italian politicians continuously had to shift between Right and Left, a game which became known as 'transformism', or else they had to play elaborately at taking and leaving power, tactics in which Giovanni Giolitti excelled. But with the growth of agricultural and industrial trade unions, with the economic plight caused by the first World War, and the closing down of America. and other countries to emigrants, such juggler's ability proved inadequate. A relatively small and rather discredited group of discontented and disappointed ex-servicemen, financed by big landowners and some industrialists, could, with the consent of the Monarchy, seize the Government. The middle classes acquiesced and the workers, paralysed by violence and unemployment, found. themselves in a hopeless position.

It was symptomatic that Mussolini, always keen to boast his Rightist achievements in Left Wing jargon, spoke of having carried out a 'revolution', while he made Luigi Facta, the last liberal Prime Minister, whom he was supposed to have overturned through an armed upheaval, a Senator. The Fascists absorbed the disgruntled ex-servicemen who had helped them into power by creating a huge army of civil and military servants. On the other hand, they made quite clear that they would stand no nonsense from the workers. Strikes were declared illegal: the Labour organisations were split into seven Confederations headed by members of the Fascist party; elections were turned first into fakes, and eventually suppressed, and thousands of myrmidons and spies went to work in order to sow suspicion between man and man, and prevent spontaneous organisation. To the people, nothing was left but to pay for it.

A few figures will show how quickly and efficiently the Fascists worked in reducing the real wages of the Italians. This had the double effect of finding the money for the state to meet the heavy expenditure for policemen and bureaucratic parasites, and of increasing the power to blackmail the masses by turning on the economic screw. Here are Fascist statistics showing the decline in the consumption of some essential goods during the first ten years of Mussolini's rule:

Year	1922		1932	
Populatio	on 38,800,00	0	41,400,000	
Tobacco	279,000 qu	iintals	245,000	quintals
Coffee	472,000	,,	407,000	- ,,
Salt	2, 646,000	,,	2,606,000	,,
Wheat	73,237,000	"	69,204,000	,,
Maize	27,213,000	**	26,739,000	,,

The economic plight of the non-propertied Italian classes is also shown by one of the most significant indexes of poverty—the number of articles pawned. Their average in pre-Fascist times was about one million a year. According to official Fascist statistics, this figure grew by about 100,000 each year after Mussolini's 'march on Rome', until it reached 2,666,551 in 1937.

Now, for the first time in the history of the Italian state, the country has a Government which is not based on just a tiny fraction of the population. The new Government represents the overwhelming majority in Parliament, that is to say the Christian Democrats, the Socialists and the Communists. The Socialists and Communists are elected by the masses of the industrial workers,



ALCIDE DE GASPERI, Premier, Foreign Minister and leader of the Christian Democrats

while the Christian Democrats are mainly supported by small freeholders, farmers and farmhands of the countryside, who form the largest economic group in Italy.

For the time being, these three big parties are united on all issues of foreign policy and on most internal programmes. If they divided, their clash would amount to a political battle between deep and widespread interests, which would be much more serious than, and very different from, the old chess game of crises and reshuffles of old Italian pre-Fascist politics. The Republic is now given a chance to cure the country from the main economic and psychological 'dualisms' from which she has suffered, above all the one which the Monarchy failed to resolve: the split between North and South.

Northern Italy is industrial; Southern Italy is still almost feudal. What Italian politicians used to call la questione meridionale (the Southern question) was in reality the national question which the Risogimento left unresolved. The mantle of the House of Savoy was cast over the whole country, but now, after 85 years of experiment, it became clear that it managed to hide the split but not to weld it. Although raised to the kingdom of Italy by the Liberals, the House of Savoy soon found their most faithful supporters in the Southern aristocratic landowners. The Monarchy endorsed their strong

power over the backward masses of the peasants, who thus sent to Parliament diehard groups opposed to any sort of agrarian reform. In the plebiscite which decided for the Republic, the majority of the Southerners still voted monarchist.

Socialists and Communists favour land reform as a matter of course; but those most interested in it are undoubtedly the Christian Democrats, for fear that they should lose the very mass of their supporters. Socialists and Communists, it is true, would prefer a widespread nationalisation of the land, or else the establishment of farming cooperatives; while the Christian Democrats, faithful to the teachings of the Church, the interest of the farmers and the hopes of millions of landless peasants, favour small private ownership, either by individuals or co-operatives. But, as long as the first need is that of breaking down the latifundia, one may assume that the three parties have still a long road to walk together. A fair redistribution of the land is the first obvious legislative step for the industrialisation of the countryside, for introducing new methods of production and for the suppression of the striking economic, intellectual and political disbalance between North and South. Deprived of the fictitious unity afforded by the Monarchist link, the Republic will be much more aware of the urgency of the problem.

The failure to carry the land reform may well be regarded as the main reason that led the House of Savoy first to support Fascism, and then to its unglorified end. Failure or success in solving this problem will prove the test case for the Republic. No régime can survive in Italy unless wealth is more evenly distributed than at present, the rich being too few and too weak to support a stable system, and the poor too poor and discontented to wish for stability.

The Republic will appeal with all its strength to the country's uninterrupted democratic tradition, so as to overcome the resistance it will certainly meet. It is seldom realised abroad how little the Fascists succeeded in destroying this tradition. From 1922 to 1943 each year more than three thousand people—an entire national leadership—were arrested on political grounds or had to flee into exile. Despite Fascist compulsory education, youths grew up with independent ideas. The Italian soldiers surrendered in masses to small and not very well equipped British armies. The general strikes of Turin and Milan at the beginning of 1943 were the largest ever organised in a country where strikes were illegal. But the same soldiers who, at the beginning of the war, had always been on the run,

suddenly started fighting when they found themselves against Hitler. In Cefalonia and Corfu 16,000 officers and men fell fighting the Germans or were massacred; 540,000 soldiers refused to collaborate with Hitler and were interned in Germany: 33,000 died of ill-treatment. In the fight against the Germans, the remnants of the Italian Army lost more than 50,000 casualties. The Italian Navy carried out 400 missions on behalf of the Allies and lost 5,500 men. What was left of the Italian Air Force carried out 4,000 operations, mostly in support of Marshal Tito's partisans. 17,243 civilians were killed by the Nazis. The Italian partisan army became the largest in Europe, with 170,000 men. Nearly one-third of them was either killed in action, or executed after indescribable torture. A great strike in the industrial North, this time when Nazi reprisals were at their fiercest, involved, by Fascist admission, 208,000 workers. At least 50,000 Allied prisoners of war were fed, clothed and sheltered by Italians in spite of the penalty of death.

This shows that Fascism did not destroy democratic feelings, though it blunted in many the sense of responsibility and the belief in the value of each citizen's own initiative. This lack of self reliance goes far to explain the uneasiness with which the Italians regard the 'punitive' features of the peace treaty. Furthermore, it must be realised that in Italy the memory of the war against Hitler completely overshadows the former years of the Axis alliance. This is not only because one naturally remembers better more recent events, or because one prefers to forget facts which one likes to forget. The war for Hitler was just one of the Fascist wars, on the same level as the aggression against Ethiopia or the intervention in Spain-a far away war, with little heroism, little popular concern as to victories or defeats, a war for Fascist commentators and expeditionary forces.

But the war against the Germans happened on the Italian soil. It became a gigantic insurrection and an even larger conspiracy. The Italians speak now of the Nazi occupation as of the 'clandestine period'.

In this maze of justified and unjustified feelings, the task of the newly born Republic which has to ratify the peace treaty is not to be envied. It makes harder, but even more necessary, the task of bringing about national unity. In foreign policy, the Republic has to awaken a sense of responsibility which will make Italians realise that, like national unity, international unity is not a gift bestowed from outside but that they must actively collaborate in its creation.

## A BALKAN MONARCH

## KING GEORGE OF GREECE

## G. GIGANTES

By the time this article appears, the plebiscite of I September will have decided the question of King George's return to Greece. The result was in any case a foregone conclusion, and the voting a mere formality, for this German Prince, in whose veins flows a mixture of Hohenzollern and Glucksburg blood, undiluted by any Greek component, knew that there was no possibility of his losing the vote. Tsaldaris, the Greek Premier, predicted the result when he visited London in July: 70 per cent of the population, he said, would vote for the king. All Greek Parties agreed with him, and the opposition in Athens went so far as to declare that, since the premier had already announced the result, the plebiscite was superfluous. While Royalist papers in Athens printed full-length pictures of George with such lyrical captions as 'The saviour of the country', or 'Our great War Leader', the Communist press printed pictures showing him taking the salute at one of the pre-war Fascist youth rallies in Athens. The opinions accompanying the photographs varied, according to the political colour of the papers, between extravagant adulation and complete abhorrence. Some of the feeling seeped into those London circles that interest themselves in Greek politics, but the British public as a whole remains ignorant both of the issues at stake and of the background and personality of this sombre survivor of the dwindling race of Balkan monarchs.

On 20 July 1890, there was great jubilation in Athens. There were no republicans then—every man was a loyal Royalist. Consequently, when the guns on top of Lykabettus Hill announced that the union of Prince Constantine the Diadoch (heir to the throne) and Princess Sofia Hohenzollern had been blessed by the birth of a son, the heady wine of Attica flowed freely in all the taverns and the loyal subjects of popular old King George the First fired every available weapon into the air, thus expressing in traditional Greek fashion their joy at the Royal birth. The child was named George, after his grandfather. He grew up, like little Balkan Princes grow, far better fed than 90 per cent of his subjects and carefully looked after by his German governess. After being 'privately educated' he entered the Greek

military school. There was no record of his scholastic achievements. If he had been top of his class, the event would have been widely publicised; if he had been bottom, people would still be joking about it. What is known, however, is that his contemporaries did not like him.

When the Balkan wars of 1912 broke out, the young Prince, now a Second Lieutenant, became one of King Constantine's numerous A.D.C.s, and drove about from one headquarters to another in his father's huge German limousine. No one paid much attention to him: the stage in Athens was at the time completely taken up by two tremendous personalities—Venizelos and Constantine. Both were stars of such surpassing magnitude for the small-scale firmament of Greece that all minor lights were extinguished. True, dear old ladies in Athens often admired the smart way young George rode his horse, but that was all. He was not even gossiped about; his private life gave no grounds for gossip. Compared with his future brother-in-law, Carol of Roumania, George led a very sober and sedentary

Then came 1914. King Constantine was a Germanophile who not only tried hard to prevent his country joining the war on the Allied side but strove to bring her in on the side of the central powers. Until 1917, George did his best to help his father prevent Venizelos from entering the war on the side of the Allies. His activities were such that when Constantine was forced to leave Greece in 1917, the Allies refused to allow him to take the throne, but preferred his younger brother, Alexander, who was known to be a believer in constitutional rule. Three years later the Greeks, throwing all caution to the winds, by one of those inexplicable changes which make Athens politics so unpredictable, voted Venizelos out at a time when the great Liberal Prime Minister was at the acme of his

The young and popular King Alexander, bitten by his father's pet monkey, died, and the Greeks duly reinstated Constantine, in spite of the protests of the Allies.

George was again the Diadoch (heir), and since the financial prospects of the family were



KING GEORGE II OF GREECE

improving, the heir to the throne of Greece took unto himself a wife, Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, the sister of King Carol, on 27 February 1921. Soon it became apparent that she was not satisfied with the marriage, and it broke up very quickly. Some say that Elizabeth was in love with a Greek in Roumania and even that she had had an affair with him. Whether this is true or not is irrelevant. The fact remains that the break-up of the marriage was not George's fault.

About this time, the Greek armies under a new commander were facing defeat at the hands of the Turks in Asia Minor. There was a complete débâcle: the Turks drove the Greek army to the sea; Constantine had to abdicate, and George succeeded his father on the throne. The Greek people, however, were in a very republican mood. The King was still there because nobody thought of taking the first step towards kicking him out. But such thoughts were shaping in the minds of those who associated the dynasty with the country's disaster. Many of the Venizelist generals, smarting under the defeat brought about by the policy of Constantine, were looking for a means of getting rid of the Glucksburgs, and George gave them the pretext they wanted. In December 1923, the fervent Royalist generalsMetaxas, Gargalides and Leonardopoulos—staged a revolution to overthrow the government that had been set up by the Venizelist generals after the Asia Minor rout. The country was in no mood for Royalist power politics, and the revolution was squashed in no time. There was evidence the King had been implicated. Seizing this chance, General Gonatas, the head of the Government, then a Republican (now a Royalist and Cabinet Minister), forced George to leave Greece. In April 1924 the King was escorted to a waiting ship. A republic was proclaimed and subsequently confirmed by a plebiscite. So George's first attempt at power politics had ended in exile—an exile that was to last eleven years, most of them spent in England.

But first he went to Roumania, where his marriage finally went on the rocks, and after some time as King Carol's guest he went to Italy for a short stay, finally ending up as an inmate of the home for exiled monarchs—Brown's Hotel in Dover Street, London. His life there was very quiet. He usually abstained from the pranks that made other dethroned monarchs notorious. Some people claim he had a mistress; whether he had or not does not matter; the Greeks would have thought it odd if he had not

sought female company.

Throughout his exile, whether consciously or unconsciously, George tried to make the Greeks forget that he ever mixed in politics. He completely eschewed any kind of intervention in Greece. But it is only logical to assume that he was biding his time. That time came, after the Republicans' unsuccessful coup d'état in 1935 against a Royalist majority government. George saw that this was his chance. He hastened the issue of his divorce, not wanting to take Queen Elizabeth back with him. They had been separated too long to make a reconciliation possible. The divorce came through in July 1935.

Meanwhile in Greece a furious political battle was raging. When the smoke cleared, General George Kondylis was holding the stage. This man's character had four dominant traits: immeasurable ambition, fearlessness, and a strong combination of low cunning with complete amorality-four traits that had helped him rise from a simple private to Lieutenant-General. This great adventurer decided to cap his amazing career by one more political somersault, and proclaim himself Viceroy, at the same time announcing a plebiscite. Kondylis gave the job of organising this plebiscite to John Theortokis, a Corfu politician and fervent Royalist. The results showed 97.5 per cent in favour of the monarchy. This was on 3 November 1935.

Shortly afterwards, a deputation, headed by Kodzias, Mayor of Athens, went to London to announce the result of the plebiscite to George and invite him to return. It is said Kodzias told George that the real result of the plebiscite was under 30 per cent in favour of the monarchy. George thought this quite a joke. But he was not absolutely easy in his mind about his return, for in Paris, only an hour from London by air, the Cretan liberal politician, Venizelos, was still hostile to the return of George. Venizelos did not think much of the ex-monarch, whom he knew to be arrogant, authoritarian, selfish, and a believer in absolute rule. A return of the monarchy, without the consent of this old man who had dominated Greek politics for so long, would have been a

precarious affair. At that time the British Government was suffering from one of its frequent attacks of what is called in Greece 'British Kingophilia'. It is difficult to say why the British wanted George to return to Greece. The most plausible answer, according to Greek republicans, is that the Government of the United Kingdom was tired of paying George's bills, and they hoped his return might help him clear his considerable debts. Anyhow, the Foreign Office despatched to Paris a little Greek, by the name of Gerassimons Contomichalos, who had made millions in the Sudan and was considered a trusted Anglophile. Contomichalos, it seems, explained to Venizelos that the British lion wanted royalty in Greece and, after some argument, Venizelos agreed to the restoration on the strict understanding that George would rule constitutionally. With this last obstacle out of the way, George returned to Greece and made his prefabricated triumphal entry. He at once resumed his royal duties of redesigning uniforms and placating the republicans. His attitude at the time was: 'You are still my subjects, I shall not discriminate at all. If I show any favouritism, it will be towards the republicans.' His only political move was to get rid of his formidable sponsor: Kondylis was too dubious a character to have on one's side. Then George called old Professor Demerdjis and entrusted him with the formation of a service government, and the carrying out of elections. These were held, and returned a republican majority. George thought this was ingratitude. There he was ruling constitutionally, and the Greeks voted against his party. Something had to be done, but the King of Greece did not dare to take any action as long as Venizelos was still alive.

When the grand old liberal was taken ill and passed away in exile, the Royalists celebrated with

bonfires and ribald song. One of their newspapers came out with a headline printed in three-inch red capitals: 'The dog is dead.' From then on the brake was released. George's constitutionalism became a thing of the past and General Metaxas, the 'well-tried' Royalist, was given more and more power. When old Professor Demerdjis died, Metaxas was made Premier—in June 1936. On 4 August 1936, with the full knowledge and approval of the King, Metaxas suspended the Constitution and dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, plunging Greece into years of legalised terror and absolute police rule.

Metaxas's dictatorship had all the trimmings of the big ones it was imitating. There was a youth movement, with dark blue shirts and badges that looked like Mussolini's. There were beatings and torture. The most arid of the Greek islands became little 'Devil's Islands' of their own, where all opponents of the Government rotted away without even medical aid. The citizens were afraid for their safety, because of the powerful political police, full of subnormal sadists, and ruled by a sinister and lecherous crook—Maniadakis.

Some of George's apologists try to claim that he was powerless to intervene. But Metaxas's régime was based on the support of the officer corps, nearly all of which was completely devoted to the King. Had George wanted to get rid of Metaxas, he could have done so with ease. And it is futile to argue that he was ignorant of the methods Metaxas and his minions employed. No, the King of Greece was an equal, if silent, partner in Metaxas's ignoble rule.

All through that period the royal activities were mainly of a military nature. George took the salute at innumerable parades and appeared in uniform on every possible occasion. Frequently his behaviour was similar to that of the more brusque and voluble sergeants in the army. Frequently he reprimanded officers in front of their men in the most brutal language. His general bearing earned him the nickname 'O Aghelastos (he who does not laugh).

Then came the Greco-Italian war. The people's fury against Fascism, which they had tasted at home, drove them to heroism which reminded the world that the blood of Leonidas and his Spartans still flowed in the veins of the Greeks. In spite of a corrupt government and an incapable general staff, the hungry little Greek soldiers fired the imagination of the free world. Some of the credit due to them was passed on to King George by that great statesman and monarchomaniac, Churchill.



George's father, the Germanophile KING CONSTANTINE

The German attack on 6 April 1941, besides bringing misery to Greece, exposed the rot pervading George's government. His Minister of War gave the troops indefinite leave; the Air Minister disbanded the A.A. at the height of the air attacks, and the Naval Minister forbade the fleet to sail. While all this was happening, George was fleeing for his life. There is no criticism implied in this; it would have been senseless to remain behind; but it also is senseless to call him a hero for escaping. The plan was carefully prepared: it had been ready for some time, and George got away with days to spare. He reached Crete, whence he had to flee in turn.

George reached the Middle East safely, and played his part in that shameful period known in Greece as 'The Middle East Dirty Work'. The King's men formed secret 'Officers' Organisations', such as the near-Fascist S.A.N. and R.A.N. which did their best to compete with the Communists to disrupt the Greek forces. When the King left for London, this time to stay at Claridges, the political activities of his entourage did not cease. The wartime Premier, Tsouderos, wrote a book in which he explains how the King's influence interfered with anything not furthering

the Royalist cause, regardless of whether this was desirable or not for the country. The details are long and sordid; they did not end with the liberation. The King's men in Greece repeatedly brought pressure on the government in such a way that they fully share with the Communists the responsibility for Greece's deplorable condition.

The elections on 31 March 1946 gave the Royalists a victory. Whether it was a real one or not, the fact remains that they won on a platform of intransigence and hatred. Now a quartet of Royalists and near-collaborators rules Greece. It is widely claimed in Athens that these four act under instructions from London. The plebiscite is being cooked under the benevolent sanction of the farcical observers' mission. George is once again preparing himself for his second triumphal entry into his capital. He has promised, so they say, to rule constitutionally; but he had also promised to hold a plebiscite on the issue of Monarchy versus Republic. This promise has been broken. The plebiscite will be held on the issue of whether George returns as King, or whether his crown goes to his tall, not-toobrilliant brother, Paul. Whatever the case, George will in fact rule Greece. If anyone were to suggest that he was dominated by Metaxas, it cannot be said now that he is dominated by the present Government, because he towers head and shoulders above the mediocrities who compose his party. Financially he will be just as well off if he remains in London. His critics state he did well out of his last term on the throne, and it is alleged that he had a balance of £,1,700,000 in the bank when he left so hurriedly from Greece. Were he to go into exile again, he would be able to pay his bills. As it is, my guess is that he will return to Greece. His emissary, the Royalist deputy, Markezinis, is seeing to it. The four nonentities who rule Greece are controlled by strings pulled from London. Already they have established a ruthless dictatorship. Was this a directive from Claridges? My guess is that it was. Where, then, are the constitutional feelings of George, the man 'who never laughs'? His father plunged Greece into misery from which she had hardly recovered when George returned in 1935. Will he plunge the country into another blood-bath by driving the Communists to violence as a result of the absolutist measures of which he is so fond? His apologists say that he has repented of his courtship with totalitarianism. But many a wise head in Greece shakes with pessimism, quoting an old Greek proverb: 'The old wolf may well go grey, but he doesn't change his way.



Trafalgar Square in Bridgetown, capital of Barbados

# FEDERATION IN THE WEST INDIES?

## J. P. DERRIMAN

THERE is a long and fairly detailed series of blueprints for a federation of the British West Indian islands—the latest of them as recent as March this year. All of them are worth considering on their merits by those concerned with Colonial problems. But before we examine the West Indian problem, it is important to glance at the scene of action to enable us to appreciate the value of the scheme, not only for the Caribbean area, but for the rest of the Empire.

Britain's West Indian Colonies are a chain of islands strung across the blue waters of the Caribbean from Cuba to the Orinoco. The biggest is less than half as large as Wales, the smallest a mere ocean rock. The islands—captured from France and Spain, or colonised by British settlers in the seventeenth century—have a total population of barely two millions, of whom only three per cent are of white stock. The original natives were exterminated almost to a man. Now, with the natural difficulties of communication (and in past centuries the con-

stant threat of war and changes of nationality), there are wide differences of tradition and local problems. The individual governments range from the historic representative assemblies of Barbados, Bermuda and the Bahamas to the usual part-nominated, part-official and part-elected legislative council.

Since the end of slavery the Caribbean living standard has been falling steadily, probably reaching its record low level about 1938, the year of the Moyne Royal Commission. The agricultural industries—sugar, fruit, cocoa, cotton—on which the islanders depended for a living, were in various degrees of decay. An almost feudal system still existed on some estates, and there was widespread poverty.

Now, through the extending Colonial Welfare schemes, gradual recovery is under way. But it is a long task. And, on the face of it, it is not a very promising section of the Empire which may be the testing-ground for the first great experiment in Colonial federation.



West Indian pottery vendors

From the flow of conferences, reports and 'Command Papers' on the West Indies lately, it would be easy to gain the impression that the idea of a Caribbean federation was just another novel post-war scheme. But as long ago as 1849 an anonymous gentleman produced an elaborate plan for a 'United West-India Government and Joint-Stock Company'. For its period, the plan was not unenlightened. The idea was to promote free trade and prosperity by the establishment of a 'merchant company' similar to the East India Company, then at its zenith. Two representatives would sit in the Imperial Parliament.

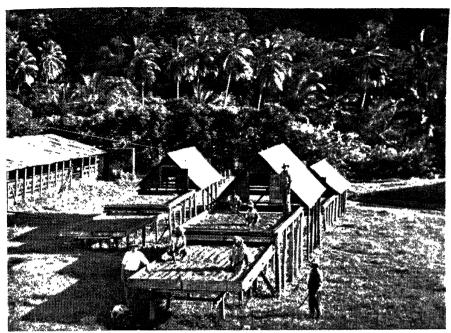
The prosperity, naturally, was to fill the pockets of the proprietors. They were to be the only electors of the governing body, over which the Colonial Office would exercise only a very mild power of veto. It was intended that there should be a continuous flow of negro labour to and from the Colonies, as a benefit to the benighted African. I cannot resist quoting the author's own expression here: 'These Colonies would then become a sort of extended Normal School of Civilisation, scholars in which would be taught to teach their fellow-countrymen on their return home.'

However, no doubt this anonymous idealist

was even then before his time, and the plan came to nothing—its yellowing pages now rest, seldom opened, in the Colonial Office library. But from that time onwards, the thorny question of a West Indian federation cropped up with unfailing regularity every few years. Usually it met with fierce opposition from the planters. For instance, there was the bold effort of Mr. John Pope-Hennessy, the Governor of Barbados, in 1876. His plan to federate Barbados with other Colonies was violently opposed, and his (no doubt quite mild) 'socialist' ideas caused riots among the coloured workers, who clamoured for division of their masters' estates.

It was, perhaps, natural that the first serious examination of the problem came in 1912, when 'collective security' and possible expansionism by the United States were both much in the air. A West Indian, Louis S. Meikle, published in London a scheme of confederation, as a suggested alternative to annexation of the Colonies by America, in case a German war should render Britain unable to give adequate protection to the Caribbean area.

He estimated that, if all the West Indies (presumably including the foreign islands) were to combine, they would have a total population



A cocoa plantation on Dominica Island

of five millions, and could provide an armed force of 800,000. He advocated military education for all, and a West Indian navy. There was to be a Federal Parliament, with Upper and Lower Houses, and a Governor-General of the Union as President of the Council. Eight Lieutenant-Governors were to be in charge of the Colonies, divided into economic units. Mr. Meikle worked out the finances of such a federation in detail—even assigning salaries to the different officials. But he failed adequately to consider the practical objections, to which we shall come in a moment.

These difficulties of local rivalry and 'isolationism', and the acute lack of proper communications, were appreciated by Sir Samuel Hoare in a comprehensive article in the Nineteenth Century for April 1921. In it, however, he pointed out that, if once the initial step or appointing a single Governor-General for the group of Colonies were taken, it would be the means of breaking down 'particularism', and of enabling a first-class man of wide experience to tackle the common problems—labour (superabundant in one island, deficient in another), health, scientific research, and the great political question of colour.

So much for what may be called the historic aspect of the federation question in the Caribbean. By the 1930s, a large number of West Indians were politically awake, and were prepared to admit the theoretical advantages of federation—though, as we shall see, when it came to practical matters, the situation was very different.

Encouraged by the local feeling, and apprehending that the time had come when some measure of reconstruction was necessary in the West Indies, the Colonial Secretary sent out in 1933 a Royal Commission on Closer Union. But the result, to those who knew the islands, was perhaps a foregone conclusion. The Commission reported that there were still cogent reasons why even so loose a form of federation as that existing in the Leeward Islands group (long linked together for ease of administration) would prove at that stage a failure. The main reason advanced was the old bugbear of the West Indian islands—lack of adequate communications. However, the Commission did propose the appointment of a single Governor-General for the two main groups of smaller Colonies—the Leeward and Windward Islands-with the greatest possible measure of autonomy for each island. The headquarters were to be in St. Lucia,

and the reason for the choice of that island offered an insight into the prevailing degree of local rivalry—'it has no historical connection with the Government of any group of islands.'

An elaborate report was published as a command paper, with full details of the proposed 'loose federation'. But this scheme, like the rest, passed into oblivion. The crux of the matter was, in the words of the Moyne Commission five years later: 'Local pride is a most important factor . . . efforts . . . are still at times frustrated by an insularity which is illustrated by the scepticism felt by even well-informed people who freely express the view that nothing beneficial to their colony would result from institutions established elsewhere in the West Indies.'

This objection is important. In slightly varied form, it probably applies to almost every section of the Empire where federation would be advantageous. The trouble arises most acutely in the juxtaposition of wealthy and less wealthy Colonies, where federation would affect the purse of the more prosperous units. Another reason is illustrated by the wide opposition in Tanganyika and other East African Colonies to the proposal for a measure of common administration with Kenya. The preponderance of a property-owning European class in the latter Colony is felt by the other units to be an adverse factor.

The idea of federation was never lost sight of in the West Indies. It was realised that public opinion would be slow to come round to the idea, which must be linked with the advance of material and cultural development in the area. When the Moyne Commission went out in 1938, a full investigation was made, and the difficulty of poor communications was closely examined. Unfortunately the war has completely interrupted most of the action on the Commission's recommendations on the matter. But it is likely that the Government intends the establishment of satisfactory steamship connection among the bigger islands-if necessary with a subsidy—and the continuation of the successful wartime Schooner Pool for the smaller Colonies. These measures, with the gradual extension of air services and radio communications, should be sufficient to meet the requirements of a federal administration within a few years.

Meanwhile, the Commission pointed out that political autonomy would rule out the financial control from Britain which is very necessary during the present reconstruction period in the West Indies; and that, if and when the Colonies were ripe for federation, a practical test should be made by combining the Leeward and

Windward groups, as suggested by the earlier Commission in 1933.

With the establishment of the periodic West Indian Conferences, under the auspices of the international Caribbean Commission, a new era of discussion of common problems on a regional basis has begun. This must inevitably have a good effect in laying the ground for federation. Political opinion in the West Indies, too, has advanced. It is safe to say that the coming of federation is now a matter for the near future—perhaps five years hence, perhaps ten—depending on the practical questions of colonial development and proper communications.

Last March the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Hall, gave the seal of the new Government's approval to the plans by his dispatch to Colonial governors, urging the commencement of the 'trial' federation of the Leewards and Windwards. The population of these groups combined totals only 322,000—but as a 'guinea-pig' the little federation will be watched with intense interest by the commercially more prosperous Trinidad, Jamaica and Barbados.

And there, after all its chequered history, the matter rests today. After years of controversy, commissions and reports galore, the oldest Colonies in the Empire are at last on the brink of achieving 'federal union', the political ideal.

What are the lessons for the Empire as a whole? First, I think that any political development as mature and all-embracing as federation must come from within. Without a favourable majority locally, the best-laid plans will come to nought. Then, too, administration and theories must go hand in hand with welfare and prosperity. Both must advance together. In the case of backward peoples, such as the rank and file of West Indians (much though they may resent such plain speaking), it is useless to embark on wide political plans too soon in the hope that material developments will follow. These two lessons are apparent from the results of every commission and inquiry in the Caribbean. They do not need to be made more forcible by the practical experience of failure.

With these points firmly in mind, there is no reason why the West Indian federation should not be completely successful. When that happens—as I believe it will—it should form a model which can be adapted to many other parts of the Empire. The Caribbean Federation may go down in history, not only as a great and successful experiment, but one which was carefully prepared and built on years of experience in Colonial administration.

## PARIS PORTRAIT

## FLMA DANGERFIELD

PARIS today is the same—yet not the same. There is the same beauty of structure and stone, practically unscathed by bomb or shell, in amazing contrast to the torn and ravaged body of London to which we have grown almost accustomed. Paris remains her own superb self-outwardly at least—from the first glimpse one has from the plane of the Eiffel Tower, standing like a child's grotesque meccano toy above the vast panorama of river, trees, roofs, and churches, until one lands at Le Bourget to find everything at close quarters precisely the same as the last time

Even the somewhat dilapidated Avenues and Boulevards leading into Paris look as unkempt and unfinished as ever—not from bombing or enemy action, but still in that state of débris in which we always used to find them. Possibly it was the immediate contrast with the trim suburbs of London which made them appear so halffinished and neglected. Not that the suburbs of London—particularly around Northolt and Croydon—are objects of beauty, but at least they look tidy and completed, except where a bomb-site has gashed the symmetry of ribbon-built houses and shops.

But here, in the environs of Paris, there is not only unfinished symmetry, but almost an empty vacuum. After the busy, populous suburbs of Croydon or Northolt, it is astounding to see streets practically deserted either in the morning or afternoon-no queues, no shoppers, no hustle, only a few rather pale-faced, weary-looking women carrying baskets or bundles, and somewhat decrepit old men sitting or hobbling about.

## DECLINING POPULATION

That was the first thing that struck me on my first return to Paris-the lack of young people, particularly children-no infants in arms, no babies in prams, no kiddies swarming on the pavements and side streets, as one sees in the outskirts of London-only occasionally a small girl walking to her first communion, proud and radiant as a young bride going to her marriage. For, on the whole, there is a tragic dearth of young people in Paris today—and I believe it is the same all over France. Probably the six years of occupation had a good deal to do with it, for, quite obviously, few French women wanted to conceive a child under such conditions. Today

the result is that one is struck with the sight of an ageing, almost dving race, with few young children in evidence, and scarcely a pregnant woman perceivable in the streets. Possibly this will change if France is able to settle down to a solid period of reconstruction under a stable government, but for the moment it is easy to see that the

population is declining.

As one approaches the centre of Paris, the boulevards naturally become more crowded, and here one gets the first sight and fragrance of the Paris one has cherished in memory—the stalls and barrows full of flowers and fruit-such delicacies as have not been seen in London for years—a gorgeous profusion of scent and colour, enough to make one jump from the bus and spend one's first francs on sheer abundance. Instead, one drives on perforce down the wellremembered streets of l'Avenue de l'Opéra, Place Vendôme, Place de la Concorde, up the Champs Elysées, with its breath-taking vistas as magnificent as ever, then to the terminus in sight of the Invalides and the Quai d'Orsay. Was ever a more perfect landing place imagined for any traveller from the skies, either in mythology or real life? . . .

Then to one's hotel by taxi-rare to find, expensive to use, for, their number still being few, many of the drivers run what one can only call a 'blackmail' market. That is, they have a clever dodge of putting their libre flags down, whether they are engaged or not; then, if you need one badly enough, obviously you will pay whatever they may choose to ask, up to some hundreds of francs for quite a short journey, or in any case totally unrelated to any showing there may be or may not be on the taxi-meter. For it is clearly a case of necessity and supply. If you are not in a hurry, or have no luggage, naturally you will prefer to walk, as do many people in Paris today, or go by métro, which the majority do, as there are very few buses or trams running. Those that do have no official time-table as yet, and even their route and destination is a matter of conjecture and surprise to the passengers.

Arriving at the hotel, one is surprised to find willing service and attention, such as is rare in England today. Admittedly the porters, waiters, and above all the concierge—that major-domo of all Continental hotels—expect a pourboire on every occasion, and this, in fact, is one of the



LÉON BLUM, the great French Socialist leader

main expenses in Paris today. But for ten or twenty francs pressed into an ever-outstretched hand, one gets a jus de fruit, a vermouth apéritif, ersatz café filtre (without milk or sugar, of course) at practically any hour of the day or night. That is still one of the joys of life in Paris today, the ignoring of time, with no restrictions of licensing hours or early closing, such as we have in England.

#### MILK SHORTAGE

But the lack of milk is one of the most serious problems in Paris today. I was told by a very high Government official that a large percentage of French children are getting tuberculosis on this account. Apparently it is not due to lack of cattle, though many were undoubtedly removed by the Germans, but chiefly to the lack of transport for distributing the milk to the towns. Evidently there is the same difficulty about the distribution of meat at present, and many people told me they had not been able to obtain their meat rations for six weeks. Incidentally, I saw meat only once during my two recent visits to Paris, when we had an excellent juicy steak such as I had not seen in England since before the war! The lack of butter and fats is also acute, and one's café complet is not the delicious awakener which

it used to be of old in one's hotel. No butter, only a kind of turnip jam, almost tasteless, with which to spread a very hard and often stale roll of bread—black by our standards, and not to be compared with our excellent brown loaves. Admittedly, the bread rationing seems very lax—much more so than here—and one can obtain it for some days in an hotel without being asked for coupons. In restaurants these are usually necessary, although, even so, if you know the proprietor he will generally give you some gratis. The same goes for sugar, which is also not given in hotels, but many restaurants will slip a piece into your cup of black coffee once they know you.

That is the answer to most found difficulties in Paris today, and no doubt the same all over France—either you have got to live there and know your way about, or to stay long enough as a visitor to become an habitué at certain restaurants, and to know where to get your cigarettes, for instance, although matches seem practically unobtainable, except through an Allied military canteen, where one can get English and American cigarettes as well.

#### FOOD AND CLOTHES

The food, both in hotels and restaurants is, however, in spite of some shortcomings, more interesting and varied than in London todaybut this is due largely to the French cuisine, by which even quite a small café will produce an exquisite salad of young lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers, with a real French dressing of oil and vinegar, which somehow or other has been miraculously saved and hidden away during the whole of the German occupation. The horsd'œuvre is still one of the best dishes in Paris today, varied as ever with an assortment of vegetables, sardines, and hard-boiled mayonnaised eggs, while even omelettes are made of real eggs. Chicken and cold ham can also be found in certain restaurants, and not at exorbitant prices. In fact, you can get a good threecourse meal for 150 francs—soups or hors-d'œuvre, a main dish of omelette, or deliciously cooked cauliflower with a little liver thrown in; young peas, beans or spinach; pêche melba or fresh peaches; Camembert or Brie to delight the hearts of Englishmen who relish French cheese. These, however, are on points in the shops, and cannot be bought without coupons. Fruit is the only thing one can buy without difficulty, cheaply, and in profusion. A pound of strawberries, cherries or peaches can be got for about thirty francs from barrows in the streets-more expensively in the shops.

These still look as attractive and alluring as ever. full of charm and colour, but on closer inspection one perceives that they are chiefly superb examples of French artistry and window-dressing, with a profusion of gaily-dyed scarves, wheelbarrows full of flowers, with a straw hat balancing nonchalantly on the handle-bars, feathered, veiled or beribboned hats, diaphanous blouses and lingerie, many-coloured shoes and clogs of straw with club-footed heels, which are all the rage in Paris today. There are practically no dresses, coats, and costumes to be seen, nothing solid or durable, only extravagant accessories, such as huge valise bags, black and white for preference, and bizarre gold and shell-like jewellery of every colour, somewhat barbaric, but reflecting the necessity of glamorous accessories to bedeck the somewhat sombre background of clothes in Paris today. For the average French woman is far less smart than the average girl you see in London. Gone is the chic, the elegance that one associates automatically with Parisian womenmost of them are dressed in colourless, ill-fitting costumes, without hats or even stockings-the men in badly cut suits which look as though they had been 'bought off the peg', or handed on by a friend.

On the whole, the Parisians today are a proletarian crowd of sombrely dressed people. Only occasionally does one see a smart man or woman, and then it is only a rare glimpse through the window of a passing car of a beautiful woman dressed as in the Paris we knew, or of a distinguished-looking man in a morning coat and black tie, a diplomat no doubt, on his way to a governmental or diplomatic function.

#### THE HAUT MONDE

The Embassies and Legations are as smart as ever. There one still meets exquisitely gowned women and perfectly groomed men. There still is champagne, and cocktails in profusion, not to mention five-course meals with a different wine for each dish, and unlimited liqueurs to follow afterwards. These, of course, are paid for by the Governments concerned, and it may be of interest to note that the most lavish are those of the smaller states, particularly those which are within the Soviet zone of influence. In justice to the British Embassy, however, it must be admitted that there is no lack of hospitality there, both official and private, and one of the best meals I enjoyed in Paris was a private luncheon with the Ambassador and his wife, as well as a small reception for Mr. Churchill, where the champagne was served not in glasses but in goblets.



MAURICE SCHUMANN, leader of the M.R.P. and 'éminence grise' of the present French régime

Apart from diplomatic circles, however, there are still in France today about five hundred families who are living a haut monde life, entertaining each other in their private apartments (on one or more floors of their huge old Paris houses) or clubs, dressing exquisitely for functions but proletariatly in private, so as to be à la mode, eating and drinking lavishly, being supplied chiefly from their country estates. But they in no way represent the real heart of France today. They are as hothouse plants which can only survive in the rarefied atmosphere of their palaces, châteaux and villas, which they still have near Deauville, Biarritz, and on the Côte d'Azur. Included in this category are also some of the rich business families, wine merchants, car and armament manufacturers, who have still managed to retain their fortunes in spite of the occupation. That is not to say that they were pro-Nazi. On the contrary, many of them were imprisoned by the Germans for various lengths of time for failing to collaborate sufficiently. But still in France today there is that suspicion and mistrust of anything that savours of wealth or the ancien regime, which is automatically associated with collaboration and so-called Fascism.



Paris: The Place de l'Opéra

#### M.R.P. AND P.R.L.

For this reason, no doubt, the new Party of P.R.L. is regarded with a good deal of suspicion by most people in France except the rich landowners, wine merchants, and business men who are backing it for all they are worth. I myself talked with M. Rollin, the President of the Party, who seemed tolerant and broad-minded enough and talked a great deal about the rights of small nations.

But the M.R.P. has taken a leaf out of the P.R.L. book as regards a good European foreign policy, for President Bidault himself has said that France would like to be the centre around which all the smaller states of Europe could rally. So long as this is not confined only to the western states of Europe, it is an admirable thesis, and it

is to be hoped that M. Bidault and his advisers, especially M. Maurice Schumann, President of the M.R.P. (and the 'Black Bishop' in France today, so it is said, without whom M. Bidault would not be where he is, and who in reality guides and directs the present foreign policy of his country) will continue to follow this European policy of the younger politicians of their Party.

I also had the opportunity of speaking with M. Léon Blum, that great veteran Socialist, who still walks with the elasticity of a young man and speaks with vigour and optimism of the future of France and of Europe—although he admitted that it was perhaps a little premature to hope that France could soon become once more the centre of a European Confederation. This is probably due to his recent visit to America,

where he was obviously impressed by the unlimited wealth and potential economic global power of the U.S. But even so, it was encouraging to find an 'elder statesman' of M. Blum's calibre and international Socialist standing who is looking west and not east—to America and ourselves, rather than to the great 'heartland' of Europe, which is now absorbed and controlled by the U.S.S.R.

#### THE COMMUNISTS

For there is no doubt that many Frenchmen—even in the M.R.P., I was told—are still flirting with the idea of a closer entente with the East—although even the Communists' hopes have recently been dashed by M. Molotov's obvious preference for German Communists to French ones, and his crystal-clear intention to concentrate on the formation of a Soviet Eastern Germany for the moment, at least, before renewing his support of the French Communists' efforts, backed, no doubt, by strong Italian Communist forces to the south-east.

Personally, I did not find the ordinary man or woman in Paris with whom one talked in the streets-in cafés or trams, buses, shops, taxis, in the métro, at stations, and in hotels-at all Communist-inclined. Naturally, they want to see a strong France again, without the renewed fear of German invasion, and for this reason, of course, the Communists find the slogans of the annexation of the Saar, the Ruhr, and the Rhineland excellent pegs on which to hang their red flags. But despite this tempting propaganda, the people of France are today, above all, good patriots and good Europeans, and, unless the Communists are clever enough to convince them that this chauvinistic policy is essential for their security, I am convinced they will not gain many more adherents to their cause—for the French people are conscious of the necessity of trying to build an economically co-operative and indivisible Europe, if possible.

#### DE GAULLE COME-BACK?

Neither are they in favour of bringing de Gaulle back to power—which is interesting—although the General undoubtedly has considerable support, particularly among sections of the M.R.P., some of whose members, on the other hand, are very much against him. I did not find that the ordinary Parisians want to see him return, mainly because they fear his dictatorial tendencies. What they want is a really solid democratic government, with no dictatorship either of the Right or Left. That is not to say that de Gaulle will not return. In fact, every one to whom I spoke was of the opinion that he probably would—to ensure a stable government and to unite France under a strong régime which would counteract the rumoured tendency towards the division of the country into a Communist South and a democratic North.

I found three main objects which seem to unite all the men and women with whom I spoke. First, their intense desire for peace—founded on real international understanding with all nations. Secondly, a universal fear of the totalitarian colossus in the East with which they would like to co-operate, but which they fear almost as much as they did Hitlerite Germany, now that the Red Army is only 370 kms. from their frontiers.

Thirdly, the surprising strength of the religious feeling which makes the majority of them distrust the materialist ideology of Communiss—although they are clearly in favour of a large measure of social and economic improvement. If that can be achieved in the near future, then France will emerge from the ravages of war and the post-war turmoil as a great Christian Socialist state—which she is fast becoming—working in close liaison with Britain and all other democratic nations.

Once this can be achieved, and the dangers of a spiral inflation of costs and wages avoided, then France can settle down to become what she has always been destined to be—the centre and pivot of European civilisation, round which all the smaller states of Europe can rally for leadership, with extra-European Powers such as the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A., and the British Commonwealth supporting her economically and politically to build a just social order in which there will be work and adequate wages for all, and where all men of good will can subscribe to Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

# ADMINISTRATION IN GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY

(BUREAUCRACY OR DEMOCRACY?)

R. G. FORRESTER, economist who has worked for industry, government and UNRRA

A discussion of one of the major problems which faces our civilisation today, a problem which is both sociological and psychological

ADMINISTRATION—good or bad—is fast becoming one of the key problems of our day. Inevitably, as human society increases in complexity and social organisms grow correspondingly larger and more complex, so the problems involved in administering such organisations multiply and it becomes increasingly important to see clearly the relationship of the individual to the whole. This is a phenomenon not only of government, whether central or local, but also of largescale private enterprise. The business unit of the size of Imperial Chemical Industries or Unilever to define is every whit as complicated as a large municipality, or even perhaps as a minor government department. If this article is concerned mostly with public administration, it is not because this is more backward or less efficient than business administration, but because the effects of good or bad administration in public service are more widespread, and because the problems public administration is having to face are changing more rapidly. Much of the argument of this article is, however, equally relevant to business administration.

## GOVERNMENT TODAY

Hitherto, in peacetime, the Government was concerned with setting the general framework within which the national economy worked; it participated to only a minor degree in the operation of this economy. With the war, the Government was driven to a greater measure both of control and of participation. The experience was valuable, but it also exposed weaknesses in governmental organisation and methods. Today the electorate has endorsed the programme of nationalisation presented by the Labour Party, so that the trends toward increasing state planning and control are accentuated and are, or shortly will be, transforming our whole economy.

Decisions as to the broad lines of policy are made by the Cabinet and by Parliament, but policy decisions are meaningless unless, and until, translated into action: this translation is the task of the Civil Service. But the Senior Civil Servant (one of the 5,000 members of the Administrative Grade who direct the work of the other 670,000odd non-industrial Civil Servants) is not only an instrument of policy. By his long experience and grasp of the details of day-to-day administration, he is in a position to advise and influence the transient political head of the Ministry. Though decisions rest with the Minister who is directly accountable to Parliament, the permanent official is called upon to collect and present the facts and arguments that the Minister must weigh in coming to his decision. Hence the administrator's modes of thought, his background and education are of great importance. Besides the question of the individual there is that of the form of organisation and the outlook of the Civil Service as a whole.

## ADMINISTRATION IN A PLANNED SOCIETY

We are moving into a period of planning—and it is unlikely that we shall ever be able to revert to an unplanned society, even if there may be some who would wish to do so. Speaking at a British Association Conference in London in October 1941, Professor J. D. Bernal said: 'War has brought home to all nations... that a modern industrial state can only develop if its activities are co-ordinated in a common direction... Planning is an immense task which will occupy the best human activities for many years, and it must be carried out scientifically.' Planning, however, can be of two kinds—bureaucratic or democratic. The Nazis planned their régime from above, and imposed their plans upon the German people regardless of individual freedom. In this

country today, we would neither wish for nor accept such a form of planning. Planning in our community must be democratically conceived and executed: in other words, the freedom of the individual must be emphasised. There is no necessary contradiction in terms between planning and democracy. In fact, one may go further and say that planning can only be successful if it enlists the initiative and energy, the ideas and the acceptance, of those individuals whom the plans affect. Surely one of the best confirmations of this is to be found in the success of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the U.S.A., the story of which is told by its Chairman, David E. Lilienthal in his book T.V.A.—Democracy on the March. It is also significant that recent investigations in Germany indicate that the Nazı war economy was by no means as efficient as had been thought.

#### THE PROBLEM OF INCENTIVE

Participation in planning links directly with what is a major factor in life today—that of incentive. Basically 'incentive' is a 'political' question: one may argue the need for increased efficiency and productivity, but the ordinary man will ask, quite simply: 'Efficiency and production, yes: but what and for whom? What do I get out of it in exchange for what I am asked to put into it? What is going to be the effect on my standard of life, and my wife's and my children's?' 'Who is going to benefit from increased efficiency and output? is the primary question for the man-in-thestreet. If he gets a satisfactory answer, the way is cleared for his willingness to participate in planning how to reach the ends he now accepts. That participation must be not merely by his voting in a quinquennial General Election. It requires the possibility of consultation all the time-at the factory level by the use of Joint Production Committees, and by the individual's contribution to local government (both political and industrial).

Incentive and initiative are twins. Today in Britain we have the opportunity of harnessing both, to increase output and so to raise the standard of life and the welfare not only of Britain but also of the rest of Europe and the world. That objective could be a stimulus to every worker—in factory, shop or office, if only it is brought home to him, vividly and in a way that convinces. If we fail to supply that urge, our economic difficulties may well weigh us down. Supply that urge and provide the means whereby individual initiative can be given elbow-room and hope of application, and the ground is cleared for advance.

## INCENTIVE AND INITIATIVE IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

One of the commonest criticisms of the Civil Service is its lack of initiative, its subservience to precedent, and its general lack of concern about its activities, which is attributed to the security of tenure. All this is contrasted with the élan and audacity of private enterprise, whose workers are imbued with the hope and knowledge of advancement and wealth coupled with the corrective fear of dismissal in the event of failure. This picture is, of course, partially true: the Civil Servant-if one means by that one of the 670,000—is just an employee performing routine duties-neither better nor worse than he might in a similar clerical position in business. On the whole, he is recruited by examination and may start off as an individual with more than average intelligence, or at least knowledge; he performs his routine tasks adequately, but hardly ever is he consulted as to whether he has any views on the work he is doing. He is hardly ever given any picture of where his little piece fits into the national jig-saw puzzle. When he is given a little insight, as so many were during the war, his interest and efficiency soars; output goes up, and he is prepared to put in long hours and put up with bad conditions because he feels he is somebody. The feeling of being 'somebody' as distinct from 'something' or 'just a cog in a machine', is crucial in modern life. Elaborate experimentsbest known among them the Hawthorne experiment—have all shown that the realisation that he is an object of personal and individual interest is the most important fact to a worker, whether in Civil Service or industry. The Civil Servant today could be made to feel he is a person of the greatest significance. The success or failure of nationalisation will depend firstly on the men and women in the industries that are nationalised—those at the bench, the coal-face, on the footplate, and also those at the drawing-board, laboratory bench, and managerial desk—but also it will depend on those who are called upon to administer those industries, call them Civil Servants or not. If that sense of importance and urgency can be transmitted throughout our Civil Service, and if it is translated into recognition of the contribution the individual can make by his

stions based on his experience of the work he does, the human individual contribution of the Service can be rapidly and enormously increased. The Civil Service Staff Unions have pressed throughout the war, and still do so today, to be allowed to contribute their ideas on efficiency through the machinery of the Whitley Councils. They should be given that right and possibility.



The three principal concentrations of large-scale administration in the world:

1 Whitehall, London, the central node of populations totalling some 500,000,000

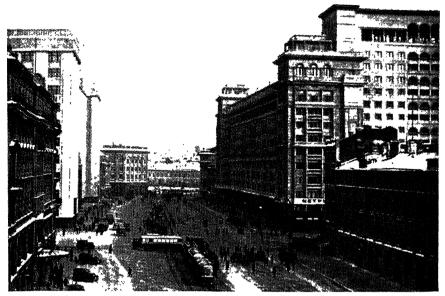
## THE ADMINISTRATIVE DILEMMA OF OUR TIME

All this brings us back to the central dilemma of our time-how to secure maximum devolution of responsibility from the centre to the lower and peripheral organs of government, while yet ensuring the control at the centre that will allow review, by the elected representatives of the people, of the operation of general decisions. In big businesses the parallel problem is how can Head Office and the Board of Directors free the Branch Office and the Departmental Head from chains that inhibit action and yet ensure they do not fly off the handle? This dilemma is an important and interesting aspect of the still wider problem of the need to combine large-scale planning with maximum individual freedom, as discussed by Herbert Read in his contribution to this series.

Private enterprise has applied one test—the simple one of profit-and-loss. If the action showed increased profit, or at least caused no loss, it was laudable; but woe betide the innovator whose actions caused loss—in monetary terms! The difficulty has always been, however, even though it has not been realised, that the simple monetary test of efficiency is markedly inexact. Because, for a variety of reasons, it may have been possible to produce a commodity and sell it at a profit, it

does not necessarily follow that the process of production of that commodity has been as efficiently conducted as possible. Pre-war comparisons of productivity in Britain, America and Germany, which showed how backward we in this country are in many fields of production, should have disposed of that illusion for ever.

The factors that together make up efficiency are too complex and multi-sided to be measured only by the single simple index of monetary profitability. Increasing attention has been paid, beginning before the war, but at an everincreasing rate during the war and since, to the problems of efficiency in industrial productive processes. These are no longer seen as being simply technological—the introduction of better machinery, the organising of the flow of raw materials and component parts so as to eliminate hold-ups, or the layout of machines within the factory. It is recognised that industrial psychology has a large contribution to make—for instance, by aiding in the selection of personnel, so that people chosen are adapted to the work they have to perform; that consideration is given to scientific data on rest-periods, and the effect on output of shortening hours of work. The industrial medico has a part in determining protective measures against work hazards that might affect health or induce fatigue. Work simplification, too, is of



2 Ochotny Riad, Moscow, showing the Palace of the Peoples' Commissars and other government buildings which plan for populations totalling some 175,000,000



3 Washington, D.C., U.S.A. Government buildings housing the Federal administration for a total population of 130,000,000

enormous importance. Unfortunately, this process is usually associated in the minds of workers with time and motion study-and its use by some employers merely to secure greater output with a proportionately smaller share for the workman. But increased output can be secured, not only by work intensification—by speeding up the production line or making the worker sweat in other ways: it can be obtained by genuine simplification of a process—by the elimination of unnecessary actions, or of unnecessarily restrictive specifications in the job in hand.

#### EFFICIENCY IN THE OFFICE

But little thought has been given in Britain to the problems of efficiency in the office. Management analysis is backward and crude in Britain as compared with, say, the U.S.A. Management analysis might be described as operational research into problems of administration—in all fields, though here I am particularly concerned with its application to office administration. It covers the analysis of functions that are to be performed, the devising of forms of organisation to fulfil such functions, the analysis and determination of staffs required, the office methods, channels of responsibility and flow of paper, other requirements—such as the need for telephones, cable facilities, motor transport, etc.—and the cost of all these elements. It is a continuing process. It is not enough to set up an organisation once for all; there must be a continuous review of the way in which things are working out-functions change, and the form of organisation must be adapted, or, even if the functions have not altered, there may have been something not quite right in the original plan. There is always also the problem of adapting a theoretically correct organisation to cope with the individual personalities involved. The management analyst is not primarily concerned with determining the policy, and consequently the over-all functions or programmes, but he does study some of the factors involved in operating those programmes. He can calculate the cost, the numbers and types of staff required, and can show the relationships with other organisations that will be involved. He thereby provides some of the data necessary for the conscious formulation of policy.

#### THE WORK OF MANAGEMENT ANALYSIS

Since so little is generally known about this type of work, it may be useful and suggestive to select and explain some of the varied functions of a management analyst.

The two extremes might be taken as the

analysis of over-all functions of organisational units and their division between sub-units, and the analysis of the content of an individual job.

The over-all functions of a unit may be laid down by definition from above. The British Civil Service has the responsibility of translating legislation into action: it is, therefore, concerned with fields as diverse as the defence of the country against foreign enemies and applying the legislation designed to protect children against being exploited in factories. The multiplicity of tasks comprehended must be divided up among departments, and each new piece of legislation raises the question of where shall that additional responsibility be lodged. Usually, the answer is self-evident, but every now and again a really major re-allocation is called for, as when the passage of the Social Insurance Act required the creation of a new Ministry of Social Insurance. With the legislation projected for this Parliament, it will surely be necessary to review the structure of a large part of our governmental machine, and also the creation of entirely new mechanisms. Already we have a Coal Board, and the pattern may be followed for other nationalised industries.

The structure of British Government is Topsyish—the result of 'just growing'. It is about time that it was completely resurveyed—as by the Haldane Committee after the last war—but this time it is to be hoped some action will be taken

to implement the findings.

Within a single department, redistribution of functions is an even more continuous process. The difficulty to date has been the absence of any organisations charged with this type of analysis as one of their main duties.

The analysis of the individual job is the fundamental of management analysis. The technique employed is usually that of a written questionnaire, supplemented where necessary by a personal individual interview. The questionnaire is designed to elicit the detailed description of the duties performed, how far they are repetitive, what proportion of the total work-day each type of duty takes up, the outside contacts that are involved, and illustrations of the type of work. The questionnaire also asks who is the immediate supervisor of the person in question, and what sort of supervision and instruction is given. The individual also states whom he supervises, and is given scope for any remarks he may care to make as to whether the job is necessary (it may seem surprising to observe how often the individual may be willing apparently to work himself out of a job by saying he considers it could be combined with another or dispensed with altogether). The whole questionnaire is then reviewed

by the immediate supervisor, who may comment but is never allowed to alter any entry of the

original return.

The individual interview will be used to elucidate any lack of clarity in the original questionnaire, to supplement on points where an inadequate reply is given, or to clear up points in which the return may conflict with others submitted by other individuals in the same unit.

The first point about this technique is that it is personal and therefore immediately stimulates the individual who is called upon to complete the questionnaire. It makes him sit down and consider just what he does do, and may produce valuable ideas on what is wrong about the job or how it might be made more effective. It is always emphasised that the questionnaire relates to the content of the job and not to the way in which the individual filling the post may fulfil his duties. It is, therefore, not in itself concerned with the qualifications possessed by the individual employee—though, of course, analysis of the job may disclose that certain qualifications will be required to perform it adequately.

Analysis of the returns from a whole unit shows not only the content of each individual post, but also the relationships as between supervisors and subordinates within the unit, the distribution of work-load within the unit, and much other illuminating data. The interviews play a big part in securing employee participation in considering work efficiency, and any good management analyst is concerned to stimulate a flow of ideas from 'the grass roots', for, far from 'teaching him how to do his job', it is his best source of guidance as to where his attention should be

directed.

Another thing uncovered by such interviews is the extent to which individual employees understand what their work is and how it fits into the pattern of activity of the whole organisation. An employee may report that he completes a form in triplicate, but may be ignorant as to who receives the three copies. This may reflect not so much a lack of concern on the part of the individual as a lack of attention on the part of the supervisor, who should have explained to his subordinate the process in which he is engaged. If the process is a complex one, to which an individual contributes only a small part, it is desirable that he shall be made aware of the whole so that he realises what depends on his completing his part accurately and promptly. Any such -complex process should be recorded in writing (and kept up to date by noting any amendments to the procedure) and a copy of the procedure given to everybody concerned in it.



Large-scale industrial development grows continually more complex, raising new problems of planning and administration. The steel industry is one of those scheduled to come under increasing state control

#### THE FLOW OF PAPER

In any governmental process there are many people, both in the same and different departments, who must be either consulted before decisions are made, or who must be kept informed when decisions have been taken. As far as possible, such processes of consultation or transmission of information should not be left to individual decision or predilection, but should be laid down in written procedures, and the reasons for them understood. It is perfectly true that this will lead to a considerable flow of paper, but where any action has the repercussions which almost any administrative action must have, some techniques must be evolved to ensure that all who must know shall know. It may be thought that all that has been suggested so far will merely result in yet more paper, but to counterbalance it there is room for eliminating much unnecessary paper chasing.

The study of the flow of paper within and between offices is one of the most necessary, interesting and fruitful of management analyses. It involves a detailed tracing of the course of sample papers, and an analysis of all the types of papers emanating from, or passing through, the office.

Very often such analysis shows that similar information is recorded in many different pieces of paper; that many recipients never look at the data or look at only one figure or sentence and then file the paper; that the same paper may pass from desk 'A' to 'B' to 'C', then back to 'A'and so forth. Unnecessary paper chasing has consequences such as waste of typists' time in taking unnecessary carbons or in duplicating material, waste of messengers' time carrying it around, waste of clerks' time in filing, and ultimately waste of cleaners' time in removing it, quite apart from any time that may have been wasted in producing an entirely unnecessary document. The net result of analysis is nearly always to reduce paper work.

#### ESTABLISHMENTS

Staffing requirements are all too often decided quite arbitrarily by some establishment officer in the British Civil Service, ultimately at the behest of the Treasury—sitting usually at his desk in a headquarters building, and innocent of any idea of the details of the work to be performed. This system is clearly uneconomic. It tends to try and cast all establishments in one or other of a variety of standard moulds, and takes little account of any special circumstances that may dictate an establishment of quite a different type. The only really sensible method is to analyse the work of the unit, decide on its sub-division among individual positions, then assess the type of person needed to fulfil those functions, the balance of clerical and secretarial assistance needed by the number of administrative, executive or professional officers, and so arrive at a rational establishment. The monetary criterion is not always indicative of true economy: the work may be such as to be more adequately performed and at lesser cost by a few relatively highly-paid officers than by a 'balanced complement' of 'X' administrative, 'Y' executive, and 'Z' clerical officers—not to go into all the multiple sub-divisions thereof.

#### **GRADING OF POSITIONS**

In the U.S.A. Federal employees are paid on the basis of the 'grade' of the position they occupy. In Britam, too, there is a grading system implied in the nomenclature of 'administrative', 'executive' and 'clerical' grades, with sub-divisions within each such as 'Principal' and 'Assistant Principal', 'Staff Officer', 'Higher Clerical Officer', and so forth. But the Federal system has

a far more detailed system of standards for different types of positions. These standards are worked out after detailed comparative analysis of the degree of complexity and responsibility of the duties of different positions of roughly similar type, and the standards lay down the typical duties of a position. The standard includes a grade which sets the salary for any individual position assessed as conforming to that standard. For example, secretarial positions may be graded 2, 3, 4. 5 or 6, depending on the type of work involved. The corresponding salaries paid to persons filling such positions would range from approximately \$2,000 to \$2,730 per year.

Provision is made for re-assessment of the grading of any particular position consequent upon a change in duties. Such re-assessment may be requested either by the individual employee who may believe, after comparing his duties with the standards in the Classification Manual, that his duties merit a higher grade, by the supervisor or by the management analyst who may be convinced that the original assessment is no longer valid and should be adjusted —either upward or downward. Such a system has its demerits—it tends to be too rigidly applied—but it does provide the possibility of flexibility and of seeming rationality, so important in assessing positions that are always compounds of the original content of the job and what the individual filling the post brings to it.

## MANAGEMENT ANALYSIS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

These are some of the basic elements in Management Analysis. Some reference has been made to some points in the British Civil Service to which such analysis might be applied. There are many others. A study might be made of the validity or falseness of the 'economy' achieved by insisting that most officers shall use a typing or shorthand pool, since no personal secretaries are provided for anybody less than an Assistant Secretary. The result is that an officer of the rank of Principalwho may be earning £1,100 per annum—has. either to write out by hand his minutes, reports or memoranda, or else has to call for assistance from the pool, which call may be answered several days later by the arrival of a stenographer who takes what he has to dictate, retires to the pool, and returns the finished material, perhaps several more days later. (The delay is the reason why, as you have probably noticed, the figure in the date on any communication from the Civil Service is always inked in: it is never typed in.) The effects of this system are not only in the delay but also in the lack of interest in their work

evidenced by nearly all Government typistsand who can blame them? They may be called upon by any of perhaps several hundred different individuals, each with his own type of work and his own individual mannerisms or idiosyncrasies in his dictation. How can anyone expect interest or good work under such conditions: But the Treasury maintains it cannot agree to the possibility of having a typist sitting around for an hour or two with nothing to do, because the officer or officers (say two or three) whom she might serve had no work for her at that moment. That, says the Treasury, would be wasting the country's money. But to get only fifty per cent efficiency out of every single typist in the Service, and to be able to keep them only because they are legally prevented from quitting the Service—that is apparently true economy! Analysis might indicate which view is really correct.

But there are larger problems that must be solved—the problems of central supervision of activity carried out by delegated responsibility, new techniques of reporting—both statistical and narrative—the spread of surveys to test public reaction to governmental action and, more important, to provide the bases of governmental decision even before action is undertaken, the use on peacetime problems of the Operational Research techniques developed in the Services during the war, the development and use of mixed teams of scientists, both natural and social, of administrators and executives for the analysis and solution of problems—all these demand conscious and co-ordinated action.

#### THE NEED TODAY

The governmental machine today badly needs a special organisation charged with the research into, and analysis of, the operations of the mechanism of government itself. Some of its duties and methods have been suggested. I duties and methods have been suggested. I dutied possibly directly to the Cabinet Offices or to the Auditor-General. It should have the right of entry into any Government organisation to carry out a review of its activities in association with the staff, because such a review is a self-educational process for the staffs making it, apart from any critical intent. It should have access to all relevant matter and the right to present its reports to the highest quarters.

It should have, among other duties, that of scrutinising the Administrative Budget of each Department and calling for such justification for over-all or individual items of expenditure as it may consider necessary to enable it to assess whether the Department is operating with all possible economy in administration. In this it would parallel the U.S. Bureau of the Budget which is an Office of the President and reports to him. There the Departmental budget submissions are scrutinised in detail by congressional committees. In Britain this scrutiny is performed, though rather more perfunctorily, by the Committee on Public Accounts.

One of the principal difficulties in establishing such an organisation in Britain-even given Cabinet willingness to accept such a proposal would be that of finding adequate staffs. Public Administration has always here been regarded as an art rather than a science (it is really both); administrative analysis has no past in this country and little present. Since it is regarded as of no importance (unlike the U.S.A., where it has considerable status), there are few practitioners in this country. The first task, therefore, will be to train personnel, and send them out to absorb the lessons they may learn from other countries. The U.S.A. has much to teach us in the techniques of analysis involved, even if the results of the application of these techniques may not impress us as being any marked improvement on our own unanalysed administration. These techniques of analysis, it should be emphasised, are just as applicable to and valuable in large-scale industry and have been on the whole equally neglected. The Soviet Union has, in the State Planning Commission, an accumulation of experience acquired in the formulation and operation of successive Five Year Plans. It is surely our responsibility in embarking on a planned economy to learn what that experience is: if we know it and can analyse it, we can decide how relevant or irrelevant it may all be. If we are ignorant of it, we may be overlooking material of the greatest value to ourselves at this stage.

#### CONCLUSION

The ideas in this article may not be essentially new or very revolutionary; unfortunately, there are few signs that they are being implemented. As we move towards an ever more platined economy, public and large-scale administration must be brought to the position where it can cope with the problem such an economy presents. The logic of events will inevitably raise again and again the problem of administration; radical steps of reform of the whole Civil Service structure must be set in train to solve it.

## CANNIBAL NAPOLEON

#### DONALD COWIE

THE story that follows is true, and the fact that it is known to few people may support the theory that unpleasant truths are avoided, even when they make good, historical, verifiable stories. However, the facts talk so loudly that they do not require embellishment in this tale from New Zealand, a country about which we desire increasingly to inform ourselves today, where some one hundred and twenty-five years ago a phenomenon occurred that has the profoundest of morals for the unhappy world of 1946. Also, the tale explains a literary reference not always understood—that of Macaulav's 'New Zealander' in the famous essay on the Popes.

About one hundred and twenty-five years ago in New Zealand, then, there lived a young Maori called Hongi-Hongi, who was chief of a tattooed tribe known as the Ngapuhi. This young man was already famous as a warrior, and he was a cannibal, but the first English missionaries had arrived in his district and had attempted to educate him, with some part-time success. One wrote: 'Hongi has a very mild disposition, with an ingenious turn of mind, and he is anxious to learn the European arts.' Another remarked that the young savage had often 'distinguished himself by throwing himself between the missionaries and death.' The next we hear is that Hongi was chosen from among other promising native candidates to accompany one of the missionaries, Mr. Kendall, on a visit to England.

Cannibals were rare birds in the London of those days, and it is not difficult to picture the sensation caused by Hongi's arrival. The town talked of little else for several hours. It was explained that Professor Lee of Cambridge had wanted to prepare a grammar of the Maori language. The man Hongi would supply the words, while Lee and Kendall would write them down at his dictation. Meanwhile Hongi was taken everywhere and introduced to leading figures in London society. One day he spent with open mouth at the British Museum—though it is not recorded whether a continuous yawn necessitated that facial gesture—while next day he was to be found at the Tower of London, where he was chiefly interested in the Beefeaters on guard. Yet another time he was taken to the famous Menagerie in the Strand, where an Indian elephant frightened the hardy warrior nearly out of his wits-just the sort of reaction that was bound to make him popular. Afterwards

the Maori was introduced to such personages as the Dukes of York and Clarence, the Earls of Yarmouth, Winchelsea and Harcourt, several Bishops, the Lord Mayor of London, and the

Chancellor of the Exchequer!

At the same time Hongi was presented with various gifts-expensive, lavish and almost placatory-so that very soon Kendall had to set aside a special room to contain the collection. When, however, Hongi was asked what he would like to receive, he always replied that nothing could please him more than his country's greatest lack: English guns and ammunition.

And, of course, the Maori was considered a great social lion by the fashionable hostesses of the day. He often appeared in famous drawing-rooms, quizzed eagerly by wondering ladies and gentlemen. But it didn't do to press curiosity too far with the representative of such a proud and sensitive nation. On one occasion Hongi was much embarrassed by the giggling of a party of young ladies. They had never seen a tattooed face before. Naturally they giggled. Suddenly the Maori strode across the room, flung himself face downwards upon three chairs, and remained in that position until the company had departed.

Afterwards there was the inevitable audience with King George the Fourth. Hongi was allowed the honour of kissing the royal hand, and then the old king inquired graciously about the customs of New Zealand. He conducted Hongi on a tour of his armoury-presented him with a complete suit of armour, double-barrelled guns, and many other gifts of a similar nature.

The Maori was next taken to Cambridge by Mr. Kendall, and remained there for several months, assisting in the preparation of the first New Zealand grammar. And it is interesting to discover that at exactly the same time Thomas Babington Macaulay, the future historian, was in residence at Trinity College. We don't know whether he met Hongi, but he certainly heard of him, and heard of him as 'the New Zealander'.

It was found, after the Cambridge visit, that England's climate didn't agree with the Maori. At last he became seriously ill with an affection of the chest, so the British Government decided that the kindest thing was to give him a free passage home. And he sailed for Australia, accompanied by a small arsenal of guns and ammunition. Moreover, as soon as he arrived in Sydney, he promptly exchanged all the other

valuable presents he had been given-crockery, agricultural tools and such like—for more instruments of modern warfare. And it so happened that he hadn't been in Sydney for more than a day or two before he met, quite by accident, a certain countryman of his named Hinaki. This Maori was chief of a tribe with which Hongi's people had been at loggerheads for hundreds of years. At once Hongi tried to pick a quarrel. The story goes that he confronted the other with warlike gestures, and demanded instant satisfaction. Hinakı was more peaceable, and tried conciliation. Hongi just replied, in his deep, blood-curdling voice: 'Make haste home; put your village in a state of defence, for as soon as I can assemble my people I shall fight you to the death!'

They sailed across to New Zealand on the same ship. Hinaki made further attempts to placate his enemy during the voyage, but Hongi refused to listen. As soon as the vessel arrived in New Zealand, there was a wild scurry. Hinaki made off in one direction to summon all his forces against the approaching fray. Hongi departed in the opposite direction to instruct an army of three thousand men in the use of his dangerous new weapons. For Hinaki did not possess any firearms. . . .

An early missionary, named Taylor, gives an excellent account of that first battle. 'Hinaki,' he says, 'was a man of noble form and determined courage, and, though fighting on unequal terms, he still maintained the combat until Hongi, arranging his men in the form of a cuneus or wedge, and placing himself at the apex, directed his men to wheel round to the right or left according to circumstances; at last he shot Hinaki, who did not fall until he had received four balls. His savage conqueror then rushed forward and hideously mutilated him, ending by drinking his warm blood.'

About one thousand of Hinaki's men were slain, including his two brothers, and afterwards Hongi and his friends sat down to make a meal of three hundred of them. It is related that when Hongi returned to his encampment with a canoe laden with captives, his daughter, who had lost her husband in the fight, rushed to the water's edge, seized a sword presented to Hongi by good King George, and instantly decapitated sixteen of the unhappy prisoners, ending by committing suicide herself. But the Hongi family was like that. Hongi's blind, grey-haired wife would always accompany him into the thick of battle, urging the men to fresh excesses.

The proud chief now proceeded to expand. He assembled another thousand men, and marched with them to Mercury Bay, where he suppressed the local tribes and raised a fresh levy of two thousand. He next attacked Kaipara, where he won another great victory and still more recruits. Those English firearms were proving useful. In the following year, 1822, Hongi continued his conqueror's progress. He ascended the Thames district, the Waikato and the Waipa, slaying, eating, and gaining new recruits all the way. At the Wanganui River he won yet another pitched battle that resulted in the demise and digestion of no fewer than fifteen hundred of his enemies.

Next year Hongi paid a masterly surprise visit to Rotorua, the district of hot springs and geysers. He proceeded part of the way by canoe, then cut a road through the bush so that the vessels could be portaged across to a convenient lake. He was master of the entire district within a few hours. During four years he did not once lay down the sword—or musket. He told angry missionaries that England had only one king, so why shouldn't Hongi be the sole ruler of New Zealand. The reply of the missionaries is not recorded.

It may be argued in favour of the Maori, however, that during all this time he kept faith with his old teachers in that he would not have them molested. And it is rather curious to relate that when eventually he did turn against his old friends, Hongi at last met his mortal fate. In 1827 he descended on the Wesleyan Missionary Station at Wangaroa and sacked it; a few days later he was accidentally shot in the back by one of his own men. Yet the cynic must note that this was the one and only occasion during all his wars when Hongi omitted to wear that suit of chain armour presented to him by King George.

Our cannibal Napoleon did not die immediately. He lingered on for some twelve months, during which time he was always eager to demonstrate to visitors how the wind could be made to whistle through the bullet hole in his back! But within a few weeks of his eventual death practically all the fruits of his great conquests had disappeared.

And so we come to Macaulay. In his essay on the Popes Macaulay undoubtedly has a hint of Hongi. The passage goes: 'And the Church may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.' It is fairly certain that Macaulay first got that idea in the back of his brain from the visit of Hongi to Cambridge during those undergraduate days. But would Macaulay have been so ready to project his New Zealander into the future if he had known the full story of the man himself? Perhaps he would.



A drawing of St. James's Square as it was in 1902, showing the Duke of Norfolk's house

## ST. JAMES'S SQUARE

#### JOAN HASLIP

The windows of the Clubs of St. James's were empty for this year's victory procession. They had lost their time-old prerogative of being in full view of every national celebration. Maybe with its Stuart origins, its aristocratic traditions, St. James's was not considered sufficiently democratic to witness the parade of the armed forces of democracy. But those of us who in the past had hung out of the windows of St. James's Street and Pall Mall to cheer the pageantry of Royalty, felt a slight pang of nostalgia to think that St. James's, the breeding-ground of English politics, should now be relegated to a backwater.

It was from my nursery overlooking Pall Mall that I saw the last victory procession. But, outshining my memories of the King and Queen and Lloyd George, there persists a gay Bacchanalian picture of buckets of ice-cream dripping into the gutters of St. James's Square. Though it is hardly a characteristic picture of what is the most decorous and conservative of London Squares, yet it remains the earliest and clearest of all my childhood recollections. For those were the days . when the huts of Washington Inn were clustered round the empty base of King William's statue and the refrain of 'Down by the Swanee River' re-echoed under the portals of Norfolk House. No wonder we children were impressed by the fabulous wastefulness of Washington Inn at a time when, in the nurseries of the Square, the margarine was spread thinly on the bread, and a sickly concoction known as marrow and ginger jam appeared on the table. No wonder we worshipped those mythical soldiers who seemed to live exclusively on ice-cream and who were always willing to procure one a helping at any time one could escape from a vigilant nurse.

Twice within a single generation St. James's Square has been handed over to foreign occupation. Lorries and armoured cars, not excepting an air-raid shelter, have made churned mud of its crocus-studded lawns. This time it was the French, and through the open windows of De Gaulle's canteen at No. 4 came snatches of the songs of La Résistance. Twice in twenty-five years I have seen King William removed to safety—and twice returned to occupy for a few uneasy years of peace his pedestal high above the lilac bushes.

Being as a child passionately Jacobite in sympathy, I resented the presence of King William in my Square, though in those days I did not realise how much of an intruder he really was in daring to preside over a district which owed its very existence to Charles II, for was it not laid out by Harry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, the friend and counsellor of Henrietta Maria and her son, who on Charles's return from exile was rewarded with honours and titles and a great tract of land in what was then St. James's Fields, but which was destined to become London's West End? Therefore it was only natural that when in 1676 St. James's Square first appeared in the parochial books as a separate place of residence, the majority of the proprietors should have been the King's favourites and doxies, not to mention his natural sons, some of whom set up in ducal magnificence in the Square. Here lived the favourite Arlington, the guiding spirit of the Cabal ministry, who combined the direction of the foreign affairs of England with the managing of the King's mistresses. Whether he found it more exhausting to comply with the exigencies of Louis XIV, or to endure the hysterics of a Lady Castlemaine or a Louise de la Kérouaille, has never been put on record. Suffice it to say that, through his loyal services to the King, he secured himself one of the grandest of the new houses in St. James's Square. Nearby was Moll Davis, one of the many fascinating actresses who found her way to the King's bed. The connection was not of long duration, but it sufficed not only to procure her a Royal bastard and an Earl as a son-in-law, but to brand her family with the luckless Stuart strain which led her grandson. the Earl of Derwentwater, to meet his death as a loval Jacobite on Tower Hill. But in the carefree England of the Restoration who could envisage a time when the Stuarts would be hunted exiles? Over at Drury Lane Betterton was drawing the town in the latest of Dryden's dramas. Thanks to the genuis of Wren, London was rising phoenixlike from the ashes of the Great Fire and though he built no house in St. James's Square, he gave it its Parish Church. Lord St. Albans and his collaborator, Sir Thomas Clarges, might well look around complacently at the great piazza and the rows of neat houses built of brick and stone, encompassing what only a little while ago had been the haunt of footpads.

King James II followed in the Royal tradition in so far as his two mistresses, Arabella Churchill and Catherine Sedley, both lived in the Square. Tall, thin and pale, fatal attributes for a woman in the days when Lely was the court painter and the baroque was in vogue, they were both reckoned so ugly that Charles II insisted that the priests must have brought them into his brother's life as a rare form of penance.

Now King William, set high above the lilac bushes, rides roughshod over all those Stuart memories, but a whole century was to elapse after his death before they cast him in bronze, dressed as a Roman emperor (which for that dry little Dutchman was rather an absurd costume) to preside over the destinies of St. James's. By the time the unveiling of the statue took place early in the nineteenth century, he seemed in comparison with the guttural Hanoverian kings to be almost a Stuart, for was not his wife one of that gay and luckless race, who, against his will, was always dragging him to the theatre and forcing him to make those large expensive gestures in which the crowds delight? The fireworks which lighted the Square after the peace of Ryswick, though created by that genius in pyrotechnics, Lord Romney, were inspired by the Stuart Queen; and when one sees them depicted in contemporary prints, one realises how shabby our Victory fireworks were. It was from the window of his favourite minister, the 'Trim-

mer' Halifax, that King William watched the celebrations and by the jubilation of the crowd realised that his money was well spent. But extravagant gestures seem to have gone out of fashion; they only survive among one's childhood memories. At one time every notable foreign visitor to our town made a point of currying favour with the populace. When Cosimo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was a guest at St. Albans' house, kegs of beer and wine were distributed at his expense. Foreign ambassadors vied with one another in attracting attention, and though few could compete in popularity with the Venetian Ambassador who in the neighbouring Haymarket staged fantastic masquerades, they made up in magnificence and pomp for what they lacked in popularity. There was bitter rivalry on the question of precedence and, on one occasion; Londoners had the spectacle of a free fight between the armed retinues of the French and Spanish Ambassadors. It would have struck us as somewhat strange if the respective secretaries of Mr. Gusev and Mr. Harriman had come to blows in the diplomatic tribune on Victory Day!

Extravagant gestures have gone, together with the great houses and the men who had the time and leisure to be eccentric, men like Lord Chesterfield and the Earl Bishop of Bristol, who both lived in the Square which for two hundred years maintained its proud position as the best address in Europe.

'To have a carriage to take the air and a house in town in St. James's Square' was the ambition of every young lady of fashion.

But now the tide of concrete is slowly encroaching on that world of mellow brick and stucco. Between the two wars, we have seen the end of Norfolk House, the last of the great houses. How long will Chatham House resist the incoming tide—its strange trilogy of ghosts— 'the Great Commoner', the 'Gorgeous Lady Blessington', and 'William Ewart Gladstone'? Alas! my Square is now only rich in ghosts. The big provincial cities, not St. James's, can claim to be the breeding-ground of politicians. But certain ghosts are too insistent to be ignored the memory of a summer evening when a post-chaise drove into the Square and stopped outside Lord Castlereagh's house. Sticking out of the carriage window were two tattered standards bearing the Napoleonic eagles, while inside sat a young officer covered with dust, the bearer of the dispatches which brought the news of Waterloo. Not even a flood of concrete can stifle such insistent ghosts!

## ELIZABETH BOWEN

#### A GREAT WOMAN NOVELIST

#### MOLLIE CRICHTON-GORDON

EIIZABETH BOWEN'S writings have always appealed to me. Having read and re-read her stories and novels, I had formed a curiously vivid mental image of her, and was fascinated by the prospect of being able to compare the reality with this mental image, though it was not without trepidation that, armed with all the necessary paraphernalia for making a drawing, I rang the front-door bell of her Regent's Park house. I was ushered into a spacious room, delightfully furnished, and needless to say, lavishly provided with books. I glanced at these whilst I waited. There were books on architecture, on painting, her own books, Jane Austen's-exactly as I should have expected. . . . And then came Miss Bowen herself.

From that moment all my fears vanished, for she was so welcoming and charming that I at once felt at ease. She sat at one end of a sofa, while I, with pencil and drawing-board, sat at the other. As I drew, she talked to me—yet she never moved, never seemed to forget that I was struggling to draw. I have seldom had so considerate a 'sitter'.

We had not been very long started when press representatives called. They had come to see Miss Bowen about a subject dear to her heart —the battle for the Nash houses in Regent's Park, which included her own house: she had been taking an active part in trying to save them from demolition. Having dealt with the callers, she explained to me how she loved architecture -so much so that, while at school, she had decided to become an architect, though ultimately she did not pursue that desire but turned to writing instead. She has made a careful study of all the various plans for the rebuilding of London, and especially likes that of Professor Abercrombie. 'I think I love houses almost more than people,' she said, 'and when I am planning a story, I go and look at various houses, then I choose one, or more if necessary, and they go into my story.' In her work, houses are not things of brick and mortar—they are characters; they seem to hold within them the imprint of all that has been experienced there, and from the security of their foundations grown deep in time, shed peace or unquiet on those who live there.

'I have been fortunate,' she went on, 'in that

I have always lived amongst lovely buildings." We went over the places where she had lived. There was Herbert's Place in Dublin-a row of splendid Georgian houses, where she was bornthe house of Seven Winters, the story of her Dublin childhood. She never knew summer there, for when the winter months had ended, she was taken to Bowen's Court in County Cork, the home of her family for three hundred years. She has written about this house and the ten generations of Bowens who lived there in Bowen's Court, which has been described as one of our minor historical classics. It is a remarkable piece of research—a sensitive, human and intelligent narrative of the lives of ten generations. This house is still her Irish home, and she frequently returns there. For ten years she lived, again near lovely buildings, on the outskirts of Oxford, and at present her London home is in one of Nash's Regent's Park terraces—examples of English architecture at its finest.

We then discussed various modern writers and their work-Rosamond Lehmann, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf-how the last-named one day, whilst Elizabeth Bowen was staying with her, said despairingly: 'How can I get my characters out of the dining room now that they have finished lunch?' And that, Miss Bowen explained to me, was one of the most difficult tasks of the novelist—to move the characters from one place to another. Listening to her talk, I was constantly aware of her vigorous mind and, above all, her very keen sense of observation. Even when she talks, as when she writes, she shows that characteristic capacity for pin-pointing an emotion at its height, and for gathering up a whole scene of situation, however complex, into one telling, vibrant phrase. Her work possesses, I think, what Keats called 'negative capability'. 'That is,' he writes in a letter, 'when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.' Negative capability may limit achievement, but it has the positive advantage of allowing the author to concentrate on form, to make the relentless exclusions that form demands, and by selection and arrangement produce the greatest emotional effect upon the reader. No righteous indignation or boring convictions distort the



form of Elizabeth Bowen's work. It holds some of the magic of Impressionism—a high light here, a deft stroke there, and suddenly a whole scene vibrates with life. She writes of no great world-shaking events, but she reveals those minute changes that for ever occur on the surface of inanimate things and on the shimmering edges of human minds. Her characters are not drawn in heavy outline, yet their reality is never in doubt. It is as though she breaks down that wall which stands between the writer and his creation.

Perhaps Elizabeth Bowen is best known as a writer of short stories, and of this form of art she has herself written: 'Peaks of common experience soar past an altitude line into poetry. There is also a level immediately below this, on which life is being more and more constantly lived, at which emotion crystallises, from which a fairly wide view is at command. This level the short story is likely to make its own.' It is on this level that she has become one of our most distinguished short-story writers. She often writes with a fragrant nostalgia for a more leisured existence than is possible in the commercially oriented life of today. But there is always the liquescent interaction of character upon character, and the image that seems to spring from the

deep, intense dream-world within us. She seems to make the intangible tangible, and to create pattern out of the indefinite things of which we are aware but can never ourselves define.

Miss Bowen is at present working on a novel to be called *The Heat of the Day*. Her last book of short stories, *The Demon Lover*, has now been published in America under the title *Ivy Gripped the Steps*, and for this she has written a special preface describing for those on the other side of the Atlantic the effect of life during the warstressed years in England upon a woman who lived here as a writer and civilian.

Looking back on my interview with Elizabeth Bowen, I am reminded of what D. H. Lawrence wrote to Catherine Carswell: 'I think you are the only woman I have met who is so intrinsically detached,' he wrote, 'so essentially separate and isolated, as to be a real writer or artist. . . . Your relations with other people are only excursions from yourself. . . . You were never made to "meet and mingle", but to remain intact, essentially, whatever your experiences may be.' And I thought this could also be said of Elizabeth Bowen, for however much she may have 'met and mingled', she has preserved that intactness that has made her an artist.

## THE DIVORCE TANGLE

#### JAMES DOWDALL

THERE is little point in adding to the flood of opinions on the causes and remedies of the divorce problem which are aired every year when the new list of cases down for hearing breaks another record. Yet, leaving out the question of what the law ought or ought not to be, its practical working compounds an injustice whereby the partner who wishes to consider the other's happiness is, more often than not, victimised in direct ratio to his or her innocence and the guilt of the other partner. Details of the 40,000 cases now pending will naturally vary, but one typical example is enough to show what frequently happens when a man and woman, who have had unsuccessful marriages, come before the court to start a new life.

'Sir,' says the woman to the law, 'I come for help. In 1940 I contracted one of those impulsive wartime marriages which are giving you so much work. Two years later it became clear that the marriage was a total failure and we separated. A year later I met George, and now, after living together for three years, we find that we are perfectly happy and want to get married. Will

you help us?

'Madam,' says the law, 'that all depends. If your husband is the kind of man who would put your happiness first-in which case I really don't know why you couldn't have stayed together he will probably "give you a divorce." This will involve him in the sordid business of providing you with evidence by means of an hotel bill. You will then be able to tell me that you are so upset by this that all is over between you. You will have to admit that you have yourself been living with George but say that you will not do so any more between the date of your petition and that of the decree absolute. You may think that this temporary suspension of a state which you have every intention of resuming seems rather an illogical formality. You may also think that your whole story is most improbable and contradictory and be surprised at my accepting it, particularly since I hear it twenty times a day. However, I am concerned only with the evidence, and if nobody else challenges it, I will keep my private opinion to myself.

'Supposing you really were innocent, that is to say, if you had not committed adultery and your husband had, it would be very much easier for him to give you your freedom. The case would

be shorter and the costs lower and all that would have to be said of him would be that he had committed adultery. But since you have yourself committed adultery, you will have to blacken your husband's character generally so as to give me a reason for exercising my discretion in your favour. You will have, therefore, to allege that he was cruel or failed to support you. And if you cannot do this, you may be tempted to allege a few unpleasantnesses about your married life which, because they are almost impossible to prove or disprove, I will very likely believe. Your husband will then have to choose between defeating his own ends of giving you your freedom by persuading me that they are not true or accepting the charge in silence. It might be simpler, if he has not himself committed adultery yet, if he were to divorce you. But the type I have in mind will probably prefer to resign himself to all this unpleasantness in order to leave you as the innocent party.

'What? Your husband is not like that, but is a bitter, revengeful type, which is why you want to be rid of him? Well, in that case I can do nothing for you unless you can prove that he has committed adultery, and I don't need to tell you that, if he is that sort of man, he will take care not to give you the opportunity. If you have a lot of money, you can have him watched and perhaps you might catch him out. But the fact that he drove you to leave him by perpetual minor cruelties, even if you can show that it affected your health severely by calling medical evidence, will not weigh against your subsequent adultery unless you can also prove adultery against him.

'You say that long before you ever contemplated being unfaithful, he committed adultery and you can prove it; but that you wanted to give your marriage another chance and forgave him? Then I am afraid those incidents do not count because you have "condoned" them.

'No, you cannot divorce him for desertion either. He has only to write to you and ask you to come back, knowing you certainly will not do so because you cannot spend ten minutes with him without being loaded with abuse and obscenity, and that is the perfect answer to an allegation of desertion. I am sorry, but it boils down to this. If your husband will put your interest first, we can arrange things for you; but if he wants to make you suffer, we will back him up.'

'In that case,' says the woman, 'we will continue to live together. I will take George's name by deed poll and since we could not. anvhow, be married in church, it seems to make little difference whether the legal formality takes place in a registry office or before a Commissioner for Oaths. We came before you only out of respect for convention and because we want to settle down as a respectably married couple. But cases like ours are now so common that we can adopt this course without being injured either in our social or business life. We take no pleasure in flouting the principles which you are supposed to uphold, but in view of the hopelessly tangled state into which, upon your showing, the moral issues have got themselves, we cannot believe that we are being immoral in doing so. And in any case, we are certainly not going to live the rest of our lives apart. So. without wishing to do so, we will now go and join the swelling multitude of couples who involuntarily bring discredit on Church and State by proving that it is quite possible to live decent, charitable, well-ordered and-vesrespectable lives in spite of the ban of both.'

It is not suggested that either the law or the Church is guilty of any ill-will or that they should regard broken marriage vows as anything but reprehensible failures. Nor is it denied that any completely satisfactory answer to the problem presents itself. But by trying to apply inflexible rules to a subject of infinite flexibility, they penalise the very people whom they are usually most anxious to help-those who have learned their lesson and wish to profit by

it and start again.

The Archbishop of York, in a recent speech on divorce, stressed that the New Testament condemns uncharitableness and self-righteousness more than the sins of the flesh. Yet in practice the Church opens its doors to men and women whose uncharitableness and self-righteousness may be a local byword but automatically closes them to anyone who is guilty of even formal adultery. It forgives almost any sin on the strength of a genuine reformation, but holds, as a general rule, that one of the most understandable of them all can only be atoned for by the almost impossible self-discipline of lifelong celibacy. It makes occasional exceptions but takes the 'innocence' of one party into consideration, though in practice the innocence has often been only a legally accepted fiction springing from the kind intention of the guilty' party. And it closes its eyes to the fact that a couple can become, and remain, married from the most un-Christian motives of social or financial gain, while two people seldom live

together unmarried for any length of time except for the reasons enjoined in the marriage service. In short, it falls back on the administratively convenient simplification of law-thou shalt not be found out.

Social standards, however, are not a matter of law, secular or ecclesiastical, but of public opinion, and divorce was not kept in check fifty years ago by law but by popular condemnation. Today the public has proclaimed itself the keeper of its own conscience; has furthermore decided that people's private lives are their own affair, and has relegated the sins of the flesh to their officially nominated place in the calendar. Thus, from both the Church and lay standpoints, the situation is full of paradoxes. The law has, in practice, wedded chivalry to perjury, and the Church condemns the man who, out of consideration for another, makes a formal pretence of adultery, in stronger terms than the man who commits adultery for his own gratification.

Fifty years ago even the dreadful fate of the 'fallen woman', who was often condemned to choose between prostitution and admittance to a charitable institution differing little from prison, did not prevent people from doing things which they were bound to regret. Today, when they can mostly do what they like without suffering any substantial professional or social penalties, it is obvious the divorce laws are not going to prevent a single marriage from breaking or a single case of adultery except for the worst motives—fear of stigma in some walk of society or financial laws. And, for what they are worth, these deterrents would remain, whatever the law decided to allow as grounds for divorce.

The General Election, when the public rejected a man whom it respected only 'on this side of idolatry' from one standpoint because it disagreed with his policy from another, proved that the man-in-the-street is now determined to think for himself. And neither the legislature nor the Church is likely to influence him by giving the appearance of exercising an authority which he can flout with impunity if he wishes. On the other hand, there are signs that many people are sick of living without a pattern, and if Church and State allowed them more personal responsibility in these matters they might, of their own accord, swing back in the direction of the old standards of morality.

Every teacher knows that there comes a stage in the development of an adolescent when attempts to force opinions on him do nothing but drive him in the opposite direction. And it is arguable that a large section of the public has

now arrived at this very stage.

## THE PROBLEM OF NOISE

#### M. SCHOFIELD

WITH petrol rationing eased, with licence 'to take our relaxation in swift ironmongery', as St. John Ervine put it, the problem of noise, born with the Machine Age, is once more with us. The din of war has gone; yet peace, like war, hath her stridencies. Old cars with grinding gears; noisy adieux and the slamming of car doors by night; milkmen clunking their bottles early in the morning: such are reminders that long after the shrill pipings of peace celebrations are over, the daily cacophony of urban life persists.

To the student of acoustics that which constitutes 'noise' is easily determined. It is the opposite to a musical sound, to a vibration composed of definite frequencies and harmonies which appeal to the ear. It must also be of sufficient intensity or amplitude to irritate the sensitive. The air around us is full of vibrations most of the time, even when we cannot hear them. In the vast atmosphere are unheard pulses, ghostly vibrations ever flitting to and fro, vibrations set up by unknown persons for unknown reasons, and only detected by the new amplifying devices, or at times by those sea shells held to the ear in imaginary efforts to recapture the sound of surf on the shore. There may also be present those vibrations called 'supersonics' of such high frequency that they are mercifully beyond the ear's range; they are so intense at times as to rival in effect that famous blast at Jericho. But all these do not affect us. They serve as reminders, not only that wherever there is motion there is noise, but also that we should be thankful that Nature has not made our ears unduly sensitive. (Conversely, in her merciful law of compensation, she has granted that many blind persons should gain by ear what the eye has lost. A blind man can often gauge the size and plan of a room he enters, recognise a street by its sounds, or tell the proximity of a wood beyond a meadow.)

Those noises, which have roused protests from the sensitive and have resulted in the advertising of 'ear defenders' (or ear plugs, to use the rougher term), not only lack concord and harmony, but are of such intensity as to cause mental distress in the highly strung. To these the world 'is full of dreary noises', as Browning moaned. The loudness of particular noises is now no longer a matter of individual guesswork. After pioneer work by telephone authorities (such as the G.P.O. and the Bell Telephone Company), by the

National Physical Laboratory and others, all sounds below and above the 'threshold' of audibility can be carefully determined and classified. Microphones, amplifiers, and much ingenious apparatus following vacuum-tube research have provided, on the one hand, means for making more provocative sounds. They have given us electronic organs with amazing 'unanimity of attack', and with all the shimmerings of tutti violins-organs superior in one way to the old pipe organ, since they banish the bane of cold weekdays and warm Sundays which alter the pitch and trouble the veteran organ-tuner with his mallet and cones. They have given us 'novachords' with legato violin and 'harp accompaniments'; and that latest offspring of American research laboratories, the Vocoder or 'speechsynthesiser', with which one may sing a duet with oneself, whether in a throaty whisper or in full soprano. On the other hand, the new acoustics, bearing in mind the words of Herodotus that the ear is less trustworthy than the eye, permit such accurate measurement and analysis of sound vibrations that one may visualise the day when legal action against offenders will be supported by evidence as damning as anything out of Scotland Yard. Today it is possible to 'listen in' to the muscles creaking, to the heart beating, to the fly walking on the ceiling, or even to the worm that turns (as witness the use of microphones to detect weevils in walnuts in store). Or one may measure intensities of sounds above 'the threshold', sounds measured in lovely-sounding 'decibels' or in 'phons' (any noise having an intensity of n decibels above the threshold value has an equivalent loudness of n phons). The permitted noise level in hospitals is to be 15 to 20 phons; in libraries 20 to 35 phons; in public offices 35 to 59 phons. But there is no stipulated standard for public houses nor for places of amusement where (except at Hampstead Heath where the L.C.C. has taken action to damp down the steam organs) there is to be all the phon' of the fair! Two other titillating facts concerning intense sounds are, first, the surprisingly small amount of energy involved and, second, the variety of everyday noises to be heard without such additions as vocoders or electronic devices. If everyone in Greater London shouted at the top of his voice, there would be generated only one horse-power; while a thousand basses

singing fortissimo, or a full orchestra playing Wagner, provide only sufficient energy to keep alight one thirty-watt lamp. As for variety, one has only to turn to the classic Thesaurus of Roget, to the long list of his 'Specific Sounds' like pop, bang, crash, tinkle, roar, whoop, yell, screech, whine, and so on, to appreciate the full range of jangles which accompany our daily journeyings.

To mention amusement, where one man's music becomes another man's abomination, is to appreciate how the crux of the problem is one of personal taste. The question is not so simple as mere detection and measurement by instruments of noises in excess of the threshold level. Rather does it lie in such difficult decisions as to how far noise can be reduced without interfering with individual rights, with the efficiency of some machine or factory; or how far noise should be permitted because it is part and parcel of the 'attractions' of a particular place.

Regarding the first point, car manufacturers have set an example by sound insulation of bodies and reducing noise in gears without loss of efficiency. Silencers for car and motorcycle exhausts have included expansion chambers to absorb sounds of low pitch, and 'absorption silencers' for dampening those of higher pitch. Engines are balanced and often rubber mounted; resonant 'drumming' effects within all-metal bodies have been reduced. Gears less noisy (though hardly 'noiseless' as claimed) are of the helical type, just as industry has adopted in some instances gears of quieter plastics, as compared with steel. Felt, rubber, cork and asbestos, together with the new fibre glass or 'glass wool', spun so magically while molten from a furnace: all these have been enlisted in sound insulation, and all show consciousness of the problem and, in many cases, willingness to co-operate. Yet there are limits both to what can be attained and what is desired. While the London Passenger Transport Board, in experiments on rolling stock for tube railways, found longer rails diminished the clamour (by diminishing the number of rail joints to be crossed), a second idea of 'baffle-skirts' around bogies, to function as sound traps, proved impracticable (owing to difficulties in inspection).

As an example of reduction in noise hardly being desired by the perpetrator, one need mention only the owner of a sports car or a motor-cycle with a noisy exhaust regarded as a sign of power—an owner who delights in noise, regardless of possible legal action.

Carlyle had a sound-proof room constructed (though it could not be compared with that 'quietest spot in the world', constructed in the

Brooklyn Navy Yard, U.S.A., a building mounted on rubber columns, and so sound-proof that a man within can hear his own heart beating). Herbert Spencer held that a man's intellectual capacity may be judged by the degree of his intolerance to noise! But then the youth on a motor-cycle is rarely an æsthete and he fails to appreciate the required reduction of his noisy exhaust from 106 to 84 phons. Where youth is concerned, such innovations as loudspeakers are a sign of 'life'. There are parts of Blackpool which are out to retail noise on a grand scale; to ensure that no one shall go home without enjoying a full ration. There are those to whom silence is deadly, to be countered by whistling, by bursts of song, or by a mere tapping of pencil on desk. To them the continuous playing of a radio is the order of the day, no matter what programme is 'on'. It is an antidote to boredom, to that 'weariness of life' of which Gellius told. A newspaper correspondent in Canada told how housewives in the silent plains walked round their homes banging buckets when their menfolk had gone off for the day. Evacuees from our cities have complained of the 'dullness' of life in the country, where the early morning singing of birds seemed a poor substitute for the noise of traffic. Indoors, the Lancashire mill-girl, far from being subdued or perturbed by the din of the looms, carries on her conversation above it. On holiday she often chooses the 'livelier' places. Office staffs regard as normal the clatter of typewriters and mechanical calculators which have replaced the scratching of pens on paper. And as for those supreme noise-makers—the boilerriveter, the pneumatic driller armed with 100 phons, the steam-hammer operator, or the worker with an electric saw—they carry on seemingly oblivious to such intensities.

Yet noise of sufficient intensity has some effect on efficiency, and a greater one in taxing the nervous energy of sensitive people. Experiments in such directions must be accepted with caution, particularly when too academic to be related to practical conditions (or everyday people). Ear-defenders issued to a group of weavers increased their efficiency by only a small percentage. On the other hand, 'music while you work' may produce the same effect by increasing 'noise' (no offence to the B.B.C. implied!). A general view is that music or noise may decrease efficiency while a person is fresh, but later may stimulate that person after fatigue has set in. Many experiments must be suspect when carried out with university students as subjects, for a very different result should be expected with groups of people of other intellects or ages. Noise stimulates our reaction to fear (medical science has shown how a sleepy child changes its rhythmic breathing and pulse during the passing of a lorry outside). Despite the claim that a particular noise, like that of a dinner gong, may cause by its association the gastric juices to flow, other noises have been found definitely to affect digestive activity, and cause muscular contraction of the stomach. In the case of the highly sensitive, but not necessarily neurotic, persons who cannot adapt themselves, serious cumulative effects may result from noise, especially when sleep is broken.

The noise problem today seems as far from solution as ever, since improvements in one

direction are so often accompanied by a setback in another. When Macadam and Dunlop banished the din of iron-tyred wheels on cobbled roads, acceleration set in and traffic intensity increased. Yet failure to lay the bogy cannot be laid on the lack of scientific aids; with all our acoustic research, vastly improved sound insulators, reports of Committees on Noise (like that of the British Association), there are ample means for combating the evil. Failure to improve matters must be attributed (as in the case of our sprawling towns and cities) to a lack of planning—and even more to lack of appreciation of the importance of reducing some of the wear and tear of modern life.

## SCENERY FOR THE COMEDY OF SEX

#### COLIN WINTLE

ONE day in 1928 a London doctor out on his 'rounds' paused at the window of an antique shop in Highgate. There, among the furniture and bric-à-brac, a late Victorian dress caught his eye. He went in and bought it, and so laid the foundation of the now famous Cunnington Collection—a vast array of more than 900 complete dresses, 650 hats and bonnets, innumerable accessories, a piquant selection of underclothes, and a library of fashion illustrations and editorial comments: the history of woman's costume for the past two centuries, gathered in one collection for the first time.

The City of Manchester, justifying its tradition of 'Thinking today . . .' is making an effort to acquire the Collection intact with the object of housing it under one roof as a gallery of costume (the word 'museum' with its usually dreary implications is being avoided) at Platt Hall, an eighteenth-century mansion on the outskirts. Of the £7,000 required to preserve this enlightening slice of England's social history, more than half has already been promised, thanks to the foresight of the National Art Collections Fund and of individual citizens and firms interested in the history of textiles and the trends of taste.

'Costume supplies the scenery for the comedy of sex.' In this phrase Dr. C. Willett Cunnington spotlights the intensely human side of his collection. Although chemists may be interested in the dyes, needlewomen in the workmanship, and manufacturers in the weave, it is the woman inside (and sometimes partly outside) the clothes who makes costume such an absorbing study: the exposure of the mind by the concealment of the body.

The nineteenth century is Cunnington's special period. His English Women's Clothing in the Nineteenth Century is a vast reference book, a standard work profusely illustrated by his wife, who is also a doctor. Like many good things today, it is temporarily unobtainable, but the existing copies in libraries and museums are frequently consulted, particularly by authors, film and stage producers, historians and fashion house representatives. The Metropolitan Museum of New York, for example, owns three copies only, and so much have they been used that each copy has already had to be rebound twice.

Collecting runs in the blood of the Cunnington family, but the founder of the costume collection is the first to concentrate on comparatively modern objects. Yet even he, who describes himself as having been 'brought up on flints', started with pre-history. It was at Siwa, in the Libyan desert, where he found himself during the 1914-18 war: in the sand, within a yard of his tent, he picked up a pre-historic flint implement and the Army in its unconscious wisdom kept him at Siwa a whole year, with the result that his further discoveries were able to fill an antiquarian gap between Egypt and Algeria (for



Victorian nighties were astringent, forbidding-

nobody had hitherto explored Libya for such things) and ultimately enrich the Ethnological Museum, Cambridge. William Cunnington, the Wiltshire antiquarian, who died about the time of the Battle of Trafalgar, was Cunnington's great-great-grandfather; he lived at Heytesbury and explored under the patronage of Sir Richard Colt Hoare and with the physical assistance of a bottle of port. He made a practice of placing a copper disc inscribed with his name and the date in sites which he had unearthed, before covering them up again. Two of Cunnington's great-uncles were geologists-William, a leading authority on green sandstone fossils, and Edward, reputed to have given Hardy the idea for 'The Antiquarian'. An uncle is Captain Ben Cunnington, who made the important discovery of Woodhenge, Salisbury Plain, and a brother is Colonel Robert Cunnington, an authority on Stonehenge. The costume-collector's father, a Devizes wine merchant, preferred science to fossils, and was the first man in England to instal a telephone linking his office with his home; another of his interests was water analysis, but such is fate's cruel trony that he died in 1870—of typhoid. Those in search of the genuine absent-minded professor type would have found their ideal in Henry Cunnington (father of the typhoid victim), for it was no unusual thing for him to go to a railway ticket office, ask for a ticket to Salisbury, and scatter a collection of Roman coins in front of a bewildered clerk.

Though the founder of the Cummigton Collection doubtless inherited an inquiring mind and a taste for research from his distinguished forbears, he is certainly not a cloistered student living in a world of his own. Perhaps it was environment—the opportunity given to the medical practitioner more than to most men of observing human nature at close quarters—which has made him such a pertinent commentator and shrewd judge of humanity, particularly feminine humanity, behind the mask of costume.

The Cunningtons have given up their practice in North London and are living in retirement—but not bucolic lassitude—in an almost unbelievably picturesque little house by the saltings at West Mersea, Essex, with the tide coming up to the garden gate. 'We fled from the wrath to come,'



-Today sex-appeal is the key-note

he says, referring to medical legislation; and at the age of sixty-eight, having analysed human emotions through media ranging from palæolithic flints of pre-history to siren suits of the twentieth century, he is now sagely Summing Up—but with a twinkle in his eye. Some of his conclusions have already been published, notably in Why Women Wear Clothes, probably his best book for the general reader because its argument is salted with provocation and peppered with impishness.

To study women's clothes scientifically, it is necessary to collect objective material (costume) and search for possible subjective causes such as habits and ideals. It is then possible to assess the most intriguing abstract of all—the changing and recurring Attitudes of Mind as Eve's daughters cascade down the generations and leave men wondering what next they are going to do, to think, to wear, or to take off. 'We have to view the costume worn by our ancestors not as a curious antique but as what was once a very modern work of art, inspired by what were very modern ideals,' he says. 'That faded fragile composition which we associate sentimentally with roses and rapture or lilies and languor might in fact have adorned a tough, hard-faced female with a mouthful of oaths and conduct to match. . . . No complete everyday costume of the ordinary Englishwoman exists of a date earlier than about two centuries ago: as for garments underneath the surface, we have no real knowledge whatever earlier than 1800.'

Assuming that one of the principal functions of women's clothes is to attract men, Cunnington classifies costume's capacity to do so in four groups: by exposure; by concealment; by exploitation, and by erotic symbols. While civilised communities have always placed a taboo on the primary sexual characteristics, the secondary characteristics are fair game and each one has been exploited in turn. Sometimes several are 'featured' at a time, one by affected concealment, another by frank exposure, another by symbolism—of which the fashionable heart-shaped décolletage of the present day is a fair example, implying interesting possibilities of fertility by drawing curvaceous attention to one of the most attractive of the secondary sex-characteristics, the breasts. Almost every method of attraction has the effect of exciting curiosity. A costume need not be beautiful if it performs this function. When the legs were covered completely, ankles became the point of attraction, exciting curiosity; and curiosity, Cunnington remarks dryly, is the father of procreation.

He believes that the art of costume died in 1914 and has not been reborn since except in sports clothes, the best examples of which are modern tennis costumes. Dress has become subservient to the body, and he wants to see it again in its rightful place. It should be treated like any other art, with critics instead of gushing reporters at the mannequin parades. The critics should be men, for it is they who have the sense of colour and form, and therefore are in general also the best designers. Women critics should be employed to write about men's clothes.

À re-reading of his books, particularly Feminine Attitudes in the Nineteenth Century, together with a talk with the author since retirement from medical practice, reminds one of the time when it was almost a pleasure to be ill because the doctor (his stethoscope laid aside and the prescription written) would entertain at least one patient with a sage and racy commentary.

For example, once he regaled me with a lecturette on the psychology of the nightdress. He explained that this garment was intended to be the reverse of sex-attractive in the nineteenth century, exerting an astringent influence on a husband's spirits, when, with frilled nightcap on her head, a wife clambered up into a halftester double bed, 'an impressive, but not an alluring figure'. But those were the days of huge families. When the birth-rate began to fall and the educated classes started to practise birthcontrol, it is significant that the nightdress began to brighten its appearance and to strike a more hopeful note with lace and ribbons. It was more than a coincidence that austerity of design declined with the size of the family. The advent of the custom of using the bathroom for family ablutions led to the introduction of pyjamas for women and, after the 1914 war, twin beds became fashionable, whereupon the nightdress, if still used, acquired fresh and startling features, becoming transparent, with exciting omissions. In fact, 'the garment, no longer forbidding, was now inviting, a filmy aphrodisiac . . . a new atmosphere was introduced into domestic life thanks to these garments, which owe their existence to the science of birth-control. They have therefore a profound psychological implication which the social historian cannot ignore. The history of the nightdress is a mute but eloquent witness to a vital revolution in the Englishwoman's mind.'

Allied to this is the change in woman's attitude towards underclothes: it has become 'amusing', a notion which would have been perfectly incomprehensible to her predecessors. Sometimes when fashion journals thus describe the more intimate details of women's toilet we are left wondering who is going to derive

## BETWEEN OLD & NEW MASTERS

**PAUL NASH, July 11, 1946** 

E. H. RAMSDEN



PAUL NASH (1899-1946)

Winter Sea (Collection, Mrs. Charles Grey)

Although he failed, it is true, to conform to the popular misconception of an artist, Paul Nash, like Turner before him, may be said, without prejudice, to have been the most imaginative English painter of his generation. But over and above the essentially poetic interpretation of landscape, which each has realised in the idiom of his own time, it is in their preoccupation with the great cosmical movements of nature that the two painters betray their deepest spiritual resemblance, the inspiration of the one as of the other being typified by the words attributed to Turner: 'The Sun is God.' And that the breadth of vision consonant with this creed is fundamental to the art of both is borne out by that largeness of conception and intuitive sense of scale which gives, even to their treatment of subjects that are comparatively slight, a certain romantic grandeur which yet detracts not from that innate sensitivity by which their work, whether in water-colour or in oil, is pre-eminently distinguished. But, if at

times the art of Paul Nash is clearly reminiscent of Turner's, at others it is strikingly and profoundly different, as witness the contrasts of treatment, form and mood in the seascapes illustrated, which, even so, are yet related by colour, the same curious combination of ochre and blue being predominant in both. Thus, in the one the whole interplay of wind and water is conveyed by means of a technique that has in it something of the impetus and fury of the envisaged storm; while in the other an equation is established between the long nostalgic roll of the winter sea and the feeling it involves by the use of a method that is evocative rather than naturalistic in tendency. In the one the tumult of the waves as they are experienced in a moment of time is triumphantly and magnificently realised; in the other the immemorial flux of the sea in the eternal form of its contemplation is no less purposively and inevitably set forth.



#### THE DEATH OF PRINCE LOBANOFF

Europe once more stands in the presence of the Unknown. For the last two years there has dimly outlined itself in the fog which hes over the Russian steppe the image of a man. At first the features were nebulous enough. But as the days passed, the outline became clearer, and the sovereigns and statesmen and the peoples of Europe felt that they could at any rate recognise some living ruler, could realise some actual personality of whom they could think, and with whom they could deal when they had to do with Russia and the Russians. Now, the sudden death of Prince Lobanoff dissolves the stately figure which loomed so large through the gloom, and all is bewilderment once more.

#### THE BICYCLE IN UGANDA

CIVILISATION is invading Uganda, not in its powder-cart, but in a brougham for King M'Wanga, dog-carts for his officials, and the ubiquitous bicycle for the British residents. The natives are even said to be building two-storied houses with glass windows for their chiefs in place of their old grass huts, while the Prime Minister has furnished his office with tables, chairs, stationery cases, and the like. All this veneer may peel off suddenly some day, but for the present it testifies eloquently to the surface tranquillity which has followed our advent.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION

PARLIAMENT rose on the 14th of August, since which date all English politicians have been mute. It is rather late to survey the results of the Session. Mr. Balfour scored heavily by the success of his new rules, by which the voting of Supply was distributed over the Session; but he lost heavily over the Education Bill. Mr. Chamberlain's meteoric career dazzled every one when Parliament opened. At its close nothing remains of it but a certain dismal looking forward to of judgment to come when the Committee of Inquiry reassembles next February. Other Ministers remain with their reputation much the same. They have neither gained much nor have they seriously lost ground. The Cabinet as a whole has survived, and survived intact, notwithstanding all the stress and strain of foreign

affairs. The Opposition has been picking up a bit, and that, even from the Ministerial point of view, is distinctly to the good.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

Parliament has been prorogued, and the voice of the politician is silent in the land. But across the Atlantic the great debate or national hurly-burly that precedes a Presidential election is booming through the land.

## THE REAL ARENA OF THE FIGHT

ACCORDING to the New York papers, which, with the exception of the Journal, are unanimous in backing Mr. McKinley, Mr. Bryan has not got a chance, nor even the ghost of a chance. And the English newspapers, whose correspondents are all located in New York, print telegrams to the same effect. They may be right, just as I may be right if I assert that at this present moment a great cyclone is raging round the ears of the Grand Lama of Tibet. But they know about as much of how things are going in America as I do about the weather in the City of Lhasa. The battle will not be decided in New York. The headquarters of both the contending parties have been established in Chicago, which is 1,000 miles from New York; further, that is, than Berlin or Vienna or St. Petersburg is from London. But even in Chicago we are but on the Eastern edge of the arena in which the battle will be fought out. Beyond Chicago, in the Real West, there lies a whole continent, of which none of our mentors seems even to have heard; but it is there where Mr. Bryan hopes to win.



A Wall Street view of the American political parties
19 August 1896

#### D. H. LAWRENCE'S

## SONS AND LOVERS

#### REVIEWED BY ANTHONY RHODES

Sons and Lovers, which is generally considered Lawrence's best book, was published in 1913, so it cannot perhaps strictly be called a 'Book of Yesterday'; but the setting and atmosphere of this grey, humourless story are so Victorian, so very much of yesterday (life in one of the little mining villages near Nottingham at the turn of the century) that it is not unfair to treat it as such.

While it is written as objectively as anything in the language, Sons and Lovers is, nevertheless, the author's roman à clef, and if we are to criticise the rest of his work in the Crocean sense-by understanding an author's intention and estimating how far he has succeeded in doing what he set out to do-it should certainly be read. After a first reading, two vivid impressions remain. First, an irritation, which will amount in some readers almost to fury, at the power of the mother-complex to prevent a young man from living fully and naturally (to such readers the greatest crimes are those against life and nature); for, with the mother's death, the long story closes and we are left on a question mark, asking ourselves if the memory of this Christlike woman will haunt and thwart her son for the rest of his life, just as, in life, her personality and character have dominated him. This is the central question of the book, a question we have been asking ourselves for 450 pages.

The second impression that will remain is a lesson Lawrence evidently wished to give usthe lesson that the effect of drink on the working man is disastrous, not because it ruins his stomach or his morals, but because it ruins his family. If he spends his weekly pittance in the public house (and he can easily do so in a night), they just starve for a few days. This in turn leads to the unpleasant conclusion that the poor (of industrial England at any rate) must inevitably be Puritans—on no more spiritual ground than that of the sheerest pragmatism. Some form of discipline must be imposed or there won't be any bread; and in Victorian England Puritanism was the only form of discipline available. It was simple. Be a Puritan or starve: the Chapel or the workhouse.

There are other overtones—Lawrence's frequent assertion that the scenes of industrial life—coal mines, dirty mean streets and grimy façades—can be beautiful. In this he confirms the words of the painter, Christopher Wood: 'an ugly thing at first sight often turns out to be radiantly beautiful.' But a résumé of the story is needed at this point.

In a small mining village ten miles from Nottingham live the Morels. The story opens with the disillusion of the wife, who has married her tall, handsome miner in spite of social and intellectual differences—he is almost illiterate, while she has made the best of her lower middle class upbringing and has a mild taste for books. The husband, so full of affection and laughter in their dancing and courting days, has begun to change; gradually the endearments are disappearing; the creature comforts provided by a wife begin to be regarded as his due, and he hardly bothers to make conversation when he returns in the evening. It's the old story. But then he begins to come home from the mine a little later each week, with a little less money for the housekeeping each week, smelling of beer a little more each week. The children now appear; and by the third pregnancy the husband has become such a drunkard that the child is unwanted by its mother, not only because she doesn't know how they will feed it, but also because it is the fruit of a man she now despises.

The child turns out to be Paul, the central character-delicate, artistic, wayward, sensitive. His mother who, by reading widely during the evening absences of her husband, has developed mentally a good deal, soon appreciates that Paul is different from the others and that they have much in common, so she lavishes on him, almost tenfold, the affection he had lost in the womb and early childhood. The result is that his love for her surpasses everything else, and he makes a childish vow never to love anyone else. This vow is never renounced, and even when he grows to manhood and flirts for years with the only girl his wild, unbalanced, passionate nature could ever have been satisfied with, he suddenly, violently, rejects her in favour of a woman who is little better than

a harlot for his bodily needs, so that he can continue to live with his mother, 'not caught' as he says 'by anyone'. Then the mother dies. That is the story. But it isn't quite as simple as all that, because of the involved mental processes of the author who, one feels, is continually reflecting his own mind in Paul's.

Sons and Lovers, then, has two themes. The main one is the development of Paul, and the subsidiary, the story of the lives, trials and sorrows of a miner's family. There are the excellent portraits of the other children; there are the neighbours with whom Morel drinks and his wife talks, but, above all, there is Mrs. Morel, working, suffering, pinching, scraping, hoarding the pennies, a constant reminder to Paul that she alone has made life possible for her children. Who in such circumstances is to be blamed for being obsessed with admiration and gratitude, as Paul is:

All these people are drawn in a cold, hard, economical diction in keeping with the Puritanical character of the book; but for the reader who is no Puritan, who loves life, believing it should be lived fully with every instinct and emotion, it will seem an irritating book. Paul, his mother, and Miriam who loves him, are all masochists. Time and again, when Paul on his country walks and talks with Miriam makes quasi-religious, quasi-philosophical remarks about the hopelessness of their situation (when the author is deliberately drawing them in every lineament as natural partners who are made to be in love, who —this is what infuriates—are in love) and Miriam instead of giving him a good smack, makes some equally miserable reply, one wishes a bomb would fall not on, but very near, them. We are infuriated with D. H. Lawrence; and yet this was life in England; as a Puritan he is seeing it steadily and seeing it whole. He is seeing the whole panorama of the chapel-going, self-mortifying, pleasure-denying philosophy that swept this country in the wake of the Industrial Revolution (and is still with us)—a philosophy that was, in fact, necessary at the time, inevitable, the only spiritual counterweight to the soul-destroying materialism of the age available to the poor. But how different are these sorrowful, sombrely clad proletarians trooping in and out of their ugly chapels from the earlier Englishmen—Pistol and Bardolph, Mistress Quickly and the Merry Wives! Merry! The very word is like a knell to toll us back to the laughter and oaths and gusto of the Elizabethans, who lived fully, not interested in mythical afterworlds, because their own was so good.

Sons and Lovers, like Disraeli's Sybil, is a condemnation of the modern world. Already Lawrence is moving towards the themes of his later works. After reading it, 1914 and 1939 are on the horizon. They seem quite reasonable and, as one has learnt by today, one's chief surprise is not that there are wars, but that there is ever peace.

Immediately after the publication of the book the war came, and life is said to have been difficult for Lawrence. Living quietly in Cornwall, with a German wife, he is said to have suffered from the vulgar, nationalistic abuse of the local inhabitants (one sees poor Mrs. Lawrence in the ration queues). But I cannot believe this worried him seriously. What is clear from this period is that it finally decided him to leave England. As an artist he must have detested being reminded of the Puritanism he had had to suffer as a child, and having said all he had to about it in a book, he retired to the Mediterranean where, he says later in his book on Sardinia, the decadence is at least hedonistic.

But to return to the book. I am surprised that Lady Astor did not make more of it! As propaganda (the politician's chief requirement from literature) two selected pages would have done more for her cause than all her speeches put together. Page after page in the early part one asks oneself: 'How will he return tonighte'; 'What new indignity will she have to suffer?'; 'How can they possibly support a family on what he gives her?' And then the red-eyed creature lumbers in, shouts for his food, swallows rather than eats it, throws off his boots, hiccoughs and staggers up to bed. His wife sighs with relief; the children come out from their hiding places to the hearth, and Paul reads and paints, a little apart from the others, or, in summer, goes out into the garden to commune with the flowers, his heart full of hate for Miriam who has been unusually kind and sympathetic of late. Yet every line bears the stamp of truth, experience and sincerity.

This, then, is the miner's household. It might be any miner's household anywhere in England or Wales. There is nothing unique about it. But the story of Paul is unique. Only one Paul could have ever existed—partly D. H. Lawrence himself, and partly, one imagines, a sort of revenge figure for his youth, to show how oddly consorted in one person are the artist and the Puritan. Because there is a lot of Lawrence in Paul, there is a lot in Paul we admire. In his support of a mother deserted by her family, one sees Lawrence's loyalties and championing of weak causes. In Paul's feeling for nature, his love of beauty and his demand for truth (as well as in the twisted logic of his mind), one recognises Lawrence. And it is impossible not to admire his delight in seeing

his mother happy and taking her on his only annual holiday to the seaside, or the way in which he stands up to his physically far stronger father on her behalf.

He lives with his mother, going daily to the factory in Nottingham, and in the evening they talk about books and painting. But his blood is hot, and he is in the prime of life. When he comes home late after going for a walk with Miriam, his mother seems so miserable that he refrains, and begins instead to hate the girl he loves. Although his mother hardly knows her, she realises their natural affinity, but loves her son too much (or too little?) to encourage them. On the contrary, she continually denigrates Miriam, and encourages him to go with the sensuous Clara who can never love him because she is still half in love with her brutal husband. Paul acquiesces and takes Clara as a mistress. The most revealing remark in the book is Paul's: 'Oh mother, my darling, my darling, why must you be so old?'

After his mother's death he is alone in the world. Clara has returned to her husband. He walks the streets alone. And then—unkindest cut of all to the reader—when Miriam comes to him longing to help in his misery, just as he longs to be helped by her, he rebuffs her, and says he never wishes to see her again. The final scene shows him looking down into the river one night in Nottingham, in tears, crying aloud on his mother. This book was written before popular psycho-

logical methods arrived. No doubt they could explain it. All we can do, however, is to ask ourselves what was the author's intention, and how far did he succeed in doing what he set out to do.

To answer this, let us turn to Lawrence's contemporary Germany. Here a poet called Stefan Georg, whom Lawrence greatly admired, had announced in the late nineteenth century that he was so appalled by the industrial life of the cities that he intended to return to a more natural and less intellectual existence. Wearing sandals and shorts, he set out with his followers to tramp through peasant Germany, getting back to a simpler, more primitive life, the life of 'the noble savage'. He was a good man, and it is hard to accuse him, as people do today, that the awful misapprehensions of modern German youth about 'noble savages' date from him. They do; but like Lawrence, it was his sincere belief that an giover-intellectual civilisation, ignoring its natural emotions and impulses, basing everything on reason and logic, was doomed. Whoever, asked Georg, heard of a neurotic savage? With that question he puts his finger on Paul Morel. Paul is the modern neurotic intellectual, and by the end of the book his self-torture has nearly driven him mad. His madness may be specialised—the mother-complex-but as a form of the current masochism it is symbolic. Lawrence has succeeded in doing what he set out to do.

## NEW BOOKS

#### SIXTY MILLION JOBS

By Henry A. Wallace. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. Ex-Vice-President, ex-Secretary for Agriculture, Henry Wallace has now produced a neat book which has three main values: it gives a curious insight into the ideals, character and history of its author; it analyses contemporary American prosperity; it gives a broad introduction to the economics of abundance.

Henry Wallace appears as a man with a mission. He believes passionately in the doctrine of expanding economy, with all that this implies, of redistributed purchasing power and centralised direction. If the author were British, he would seem to be one of those intellectuals who think Socialist, have Liberal sympathies, and fail to vote at all. Being American, Wallace is either a tenacious relic of the New Deal, or a prophet of the Next Deal. Simultaneously he appears as the friend of private enterprise, although the reader

is left in doubt about the strength of this affection So burning is Wallace's economic faith that the repeated deference to individual initiative and to the small business man (both industrial and agricultural) may be merely the tactics of insidious propaganda for effective Federal planning. However, the book is not propaganda in the superficial sense. Wallace believes that, once the propositions of expanding economy are grasped, common sense will follow with conviction. Therefore Wallace sets out his numerous statistics vividly in tables, in diagrams, and in analogies. He asserts that 'in a democracy like ours . . . political-economic illiteracy should be as inexcusable as ordinary illiteracy.' (One might add that if more people wrote economics as Mr. Wallace does, logically but dramatically, many more citizens would find economics not only useful, but also entertaining.) Anxious, however, not to seem the pedant, even in a friendly spirit,

Wallace reveals himself as a successful business man, the classic American small townsman who built up a large undertaking from a tiny core. 'My own experience taught me what ticks inside the little man with the big idea.'

The Wallace picture of America shows us a standard of living so high that 'recreation is already the leading industry in several New England States'. It is a country so rich that, if only five million worked and the rest lived parasitically, the standard would still be higher than that of the Hindus. These vast potentialities are linked with the thoughtless waste of a people who never expect to find the national pocket empty. The unemployment of the thirties involved, says Wallace, a waste of eighty-eight million man-years, and a loss of wealth sufficient to pay for seventy million homes at \$5,000 each. Succinctly he rolls his economic thesis on to the doorsteps of the middle-income groups. Arguing that increased production is in their interest, he remarks that more than 200 million man-hours a year were gained through the activities of the wartime Labour Management Committees which were introduced by the War Production Board. It would be difficult for the average American business man rationally to refute the Wallace argument that if planning helped the war, it can also help the peace. But it is the vehemence, subtlety and persistence of the argument which indicate the strong, unreasoning aversion to economic planning. The fact that this book should have had to be written, by this man, in these terms, is uncomfortable proof of the nineteenth-century views still rampant in America.

The British reader may wonder if this book is too specifically American to be of general interest. Its relevance for the British lies, first, in the graphic exposition of problems which are basically the same in this country and in America; secondly, the increasingly close link between American and British economic policy suggests that we should learn all we can about our transatlantic partner; thirdly, nobody in this country has written so easily and clearly about the 'new frontiers of economic development'.

JOAN S. CLARKE

## MYTHS AND REALITIES IN EASTERN EUROPE

By Walter Kolarz. Lindsay Drummond. 12s. 6d.

A happy-go-lucky friend of mine is dreaming of the day he can return to the Balkans. 'Ah, the food!' he sighs. 'The fascinating petty crooks, the climate, the glorious irresponsibility!' To many East Europeans themselves, however, life is an affair of fanatical nationalism or equally fanatical escape. No one can doubt the immense energy of these peoples; no matter what you may think of its manifestations, it takes in the whole world, from Moscow to Hampstead and Hollywood, as its stamping ground.

Mr. Kolarz, however, is not so much concerned with this colourful side of East Europe—though I think it has to be reckoned with. His myths are the astonishing self-deceptions with which these small states raise themselves in their own esteem, harking back to remote and frequently imaginary periods of 'national' history to justify the 'greater Ruritania' idea; the 'historic rights', the high-falutin' national missions. His realities are the hard facts of history, the widespread political and psychological immaturity, the grinding poverty of the vast majority of the inhabitants of the area. The book is, in fact, a cogent argument against any nationalist principles of self-determination being applied in the peace settlement.

Mr. Kolarz had the disadvantage of writing before the Soviet colossus stood revealed in Eastern Europe in all its immovability, and therefore the phrasing of the problem today ought perhaps to be in terms of Soviet intentions rather than the recalcitrance of the small states themselves and the sins of omission of the Western powers.

His solution, however, is the only sane one: federation. But, as he says, the zone between the Baltic and the Aegean can never represent a possible or desirable whole. It must be subordinate to the United Nations of Europe. And he adds that some of the nations will fall within the Soviet federation. (Yes, perhaps; but will Russia ever countenance a United Europe?) There must be new 'basic units', established on the living realities of the European Middle East and not juridical forms. And he asks why the principle of trusteeship, though intended by the San Francisco Charter to apply to extra-European territories, should not also apply to these stormy and backward parts of Europe: Such control would, after all, be far less irksome to patriotic pride than the old, nagging, local tyrannies. A new conception of education, says Mr. Kolarz, offers the best hope of rehabilitation and advance.

The author's care for factual evidence and the very complexity of the problems do not make this book easy reading. But it is one the serious student of this fascinating and highly charged danger zone between the Soviets and the West cannot afford to neglect.

JAMES EASTWOOD

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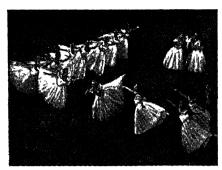
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Les Sylphides: danced to the music of Chopin. (Photograph by Merlyn Severn.) From Junior Two. Published by Children's Digest Publications Ltd., 3s. 6d.

## INTRODUCTION TO TYPOGRAPHY By Oliver Simon. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

Intended for young printers and publishers, and for publishers and printers-to-be, Mr. Simon's new book—itself a handsome piece—will delight all who love fine printing, and will usefully guide authors and collectors.

Mr. Simon is one of the most distinguished living typographers, and he sets out here to show how a book can be designed, a homogeneous work of craftsmanship and art, within the conventions imposed by the demands of public libraries, the whims of booksellers, and the limitations of mechanical type-setting and of the current Monotype book faces available.

The main objects of the typographer, says Mr. Simon, should be harmony and legibility, and he shows how they can be achieved by choice of type face and by setting, and how the use of coloured inks and of printers' flowers can make elegant the title pages. He might usefully have added something about the choice of type faces for the poor present-day paper which some publishers have to use without knowing how best to use it. And it would have been interesting to have his views on which way the title should run—top to bottom, or bottom to top—when printed along, instead of across, a narrow spine. Bookish people still argue about that.

There are some delightful exemplary illustrations in Mr. Simon's book, and some charming examples of decorative swelled rules and of printers' flowers, about which the author is less conservative than he is—properly—about swash letters. Such elegances help to make the book itself a delight to look at; bibliography, glossary, and a chapter on the rules of composition all help to make it indispensable.

#### ENGLISH LITERATURE AND IDEAS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By H. V. Routh. Methuen. 11s. 6d.

In the method he has chosen for this survey of the twentieth-century literary scene Dr. Routh seems to have fallen between two stools. For he has attempted to combine in 200-odd pages a general analysis of English literary trends with short studies of a large number of individual writers-with the consequence that the former is not sufficiently exhaustive and the latter are often superficial. The author claims to have discussed 'every name which serves the spirit of the twentieth century', but there are some surprising omissions which one would be prepared to overlook were it not for the above claim and for the quantity of less significant names included. Sir Henry Newbolt, for example, gets a page to himself-more space even than Chesterton. Howard Spring and the late Hugh Walpole are more than adequately dealt with, but there is no mention at all of Norman Douglas, David Garnett or Evelyn Waugh. St. John Ervine and Lord Dunsany each score a page or more, but one searches the index in vain for the name of their fellow-countryman O'Casey. And what about our women novelists?--Virginia Woolf alone is mentioned here-not a word about Katharine Mansfield, Compton Burnett or Elizabeth Bowen.

Dr. Routh mercifully eschews the extravagant encomiums which are such a tiresome feature of contemporary criticism. Nor does he indulge in gratuitous debunking, though at times there is more than a touch of arrogance in his judgements, and few of the writers he discusses are not quietly annihilated when he comes to sum them up and consider their future places in the history of English literature. Posterity, he tells us, is 'likely to overlook' Maugham, but in the case of Shaw it may be 'more indulgent than usual'; Eliot will be remembered, but 'not very distinctly'—'the perfect masterpieces will be produced afterwards by somebody else'; Joyce ought to get 'an honourable mention', but *Ulysses* is 'a questionable work of art'-and so on. However, not all of Dr. Routh's victims are despatched so ruthlessly; some, in fact, emerge from their ordeal with unexpected laurels-Barrie, for instance, whose works, we are told, have shown theatre-goers, 'more intelligibly and more sympathetically than Proust, how to start on la recherche du temps perdu'—a surprisingly flattering judgement.

The book is nevertheless an interesting and, on the whole, valuable one, for the author knows his subject à fond, and gives due recognition to

influence on literature of extraneous factors—
economic and social changes, new scientific and
philosophical discoveries—whose rapid accumulation during the past fifty years or so makes
the literature of our time at once so rich and so
ephemeral, so complex and ambitious and yet
so unsure of itself.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

#### THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

Anonymous, with a Preface by T. S. Eliot. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

#### POLAND: THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER, 1772–1939

By Henryk Frankel. Lindsay Diummond. 12s. 6d.

The everyday life of the people in the remoter parts of Soviet Russia—even of the suburbs of Moscow—is as little known to us as the dark side of the moon, said Koestler in his Yogi and the Commissar. That provided the author of the first of these books with a title, but not with a motive for writing. The motive was already there: a fierce, yet controlled, resentment of the treatment the Poles suffered at the hands of the Russians. Resentment would be too weak a word were it not that the author keeps her feelings so much under control.

Some will dismiss *The Dark Side of the Moon* as mere anti-Russian propaganda; some will say its publication is inopportune; some will lay it aside as just another collection of atrocity stories. Who are left: Those who (out of prejudiced habit) welcome anything critical of Russia, and probably a smaller number of people who will close the book, having read it, with mingled feelings of dismay and despair.

This is an account of atrocities and one more fully documented than most. The author, who remains anonymous, had the approval of the late General Sikorski and by him was permitted to consult material which gives the book a validity it would not otherwise have had.

The body of the book consists of reports from people who were deported from Poland into Russia—their sufferings in the trains, in the prisons, and in the penal camps. Facts, too, are given—and there is no reason to suppose they are not facts—about how unfairly the Polish Army in Russia was treated. The massed evidence weighs heavily. It is Belsen moved eastwards.

Every fact which concerns more than one person has political implications; and from one point of view this book is a political pamphlet of more than usual dimensions. The detailed account of Soviet policy inside Poland, for example, is 'political' in the narrowest sense of the word; and although it is necessarily incomplete on account of the iron curtain, it does fill some details into a picture whose broad outlines we may have been able to deduce.

But the problem which remains at last has little to do with this or that party, or policy, or country even.

Mr. T. S. Eliot, in his introduction, says that this is not a political book but 'a document for the study of the methods of destroying a culture, one pattern of life, and imposing another pattern'. He also says that it is not for us who declared war upon Germany because of her violation of the Polish frontier to forget Poland now. But it seems to me that the question is far broader than the terms 'cultural' or 'national', even taken together, imply.

Certain Germans were gulty of atrocities against Russians; certain Poles were guilty of atrocities against Jews; certain Russians were guilty of atrocities against Poles. And so on.

And there are few grounds for supposing that the Poles would have treated the Russians any better had they had the upper hand.

This is not a suggestion snatched out of thin air. In Mr. Frankel's book I read of the 'pacification' of the Ukrainian minority in Poland in 1930 when floggings were carried out in hundreds of villages in the Western Ukraine.

The dignity of a nation and the integrity of a culture are of little account compared with the dignity and integrity of a human being. If there is a certain sanctity about human life, and everyone thinks he is in some way a special person, then no life can be held cheaply nor can any violation of human dignity and integrity be good. This truth has been lost by those who wield political power over millions of people in a number of countries, if, indeed, it were ever found—and that is the dark side, not of the moon, but of this tortured planet.

Mr. Frankel's book is a well-documented history written with admirable clarity. Perhaps each of these books loses a little by a reading of the other; but that loss may be the reader's gain.

HUNTER DIACK

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### BERNARD SHAW, W. B. YEATS: Letters to Florence Farr

Edited by Clifford Bax. Home & Van Thal. 7s. 6d. This little volume, the contents of which first saw the light in 1941 in a limited edition of the Cuala Press, is now open to the general public. And a very welcome production it is. It is not possible to know Shaw the man only from the plays. If his letters never existed, a biographer would be almost certain to arrive at a wrong conclusion concerning the man. In fact, one side of his nature might not be guessed at—the passionate side, the romantic side. His letters provide a useful corrective to the plays. The violence of feeling, the playfulness, and the rhetoric of the letters go a long way to restore the balance: the romantic nature of the man revelling in the most ecstatic expressions of passion make an interesting contrast with the schooled coldness of the playwright's unromantic approach to love scenes. To grasp this, we must read the great Correspondence between him and Ellen Terry, and the Lettersonly a small portion of which are published—to Mrs. Patrick Campbell. This volume does not contain many examples, but it is worth having if only for the following: 'You are my best and dearest love, the regenerator of my heart, the holiest joy of my soul, my treasure, my salvation, my rest, my reward, my darling youngest child, my secret glimpse of heaven, my angel of the Annunciation, not yet herself awake, but rousing me from a long sleep with the beat of her unconscious wings, and shining upon me with her beautiful eyes that are still blind.'

If I have not left room to comment here upon Yeats' letters, it is because they are colourless.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

G.B.S. 90

Edited by S. Winsten. Hutchinson. 21s.

## THE PLAYS OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW Penguin. 9d.

'Why write a book about me? Why not write a book about yourself, if you've got a self, and, anyway, who wants to know what you think about me when they can read what I think about myself?' That was on a postcard Shaw sent to a writer who was projecting a book about him. The postcard was written over thirty years ago—just the other day, so to speak, by Ayot St. Lawrence standards—and there's no reason to suppose that since then Shaw has changed his mind. But the words hardly apply when the book is written by a number of eminent men to commemorate his ninetieth birthday.

It is a well-produced and well-illustrated volume. Two of the illustrations are colour reproductions of oil-paintings by Mrs. Clare Winsten-one, a full-face portrait and the other a study of Shaw at work in his swivel summerhouse. In the photographs, he plays the piano by candlelight, carries a spade to the tree-planting post at Malvern, feeds pigeons, splashes in the sea in a striped bathing costume, or simply looks like Shaw, boy, man and superman, and in all of them shows how right Wells was when he said that, in the interests of artistic photography, G.B.S. should never die.

Most of the twenty-eight contributors write on some specific aspect of Shaw's work. Now and then we remember that postcard of 1913, with the feeling that we are watching a man with a fork trying to pick up one globule of quicksilver from among a number of others. But this could hardly be avoided when several people are writing simultaneously about different facets of one mind which is not only flashing and brilliant,

but also very fully integrated.

Sir Max Beerbohm's contribution is a short and charming letter explaining why he cannot become one of the contributors. 'My admiration for his genius,' he says, 'has, during fifty years and more, been marred for me by dissent from almost any view he holds about anything.' A critical tone appears in several of the more formal articles. This will be all right with Shaw. He has let loose many gales of criticism in his time. These cool little breezes will give him a quiet pleasure as he sits turning these pages in his summer-house; and they give the book a quality unusual in books of this kind.

The articles of a general nature which stand out are those by Mr. J. B. Priestley on 'G.B.S .-Social Critic', Dr. Joad on 'Shaw's Philosophy', Prof. Bernal on 'Shaw the Scientist', and Mr. Maurice Dobb on 'Shaw and Economics'. Prof. Dent writes on the 'Corno di Bassetto' articles, Mr. MacManus on 'Shaw's Irish Boyhood', and both Sir William Haley and Mr. Val Gielgud on Shaw and broadcasting.

Ceremony has been used a lot in recent years to build up the prestige of the destroyers of civilisation. Shaw needs no build-up. But it is good to have a ceremonial volume in honour of a man whose life has been devoted to civilised values. Mr. Winsten, the editor, is to be congratulated.

The Penguin edition of the Shaw plays appears at the same time. About that nothing need be said, except perhaps that a certain sprightliness will be necessary to reach the bookshops before these elusive little volumes have gone.

HUNTER DIACK

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THE ARTS ENQUIRY: THE VISUAL ARTS
Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.
ART AND REGENERATION

ART AND REGENERATION By Maria Petrie. Paul Elek. 12s. 6d.

In recent years so many changes have occurred in the conditions in which the visual arts are practised and patronised in this country that an up-to-date survey of the whole subject has long been needed. It is now clear that the state is in the process of supplanting the private individual as a patron of the arts and, at the same time, that the importance of adapting art to industry for the production of well-designed goods for export is greater than ever before.

The present report on the visual arts is one of a series issued by the Arts Enquiry Group, a body set up by the Dartington Hall Trustees, which will continue its work with the publication of studies on music, the theatre and the factual film. It is a comprehensive and, on the whole, objective and accurate document, which succeeds in presenting a detailed account of the relations between the artist and his patron and the artist and industry, as well as supplying succinct information on the constitution of our art schools and public art galleries. The factual part of the report might perhaps have been enlarged to include comparisons with the artistic conditions in other countries,

notably the relations between the state and the artist in France and the United States, and this field is one which the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation might do well to investigate

It is apparent from this report that the machinery of many provincial museums needs overhauling and improving, and that the problem of the conflicting functions of several of the London public collections demands urgent attention. No less important is the fate of those works of art of national importance still in private possession, which the high rate of taxation and the increasing burden of death duties may well bring on to the market. At the moment, each national institution may submit to the Treasury a list of those objects it would care to possess in the event of their being offered for sale but, as the Report stresses, no guarantee is given that the Government will take action. It is surely desirable that such tragedies as the dispersal of the Benson collection of Italian masters in the 'twenties, and the sale of Van Eyck's 'Three Marys at the Sepulchre' on the eve of the late war, should not be permitted to recur. The enactment of permanent legislation preventing the export of works of national importance is essential, though it is foolish to press, as has been done in some quarters, for a general restriction of the export and import of works of art: trade of this nature not only lends diversity to a nation's cultural life, but made pre-war London one of the most important centres of the world art trade.

Since their formulation, the principal recommendations of the Report—that the basis of the Arts Council (then known as CEMA) be broadened and that a Design Council be establishedhave been implemented. The state is now in a position to exert a considerable measure of control in the realm of the visual arts. Such patronage may well be benevolent, especially where design and industry are concerned, but at the same time it contains certain inherent dangers. It may well be asked: who is to set the standards of taste or nominate the recipients of favours? Who will be in a position to support that artistic reaction which inevitably occurs against the established conventions of art, even if these conventions appear, at any rate to their patrons, as the most advanced, and consequently as the most desirable, obtaining in modern art? In the past, it has invariably been the independent connoisseur, critic or dealer who has encouraged the revolutionary artist; his work, by its very nature, constitutes a challenge to accepted standards of authority. These are

broad questions which are clearly outside the scope of the Arts Enquiry's Report, but they must inevitably arise in a community which tends to control cultural life.

One of the most interesting sections in the Report is devoted to the problem of education in art. In her stimulating little book, Miss Petrie has examined the function of art as a means of physical and mental regeneration. Her views on the nature of creative activity and the rôle of art in society are controversial and, at times, conflicting. Yet such statements as 'The ivory tower of the æsthete must be stormed; the citadel of snobs, academicians and vested interests must be invaded . . . by the fresh and naïve army of the people; and the losses involved should not greatly alarm us' should not be allowed to detract from her sensible remarks on the practical problems of teaching art to invalids. Some of the comparative illustrations she includes in her book suggest, however, that, on occasions, the patient's recovery reduces his creative power. DENYS SUTTON

#### CONVOY 4

Edited by Robin Maugham. Collins. 2s.

It is remarkable what a diversity of subjects are encompassed in this issue of Convoy; as soon as you open it you are certain to find yourself pulling up a chair with one or other of the contributors, and reading comfortably at ease. with an occasional grunt of approval, of some topic in which you already have an interest. If you want to start a business, write a short story, learn about glass-blowers or how tennis-rackets are made, you will find good common-sensical information here; and whether your brow is high, low, or middle, it will rarely be furrowed. What to select for mention in this short notice must be largely a matter of personal taste; but for my own enjoyment the delightful account of the 'Met'-my local music-hall-written and illustrated by Mariel Deans must take pride of place. This artist's individual style will be familiar by now to most. To those who were lucky enough never to encounter a Jap prison camp, the quiet and objective account of one on the 'Railway of Death' by Michael Watts is commended. The best prose in the number, however, comes from the pen of Brian Robb who is represented by Belly Dance in Cairo. More power to your elbow, Mr. Maugham.

KENNETH G. MYER

#### THE OUTSIDER

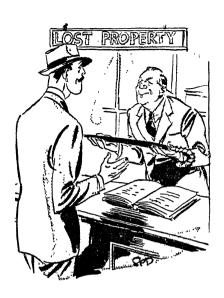
By Albert Camus, Hamish Hamilton, 6s. Critics of M. Camus have made much of his apparent affinity with the Hemingway-Fankner-Can school of American novelists. Superficially, in *The Outsider*, the resemblance is striking, but it is merely one of style and atmosphere. The theme of this novel is based on a philosophy which must, I suppose (despite the fact that M. Camus has repudiated the label) be classified as 'existentialist', and which, if neither wholly original nor exclusively French, certainly owes

nothing to America.

Meursault, the hero of The Outsider, is a curiously simple, sensuous, amoral young Algerian devoid of all 'normal' emotions and ambitions-the antithesis of the average guiltladen, convention-bound bourgeois. A chain of events arising from his indolent complaisance and his utter indifference to fate leads him to commit a murder, for which he is tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. In the course of the trial his crime is made to appear as the logical consequence of his disregard for bourgeois notions of morality: the Prosecution stresses his callousness—his lack of feeling for his mother, the fact that he had gone to see a comic film the day after her funeral, that he had slept with a woman the same night. The case for the defence seems equally irrelevant to the accused, who remains throughout a puzzled but seemingly indifferent spectator. Later, in the condemned cell, his solitary musings kindle in him a spark of life. Hitherto passive and inarticulate, he suddenly finds voice and puts his own case in a passionate and defiant outburst.

Whatever the merits of M. Camus' philosophy, a curious compound of fatalism and free will, one must question the suitability of the character and the situation through which he has chosen to represent it. There are times when one feels that his hero could have done with a modicum of 'bourgeois' rectitude: it might, for example, have prevented him from becoming involved in the unpleasant designs of the odious and vindictive Raymond. Meursault's complaisance is unforgivable, and his naïveté is at times exaggerated to an absurd extent. There is, moreover, a certain arbitrariness about some of the details of the plot. Such weaknesses would be less important were it not for the unusual quality of this original and deeply interesting novel.

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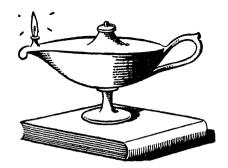
"You mentioned something about further resistance being useless and that you would like to surrender the Fatherland like a gentleman."

"Purely association of ideas on my part. I met my old C.O. last night. Hadn't seen him since Flensburg."

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#### The Carrot and the Stick

THE human donkey requires either a carrot in front or a stick behind to goad it into activity. It is fashionable at the moment to argue that the carrot is the more important of the two: incentive is the watchword, and all classes of the community are busy arguing that if only they are given a little bit more in the way of incentive (at the expense of the rest of the community) they will respond with more activity. From miners to company promoters, the basic argument is the same. And no doubt, within limits, it is quite correct: a bigger carrot would make the donkey move a bit faster. But it is probably more realistic (though it has that touch of brutal cynicism that is so much frowned upon these days) to hold that the stick is likely to be more effective than the carrot. It may be true that one reason why people will not work hard is that they can buy so little with their wages. But it is much more true that they will not work because the fear of the sack has vanished from the land and because the Bankruptcy Court is a depressed area. . .

The whole drift of British society for two generations past has been to whittle away both at the carrot and the stick, until now very little of either is left. It is the passion for equality—excellent in itself-that has removed the carrot. The rewards of success have not merely been shrivelled; they have been poisoned, since commercial success itself has been turned, in the eyes of wide circles of society, into a positive disgrace. There is a conspiracy of labour, capital and the state to deny enterprise its reward. The state takes it away in high taxation. All economic progress is, by definition, labour saving; yet the attitude of the trade unions, successfully maintained, is that they will permit labour-saving devices only provided that they do not in fact save labour. Nor is the attitude of organised capital any better. The embattled trade association movement has had great success in building up a code of industrial good manners which puts any attempt to reduce costs and prices by greater skill or enterprise under the ban of 'destructive competition'. The industrialist who discovers a way of making better things more cheaply (which is what he is sent on earth to do) is deprived by the state of all pecuniary return and by his own colleagues of any social reward. Instead of a carrot he gets a raspberry.

What is perhaps not quite so familiar is that the same process has been applied to the wageearner as well. Together with the levelling down of incomes there has gone a levelling up of wages. Day rates and 'guaranteed weeks'steadily replace payment by results, with the deliberate intention of ensuring that the slacker shall earn as much as the hard worker. The margin of advantage that a skilled artisan secures over an unskilled labourer. when taxation and the price level are taken into account, is only a small fraction of what it was before the First German War. And just as the enterprising employer will be black-balled from his club, so the worker who works too hard will be told by his union that he is taking bread out of other men's mouths. The whole effect of the growth in strength of the trade union movement—indeed, one can say its deliberate intention —has been to divorce the worker's income (or at least his cash income) from any dependence on the efforts he makes.

The stick has been whittled away no less than the carrot. No one, in these days, would deny either the principle or the practice of social security. But the more comprehensive the protection and the higher the benefits, the less, quite inevitably, is the urge to stay in employment or to seek it when it is lost. When full employment is added to social security, the sanction for slackness almost disappears: the worker knows that he is unlikely to lose his job and that his sufferings will be limited if he does. Moreover, there are already signs that the admirable principle of full employment is likely to be translated in practice into fixed employment, the doctrine that nobody must ever be thrown out of work.

The British business man has also, in the last quarter-century, found ways and means of removing the stick from his back. The growth of trade associations, of price-fixing and market-sharing devices—the whole apparatus of protection, in fact—is inspired by nothing so much as by the desire to prevent the bankruptcy of the inefficient—even if, thereby, the progress of the efficient is also impeded. How effective this has been can be seen from the briefest glance at the technical state of British industry. The typical British industrialist does not buy a new piece of machinery until he is assured by his accountant that the reduction in costs it will make possible

will be enough to pay not merely its own capital cost but also the undepreciated portion of the original cost of the old machine it is replacing. And as that desirable state of affairs can rarely be attained, the business man rarely keeps his equipment up to date, finding it easier to look to his trade association to ensure him a fair share of the market at prices sufficient to cover his unrationalised costs. But in a competitive economy, such as the American, when one firm acquires a more efficient machine and cuts prices, all others are compelled to follow suit, whether they can 'afford' to or not. It may be financially unsound, but it is technically progressive, and it is certainly not a coincidence that the years in which British industry has fallen behind in its technical methods were the years in which industry and the state conspired to suppress competition.

The whole process of removing both the carrot and the stick has culminated in the extraordinary circumstances of today. Shrunken as were the incentives and the sanctions of pre-war days, they have now, for the time being, vanished completely. Nobody gains anything from activity or suffers anything from inactivity. There is hardly a flavour of carrot or a shadow of the stick. And yet we wonder why the donkey does not break into a trot. . . .

Britain finds herself today between two great competitors, both of whom, in their different ways, keep a sharp edge on the motives that lead to action. In the United States, glittering prizes have always been offered to the ambitious, and they glitter no less today. . . . The Soviet economy made an original attempt to do without incentives or sanctions, but it has long ago reintroduced them. Nowhere in the world today is a bigger premium paid for skill or intelligence or effort or (within the limits of a planned economy) enterprise. And nowhere, certainly, are the penalties of incompetence or laziness more sharp. Both the Russian and the American economies are, avowedly and deliberately, carrot-and-stick economies; the British is rapidly becoming a sugar-candy economy. . . . The Economist

#### Russia's Present Weakness

The fourth Russian Five Years' Plan is naturally not very explicit about losses suffered in the course of the war, but it does not hide the fact that 'victory has been bought at the price of a heavy sacrifice'; that the Germans have inflicted 'immense damages'; that material losses have been 'colossal'. In certain particular cases the extent of these losses can be indirectly estimated by comparing the production fixed for 1950 with the realisations envisaged for the 5-year period

1945-50. For example, the production of cast iron is planned to amount to 19.5 million tons in 1950 and, to reach this target, the plan provides for the reconstruction or the construction of 45 blast-furnaces of a capacity of 12.8 million tons, It would follow that the production of cast iron at the end of the war did not exceed some 7 million tons, about the half of the 1940 production. In the case of steel the production fixed for 1950 is 25.4 million tons and reconstructions or new constructions 16.2 millions, thus indicating for 1945 a total of some 9 million tons, which corresponds to half the 1940 production. For coal the plan provides for 250 million tons in 1950 but fixes at 183 million tons the capacity of the mines which must be restored or put into exploitation in the course of the period 1946-50. From this it is easy to conclude that coal production at the end of the war reached only some 67 million tons, which represents a drop of 60 per cent on 1940.

One of the results of the war has been the rise of Russia to the rank of the greatest power in Eur-Asia. But another result, not always estimated at its proper value, has been the economic and military weakening of the Soviet Union in relation to the two great Anglo-Saxon powers. The United States produce today 60 to 70 per cent more than before the war; Great Britain, even though financially weakened, could produce 20 per cent more than before the war. But the Russian machinery of production has diminished by one-half. The sense of her actual weakness rather than consciousness of her potential strength today dominates the relations of the Soviet Union with the rest of the world.

La France Libre

#### The Outer Mongolian Horizon

One of the most significant results of the war is the enhanced importance of the chain of frontiers running across Asia from Korea to Turkey. Everything on the northerly side of this frontier falls under the sovereignty of the U.S.S.R. In one sense, this is a single sovereignty, centred in Moscow. In another sense, it is a joint sovereignty in which a number of republics and important non-Russian peoples hold an interest. Because of this double aspect of Soviet sovereignty, the inner Asian frontier is important not only because it is the longest in the world, but because the Soviet Republics grouped along it are preponderantly Asiatic.

The lands on the southerly side of this frontier fall under a number of sovereignties. The roll call from east to west is: Korea; China (the north-eastern or Manchurian province!); Outer Mongola; China (the vast Central Asian province of Sinkiang, with a Chinese population minority of 5 to 10 per cent, and an overwhelming majority which includes a number of non-Chinese peoples); Afghanistan; Iran; Turkey.

The names of these countries are enough to call attention to the fact that this inner Asian frontier resembles the frontiers of Eastern Europe and the Balkans in having two contradictory functions. On the one hand it divides different sovereignties and political, social and economic systems from each other. On the other hand, it sometimes divides similar peoples, cultures, languages and religions from each other. There are small but significant Korean minorities in both the U.S.S.R. and China's north-eastern provinces. There are Chinese communities in the Soviet Far East. There are Mongols in the U.S.S.R. and also in the Inner Mongolian territories which have been administratively absorbed into the northeastern, northern and north-western Chinese provinces, as well as in independent Outer Mongolia. All of the non-Chinese peoples of Sinkiang have closer affinities with peoples and cultures across the Outer Mongolian and Soviet frontiers than with the Chinese people and their culture. Similar but perhaps not so strongly marked situations exist in Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey.

Our familiar use of the terms 'Russia' and 'China' tends to disguise from our political perception the fact that the frontier between the two countries is anything but a clean-cut boundary between Russians and Chinese. Except in the north-eastern provinces (Manchuria), most of the frontier is masked by peoples who are neither Russian nor Chinese. Even in the north-eastern provinces the small but politically potent Korean and Mongol minorities are generally grouped in territorial enclaves lying away from China and toward Korea, Siberia and Outer Mongolia. . . . Foreign Affairs (New York)

### America's Post-War Boom

THERF is a rich queerness to the U.S. scene in this summer of 1946. Everything is bright and sharply visible, but the sum of it doesn't seem to make much sense. Like a surrealist landscape, it is brilliant, gaudy, carefully drawn, and yet somehow nightmarish, distorted, and spotted with irrelevancies. This is the post-war; this is the dream era; this is what everyone waited through the blackouts for; now the lights have come on but the spectacle is so vast and confusing that it is hard to understand. The U.S. is a great collection of contradictions, ironies, excesses, and shortages.

Hand in hand go the grossest vulgarities and the profoundest soul-searchings. A revival of religious feeling heaves up in the middle of the age of doubt. People spend more than ever before and save more than ever before.

The Great American Boom is on, and there is no measuring it; the old yardsticks won't do. The people and their money behave queerly, and very humanly, which is to say contrary to the economic graphs. Most economists were caught short by the staggering retail buying boom last fall, when the sale of consumers' goods was limited only by the number of people who could get into stores and the durability of sales-clerks. Government economists not only failed to foresee a shortage of labour but predicted great unemployment during the months of the reconversion period. Their charts are not charts of the U.S. people; the U.S. people are not always predictable.

So the Boom is on, the biggest in American economic history. Almost all the curves are up. The market is bull—or was when this went to press. There is a powerful, a consuming demand for everything that one can eat, wear, enjoy, burn, read, patch, dye, repair, paint, drink, see, ride, taste, smell, and rest in. The nylon line is the symbol of 1946—at any given time of day, all over the U.S., thousands of women are patiently shuffling into hosiery stores.

Throughout the nation there is at large a vast force of spending money, surging violently about the economy, like an Olympian bull in an old curiosity shop, battering its way in and out of stores and through the banks and into the stock market and off to the black market and on into the amusement industry. Everything that is made is bought up as fast as it appears. There seems to be no bottom to the demand, no bottom to the American purse. Toulouse-Lautrecs at \$30,000, mink coats at \$15,000, men's wrist watches at \$1,000—all sell just about as fast as egg-beaters, table radios, and pork chops.

The Boom now under way is an abnormality, a thing far beyond such a peaceful thing as 'prosperity'. It is the sudden release of an unprecedented amount of money into a market unprecedentedly bare of goods. Yet this is not quite true: there are more goods than ever before because American peacetime production is at record levels.

Is it inflation? Prices are on the rise all right. The fever is in the blood of the buyers. But is it truly inflation as long as (1) the money supply is kept under control and (2) both men and plant are still far from capacity production? For while unemployment is negligible, the peacetime U.S. industrial machine is still only warming up.



The catalogue of shortages is fabulous. Walt Whitman, in his most 'barbaric yawp', never envisioned such possibilities in itemisation. The country is short of meat, maple syrup, lemons, bread, butter, cheese, milk, barley, ice-cream, candy, pie, cake, fruit syrups, onions, bacon, sugar, fats, doughnuts, molasses, coconut oil, olive oil, cottonseed oil. There is a shortage of salesmen, of train seats, of plane seats, of pharmacists, of hotel rooms, of veterinarians, carpenters, piano makers, gardeners, telephone linemen, painters, cooks and parlour maids.

Nine months after the fourth consecutive biggest wheat crop on record was raised, a cold spring wind was blowing through hundreds of empty grain elevators throughout the Mid-West. There are shortages of X-ray tubes, dental gold scrap, burlap bags, Pliofilm, manila cordage, bulldozers, quinidine, power cranes, laboratory and medical instruments, fractional-horse-power motors, circular saws, solder, natural resins, road rollers, electrocardiographs, roofing material, greenhouses, plumbing supplies. Paper is short. Artists cannot buy sable-hair paint-brushes. There is a shortage of spare parts and of theatres.

The country is short of lumber, coal, steel, tin, lead, antimony, textile piece goods, shellac, glass, lead pipe, paint, copper, mercury scrap, platinum scrap. The country is short of men's suits, children's clothing, film, cameras, lenses, towels, sheets, pillowcases, automobiles, trucks, tractors, tyres, bourbon, Scotch, rye, beer, chewing gum, soft drinks, white shirts, pianos, radios, washing machines, refrigerators, work clothing, maple for high heels, shoe tacks, telephones.

The list of shortages is endless, almost; the demand is fantastic; everyone seems to have money, no one seems to go broke—these are the stigmata of Boom.

Fortune

### The New Reaction

THE new retroactive law under which General Mihailovitch was tried considers a man guilty until he be proved innocent. This being the law. the President, whose attitude was nearer that of a prosecutor than of any English judge, behaved strictly legally. It accounts for the cheers which always greeted him and the Public Prosecutor, and for the hisses which always greeted the accused and counsel for the defence. It accounts for the rejection of foreign evidence which would have shown that General Mihailovitch was several times in action against the Germans and saved hundreds of American airmen from them. Once collaboration was established in certain instances, evidence of resistance in others did not matter. From the moment he entered the court he was a doomed man. . . . To the court he was all black; to foreign onlookers nothing at all, until in his last speech he washed off some of the black and gave himself a firmer, subtler outline. He presented a military report in immense detail and without oratory, though not always accurately. It seemed that he had been something of a progressive. He explained how he had hated the old Yugoslavia and tried to rouse the people against the Nazis, how he had wanted to modernise the Army and had been a friend of the Russians when no one else would talk to them. Perhaps his best actions were to have stayed in his country twice when he could have fled—first, when the Germans came, and again when they left. He spoke without spite, though there were many he could have dragged down with him, and he ended well. 'The gale of the world carried me away.' He did not even attack the Communists, thus disappointing people who would have liked to make a rallying point out of him, alive or dead.

That General Mihailovitch himself opposed much of the old world does not interest the new Yugoslav Government. They are rapidly approaching a new point from which they see as dangerous all who do not accept their ideology completely. Nice political shades are only for those who look at today either from the past or from the remote, academic future, or from countries where extremes, remaining extremes, are still joined by a long spectrum of degrees. In Yugoslavia this many-coloured bridge, never strong, is crumbling and people are moving to one side or the other.

The Times

### Elections in Italy

In Italy, after the elections, people say this and that. There will, there won't, be a revolution; there is a black market, poverty, unemployment: prices rise or fall; Fascism is rampant and most ex-Fascists are now Communists, and so on and so forth. All this has nothing whatever to do with the real stream of Italian life, stemming from Greece and Etruria, the Emperors and Byzantium, the Medici and the Borgias and Michelangelo. The polls were a festa, the proclamation of the Republic was a festa, and on the next day the streets were empty, and people were concerned about the olives and the vines and the wheat and whether UNRRA had really sent that spaghetti. By 17 June Italian papers were devoting their front pages to the Milan-Montecating cycle race and only a few lines were given to the Constituent Assembly and the Big Four. True, the dramatic superstitious South will grumble after Monarchy which it has always known; the feudal, individual Centre will seek the Patrons, Fascist, Communist, Foreign, who have always been to hand; the greedy, clever, parasitic North will aim at collaboration with the European rich; the shivering North-East, heir to the everlasting depredations of Austria or Milan, will endeavour to obtain Protection; and the four have no real unity of purpose, save that of devotion and disorder and paganism. Unity sufficient, perhaps, and centred in the eager thriftless generosity which extends from the poor relation and the unfortunate friend to the unemployed and the beggar, giving with open hand from empty purse and never questioning the why or wherefore.

in the New Statesman

### Buenos Aires Today

LIKE the cities of the American Middle West, Buenos Aires rises from this flat and fertile plain, with fine parkways, broad avenues, and modern buildings. Yet it is essentially European and not American in character, with a definite resemblance to Paris. The shops are well stocked and crowded; the population well dressed, well fed, and well cared for. The leading shops and firms maintain sport and recreation grounds for their employees. If you go into the Bank of the Nation you will be shown not only the third biggest dome in the world but, on an upper floor, a most modern clinic, where 9,000 employees and their families can get free treatment for every known disease. If you go to the offices of the leading daily paper, La Prensa, you can get (without being a registered reader) free legal advice, agricultural advice, and dental treatment. The

Maternity Hospital and associated services, the life-work of the famous Dr. Peralta Ramos, are complete, comprehensive and free. And if the citizen of Buenos Aires goes racing at weekends, he is much better catered for than the Londoner, the San Isidro Racecourse being without doubt the most modern and comfortable in the world.

The Observer

### Atoms and Admirals

ACCORDING to Admiral Blandy, 'The [Bikini] experiment has fulfilled all our hopes...'

No Admiral could express himself better. Yes, the experiment fulfilled the hope of all the Admirals in the world, which is, in brief, to remain Admirals. And its value cannot be exaggerated, though it is easy to estimate; it can be calculated fairly exactly by anyone who knows the budget foreseen for the American Navy.

For months, numerous organs of the American press have been warning their readers against the Bikini experiments. All that, they said, was only a pseudo-scientific plot to demonstrate the eternal value of battleships and aircraft carriers. The great danger, the real danger of the test, was that it might fail, as the admirals calculated, and that it might give the peoples of the earth a false assurance regarding the risks of the bomb. It is possible that this campaign was instigated by the Army during the debate which opposed the Army to the Navy on the question of a single command. . . .

The Navy has won the first set of this threeteam match. But it has doubtless won only in the eyes of the public. The real judges remain the scientists. Now the scientists persist in predicting catastrophes of continental dimensions for the day of the great experiment of a submarine atomic explosion . . . And it is their point of view which is important to me.

The problems presented by the bomb remain intact, like the palm trees of Bikini. Combat

### Prayer-Fee Strike

MALAYA has produced something new in labour troubles—a strike by priests.

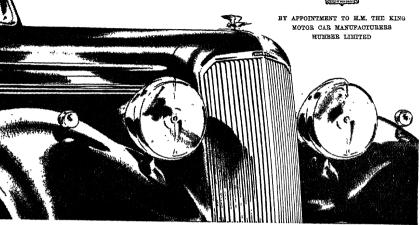
According to the Penang Buddhist Association, Chinese priests have refused to conduct prayers until they are granted 7s. 6d. a week increase for special prayer meetings.

The priests receive the equivalent of 50 shillings a month plus food and lodgings.

Associated Press







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### New Alphabet

WORLD War II, with its flood of abbreviations, is over—but the alphabetical parade marches on.

The machinery of peace is beginning to be built, flanked by dozens of new leagues, new societies, and new organisations ranging from ACC to UN.

Employment services, industrial concerns, federal agencies, political parties, secret police organisations, are thrusting abbreviations old and new into the news. One of the potentially most potent American abbreviations is ADA, for the Atomic Development Authority, proposed by Dean Acheson, United States Under-Secretary of State, and calling for an international agency to mine and manufacture atomic substances.

Europe's displaced persons have become known as D.P.s. AMGOT gave way to AMG. WES-PACBACOM is not in the news these days but West Pacific Base Command still is of more than historical interest.

And Dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane may not look familiar to the man in the street, but that is what he means when he talks about DDT.

Here are some of the United Nations units that have gone alphabetical:

UNIO: United Nations Information Office. UNESCO: United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation.

ESC: Economic and Social Council, charged with co-ordination of the vast and growing fields of economic and humanitarian interplay of nations.

FEC: Far Eastern Commission. There are ten nations on the commission represented.

ACC: Allied Control Council.

IMT: International Military Tribunal. It is trying German war criminals at Nuremberg. In the news it replaces AWCC, the Allied War Crimes Commission, which did the legal and other preparatory work for the trials.

When abbreviation gobbledegook first started, a jumble of letters was enough, like FHA or WPA. But rapidly the convention of pronouncing the abbreviation as a word developed. Alphabetical agencies began to pick names which would pronounce well in abbreviated form.

During the war it continued—notably with Spars, and Waves, which became so popularised that most folks forgot that the Coast Guard girls got their names from the motto Semper Paratus, Always Ready; and the Waves were Women Accepted for Voluntary Emergency Service.

Of late it has continued with CARE, an overseas relief group, and USES, an employment service.

Nor is the search for euphony limited to the West. PAKISTAN is again in the news—designation for a separate state demanded by India's Moslems. The name is formed by a letter for each province which the projected state would include—P for Punjab, A for the Afghan area, K for Kashmir, S for Sind, and TAN for the last three letters of Baluchistan. But it would not pronounce. So an 'i' was added to make it a pronounceable word.

With the occupation many new tonguetwisters were born. The CEM (Captured Enemy-Material) is not to be confused with EM (Enlisted Men). But JCOS, sometimes shortened to JCS, still means Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a CG is still the Commanding General.

The Allied Military Government used to be called AMGOT, but was changed to AMG, and now is generally referred to as MG.

Secret Police Organisations now occur more often in the news. The French DGER (Direction Général des Études et Renseignements) has changed to the SDECE (Service de Documentation Extérieur et de Contre Espionage). The Nazis had their Gestapo but now the Geheime Staatspolizei from which it was named is kaput. The Russians have had many, some of which were the Ochrana and the OGPU or GPU. The current form is the NKVD. The Japanese secret police was the Kempetai. . . .

Christian Science Monitor



'Oh, come, Westcott, surely you can write worse than this' NEW YORKER

### Misery in Literature

Our favourite French literary movement at the moment is Dolorism, which we much prefer to Existentialism and think we understand better. Dolorism holds that misery is good for you and that the noblest function the writer can perform is to give his readers as much of it as possible. Many writers, American as well as French, have probably been Dolorists for years without knowing it. Now they have all the ingredients for a complete sense of literary fulfilment; an organised movement, a leader (in this case, one M. Julien Teppe), a manifesto, and a prize. The prize, perhaps the most important feature of the set-up, is ten thousand francs, put up by a French publisher for the best Dolorist novel. Ah. fortunate the Dolorist who doesn't win it!

New Yerker

### The Socialist Gestapo at Work!

The assault on British happiness, through food and freedom, is gradual but plainly planned; the pace of it, though controlled, is ruthless. By their vote at the General Election, the British people behaved like that confiding maiden who agreed to go a sleigh-ride in July. They did ride—but not whither they expected.

We think bread-cards will finally prove that this is a Battle against Britain. We are convinced they are unnecessary, and think a political motive lies behind them: the motive of gaining power-over-people through power-over-food. Almost everywhere else there are either food-abundance, an improving food situation, a local shortage or a news-blackout. We fear bread-cards will not leave us again—and that will be the proof of the real motive for them.

DOUGLAS REED in Tidings

### The Watch Collection

Among the many stories of the Russian soldiers and their passion for watches there is this one of the cunning peasant. He was stopped by a Russian and asked the time, but knew very well that this was merely to find out whether he possessed a watch. So he stuck his pitchfork in the ground so that it cast a shadow and served as a rough and ready sundial, and announced the time as 'around six'. The Russian soldier checked this from the many watches of which he had possessed himself earlier in the day, pulling them out from various pockets, and, having satisfied himself that the time was more or less correct, made the peasant hand over the pitchfork, and added it to his collection. The Tablet

### Teaching the Germans Democracy

A GERMAN doctor has been sentenced to imprisonment for a year for not standing for the British National Anthem at the conclusion of a concert at Göttingen.

The Times

### But They Say it Tastes Good

One of the most improbable of national dishes is a certain Mexican number known as mole. To Mexicans it is a superb delicacy, but to the outsider it sounds as fantastic as catchup and ice-cream.

The circumstances under which mole was invented are almost as curious as the dish itself. This highly unconventional concoction came into being in the kitchen of a convent in Puebla, Mexico, more than 300 years ago.

Distinguished visitors were coming to dine at the convent, and Sister Andrea, who had an angelic touch in the kitchen, had been entrusted with making the meal a memorable one. For a climax, she decided to cook a turkev as no other turkey had ever been cooked. She did, all right. Here is a step-by-step account, although it is unlikely that many readers will want it for their recipe books.

She cut the turkey into pieces and put them aside. She took five different kinds of chilies and fried them. Then she began on the extra-special touches—cloves, peppers, peanuts, almonds, cinnamon, anise. The mixture still didn't seem distinctive enough. . . .

To her assortment of nuts and spices, Sister Andrea added two bars of chocolate. She ground up the whole conglomeration, then put it in with the fried chilies. Finally she dropped in the pieces of turkey and let everything cook together.

When it was all done, she sprinkled on a handful of sesame seed. 'The grains on the golden red of that extraordinary preparation,' it was chronicled, 'looked like tiny drops of yellow light.'

The dinner must have been a success, for soon everyone in Puebla was cooking turkey this way, and before long it spread over Mexico. Today mole is served in virtually every Mexican restaurant and home, and there are more than 350 variations of the original recipe. No matter how you serve it, though, it's still turkey in chocolate sauce.

Saturday Evening Post

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The Times

### But They Say it Tastes Good

One of the most improbable of national dishes is a certain Mexican number known as mole. To Mexicans it is a superb delicacy, but to the outsider it sounds as fantastic as catchup and ice-cream.

The circumstances under which *mole* was invented are almost as curious as the dish itself. This highly unconventional concoction came into being in the kitchen of a convent in Puebla, Mexico, more than 300 years ago.

Distinguished visitors were coming to dine at the convent, and Sister Andrea, who had an angelic touch in the kitchen, had been entrusted with making the meal a memorable one. For a climax, she decided to cook a turkev as no other turkey had ever been cooked. She did, all right. Here is a step-by-step account, although it is unlikely that many readers will want it for their recipe books.

She cut the turkey into pieces and put them aside. She took five different kinds of chilies and fried them. Then she began on the extra-special touches—cloves, peppers, peanuts, almonds, cinnamon, anise. The mixture still didn't seem distinctive enough...

To her assortment of nuts and spices, Sister Andrea added two bars of chocolate. She ground up the whole conglomeration, then put it in with the fried chilies. Finally she dropped in the pieces of turkey and let everything cook together.

When it was all done, she sprinkled on a handful of sesame seed. 'The grains on the golden red of that extraordinary preparation,' it was chronicled, 'looked like tiny drops of yellow light.'

The dinner must have been a success, for soon everyone in Puebla was cooking turkey this way, and before long it spread over Mexico. Today mole is served in virtually every Mexican restaurant and home, and there are more than 350 variations of the original recipe. No matter how you serve it, though, it's still turkey in chocolate sauce.

Saturday Evening Post



I don't want to live with either one. I'd like a completely fresh start' SATURDAY EVENING POST

### So That's How They Do It

OTOGEN was tried in Switzerland upon an emaciated male patient aged above 100 years. Only by one month's regular use of this marvellous preparation that patient of 100 years' age gained the health of a 30 years' young man and has recently married a young wife. The actors and actresses of Hollywood are active, younglooking and charming by the use of this medicine even at an advanced age of 80 and 90 years and they are enthusiastically working on the stages. The use of Otogen by females in their prime of life guarantees up to the last days of life neverfading charms of youth and preserves school-girl complexion all along. For males in their period of youth, Otogen wards off premature old age, retains the jet black hair, a bloomy face and a robust health throughout and makes one feel and look several years younger than the actual age.

Hindustan Times

### Note on the Atomic Age

THE Golden Star Valet Service, in Washington, D. C., advertises that it not only cleans but completely vaporises clothes in thirty minutes.

The New Yorker

### Can You Hear Me, Father?

First cries of new-born babies will, in future, be transmitted by microphone to fathers in hospital waiting-rooms, an American hospital superintendent forecast.

\*\*Daily Mirror\*\*

Daily Mirror\*\*

#### Problem for Dietitians

THE prediction of travel at 600 m.p.h will intrigue laymen. Translated into actual performance, on a flight from London to New York, such a speed will mean that the traveller leaving London after an early dinner, when his watch says 6 p.m., will be arriving at LaGuardia Field when its clock says 6.45, and it will be just time for another dinner. He will have the satisfaction of moving almost as fast as the sun in its daily course across the heaven. . . . But such a pace will have its penalties. It may be necessary for dietitians to determine whether the traveller of the future can expect deleterious consequences to follow abrupt shifts from the cooking of one nation to that of another. New York Sun

### Strip-Tease in Manhattan

Mass nakedness has come to Manhattan and burlesque is obviously doomed, as the average stroller or shopper is now as underclad as a strip-teaser.

High undress is the rule whatever the age or figure, and a narrow strip of cloth and a pair of shorts, or a precarious brassière and most abbreviated skirt, are considered adequate. Women are shopping bare-backed, bare-legged, bare-midriffed—ranging the town in costume originally designed for the beach or the bed.

DON IDDON in the Daily Mail

### Funny Coincidence Department

We are tired of being told that one product is 'better'—not better than anything, just better—or that another is smoother, sweeter, longer lasting, or sudsier. Sudsier than what, gentlemen?

The New Yorker, 10 March 1946

And besides, we are getting a bit tired of being told that one product is better . . . not better than anything, just better . . . or that another is smoother, sweeter, sudsier or more delicious. More delicious than what?

RALPH MILNES in the Jackson (Miss.)

Daily News, 7 April 1946

### So Now We Know!

HAND IS UNIQUE THING POSSESSED BY MAN ALONE

ALL OTHER MAMMALS GIVEN PAWS, STUDY SHOWS. Headlines in

New York Herald Tribune



Engineers of vision—vision in its double sense—have been achieving remarkable results in the Pye laboratories at Cambridge. They have applied a high

degree of imagination to their scientific skill and have recently been responsible for a major development in television technique. These research engineers have added another page to their record of advanced thought. Their vision will be your television.



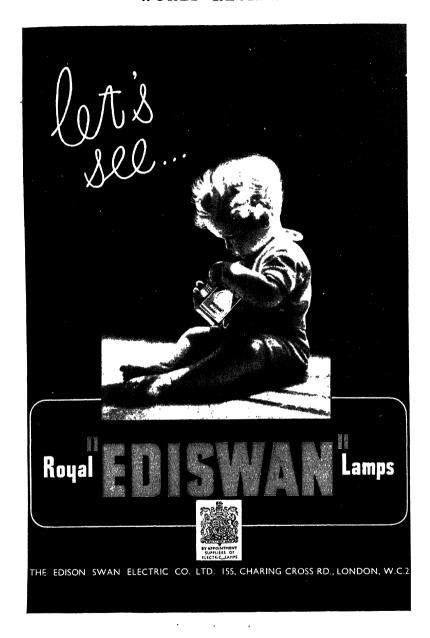
PYE LTD · RADIO WORKS · CAMBRIDGE

Not ONCE ... nor TWICE ...

but THRICE happy are they

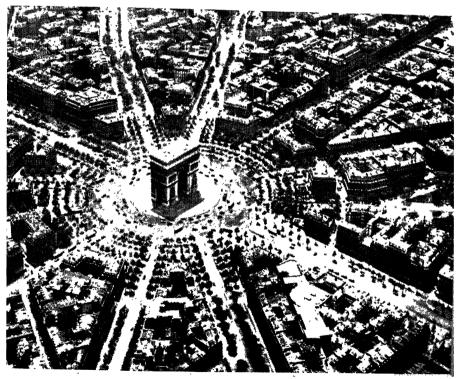


### WORLD REVIEW



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# World Review



PARIS—SCENE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

ıber 1946

The Cup that Cheers

-Invigorates and Sustains

THERE is something so cheering and comtorting about a cup of 'Ovaltine'. At any time of the day it will do much to renew flagging energy, strengthen the nerves, recreate vitality and put you on good terms with yourself.

Taken at bedtime 'Ovaltine' has a soothing influence on mind and body, helps you to relax, invites sleep and assists in making your sleep completely refreshing and restorative.

Ovaltine' is a scientific combination of Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—and provides important food elements required to build up body, brain and nerves to a high degree of efficiency

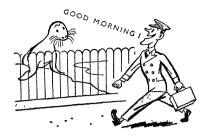
For all these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage and note the improvement in your outlook on life—in your cheerfulness and confidence.

Delicious

Ovaltine

Builds up Health and Vitality





# • Good Mornings begin with. Gillette

Full of high spirits is young Keeper Graves; these blades put the seal of success on his shaves!

> Blue Gillette blades 3d each, including Purchase Tax.

# World

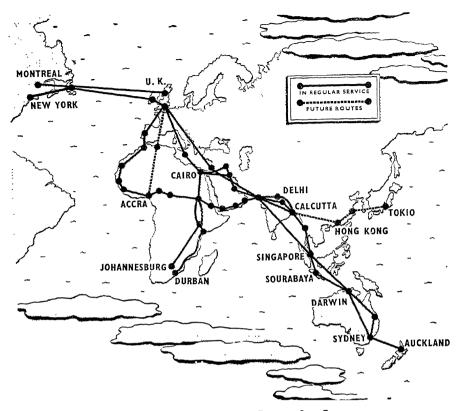
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## Our part of the job

Under the national air lines scheme, the Empire, Far East and North American routes were allotted to B.O.A.C. You can see the pattern of our chief commitments in this map. West, South and East across the world run the lines to the New World, the Empire and the Orient. That is our part of the job; an important part, and one we are proud to play. But, above everything else, a part that has been very soundly rehearsed. Our men have been pioneering, organising and flying the Empire routes since the first line from Britain to India was opened. That was in 1929: which gives us 17 years of learning how.

B·O·A·C

## THINKING ALOUD

### TERENCE KILMARTIN

### **ELECTION ANNIVERSARY**

I WRITE early in July, the anniversary month of the momentous 1945 election when, confounding all the prophets-Right, Left and Centre-the people of Britain went to the polls and returned to power a Labour Government with an overwhelming majority. The reasons for their decision have since been often enough discussed (the simple desire for a radical change after fifteen weary years under the same regime was probably as decisive as any), and there is little point in dilating upon them here. But it is amusing to recall what little apparent effect, if any, the propaganda battle of the election campaign had on the popular verdict. For sheer irrelevancy that campaign took a good deal of beating. One remembers the Churchill-Morrison contretemps about a VI alarm, the wearisome interchange of letters between Winston and Attlee as to who was responsible for precipitating the break-up of the Coalition, and the incredible nonsense about the Socialist 'Gestapo' and the Labour Party caucus—an outlandish term calculated to engender, in the minds of the simple public, fears of a monstrous hidden power and dark visions of obscure caballistic plottings (strange the power of the unfamiliar word!). One remembers also the 'Rogue's Gallery' of portraits representing these wicked men, which decorated the front pages of the Beaverbrook press-plain, drab, middle-aged English faces which completely belied the black accusations levelled against their owners. And above all, one remembers Professor Laski, the sinister éminence grise of the Socialist Party, who has now retired after his brief spell of glory into the academic obscurity from which he was gratuitously dragged a year or so ago.

As we know, nobody fell for it all, and for good or ill the Labour Party—Gestapo, Laski and all—was voted into power. I have no intention of undertaking a survey of their achievements and omissions during their first year of office. Many such, favourable and otherwise, will already have been made by the time this appears in print. But though I know that at the moment it is unfashionable to praise the Government, I think there are one or two points in their favour.

First, there is Ernest Bevin's magnificent handling of foreign affairs through one of the most difficult and trying periods in recent British history. There are signs at the moment from Paris, where the interminable wrangling of the Big Four foreign ministers seems about to end in a 'compromise peace', that his patience and steadfastness are due at last to obtain a modicum of reward.

Secondly, there is India. In the face of enormous difficulties, the Cripps-Alexander-Pethick-Lawrence team have done an extraordinarily good job, and, in spite of the last-minute failure—due to no fault of theirs—to establish a broadly based Indian national government, their mission must be regarded as a success. India is by no means out of the wood vet: there is bound to be more trouble -how could there not be? But the prospects are infinitely brighter than they were three months ago, and Indian doubts as to the purity of British intentions ought now to have been completely allayed. The magic phrase, 'full independence', in Attlee's March speech made all the difference. In the long run,



BIDAULT the compromise-maker, Premier and Foreign Minister of France

we may expect nothing but good from our magnanimity in this affair.

The third bull point is the export situation. Confounding the many gloomy prognostications, export figures have exceeded all hopes and are well on the way towards the target of 175 per cent above the pre-war level. In six months they have doubled, and in May they outstripped the 1938 volume by 15 per cent. This is something to be proud of, as even the Daily Express has admitted. Due credit must be given to the workers and employers in the industries concerned, but 'Strength through Misery' Cripps deserves a word of praise for having stuck to his guns and concentrated on the export drive despite the agitation for the release of goods for the home market. I wonder, by the way, whether, now that he is back from India and Laski and Ben Smith have departed, Sir Stafford will revert to his former position of Scapegoat No. 1 for the Right Wing press.

Fourthly, the Government deserves credit for its humanitarian attitude towards the world's food problems—an attitude maintained at the cost of much popularity at home. Certain sections of the press have sought to prove that all our sacrifices were really unnecessary, that the Germans and Indians and Greeks, etc., were as well, if not better, fed than we ourselves, and that the Government was bent, from God knows what strange pampering voracious motives. on foreigners, including our late enemies, at the expense of the British people. Fortunately, wiser counsels have prevailed, and the boast (most loudly upheld, oddly enough, by the very people who denounce the diversion of British stocks to famine areas) that this country is more willing than any other to make sacrifices on behalf of the less fortunate, has been fully justified. It is doubtful, however, whether this fact is very widely recognised abroad, though the Prime Minister of Eire, in a recent speech in the Dail, paid a handsome tribute to British generosity and unselfishness.

Lastly, the Government is to be commended for refusing to be stampeded by the more ardent spirits among its own supporters into any of the wilder Socialist adventures, whether at home or in foreign affairs. It is true that doctrinaire side issues have at times been given precedence over more urgent matters. For example, the nationalisation process has perhaps been working with rather indecent energy. But, broadly speaking, the policy pursued has been one to which it is difficult to take exception.

### 'POWER CURBS'

ONE wonders, in this connection, whether things would have been so very different had the Conservatives been returned to power. For the truth is

that one government is in fact very much like another. The differences are rarely as wide as party propaganda would lead one to believe. The first part of Lord Acton's famous maxim might be altered to read, 'Power curbs', for in a country like this with a two-party system, the unconscious influence of the Opposition is far greater than is indicated by Parliamentary voting, even when the Government majority is as great as it is at present. Thus a Labour Government when in power becomes palpably more moderate, more staid, one might almost say more Conservative: whilst a Conservative Government, when in the saddle, is never so uncompromisingly Tory as when in opposition. It is funny to hear a Socialist Prime Minister, who was rabidly opposed to conscription during the years when Germany was re-arming, proposing peacetime military service to the tune of two years; it is funnier still to hear Tory Imperialists denouncing the acquisition of a new colony (Sarawak); and it is supremely funny to hear a Labour Foreign Minister—and a real 'man-ofthe-people' at that—warmly defending the Old School Tie Brigade.

### FRANCE'S CHOICE

WITH the general Leftward move produced in Europe by the war and the revulsion against extreme Right Wing hegemony, the old political terminology has grown somewhat outmoded. The words Left and Right no longer have the same significance as before the war. Thus, to give an example, all the talk in the British press about an alleged swing to the Right in France after the recent referendum and elections was both inaccurate and misleading-inaccurate because the Communists in fact increased their vote while the reactionary P.R.L. made little or no headway, and misleading because it accounted the victorious M.R.P. a party of the Right. Nothing could be further from the truth. The M.R.P. has much in common with the British Labour Party: its social policy is equally 'advanced' and in some ways even more so. The fact that it has the blessing of the Catholic Church and attracts large numbers of 'reactionary' votes seems to me irrelevant.

If the French elections mean anything at all, it is probably this: that France is at last beginning to find some sort of political equilibrium, that old-fashioned Conservatism has been decisively rejected, and that a majority of the French are in favour of social democracy (whether of the Christian Socialist or purely humanist variety) as opposed to totalitarian democracy à la Russe. These are the only political forces which now count for anything in Europe. Disputes over the religious question serve merely to confuse the issue and weaken the anti-totalitarian front.

Incidentally, the new French Premier Georges Bidault, who retains the post of Foreign Minister which he has conducted with outstanding ability since the Liberation, is definitely a man to be watched. An ex-history professor, journalist and Resistance leader, he has an unusual but not inauspicious background for a Prime Minister. He is not a conspicuous personality of the Churchill or Bevin type, but in his own quiet, unobtrusive way he seems to be able to make his influence felt. His work at the Paris Foreign Ministers' Conference, where he sat like a conjuror producing compromises out of his hat, has not received the recognition it deserves.

### POPULAR PERON

SINCE the great Götterdämmerung of the spring of 1945, dictators have not only been reduced in number but have lost some of their popularity. There are, of course, exceptions to this general rule: the enigmatic Georgian who presides over the destinies of Holy Russia is still accorded a certain amount of respect. But dictators as a caste are nowadays rather frowned upon.

It is surprising, therefore, that Brigadier-General Juan Domingo Peron, the genial Caudillo of Argentina, should have found such sudden and universal favour since his recent accession to power. He used to be denounced as a second Franco, an embryo Mussolini, an accomplice of Hitler himself—and was heaped with due opprobrium. The truth of these accusations does not concern me here, but I am puzzled and intrigued by the sudden rush of Big Power suitors to Buenos Aires following the inauguration of the new President. The despatch of the influential British trade mission a week or two ago is the least remarkable example of this new development, for in spite of all the clamour from the extreme Left, British relations with the South American Republic have been maintained on a reasonably friendly basis throughout all the vicissitudes of recent Argentine history. More surprising and more significant is Russia's wooing of the erstwhile 'Fascist bandit'. At the San Francisco Conference last year, Mr. Molotov made an uncompromising stand against the admission of Argentina to the United Nations, but no sooner was Peron's election victory assured than the Soviet line took one of those abrupt and characteristic twists, the anti-Peron campaign in the Moscow press was suddenly called off and an important trade mission was whisked off to Buenos Aires where. from all accounts, it has met with some success. Peron apparently welcomed them to his bosom—literally as well as metaphorically, for there was a touching scene a few weeks ago, described in glowing terms by The Times correspondent, when the General, at some public function, affectionately embraced each member of the mission in turn.

More recently, Soviet-Argentine ties have been further strengthened by the establishment of diplomatic relations.

What is the explanation of this unexpected rapprochement? A belated discovery of ideological affinities hitherto concealed: Or merely another move in the complicated chess game of international power politics? It is interesting to note that the Russian change of heart coincided more or less with the equally sudden sharpening of their attitude towards the United States which followed the first Paris Conference last spring. But, in fairness both to Peron and to the Russians, it must be acknowledged that the General, whatever his motives, has the backing of most of the Argentine workers (though during the elections the Communist and Socialist Parties united with the Conservatives in opposition to him). This is more than can be said for Franco, and I doubt whether even Joe Stalin would have the audacity to make friends with the Spanish dictator.

Meanwhile the Americans, evidently realising that they were in danger of being left out in the cold, decided to forget their famous *Blue Book* exposing all the iniquities of Peron and his clique, and sent down a new Ambassador to attempt to restore their position.

All this is interesting for the light it throws on the respective methods and psychologies of the Big Three. The United States, conscious of the failure of their 'big stick' policy, combined with self-righteous moralising, have been sadly humiliated. The Russians have made yet another volte face and given their supporters something else to explain away if they can, or if they want to. (When, I wonder, will our amateur Russophiles finally realise that even less than those of capitalist states are the rulers of the U.S.S.R. swayed by ideological considerations unless it pays them to be so?) The British, on the other hand, by keeping their



PERON OF ARGENTINA. 'Fascist beast' or champion of the workers!

mouths shut and their envoy in Buenos Aires, have shown themselves more realistic, more consistent and morally no more reprehensible than the others.

President Peron is now firmly in the saddle, and is likely to remain there until ousted by the next revolution. Sooner or later he will probably come to grief; dictators usually do, as no less an authority than General de Gaulle was at pains to point out in his remarkable speech at Bayeux the other day.

'What', the General said, 'is dictatorship if not a great adventure: No doubt its beginnings seem auspicious. Under the rigour of the order which it imposes, amid the enthusiasm of some and the resignation of others and with the help of a one-way propaganda, it can take a dynamic turn which contrasts with the anarchy that preceded it. But it is inevitable for dictatorship to exaggerate its undertakings. As the nostalgia of freedom and the impatience of constraint reawakens among the citizens, dictatorship must give them by way of

compensation ever larger successes—and the nation becomes a machine driven at a frenzied speed by the master. Obstacles multiply inside and outside. The aims, risks and efforts increase beyond all limits, until finally the spring snaps and the grandiose edifice crumbles amid misfortune and blood, and the nation finds itself broken and lower than it was before the adventure began.'

### POST-WAR NATIONALISM

WARS have a curious habit of producing paradoxical results. One of the most melancholy consequences of the late world conflict is the almost universal intensification of nationalist feeling—a consequence all the more incongruous for the fact that the war was fought by an international coalition against a peculiarly virulent form of nationalism.

Ten years ago the Socialist movement used to represent an ideal of universal brotherhood, an ideal whose upholders were often scoffed at, but a no less worthy one for that. Today, however,



A new Nijinsky? JEAN BABILÉE, the brilliant young French dancer

particularly in countries where they are in power, Socialist parties are inclined to go their own way. Without abandoning their internationalist principles, they tend to subordinate them to purely national interests. As for the Communists, their internationalism is merely a perverted form of its opposite. 'My country right or wrong' sums up their attitude far more aptly than that of the most jingoistic Britisher—their country, of course, being the U.S.S.R., itself more blatantly chauvinist than ever before.

The same tendency is visible throughout the globe. One sees it in the U.S.A., whose soldiers, having seen Europe at its worst, have returned to their country more than ever convinced of the superiority of the American 'way of life'—and whose methods, in spite of the lip service paid to international co-operation, are often unpleasantly high handed.

One sees it, too, in Asia, though in a

different sense, for there the awakening of national consciousness produced by the war is at present directed towards the natural and indeed laudable aim of shaking off foreign domination. In some cases, however, this new nationalist spirit has been carried to dangerous lengths—witness the quasi-Fascist violence of the Indonesian extremists.

Lest I be accused of the very vice which I have been deploring, I must acknowledge that in this country also the disease is now more prevalent than for some time past. Old-fashioned English nationalism of the Blimp type is dead. The old imperialist jargon is seldom heard today, and words such as 'nigger', 'wop' and 'dago' have rather dropped out of coinage. On the other hand, a sort of neo-jingoism of a more insidious character has recently begun to creep in. One aspect of it is the widespread belief that a lot of crooked and rapacious foreigners are taking advantage of British honesty and good nature, and are bent on squeezing us dry. There is a touch of unwonted querulousness in this new form of xenophobia: the material, if not the moral, basis for the British sense of superiority has disappeared.

We have begun to grow sensitive to foreign criticism and to protest against English praise for other countries. The latter is admittedly a virtue which can be carried too far: there was a time during the war, for example, when almost everything Russian was regarded by certain people here as being basically superior to anything British. But the opposite tendency, now on the upgrade, is equally obnoxious. Here is one small example. It is now widely assumed amongst British balletomanes that the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company is superior to any other. This may well be so, but it is an assumption based on six years with no foreign company available with which to form a comparison. When the



TOSCANINI conducting in Switzerland

French Ballets des Champs Elysées came over to London some months ago to give a short season at the Adelphi Theatre, all too many English critics dismissed them disdainfully as rather second rate, or at least distinctly inferior to our own people. Myself, I was highly impressed by the French dancers, one of whom, Jean Babilée, is better than any we have seen in London since before the war.

The same thing can be observed in the sphere of painting: among a certain section of critics contemporary English achievements are often magnified out of all proportion and foreign, particularly French, efforts duly disparaged. There are, of course, excuses for these nationalistic incursions into the realm of art, where in the past the English have been more than somewhat modest. There is a healthy desire to encourage and develop the wider popular interest in art and ballet and music, etc., which grew up during the war years, and by stimulating British pride and initiative in these fields, to attempt to eradicate the last traces of philistinism. Nevertheless, a little modesty is always a good thing, for excessive self-assertiveness in these matters is apt to defeat its own object.

### MUSIC AND POLITICS

THERE are few people for whom I have a more profound esteem than Arturo Toscanini, who is not only all that a great conductor should be and something more, but also a great democrat and patriot. But his decision to cancel his projected concerts in London and Paris as a protest against the award of certain Italian frontier districts to France can only be deplored.

This is the second occasion within the last few months when a distinguished musician has allowed political considerations to influence him to the extent of boycotting certain countries. The first was the case of Pablo Casals, who refuses to play in England or America until



PABLO CASALS, the Spanish 'cellist. When will we hear him again in England?

they have broken off relations with Franco.

During the late war, music was kept mercifully free from political and ideological bias. No one banned the works of Richard Strauss because he remained in Germany and allowed his name to be associated with the Nazi régime; nor was Wagner boycotted as being the musical precursor of Nazism. All the more reason for regretting the renewal of the ugly precedent by musicians of the calibre of Toscanini and Casals.

In any case, the Tenda-Briga affair, which was the occasion of Toscanini's protest, seems to have been hardly worth bothering about. The French apparently

agree with the Italians as to the insignificance of the advantages-economic and strategic-which will accrue from their new acquisition. In fact, one Paris newspaper suggested that the French Exchequer would probably lose more in entertainment tax through the cancellation of the Toscanini concert than it will gain from several years of taxcollecting in Tenda and Briga. Presumably, however, the memory of the 1940 'stab in the back' dies hard and the French were unable to resist exacting, if not their full pound of flesh, at least an ounce or two. And the Italians, after all, should consider themselves lucky to have escaped so lightly in this case.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS Monthly Comments (XIII)

### SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

In the annus mirabilis of 1759, Horace Walpole feared almost to go to sleep, in case he missed the news of some fresh victory. This year is hardly one for bonfires, but it is perhaps even more eventful than 1759. Every week, almost every day, conceives an incident that would have kept our grandfathers in conversation for an age. And so far, the month I now pass in review has been the most momentous of all.

First, there has been President Truman's noble proposal, made through the mouth of Mr. Baruch, for the establishment of a supernational body to control atomic power and research. The Russians object—and perhaps with some reason that the plan would give America an unhealthy economic primacy in the world. But in its place Monsieur Gromyko can suggest nothing better than a mere arrangement for the exchange of information among the contracting parties. If there existed no other tools for the demolishment of this absurd proposal, at least we have our experience of negotiating with the Japanese on Naval Disarmament during the late 'thirties. When our future enemies refused any longer to be bound by tonnage limitations, someone suggested at least an exchange of information on warship construction. The Japanese shook their heads. Such a scheme, they held, would work only to the advantage of the Anglo-Saxons. For through spies the Japanese already knew all they wanted about our construction, while of course it was almost impossible for British or American Naval Intelligence to learn much of the goingson in Japanese dockyards.

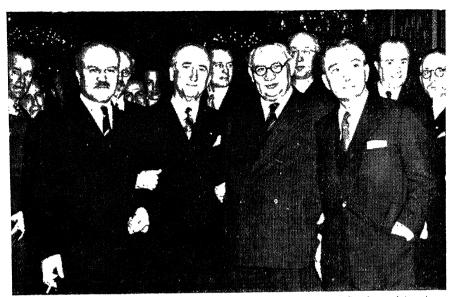
Exactly the same sort of situation would grow out of any agreement for the pooling of information on the atomic bomb. Among Communists here and in America the Russians have devoted agents ready at hand to keep them well informed of all our plans. But what means have we of prying out the secrets of some laboratory on, let us say, the remote Yenesei? Why, then, should the Russian government communicate information to us for no return? Not that I am arguing for leaving things as they are. The world cannot afford to leave the atomic bomb in the hands of any one General Staff. And the Baruch plan is the only one yet put forward to face the implications of the new weapon. If we are to save ourselves from perdition, we must gradually prepare ourselves to renounce that outmoded and dangerous privilege-national sovereignty. And the supernational Atomic Research Authority would represent our first act of sane renunciation.

This issue ought at this very moment to be put incessantly, unremittingly before the British people, and still more before the Russians and Americans. No other question—not even famine—is of comparable importance. Yet who after a few weeks still remembers what the Baruch plan exactly is? What London editor would risk as I write giving it precedence on his front page over bread rationing or the troubles in Palestine? At the moment, at any rate, it is not 'news'.

In any case, the scheme is by no means ideal. It does not, for instance, go nearly far enough. The atomic bomb-even in its somewhat undistinguished performance over Bikıni Lagoon-has enjoyed for more than a year such a publicity as to blind us to the other horrors that irresponsible Science is hatching. As was admitted at a recent congress of British and Dominion scientists, the atomic bomb is not the only scheme afoot for annihilating whole cities in a morning. We may only guess at the nature of the other devices. But the art of bacteriological warfare has, I understand, made the most hopeful progress recently, while it may soon be possible suddenly to lower the temperature over a given area to a point where human life cannot survive for half an hour.

Whatever the truth, it is clear that the mere control of atomic power and research will hardly be enough to save us. Not altogether through its own fault, Science has got entirely out of hand. Almost every branch of its labours, not merely physics, needs the strictest curb put upon it. And this curb cannot be put by national governments, for fear of weakening themselves in comparison with their rivals. It can only be imposed by some such international body as Mr. Baruch envisages.

Of course, it is difficult to see how the average Soviet citizen will be induced to accept scientific supervision by a body largely composed of the very nations he has been brought to regard as the bitter enemies of his revolution. Nor in the mood of exalted imperialism that his press daily encourage in him can we necessarily rely upon the renunciatory wisdom of the average American citizen. Colonel Paul W. Tibbetts, Jun., pilot of the B.29 that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, recently declared: 'We're all living in the Atomic Age together, and the atom bomb was made and dropped for the people of the United States.' I am inclined to fear that such jingoistic



The 'Big Four' Foreign Ministers. A harmonious quartet at this Quai d'Orsay party, persistent discords mar their conference table performances

nonsense is typical of opinion throughout the Middle and Far West.

Turning to pettier matters, we must cast a disappointed if indulgent eye upon the meeting of the Foreign Ministers in Paris. Now comes news of their finally fixing 29 July for the opening of the Peace Conference. By the time these lines appear, the Conference should be in full session, still lingering among those early aimiabilities, the harbours of goodwill, reluctant to embark upon the angry seas of business.

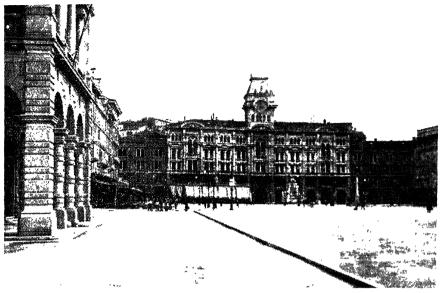
It is, I suppose, something to have secured a date for the Conference. It does presumably mean that the epoch of armed occupation in Europe will one day end. Already, as I write, the British have agreed to leave Italy, and the Russians, having got the local Pan-Slav machine working full blast, have undertaken to withdraw from Bulgaria. There are still few signs of their quitting Roumania, where no similar ethnical sentiment exists, while the formula evolved in Paris to meet our demands for free navigation on the Danube seems to have removed the question almost to the realm of metaphysics.

I cannot help viewing with some regret our surrender to the Russians over reparations from Italy. Unfortunately, such questions are rarely settled on their merits. It may have been a sop to Moscow in return for Russian acquiescence over the holding of a Peace Conference, or over a

settlement of the Trieste question; just as injustice is done to the Austrians in the Trentino one minute and to certain Italian valleys now given to France, the next. But the extraction by Russia of twenty-five million pounds of reparations from an impoverished country with whom she was never more than formally at war, and who did her no direct damage, is an injustice hard to condone.

Yet this is perhaps a minor matter compared with the problem of Trieste, still apparently unsettled at the time of my writing. Three considerations govern this question. Ethnically and sentimentally, Trieste is an Italian town despite its long association with the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In 1848, for instance, it was wholly with Mann's revolution in Venice. Many Triestini officers died nobly for the cause of a free Italy; from Trieste come the bankers of Italy, as China's bankers come from the province of Shansi, and England's from north of the Border. Commercially, the port depends upon a non-Italian hinterland—Austria, Hungary to some extent, and Czechoslovakia in particular.

Neither commercial nor ethnical nor sentimental reasons ally Trieste to the Yugoslavia of Marshal Tito—though much of the countryside lying immediately behind the port is Slovene. There would appear no reason why we should commit an ethnical injustice as a favour to Tito,



Trieste: the Piazza dell' Unita

nor why we should strengthen a satellite of Russia, and one which does not conceal its dislike of the Anglo-Saxon world. Moreover, on principle we should oppose 'Balkanisation'—the spread of the Balkan virus westward.

On the whole, therefore, the French plan for the internationalisation of the port seems the sanest compromise, though the Russian desire to make the arrangement eternal must inspire some apprehension. However, perhaps in a decade or so we may get a federation of all Europe outside the 'Russian curtain' which should ease the task of the international authority. But will Tito accept this plan without a violent fuss?

As for the general problems that will confront the Conference, we can in the main look upon the question of Italy as resolved—though the matter of her former colonies must be put into abeyance for a year. Two tremendous problems, therefore, remain for the negotiators—whether, and how, Germany may be allowed to survive; and can Europe be brought back from the dead—Europe, that is to say as an amalgam of living organism, rather than vast tracts of an anonymous continent, lying inert beneath the boots of three great occupying armies?

From Czechoslovakia, it is true, come signs of returning life—a quickening of material prosperity and intellectual vitality that not even a Russian occupation has been able to arrest, a determination to take up life where it was left off in 1939, which we might well envy. It looks, too, as if Austria's absurd burdens will soon be eased by the reduction of the occupying forces—and particularly the Russian—to a reasonable size. Let us hope that before long the Allies will evacuate Austria entirely.

One is, however, hard put to find much comfort elsewhere. The financial situation in France has not been rendered less precarious by Monsieur Bidault's consenting to the fifteen per cent all-round wage increase. Nor does the personality of his new Finance Minister, Monsieur Schuman, restore much of one's confidence in the future. Of course, the American loan should ease the situation somewhat. Incidentally, it is significant that Hollywood, presumably working upon the U.S. Treasury through Morgan's, has extorted as one of the loan's conditions a proviso limiting French films to thirty per cent of French screen space—and even this amount is to be progressively reduced in time. The workings of American Big Business imperialism, though less blatant than Russian methods, are no less interesting to observe.

Meanwhile, an uneasy coalition continues in France, pending fresh elections, which will presumably swing France still further to the Right, and accentuate the growing fissure between the Eastern and Western worlds.

# WAR, PEACE, AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

### JOHN DUFFIELD

'Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire, Would not we shatter it to bits—and then Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?'

OMAR KHAYYÁM wrote this quatrain some eight centuries ago. Yet, looking back on these last six terrible years, it surely echoes the thoughts of millions today. The Scheme of Things, glad or sorry, has been shattered indeed. But what of 'Re-moulding it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

The dominant feature of the modern scene is the wonderful horizon which science opens up, and, in contrast, the prevailing pessimism for the future of civilisation. How many speeches on the political future are prefaced with some such phrase as: 'If Man is to avoid total destruc-tion...' or, 'If our civilisation is to survive.' In The Times there appeared recently two sentences typical of the doubts and misgivings which, after six years of Armageddon, fill men's minds. In the House of Commons, Major Boyd Carpenter referred to 'the background of pagan materialism which is to be found all over the world today.' The other is by Lord Moran who said, 'Just now men are everywhere weary, perhaps a little disillusioned; a few might question whether the war was worth while.' Every newspaper is rife with such phrases.

Conspicuous by contrast is the buoyant optimism of Science: penicillin and the sulphur drugs have revolutionised medicine; further conquests are, by common consent, but a matter of time. It is, too, only a matter of time before the atom's vast energy is harnessed for industry. Radar has abolished the hazards of the sea and air; television, air-conditioning, refrigerators, plastics and numerous other modern wonders are soon to be available to all.

A future of plenty such as mankind has never known lies ahead. Yet, by a grim jest of Fate, for the first time in history arises the doubt as to whether Man will survive to enjoy it. What irony that, in an age when the once common scourges of typhoid, typhus, cholera and smallpox are almost unknown in civilised countries, Man should threaten by his own hand his own annihilation!

### THE DECLINE OF THE WEST

Half a century ago Man turned at such times to the Church for guidance. For religion has offered permanent values on which a consistent line of conduct can develop. But in the present era the Church has little meaning for the majority. This drift from religion and old-established codes and ethics is but one symptom of a change, which, while it has been in progress for some decades, is just becoming obvious. The whole problem of changes undergone by nations at certain stages in their development is discussed in Oswald Spengler's great work, The Decline of the West. A brief quotation from his description of urbanisation must suffice: 'World-city and province-the two basic ideas of every civilisation—bring up a wholly new form-problem of History, the very problem that we are living through today with hardly the remotest conception of its immensity. In place of a world, there is a city, a point, in which the whole life of broad regions is collecting while the rest dries up. In place of a type-true people, born of and grown on the soil, there is a new sort of nomad, cohering unstably in fluid masses, the parasitical city dweller, traditionless, utterly matter-of-fact, religionless, clever, unfruitful, deeply contemptuous of the countryman and especially that highest form of countryman, the country gentleman. This is a very great stride towards the inorganic, towards the end . . . 'The world-city means cosmopolitanism in place of "home", cold matter-of-fact in place of reverence for traditions and age, scientific irreligion as a fossil representative of the older religion of the heart . . . 'To the world-city belongs not a folk but a mass. Its uncomprehending hostility to all the traditions representative of the Culture (nobility, church, privileges, dynasties, convention in art and limits of knowledge in science), the keen and cold intelligence that confounds the wisdom of the peasant, the new-fashioned naturalism that in relation to all matters of sex and society goes back far beyond Rousseau and Socrates to quite primitive instincts and conditions . . . 'I think the change in national psychology could scarcely be more precisely and accurately depicted.

Increasingly Man as an individual turns to the

physician in his troubles. Man in the group looks to the politician. But too often he can say, like Omar Khayyam in similar plight, he 'Came out

by the same Door as in I went.'

Spengler's philosophy held the decline of a civilisation to be inevitable—just as inevitable as old age and death for the individual. He deduced this sombre conclusion from world history and his impressive array of historical evidence has seldom been questioned. Yet modern Man has a weapon of which the great philosopher knew little—psychology. Through psychology Man can at least understand—he may even at this late hour wrench victory from Fate.

### THE UNCONSCIOUS

Most people have heard of the Unconscious. Some are even in the habit of attributing dreams, forgetfulness, and symptoms to it. However, the full extent of the Unconscious, with its all-pervading and far-reaching effects, has escaped general notice.

The Unconscious is dynamic. It contains mental energy which is constantly escaping to exhibit itself in important and unrecognised forms. Now the forces or 'drives' of the Unconscious are those forbidden overt expression in civilised society. Certain drives, for instance, food-seeking, curiosity, or self-assertion, may be freely indulged, but sex, cruelty and aggression are forbidden and are repressed into the Unconscious. We like to think we have outgrown such jungle conduct. Yet it merely springs upon us from behind, making sport of our most cherished hopes.

The Unconscious shows itself in dreams, neurotic symptoms, and in certain forms of mass behaviour—for instance, lynchings and pogroms. There is a marked parallel between neurotic symptoms in the individual and the outbreaks of

mass sadism we witness today.

It is fashionable to explain the modern scene in a naïve and superficial manner. This view neglects the countless aeons through which life has evolved. Instead it emphasises the few centuries since Man appeared on the earth. In particular it dwells upon the last few decades as though what had preceded them counted for little. Many consider all that is necessary to explain the recent war is to start at the Treaty of Versailles and work up through Hitler to 1939!

But, in truth, the human mind forms no larger a part of biology than a speck of coral of the mountain mass beneath the sea. Going back over only a short interval of biological time, we find the earth of a hundred million years ago inhabited by the giant reptiles. In those Mesozoic times

cruelty, aggression and sex knew no bounds. But, of course, these words are meaningless applied to such conditions.

Our own brains are descended through millions of generations, yet in direct continuity, from these primordial beasts. We bear the marks of kinship not only in our bodies but in our minds. Their 'moral code' was that of our ancestors up until very recent centuries. The 'drives' which for millions of years found open expression in them persist in the Unconscious of modern Man. How true to form they still run is now amply demonstrated.

### 'SUBLIMATION'

The evolution of a moral code is very recent: still more recent is the knowledge of how this essentially human element evolved. It did so by the transfer—sublimation' is the technical term—of energy from primitive aims to more civilised objectives. This is a long and difficult process, punctuated by many failures. Considering the shortness of time, perhaps we have not done badly.

Few can doubt it still continues, and, if a temporary relapse does not annihilate us all, none can foresee its limits.

In all except the utterly depraved the Unconscious must express itself surreptitiously, and this it does by a variety of tricks. Two are important for our present study.

First, what is unconscious is *projected*. It is too out of harmony with our conscious picture of ourselves for us to admit ownership. Indeed its conscious acceptance would disrupt the Self. Thus it is seen as belonging to another. 'No,' says the Self, 'that can't be me. I would never do that. It is the sort of thing *he* would do. It is him.' An instance is the prudish spinster who sees in others the projected licentiousness of her own Unconscious.

Now war is 'violence pushed to its utmost limits'—it abounds in cruelties, both deliberate and incidental. But the enemy seems even more cruel, brural and sadistic than he really is, for in addition to his real misdeeds he appears to us as possessing all the viciousness of our own Unconscious. All the vices we hate most, and thus have repressed into the Unconscious, are projected outwards to him. So indeed he seems an inhuman monster outside the pale of humanity.

Unfortunately he sees us in a similar light.

We have all known cranks who blame the evils of society on to landlords, Catholics, Jews, Masons, or Communists. Such cranks merely project the contents of their Unconscious on to others. They do it all the time and see no

inconsistencies in it. Normal people only do it in the mass, when critical faculties are in abeyance and mass psychology prevails. In war this mass projection of all evils on to the foe is assiduously cultivated by propaganda—the constant harping on 'atrocities' being the principal method used.

A beautiful example of projection occurred in a recent debate on foreign affairs in the Commons. Mr. Price said he 'had spent two months in the Soviet Union, and was struck by the fact that the ordinary Russians were as afraid of us as we were of them. They were nervous and suspicious of us and the United States.'

Each country has for long been trained to project evil on to the other.

### MASS NEUROSIS

Normally the Unconscious finds only indirect and vicarious expression. But at times, especially in crowds, sadism may find direct expression. Hence the orgies seen at public executions. For instance, when Earl Ferrers was executed on Monday, 21 April 1760, we read: 'The crowd was so dense all along the route from the Tower to Tyburn that nearly three hours was occupied by the journey.' It is as though by common sanction the veto of conscience were raised. War, however, provides the best example. Violence is then sanctioned not by a temporary aggregation like a crowd but by the combined weight of Church and State. Both urge it as a sacred and patriotic duty. So it may be; but it incidentally satisfies quite other aims.

However, one cannot abrogate conscience in so arbitrary a fashion. A second psychological mechanism is necessary. By rationalisation such conduct must be rendered acceptable both to Reason and Conscience. It must possess at least a semblance of logic.

Rationalisation is a process of unconscious self-deception whereby ignoble motives are disguised: for instance, the man who takes a day off for golf because he 'will work so much better for the exercise.'

Now in both individual and international life there is no dearth of occasion for just anger. If some person (or country) has committed a brutal crime, it is surely just to punish him. Heaven knows there is no lack of such crimes at present! But, as so often in mental life, the act of punishment serves a dual purpose—first, to vindicate justice; second, to gratify unconscious sadism. Also, as we have seen, there is projected on to the malefactor the violence and cruelty of our own Unconscious. Such deeds act as magnets to which

the unconscious drives are irresistibly impelled. Too often the deeds are sufficiently brutal in themselves, but in addition our own unconscious brutality is added.

Simultaneously, of course, the other nation sees in our justice little but sadism and revenge.

### BLIND LOVE AND HATE

An example taken from the sex drive may clarify the point. Lovers are notoriously apt to overvalue the object of their affection. They see not only real qualities of goodness and beauty, but also qualities notably lacking in the estimation of others. For in a man's Unconscious is the image of the ideal woman; it is this he projects on to his loved one.

But as Love is blind, so is Hate. Just as we may find we have overvalued the loved one—indeed have crowned her with a halo only a saint could wear—so we may project on to the enemy evil he does not possess. Then, for no apparent reason, the pendulum swings. The enemy becomes, after all, a much-maligned fellow. The generals who fought him at our behest become, by contrast, dolts and reactionaries—impediments to Utopia. Soldiering sinks in prestige until few care for it as a profession.

Just as the sex drive wanes and waxes, so does the 'hate' drive. After an orgy both for a time are in abeyance. Then they gather energy to repeat the cycle once more.

The treatment of our late enemies is plainly based not on justice but on mass neurosis. The fact that we contracted the neurosis from them in the first place is immaterial. Indeed a new sort of one-way 'justice' has been invented for the purpose.

For is it not strange that out of some thirty million men fighting for the Allies not a single one has been tried for war crimes or atrocities? The fate of so-called war criminals is not of itself important. No one who embarks on war can complain at a dose of his own medicine. The real objection to our present policy is well put in the words of Justices Murphy and Rutledge, sitting in the United States Supreme Court on 11 February. They were dissenting from the verdict rejecting the appeal of the Japanese General Homma for a civil trial. Justice Murphy said that a trial of this kind must be conducted in the noble spirit of the Constitution or else 'we abandon all pretence of justice, let the ages slip away, and descend to the level of revengeful blood purges.' He added: 'Apparently the die has been cast in favour of the latter course, but I for one shall have no part in it.'

# CAN THE WHITE AUSTRALIA POLICY CONTINUE?

### JAMES VANCE MARSHALL

THE White Australia policy has long been the cardinal article of Australian faith. Its object is to stop the entry into Australia of persons whose skins are black, yellow or in-between.

Whether under the new set-up of post-war power politics such policy can continue to operate, remains to be seen. Soon the subject is bound to crop up for discussion when the heads of nations that matter go into a huddle to thrash out schemes for replanning the brave world of the immediate future. When it does so, England will be regarded by other countries as being definitely involved. She will find it impossible to make excuses, because Australia, in area, constitutes more than one fifth part of the British Empire on whose home government, whether Australians care to admit it or not, the validity of the policy depends.

In considering this subject the question that must naturally arise is: 'On what argument is the White Australia policy based—is it in defence of the country's wage economy, that is, the fear of an influx of cheap coloured labour?' To this suggestion the answer must be, 'No!' Wages and working conditions are the business of the state. They can be defined by legislation and enforced by law. There would be no hesitation on the part of Australia in giving attention to this point. Her government is normally, and generally, administered by a Labour Party majority. The welfare and interests of her workers are well—some say over—guarded.

Refusal to admit an economic basis suggests the only alternative question. 'Is the reason for the White Australia policy racial?' It is. There is no need to qualify the statement. The policy expresses the unwavering objection of white Australians to the settlement, or even the presence, of members of coloured races from other lands.

It is extremely difficult for English people to understand this Australian attitude of mind. England herself has never experienced a coloured invasion threat. Except for transient troops in war, she never will. In time of peace her climate is too uninviting to attract more than a handful of black- or yellow-skinned people to her shores. Even of those who do come the majority depart

again soon after their arrival, finding scant, if any, chance of their securing employment. Also England, apart from her unlikeable weather, is too remote from, and not in the direction of, the line of march which instinct impels non-whites to take.

A glance at the map of the Pacific area shows how different is the position of Australia. The way between the Commonwealth and the Asiatic mainland is bridged by islands so closely set as to almost constitute an isthmus. In the early victorious period of their wartime drive south, the Japanese forces covered these connecting links by a series of what were styled 'kangaroo hops', remarkable for their speed. Australians, and I am one of them, have never underrated the precariousness of their country's location in the lay-out of the world. To them there is a lurking danger far more insidious than the threat of invasion by battle-the threat of semiunderground Asiatic infiltration. Unlike America, Australia's colour problem is outside her gates. By eternal vigilance she has kept it there, but she is only too fully aware of the touch-and-go it has been during the past one hundred years.

But now thinking Australians realise that the changing world conditions are poised to challenge the White Australia policy as it has never been challenged before. It was as a protection against the Chinese that the policy was first framed. Actually, up to the year 1896 the Acts of Exclusion applied only to persons of Chinese nationality. When, in that year, it was extended to include all Asiatics, so great was the indignation of both British India and Japan that the Royal Assent was delayed by the cautious British Government of the day. Eventually, on the advice of the Colonial Office, the Australian representatives were reluctantly prevailed upon to confine the reasons for exclusion to a prohibitive educational test. It was thought in London, and rightly, that the absence of reference to skin-colour would do much to soothe Asiatic sensitiveness. Thus the conditions imposed were that an applicant for entry into Australia should pass a test in some European language that the Immigration Officers might choose—Hungarian, Yugoslavian, Gaelic, Welsh or any other. Only



The last female aborigine of Australia

the Japanese remained enraged, and their protests did secure the substitution of the word 'prescribed' in place of the—to them—objectionably discriminative word 'European'.

That Education Test for admission to Australia still stands, but it has been further strengthened by an Enactment of 1925 which enables the Governor General 'to prohibit by proclamation the entry of aliens... unlikely to become readily assimilated or to assume the duties and responsibilities of Australian citizenship within a reasonable space of time.'

To discover how Australia's antagonism to the entry of persons other than white-skinned originated, one must dip well into history. The country's original founders had no idea of keeping the land as a breeding-ground for purely British stock. In fact, the first planners of its colonisation, before the idea of using it as a convict reserve had evolved, suggested that pioneers should be encouraged to settle there by the promise of a supply of imported Asiatic labour to do the dirty work. Even when convict transportation had become an established procedure, the first Governor, Arthur Phillip, was officially advised from London to import Pacific Island women to make up for the deficiency in white female convicts and thus satisfy the sexual requirements of the surplus males. To his credit, Phillip did not fall in with this Whitehall suggestion.

In 1838 the importation of indentured Indian coolies did commence. This traffic was eventu-

ally suppressed, strangely enough not by the Australian authorities, but by the Indian Government shocked by the conditions under which the shipments of human cargo were made. However, nothing daunted, the big pastoralists continued to agitate for the right to import cheap labour from anywhere at all. These approaches were disallowed on the grounds that they were solely designed for the purpose of getting low-wage workers. Up to this date it must be admitted that all objections to the admission of coloured immigrants were economic.

But, despite prohibitory laws, so-called 'free' Chinese contrived to find a way to flock in by the thousands. The powerful shipping companies, keen after passage money, and the wealthy landowners, keen after cheap labour, worked hand-in-hand to further their illegal admission. Then came the discovery of gold. Its appearance altered everything. This was in the 1850s. The Chinese scented bigger money. Almost without exception they deserted their other jobs and joined the gold-rush.

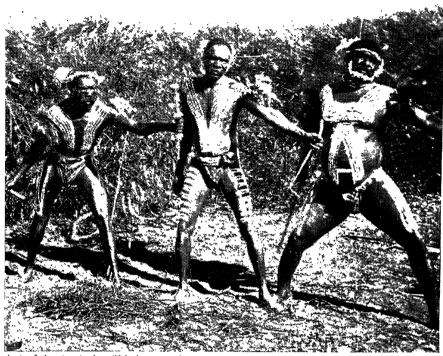
Now it was for the first time that the whites and the yellows came into direct and opposing contact. Rival communities were formed, literally upon each other's doorsteps. Racial habits and traditions clashed. It was a case of oil and water. The white gold-seekers and the yellow-skinned could not mix. Instinctive animosity led to open and physical conflict. The narrow confines of each gold-bearing area could not embrace two such divergent ways of living.

Fruitless governmental attempts were made to curb the discordancy. The antagonism of the white diggers intensified and began to express itself in insurgency. Violence and counterviolence became the order of the day. The white men led the attack; the Chinese retaliated with zest. Then the Trade Unions began to take a hand. Both the Seamen's and the Shearers' Unions took definite sides with the whites and so strengthened the position of the latter immensely. Anti-Chinese Leagues were formed in Sydney, the slogan-song of which became:

'RULE, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA, HEADS OR TAILS!

NO MORE CHINAMEN IN NEW SOUTH WALES!

At last the powers-that-were, forced by popular outcry to act, legislated against the admission of further Chinese. The result was that the Chinese Government protested to the British Government and the latter demanded an explanation from the Premier of New South Wales. It



A trio of aborigines in the wild bush country of Western Australia. Decorated in their war-paint, they are performing a ceremonial dance

was then, in the year 1888, that this Premier, the doughty Sir Henry Parkes, expressed the defiance of Australia in a now historical declaration. The words he used were: 'Neither for Her Majesty's ships-of-war, nor for Her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary-of-State for the Colonies in Whitehall, do we intend to stand aside from our purpose, which is to terminate the landing of Chinese on these shores for ever.'

Thus and then was the White Australia policy definitely proclaimed to all the world. That the reason behind it was racial, and not economic, is made clear beyond all doubt by a further public utterance of Sir Henry Parkes. Again speaking as Premier, he declared: 'It is because I believe the Chinese to be a powerful race, capable of taking a great hold upon the country, and because I wish to preserve the type of my nation, I demand the exclusion of the Chinese as a people incapable of assimilation in the body politic, strangers to our civilisation, out of sympathy with our aspirations, and unfitted for our free institutions.'

Not content, the Chinese Government persisted in their protest by arranging a test case. This came before the Privy Council in London and the decision it arrived at conformed with Australian opinion. It was to the effect that unwanted aliens, having no legal status in the country they sought to enter, could not demand the right to do so. And so the White Australia Policy, proclaimed by Parkes, was blessed and confirmed by British law.

Thus was the long-drawn-out argument between the Australians and the Chinese settled once and for all—or was it? Times and certain attitudes of mind have changed in recent years, particularly with regard to the Pacific zone, and full well Australia knows it. Rightly or wrongly, China has become an accepted member of the world's Big Five. She is now a dominant figure in power politics. Whether her sudden elevation to greatness is due to achievement on her part, or expediency on the part of her powerful friends amongst nations, does not affect her position, backed as she is by forces mightier than her own. Australia appreciates the significance of

the new set-up and asks herself a pointed question: 'Will China, now classed as a major power, tolerate the indignity imposed upon her by the White Australia policy?' For, be it remembered, China has always regarded the existence of the policy as constituting an indignity aimed more particularly against her.

How is the problem to be overcome? It is certain that Australia will remain adamant. She will not budge an inch. Her determination was revoiced with Parkesian vigour by Prime Minister Deakin when he declared that 'the Unity of Australia means nothing if it does not imply a united race. A united race means that not only can its members intermarry and associate without degradation on either side, but implies a people possessing the same general cast of character, tone of thought, the same constitutional training and traditions.'

Already theorists outside Australia are outlining proposals as to what the Commonwealth should undertake to do. The most frequent is that Australia's tropical north, being unsuited for white settlement, should be thrown open for occupation by the Asiatic races. The Australian answer to this is (a) that this purely tropical region is only aninsignificant part of her vast square-mileage and that the country can easily afford to forego the benefit of its development; (b) that past experience has proved that, if granted admission to the very far north, coloured incomers would not remain there but rapidly percolate through to the more attractive south.

Another suggestion is that Asiatics and negroid races should be allowed entry but not granted the right of franchise. This move would deprive them of the right to agitate for legislation to benefit their peculiar interests. To this the Australian reply is that Australia is essentially a democratic country in which all citizens, whether admitted or native-born, must be regarded as equal.

Of course this proud boast of an equality of all citizens, including the native-born, hardly accords with Australia's treatment of her native sons, the aboriginals. There were 300,000 occupying 3,000,000 square miles of territory when, one hundred and fifty years ago, the white man decided to take up residence in the country. Today there are about 60,000 left, existing in seldom-seen areas located 'out back'—black skeletons in a white man's cupboard. But Australians are under no illusions regarding the treatment that has led to the decimation of the original holders of the soil. They admit quite

frankly that they have not acted over-mercifully towards their own blacks and, because of this, they agree that they cannot be trusted to act mercifully towards other coloured people who might dare to enter their land as intruders. Australians are essentially realistic.

Australia's antipathy to the black and coloured man is based on something deeper than habit, tradition and dislike of a coloured skin. It is underlined with fear. Not only proximity to regions peopled by yellow, copper-coloured and black races, but facts associated with the reproductive characteristics of her own aboriginals have made Australians alive to the danger of eventual disappearance in which the world's white races stand. They know that, were the world's whites and coloured given the freedom to intermix at will, white skins would disappear from the face of the earth within an unbelievably short time. Australian anthropologists have noted over the past hundred years that, when a half-caste remains with his tribe, all token of a white strain in his progeny disappears after four, or at the most five, generations. In that fact lies the Australian interpretation of the negro problem in lands where it exists. The claim is that the drawing of the colour bar is inspired by a desire on the part of the white man to protect the fairness of the skin of that section of posterity which he considers should be rightfully apportioned to him.

Again we get back to the question: 'How is China now going to react to the White Australia policy?' For that matter, how will Asiatic races other than the Chinese react—turbulent Indonesia, the not so placid as one might think Malays, the restless welter of dissatisfied Burmese—all hungering to have a greater place in the sun in which to live and propagate? What about the advancing proletariat of India—three million strong—India, the once allegedly brightest jewel in the British crown, now the sharpest thorn in England's governmental flesh?

And, finally, Japan—what about her? Yes, let us look the matter bravely in the face. Japan, who succeeded in scattering her 'Asia for the Asiatics' seed on to a fertile hotbed of latent unrest in half a dozen Oriental lands before her panniers were snatched away—what about her? Will the Japan-to-be—the proposed New Japan, reorganised, democratised, modernised, Anglo-Americanised, and, to an extent, Russianised—will she, as well as China, and India, cast her gaze across the Pacific and demand to know what this White Australia policy is all about?

### MIRROR TO GERMANY

### GEORGE EDINGER

IT is a hundred years now since Michelet, historian and romanticist of nineteenth-century France, wrote: 'Europe is like a harp; her several countries are its strings, and if anyone be snapped, why then the whole is broken.' Michelet's mind was still running on Poland which had lately been cut into three parts. Today it is Germany that is cut into three parts (or if you count the French zone, into three and a quarter), and the instrument is hopelessly out of gear.

The German string is broken—there is no doubt about that. Economic life is standing still, paralysed. The cornlands of the East have been emptied of their tillers by the Russians and the Poles, and there is no one to take their place. The industrial Ruhr cannot be fed, so the wheels have ceased to turn. The cities are bombed and blasted into gaunt ghosts of what they used to be. You will scarcely find a room that is not some family's only home. Tens of thousands are wandering from air raid shelter to air raid shelter, chivvied by German officials keen to vent their sense of inferiority to the conqueror by bullying their fellow-countrymen. Within the area of a zone it is possible to move, just possible. You may have to wait twelve hours in a roofless station, fight all out to get a place and jog along precariously perched on a buffer for a day and a night. But you can just move. But zone is parted from zone by an isolation as absolute as that of eighteenth-century Japan. And the life, the outlook and the aim of every zone is different.

East of the iron curtain the Soviet authorities are constructing a state not unlike the Nazi order. Toe the Party line and you may be adequately fed; you will certainly be fully employed, working for export to Russia (payment in paper). The Dresden cigar industry was never busier than now, exporting to Russia without tangible return. Leipzig even had its Fair, and to feed the visitors the natives went without meat for six whole weeks. But because the Slav is unaccountable and unmethodical, because there is a surprising degree of individual good nature and kindliness behind the mask of Communism, above all, because the Nazi storm-trooper (turned Communist overnight and no questions asked) is convinced that in time the higher and more efficient culture must prevail and the conquerors become the conquered, life in the Russian zone, if you are cynical, is often much more agreeable in practice than it seems in theory.

The Americans are quite different from the Russians. It is only because their whims sometimes seem as unaccountable that many Germans call the G.I.s 'Russians with creased pants'. The American army of occupation are as homesick as an English child at its first boarding-school. They are content to live and let live and anxious only to be gone. So in the American zone the Germans mostly run themselves. As it seems to be the German nature to take advantage of any generosity and attribute courtesy to weakness, they often become as unbearable as they were when they were winning the war . . . that is, until some American officer or other suddenly becomes aware of it, decides it is time to be tough, and cracks down on innocent and guilty with a minimum of discrimination. Only the French, having been conquered, comport themselves like comic opera conquerors and make it their aim to get their own back on every possible occasion.

The pattern of life in the British zone is more complex, and for that reason the British zone is the most interesting. There is certainly a deal of racketeering. When you can get half-a-crown for a single cigarette it could hardly be otherwise. And the Control Commission are a mixed bag. Few first-class brains are tempted by a sevenyear contract without a future and no distinct prospects of having wives and families to join them. But those few who have been tempted are very fine indeed, perhaps the best we have. Nothing but the strictest sense of duty to one's fellowmen could entice an Englishman of talent to devote himself to the rebuilding of Germany. But that sense is predominant in certain Englishmen, and you meet them now and then in Germany. With no clear direction from above, with little co-operation from below, you will find such men and women working far into the night to restore that shattered economy on which all our wellbeing depends, and leaving certain Germans admiring and amazed to discover that there may after all be something to be said for that 'democracy' in whose name so many crimes have been committed since VE day.

But to discover the truth about the British zone you must stay long, probe deep . . . and speak German. A visitor transported from country clubs in the villas of Nazi magnates, deservedly put away, to officers' hotels in the most luxurious buildings that escaped the bombs, might imagine



Polish D.P.s in Bavaria. Children gather round the camp musician

that life in the B.A.O.R. was one long, glorious picnic. Whirled from party to party staged for my benefit, dining at bow windows thrown open to the North Sea, or trying out such specialities of the Atlantic Bar at Hamburg as an 'Alexander', a 'French Seventy-five', or a 'Kapitan Leutnant' (the drink par excellence of U-boat officers before a perilous mission), I felt that I was back in the carefree days of a pre-war Oxford commem. My companions were generally very young, and always very charming. All the looted drink of Europe was at our command. The best champagne cost a pound a bottle and there was Rhine wine and red wine and curação and apricot brandy and ices and doughnuts and cream cakes, though the staple foods served up under N.A.A.F.I. auspices were less alluring. In that gilded world of youthful gaiety one could pardon the publicist or politician fresh from an England where he spent the war in safety for waxing virtuously indignant over several columns in spite of the paper shortage. But when you looked round and reflected that this Major in his twenties had come by way of El Alamein and a German prison camp, that Sub-Lieutenant had spent his war on Murmansk convoy, and the Flying Officer who seemed without a care was the one survivor of his air crew; when, above all, you understood that these people

had been robbed of their youth and that this was their first chance to enjoy life and maybe their last, you took a more generous line and reflected that it behoved a non-combatant to be very humble in such company.

The Germans at any rate do not think the less of us for it. It enhances their respect and regard, drives home their conviction that this time they really lost the war. The German, particularly after twelve years of Hitler, has developed some qualities which make it hard to sympathise with him even if one has the best will in the world. But at least he does not resent anybody exercising the victor's right (how often did I hear that phrase: Siegersrecht!) More particularly he respects the people who exercise the Siegersrecht without abusing it. The French abuse it consistently, the Americans spasmodically, the Russians occasionally, and the British hardly ever.

I never heard an Englishman give an order impolitely to a German. As a corollary I have to add that I never heard a German pass on that order politely to another German! The contrast was bound sooner or later to strike the German hemselves. It has been brought home forcibly to the German woman. Treated by her own menfolk as an inferior being, she has been amazed at the courtesy and consideration the British



The British zone of Germany. An UNRRA officer has unearthed a supply of boots which will be distributed among D.P.s.

serviceman shows her and she has repaid it with a devoted sincerity that not a few Englishmen compare favourably with the acquisitive and nagging characteristics of certain British females.

One asset in the German character is loyal and sincere devotion to a neighbour or a friend. The devotion is confined within the narrow limits of one's own class or kindred. But though restricted in scope, it is limitless in intensity. Having acquired a fondness for a British soldier, the German girl will sacrifice everything that she has for him. I have known a German girl rush singlehanded to the help of an English sailor beset by four Nazi thugs in a dark street. The two qualities, consideration on one side, devotion on the other, have affected—some pundits would call it infected-large sections of the civil population and the occupying forces. Fraternising is widespread. It goes on everywhere all the time. The marriage ban is, of all the restrictions now imposed in Germany, the most irksome and the most resented.

Paradoxically, this love for individuals does not imply any liking for us as a nation among the German population as a whole. 'One would welcome more civility and less servility,' says a writer in a service paper who puts the case extremely well. There is, of course, no conceivable

reason why the Germans should like us, though they might, one feels, display their loathing with more dignity and less pretence. But if there is no liking, there is something else-an envious admiration tinged with grudging respect. After all, we were the only people who stood up to these Nazi bullies and took them on alone and beat them in the end. A surprising number of Germans will tell you that the best solution for Germany would be incorporation in the British Empire, and they mean it. The idea is naturally most popular in the former kingdom of Hanover which has special links with Britain by history and tradition. Hanover contrasts its fortunate history as part of the British Empire with the disastrous results of its enforced union with Prussia. Hanoverians would talk to me with pride of the association of British and Hanoverian troops in the wars of the eighteenth century. I am reliably assured that when a certain Fusilier battalion paraded at Minden with the traditional roses in their berets on the anniversary of the Anglo-Hanoverian victory on the spot in 1759, a crowd of Germans lined up opposite them, likewise bedecked with roses. 'We fought at Minden, too,' they said when reprimanded; 'we belong to the Hanoverian infantry.'

The Lower Saxon Party (formerly the Right

Wing Guelf Party) have even made the close association, if not the actual union, between Britain and an independent Hanover a part of their programme. Their white and yellow colours are prominently displayed all over the province. They have considerably increased their membership since the war, and they have a large and growing following in the country districts.

It is my personal opinion that this trend should be encouraged. Whatever one may think of the particular case of Hanover, the tendency to federalism and the growth of a regional as opposed to a national, which in Germany unfortunately means a nationalist, attitude is the best insurance against the rebirth of Nazism. It was no coincidence that Hitler abolished even the names of those ancient German kingdoms, Grand Duchies and free cities whose variously coloured signposts and sentry boxes persisted till the 1014 war and after. I take it that it is also no coincidence to discover in the British zone that the old state names have been restored and posted up in front of official buildings . . . The Hanse city of Hamburg, Schleswig-Holstein, Schaumburg-Lippe. The several loyalties may be inseparable from devotion to the former ruling houses. Even so, it is questionable whether Germany would not be happiest and most harmless as a loose economic federation of Liberal monarchies.

But our present tendency is to support the Social Democrats, the most centralised of all the parties except the Communists, who are largely Nazis under a more convenient name. Among the older members of the Social Democratic Party there is unquestionably a great deal of sincerity. Their leader, Herr Schumacher, is a fine man, steadfast, courageous and engagingly human. But it is hard to forget that, until the rise of Hitler, these same Social Democrats both in Germany and Austria were the most wholehearted supporters of the Anschluss; or that their rank and file became Nazis with surprising docility. Resistance (such as it was) to the Third Reich came from the traditionalist, by and large conservative, elements in whom state feeling was strong, not least noticeably in the old Kingdom of Prussia.

The contrary tendency can be studied best in universities and air-raid shelters. Both are breeding grounds of Nazism, a Nazism that is dormant and leaderless and still impotent, but remains deeply ingrained in the younger generation and, like the old radical wing of the Party, tends to Leftism and a Russian alliance.

It is difficult for a British correspondent to discover the genuine feelings of the university

students. But in the half-light of an air-raid shelter even a foreign uniform may pass unnoticed and people grumble very freely. The shelters of present-day Germany harbour a life of their own. It is as varied, as revealing, racy and outspoken as the world of the London underground stations in the Blitz. But it is far more widespread, and therefore it is more important. It was only in the crowded shelters that I felt vaguely unsafe. Germany's shelters are not like Britain's. Where they were built-and they were not built everywhere—they were built with all the thoroughness and durability of German workmanship. They are not only useful. They can be beautiful as well. I visited one in Hamburg, capable of housing eight hundred people. It had three floors, all underground, the lowest a hundred yards underground. The dormitories were separated into compartments and the walls were adorned with attractive mottoes and murals. Others, surface shelters, resemble the turrets of a fifteenth-century fortress. They are cylindrical, tapering towards the top, and crowned by a pointed roof off which the bombs never failed to glance. These shelters are faced with brick on the outside and consist within of one long graded spiral where the beds are placed side by side. I do not know how many thousand people make their homes in these shelters, but they are certainly an important section of contemporary Germany. There are shelters for families, wounded soldiers, expectant mothers and people in transit. In them, unobserved, you can hear Germany speak its real mind. That mind is not reassuring. Defeat has brought too many of the features foretold by Doctor Goebbels. The people are not interested in any party labels. Had they the will to democracy they would still lack the vitamins necessary to stimulate an interest in one's fate, instead of one's food. For the moment the Germans are waiting to follow a competent lead, and it is from Britain that they would most welcome it.

If we have a problem in the British zone, we also have an opportunity. If we could make life tolerable for its inhabitants, it could become the core round which a new Germany, the sort we desire, could rally. Bismarck built the Second Reich with blood and iron. Hitler built the Third with barbed wire and rubber truncheons. We can build with consistency and firmness. And we do not need an enormous occupation for an indefinite period. A few airfields, a Naval Party on the Kiel canal and, above all, that readiness to spring when Germany gets dangerous (which was so lamentably absent in 1933) would be a far safer and less costly method of keeping the peace.

HEIRS OF VIGILANCE

#### R. GLYNN GRYLLS

THERE is a type of character that arises again and again among men and women of the Anglo-Saxon race which cannot be described by any one name: it is in the Good Samaritans or Ouixotes who have ridden out all over the world to the rescue of humanity's underdogs, vigilant for their rights. Every nation has its humanitarians or philanthropists, but this extension of their activity beyond their own borders seems to be unique to the Anglo-Saxons. It may be scoffed at and its motives suspected, but it is something deep-rooted that must be allowed for in any attempt at understanding the national make-up. It was the Americans and the English after the last war who fed the starving children of Vienna: American and English Committees that had raised funds for the Greek war of independence in which Byron died; and in the great humanitarian causes they have names that stand together. William Lloyd Garrison by Wilberforce in the campaign against slavery, as James Russell Lowell in his protest against the Mexican war, has his place by fellow-writers and other Englishmen who have opposed this country's wars of aggression.

They have often been called hypocrites and busybodies by their enemies, these vigilants, and taunted with being 'the friends of every country but their own', for it is the essence of their fights for unpopular causes or peoples that they have to stand up against their own governments, with nothing to gain and everything to lose. And what thorns in the flesh of authority they have been!statesmen like Burke and Fox, Gladstone and Lloyd George rousing the conscience of the nation at inconvenient moments on behalf of 'far-off countries of which we know nothing'; or obscure missionaries like Carey in India continually agitating to get suttee abolished, or John Mackenzie in Africa pitting himself against Rhodes for the sake of the Bechuanas; or Bishop Colenso supporting the Zulus. And, in our own day, how troublesome to a laisser-faire Foreign Office was E. D. Morel with his Red Rubber campaign, showing up King Leopold's atrocious treatment of the natives in the Congo; or H. W. Nevinson, far exceeding his commission as a journalist, by his revelations of the conditions of slavery in the Portuguese cocoa plantations.

The verdict of history declares men like these to have been their country's truest friends, and



BYRON in his Grecian helmet

their protests her greatest pride. Sometimes in one lifetime we can see how public opinion comes round, as in the following comment from the Evening Standard on the meeting of Smuts, Churchill and Lloyd George at the height of the war: 'John Bright was as much concerned for the true fame of this people as any man, but his most superb oratory was unleashed in denunciation of the Crimean war. So it was, too, in the Boer war. The nation then was deeply divided, and none of the three who engaged in yesterday's meeting are thought lesser men for the part they played in those distant events.' What would the popular press have had to say of them at the time?

There have been many different ways in which the working of what is at bottom the same spirit has shown itself. It has been found in poets as much as in statesmen or men of action; and it has always cut across party and across class. Among those who have been vigilants in the political sphere, Burke must rank as the prototype for his championship of the American colonists in their revolt, and later for his part in that most extraordinary event in any Imperial history, the trial of Warren Hastings! Here was

a great pro-consul who had added miles of territory to the Empire and entirely re-organised her system of administration. He might well have expected to be received with honours and rewards instead of being subjected to a sevenyear trial which ruined him financially and broke his health and spirit. Whatever the motives of personal spite that undoubtedly moved some of his accusers, it was a fine hour when Parliament forebore to say: 'My pro-consul right or wrong.' And in the heritage of English literature, as Milton wore out his eyesight in the cause of liberty at home, so Swift's fiery mind burned itself out in indignation at the miseries of Ireland; and the poets, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Landor, the Brownings, Meredith, Swinburne, were inspired by great events happening in countries outside their own, and in turn awoke their countrymen to sympathy with them. They were of those:

> 'To whom the miseries of the world Are misery and will not let them rest.'

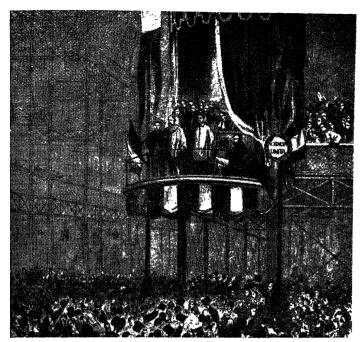
'And will not let them rest.' This impulse to action is the essentially English characteristic that Mazzini (perhaps our greatest refugee) recognised when he wrote: 'More than elsewhere is visible in individuals that unity of thought and action which is the pledge of all true greatness: every idea accepted by the intellect is sure to pass into the sphere of action.' He was a little optimistic and over-generous, for it is in getting the idea accepted that the main work of vigilants lies. They have to educate the public to insist on action from those in power. But if the impulse to action is a characteristic which we might expect in a sea-faring race with a taste for adventure and exploration, there are other elements besides. Something more than adventure turns the traveller into the Good Samaritan. It was a passion for 'riots and humours' for instance, that took Mary Kingsley to West Africa and made her an explorer and an anthropologist to be respected; but it was the indignation she felt at the injustice of the 'hut tax' that drove her on lecture tours to the provinces and made her a great woman. She hated the stuffy halls and longed to be back on 'the Coast' where she had first gone out from Cambridge, a late-Victorian spinster of thirty-five, carrying her umbrella, and dressed in the same clothes as she wore at home. Very practical they proved, too, for when she and her native bearer fell into a game pit, it was he who 'got a good deal frayed at the edges' while she was able 'to sit with impunity on ebony spikes a foot long in comparative comfort, howling lustily to be

hauled out.' The umbrella came in very useful when a hippopotamus threatened to upset her canoe, and she fended him off by tickling him behind the ear with it. Mary Kingsley, who should rank with Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale as a great Englishwoman, is strangely unknown, though her astringent wit and inspired commonsense make the accounts of her travels excellent reading. As an example of a 'Vigilant Abroad', it makes her fight with the home government all the more telling that she was an imperialist who believed that British rule had benefits to confer on backward races, though she would have no cant about the 'White Man's burden', and no sentimentality: 'All we need look to is justice,' she wrote. 'Love of our fellow-men, charity, mercy, we need not bother our heads about, so long as we are just. . . . This thing incorruptible England can give Africa, if England will only think.

In another sphere and on a very different plane: if adventure played only a small part in the mixture of boredom and craving for new limelight that took Byron to Greece, it was something more that made him stay there when he knew he was doomed; and that redeems all the shoddy elements in his character. By his death public opinion in England was shocked into demanding action from the Government to help the Greeks, and he gave their cause a glamour which it has never lost (and, oddly enough, won for this country a gratitude which has never been lost either!)

With the love of adventure readily goes that insistence on independence which inspired the revolts in English history against Rome and against the rule of the Stuarts, but that would not of itself guarantee sympathy for others, the 'nations rightly struggling to be free', as Gladstone hailed them. The extension of sympathy and assistance comes from that prime quality of the English people, their capacity to see the other man's point of view, and to demand fair play for it. It is part of that genius for compromise which has enabled them to fuse into a common culture the other races that make up the population, so that the term 'Englishman' covers many men who, like Carlyle's friend, John Sterling, have been 'Irish by birth, Scotch by extraction, essentially English by long residence and habit.

Very often in our history these qualities have been overlaid. Public ignorance or apathy has proved impregnable, and there have been failures of leadership and a lack of response in the people which has broken the hearts of heroes. And there have been imposters, too, among the vigilants—



GARIBALDI in London, 1864. A vast crowd welcomes him at the Crystal Palace

backsliders whose faith has turned sour because it was not nourished by generous emotion or kept sweet by integrity, and, easy to confuse with the militant crusader, the Soldier of Fortune who goes to other people's wars to have a look at them, and bring back loot or 'copy'; and most insidious in their influence, the sentimentalists, the perverted humanitarians who forget about the victim in their sympathy for the bully brought to justice, and, like the child in the Roman arena, complain that one poor lion has not got a Christian.

We can allow for them and also for the psychologists who explain away a motive in the terms of its opposite, so that the Good Samaritan becomes merely 'an exhibitionist Lady Bountiful'. Be that as it may, it cannot take away from the benefit received by the man who has been beaten up by the robbers, and left by the wayside, nor from the fact that the traveller who came to the rescue got nothing out of it for his trouble.

Another essential quality of this Anglo-Saxon Quixotism is not only its extension far afield but also the way it is backed up by public opinion at home. That is why I have called the

champions 'Heirs of Vigilance' because they enter into a heritage. They cannot do anything effective until they have aroused the same spirit that is latent in their fellow countrymen—the sense of adventure, the sympathy for independence, the demand for fair play. Their course is laid out under modern political conditions: the Rosinante they have to mount is any train or car that will take them over the country to address meetings, distribute propaganda and, most important of all, form committees. For it is the spade-work of organisation that is the back-bone of any campaign, and the men and women of goodwill who undertake it have not varied from generation to generation. The Friends of Poland after 1863, and the Friends of Italy at the time of the Risorgimento, formed their committees of much the same people as we see on similar organisations today: a sympathetic peer, several Left-Wing back-bench M.P.s, one or two writers, an enlightened and well-todo manufacturer. For the committee is the most significant English institution. It is because the Englishman can work it that he has succeeded in running his own country and imposing his

ideas of political democracy on half the world. A Celt or a Latin will usually wreck a committee by his impatience or his boredom with it, and no one can understand the working of the English body politic who does not appreciate this system as it operates in the Jury box, or in the Cabinet, or on the executive of any association, from a village sports club to a parish council.

It is a paradox that the most independent, most 'Protestant' of countries should be able to work the committee system with its essential rule of the majority, but we are up against paradoxes all the way. What is more curious, for instance, than that so 'insular' a nation should have such a record of enthusiasm for foreigners? There was the response to Gladstone's exposure of the Bulgarian and Armenian atrocities which was strong enough to overthrow a government, as in our own day the protests over the Hoare-Laval agreement for the betrayal of Abyssinia secured the dismissal of a Foreign Secretary. Alas! that the emotional wave had spent itself before Munich! Yet even in the apathy of the years before the war the dictators had the sense not to risk coming over here and sharing the fate of General Haynau, for when that Austrian General (and in those days Austrians were not always the gentle and charming people of Tyrolean fashions between the wars), who had put down the Italian and Hungarian revolts in the 1840s with considerable cruelty, came to London, he was set upon by the draymen at a brewery he visited. So lukewarm was Palmerston's official apology that the Austrian Ambassador sulked, and would not attend the Duke of Wellington's funeral; and Palmerston wrote privately to the Home Secretary: 'The draymen were wrong in the particular course they adopted. Instead of striking him which, however, by Koller's account they did not do much, they ought to have tossed him in a blanket, rolled him in the kennel and then sent him home in a cab, paying his fare to the hotel.'

And, on the other side of the picture, is the uproarious welcome that was given to Garibaldi, hero of the Redshirt Thousand. It proved so embarrassing to the government that they succeeded in confining him for the end of his visit to a nobleman's yacht, safely moored out of reach of popular demonstrations, though not before he had taken the train to Cornwall to see John Whitehead Peard at his home near Par. This militant Heir of Vigilance had gone out to fight for the Redshirts and had become known as 'Garibaldi's Englishman'. Dumas, in a passage half-ironic, half admiring, that is a typical French reaction to typical English 'madness', begins a

description of his campaigning with the words: 'Il avait declaré la guerre à l'Autriche, et se battait pour son compte.'

The journey to Par must have made Great Western history. Garibaldi got on at Slough, and Swindon was the first stop, where a luncheon party with formal addresses had been prepared in the refreshment room; but the crowd on the platform was too great for him to get there. People had swarmed over the line, up the flag ropes and along the girders, as well as on the roofs of the coaches, so that when the train at last managed to steam out of the station, it travelled three quarters of a mile before the last of the enthusiasts were shaken off. At Bristol the Mayor could not get near enough to shake hands, let alone present his Address, and it was one o'clock in the morning before Plymouth was reached, where excursion trains had been bringing in the crowds all day and thousands had been waiting for hours. At Par itself there was a triumphal arch at the station, another at the junction of Tywardreath and St. Blazey roads, and an extra large one past the New Inn bearing the inscription, 'Life to Garibaldi and his Englishman'. The Tywardreath bellringers had been called in to help the band of the Charlestown Volunteers entertain the crowds inside and outside the station, for the train was nearly a day and a half late. Telegrams began to arrive during the night to say that the Hero was not coming, but the people, who could scarcely believe in a railway (which many of them were seeing for the first time), certainly did not trust the new-fangled telegraph. They refused to go home, and their faith and patience were rewarded when the train at last steamed in and they could greet Garibaldi with cries of: 'There's the dear old fellow, God bless him.'

It is in these moments of expansion that a country is at its best, not when it contracts its sympathy or refuses to face responsibilities. We may be thankful that in the mean-souled years between the wars there were still some Heirs of Vigilance to carry on the tradition; M.P.s and other public men and writers who protested over Manchuria, Abyssinia and Czechoslovakia, and men of goodwill who served on the Committees which tried to raise funds for China, for Spain, for Jewish refugees. There are plenty of lame dogs for them to help over stiles now! Yet the individual can do nothing unless public opinion backs him up. The prevalent attitude of indifference to weakness, almost contempt for it, has to be turned into the generosity of Shelley, when he wrote: 'The poor and the weak are in this as Kings; they can do no wrong.'

# HUMAN IDEALS AND HUMAN PROGRESS

The third of three articles on Science, Ethics and Religion

### C. H. WADDINGTON, Biologist, author of 'Science and Ethics'

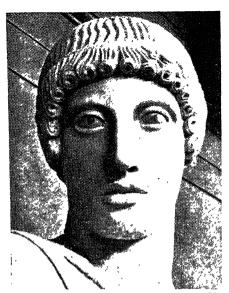
OUR Victorian great-grandfathers were quite confident that mankind had progressed, was progressing, and would continue to progresstowards some goal which was left rather vague. but was certainly resplendent, comfortable and estimable. Alas for human complacency! The period of commercial and industrial domination which the Victorians inaugurated led not to Utopia, but to two world wars and a world depression. The standard of life of the upper classes fell; international rivalries increased; crimes were committed by the state or its agents which public opinion in Europe would not have tolerated during the last three or four hundred years. 'Progress' became, to the intellectuals and the bourgeoisie, a word of which to be afraid, a subject for sneers and superior smiles. For the Nazis it was the openly-avowed enemy. There had been no true progress, they maintained, certainly since the French Revolution, and probably not since the days of. Thor and Woden; anything that had been called progress during this time was something of which they

disapproved. These are sentimental reactions. The reality, the nature and the direction of human evolution are too important to be dismissed in a fit of pique at the misfortunes of a few decades out of all Man's long history. To reach a more convincing verdict, we must adopt a more scientific attitude. We must view the progress of Man as the biologist views that of any other animal—in terms of the whole history of the species, or group of species. We can go back to the earliest members of the human family, the ape-men of Java, Peking and Piltdown. The biologist will see this human story against a background of the geological evolution of fish, amphibia, reptiles, mammals, and the whole long line of Man's forerunners, which was discussed in my article in World Review last month. As we saw in that article, Man's evolution is, in a very important way, different in kind from that of other animals. He has invented a new mechanism of heredity—the transmission of civilisation to his

descendants by writing, teaching, artistic creation: all the techniques which have been made possible by conceptual thought and language. This new mechanism does not, indeed, affect the handingon of physical characters, such as larger heads or longer legs. In that respect, Man still relies on the same processes as other animals. Yet the new method has made such changes in physical structure of comparatively minor importance. When Man took to agriculture, he did not have to wait a few million years for his hands to evolve into efficient digging instruments (in the course of which they would have necessarily lost many other skills); he invents the spade, the plough, and the tractor, and teaches his children how to make and use them.

The essential feature of human evolution is. then, that it is a process dependent on Man's social life, which alone makes possible this new substitute for normal heredity. Now the human form of society belongs to a type which is rather uncommon among other animals. It is, of course, not developed in any other animal to a condition in the slightest comparable with that found in Man, and is, in fact, a type which is only found in a rather rudimentary form in other species. The more highly developed non-human societies, such as those of ants or bees, are of a different kind. They are essentially enlarged families, all the individuals being derived from one original mother (though there may be more than one father). The mechanism of their social life is for each individual to react to a few simple situations by one or other of a few simple routines. These routine reactions are rather rigidly fixed. If an ant comes into the world as a worker ant, it behaves as a worker, with a very minimum of adjustment to any peculiar circumstances there may have been in its life-history. There is some evidence that bees go through a certain amount of learning before they get their routines quite straight, but in most insect societies, the forms of behaviour seem to be inborn and 'instinctive', with no necessary period of learning at all.

Human society is very unlike this. Non-human



I. Archaic Man. A portrait of a Greek warrior—a powerful, apparently uncomplicated adolescent, given to fits of 'divine rage'—the character the Germans still admire

models for it are to be sought in such groupings as shoals of fish, rookeries or herds of deer. Here the inborn patterns of behaviour, if they exist at all, are very feebly developed, and would not in themselves enable the society to function. The forces which keep the society going arise de novo, within each member of it, as a result of the interactions between the different individuals. Man's society is of the same kind. Nothing, or at least very little, can be attributed to the influence of any kind of 'social instinct'. Social behaviour must be learnt in each generation. In practice the necessary lessons begin to be impressed on a child from a very early age. Long before a baby can speak, it is involved in social relations with its parents, nurse or other members of the family. It begins to pick up the essential paradox on which human social life is founded—the lesson that the enrichment of the individual personality depends on the existence and enrichment of society, and this in its turn demands a certain sacrifice of one's own individual desires in order not to infringe too much on the individuality of others.

It is from these early experiences of social life, the psychologists tell us, that we form the basis of our ideas of good and evil. In our earliest years we cannot, of course, formulate clearly and straightforwardly the lessons we learn. They are distorted by failure to understand, by feelings of helplessness and weakness in comparison with our glorious, beloved and all-powerful parents. Our ethical beliefs, therefore, tend even in later life to appear as a somewhat unco-ordinated jumble of very strong but sometimes conflicting injunctions. If, however, we look at their origin, we see that essentially their function in our life is to enable society to persist, and that they do this in a way which leads to a society which is characteristically human rather than ant-like—one in which the development of social life can only proceed hand in hand with the development of the individuals composing 1t.

In a previous article in this series I argued that the whole evolution of animal life on the earth shows a general tendency for the increase of these two things—the richness of individual experience and, in the late stages of evolution, the development of society. If we look at the broad outline of human history, it is obvious that Man has been enormously successful in carrying forward these trends. Six or seven thousand years ago, human society consisted of small scattered groups, each group probably a family, wandering perpetually over the face of an untamed earth in the exacting, never-ending search for food. And what experience would the individual's life contain? He would be immersed in Nature, in its cold rain or warm sun, its mud and dust, the swamps and tangled undergrowth of undrained land or the tumbled rocks of the uplands, and it is clear from Stone Age paintings that at least the animals made a vivid impression of beauty on his senses. Yet his moments of leisure must have been few, and in them he had no more comfort than that provided by a fire in the open or in a cave. His knowledge must have been minute, reaching very little beyond his own discoveries in the narrow region of time and space which he himself explored. His was a life without books, concerts or museums.

But even there the small family groupings required some moral feelings which persuaded the young men to accept such wisdom as their elders had to offer. And already this social mechanism had carried Man far beyond the capacities of any animal. It is easy to see, in monkeys and apes, the germs out of which the human achievement has been developed. These creatures have two great advantages over most animals. Their eyes are capable of seeing small things very clearly, and lie in the front of their face, so that both eyes can be focused on the same object, thus enabling the distance to be judged by the degree of convergence required. Secondly, the monkey's hand, with



2. The effort to construct an indestructible personality. An early head, in granite, from Egypt

its opposable thumb, is capable of much more accurate and complicated manipulations than are the paws of any other animal. These two faculties make possible for the first time a delicate exploration of the world, and an analysis of complicated objects into simpler bits and pieces. But it is clear that a third element, the social life which leads to the formation of language and the handing on of knowledge, was necessary before the possibilities of the monkey's hand and eve could be effectively used. Even Stone Age Man in his primitive groupings had gone some way in this direction. He had took and fire, and the fact that these tools follow fashions, which characterise a given region for long periods of time, shows that his stone axes and arrowheads were not inventions of individuals but were social products depending on knowledge and skill handed on from generation to generation.

Thus one of the first evolutionary advances which Man's ethical sense made possible was the social development of a repertoire of tools and techniques. Parallel with this there must have been the formulation of definite ideas, and the invention of words to symbolise them. Such a marriage of technique and concept is the origin of science. The development of science is thus one of the lines of advance which Man's ethical ideas have encouraged; and if we wish to obtain guidance from the past as to the broad outlines of our future strivings, this is one of the most clearly favoured directions. The ease with which



3. A real human individual, a rarity in Egyptian art. Head of the Pharaoh Akhenaten

this can be recognised is, however, somewhat of an accident. It depends on the fact that tools and techniques can be discovered in ruined and abandoned habitations in which nothing is left from which we can build up a picture of the human relationships and social organisation of our very early ancestors. One may easily be tempted by this to give the development of science even more value than it possesses. The exploration of the world we live in, the working out of theories to explain it, and the invention of tools and methods to control and manipulate it—these are without doubt among the supreme achievements of Man. But there are others, If we had as clear evidence about Man's emotional and spiritual life as we have about his material skill, we might well find that his advances in those fields were no less remarkable than in the domain of scientific knowledge.

Since we cannot in the nature of the case have any direct evidence on the mental life of early Man, we can only make guesses about it by analogy with things we can study at the present day. Our best clues are the observation of the social life of apes, and the study of primitive savages, who, although they have as long a history behind them as we have, seem to lag behind and may be not too dissimilar from their ancestors. There is no space to repeat in detail the descriptions which have been given by anthropologists and animal psychologists. I will only indicate three main conclusions which seem to be

the most important facts about the condition from which Man started his social development.

I. Social groups were very small in numbers. There were probably no large units, comparable with shoals of fish or flocks of birds. In the apes, the group consists of little more than one male, with the few females over which he can keep control, and perhaps one or two youngish male hangers-on. Among primitive tribes, even those who live in settled communities often have no groupings larger than a tiny village of a hundred or so people, who may speak quite a different language from their nearest neighbours.

2. Social relations were of only a few kinds, and those rather empty of anything we would call insight or sympathy. Thus among apes there are only two main social relationships: sex, which among them is a fairly direct response to periodic changes in hormones; and grooming, a relation in which two animals of either sex sit together and clean each other's fur. Among savages, social relations tend to be rather highly formalised, so that all social behaviour is codified into a number of stereotyped situations—a man knows exactly how he has to behave to his mother's brother's eldest son, and so on throughout the family tree. Since in these small communities nearly everyone is related to everyone else, that means that practically every social contact falls into a pre-determined pattern. Such a system is bound to present less opportunities for a varied social life than anything we can easily conceive.

3. The members of society had little sense of their own individuality, and less of other people's. Among apes this is obvious—for instance, an ape mother will nurse a stuffed baby as happily as her own offspring. Among savages the individual is very often nothing more than a unit in a continuing tribal life. He may have the same name as one of his grandfathers or greatgrandfathers, and be hardly thought of as distinct from him. This does not mean that savages have not individual characters-they probably differ, innately, as much from each other as we do. But these innate differences are considered of no account, and have little room to unfold their characteristic features within the narrow limits set by tribal laws and practices.

No one will doubt that modern societies have progressed a long way from these beginnings. They are much bigger; they allow of much more varied relationships; the individuals are much more differentiated from one another and attach greater importance to their own personalities. These are, then, all directions of development which men have, on the whole, considered good,



4. An unknown man of the Renaissance—alert and individual. By Pollaiuolo

and striven for. They are thus parts of the ethical system which science would support. Yet the principles we have deduced are still only broad outlines. We can go further. Two of the crucial ethical problems of today are to judge how far large-scale social organisation is in conflict with the importance of the individual personality, and to decide on the relative values of technical skill as compared with emotional or aesthetic experience. Can a study of Man's history give any guidance in either of these respects? I think so. Let us take first the question of the community versus the individual.

The development of large societies, and that of highly differentiated individuals (the first and third of the trends mentioned above) did not go on smoothly and in step during history. The earliest large societies were those based on the agriculture of the fertile valleys of the Nile and the two rivers of Mesopotamia. The art of Egypt is itself enough to demonstrate that the individual, as such, was of little importance in these civilisations. This art is, with a tell-tale over-emphasis, devoted almost entirely to the glory of one individual (the King) out of the many; in the richer periods, a few other noble lords and ladies are also celebrated. But the emphasis is on their





5. Artists—inquiring, observing and alive to countless subtle relations in what they see. On the left: self-portrait by Filippino Lippi (end of the fifteenth century); on the right: Gauguin (end of the nineteenth century)

nobility and rank, and not on their personality. Very few of the statues give the impression of being recognisable portraits; and since their avowed object was to immortalise their subject, this is evidence that, although the Egyptians were beginning to try to realise individuality as a luxury perquisite of their rulers, they were scarcely able to do so. When, for a short time, a Pharaoh (Akhenaten) with a real sense of personality encouraged a more vital art (and religion), the contrast is startling.

The individual personality first became highly prized, in smaller and less settled groups, such as the Homeric warriors, or Norse Vikings. In nearly all cases these were martial societies. The individual was at first valued mainly for his prowess in dominating others in the essentially anti-social activity of fighting. At this stage, individuality and community were clearly antagonistic. One of the greatest of human inventions was the discovery of how to get out of this impasse. It was only very partially, or very temporarily, made outside Europe. The Indians under Asoka, or in the hey-day of the Guptas, may have grasped it for a time; but in general their civilisations have been either autocratic, based on the domination of a few (who were often invaders),

or amorphous mass movements without the stiffening of craggy individualists. The Chinese reached a stable solution, but one which valued individualism only in rather superficial matters; their buffoons were characters, but their sages and statesmen all look alike. Similarly, the Japanese quite early developed a most subtle apprehension of personality in its relations to love, scenery, lyric poetry, music and so on (for instance in the novels of Lady Murasaki); but they did this, not by a synthesis, but by leaving relations of social responsibility out of the picture, so that their cult of the individual became merely a pastime of an ornamental court which faded from the scene of history, leaving the stage to a social system which valued individuality as little as any of which we know.

It was in the Mediterranean basin that the foundations were laid of a social system which encouraged the development of the individual personality without basing this too exclusively

on relations of dominance.

The main foundations were three in number. The most important was the Christian conception of the value of the individual. This differed fundamentally from the individualisms of previous times, since in the Christian's eyes, the



An artistic statement about the evils
of poverty. A drawing by Picasso.
(Compare with scientific statement on
next page)

value of an individual was not to be judged by his social eminence, his position in a hierarchy of power or his success in competing with his fellows. The value in which Christians were interested was of a spiritual nature; and, imprecise though the concept of spirituality might be, at least it implicitly recognised many more varieties of excellence than did the power-worship of Homeric times, and indeed specifically curbed the emphasis on domination which almost invariably acts so as to impoverish the body of social relations.

But the Christian religion, though perhaps the most vital, was not the only important element in the new social outlook. It attached little importance to the intellect, Man's most powerful tool; and the new movement could not attain its full stature until the older Greek idea of freedom of intellectual inquiry was added to the mixture. Again, Christianity was originally an Oriental, other-worldly religion. The value of the individual might have remained a concept which applied not to this world but to some future one, had not another current joined the stream—the Roman practice of world government, which brought the new types of thought down to the hard bedrock of actual affairs.

So far as one can see, it is only by the coordinated development of all three tendencies that the new dimension for human life can be opened up. The Ancient World just failed to do it, and Man's evolution went into the incubation period of the Dark Ages.

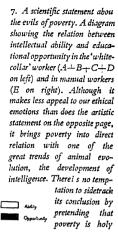
When it awoke again at the Renaissance, a partial, in fact a very considerable, success was rapidly achieved. Within a fairly short time,

from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. free intellectual inquiry pushed in all directions as never before; the individual ceased to be a mere cipher among many similars, and became a much richer, more differentiated character relying largely on his own conscience; and society gradually evolved into the large nationstate, organised on a more or less democratic system which required that all the diverse individuals should play some part in its maintenance. The new synthesis, so far as it went, was strikingly successful in carrying on the fundamental secular trends of human evolution. The development of science, for instance, bounded forward at an increased speed which can only be compared with a change of gear. The essential mechanism of human society, the training of the young and the handing-on of knowledge to succeeding generations, was improved out of all recognition by the invention of printed books, the founding of popular schools, the abolition of slavery and the lightening of peasant labour and so on.

The new system was by no means perfect. It reached its acme perhaps in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Now some of its imperfections have come to the surface, and we need to take a new step forward. The nature of the difficulties is fairly well recognised. There are two basic ones. In the first place, men can see a possible richness of individual life which many of them cannot reach because they are not able to play a large enough part in social, and particularly economic, organisation. And secondly, the human communities are not large enough; there

are important human relationships-particularly those between nations-which are on a scale bigger than any with which our social organisations can cope. The present situation is that we must either transcend these difficulties by a new evolutionary advance as marked as that of the Renaissance, or they will destroy most of the progress we have already made. Against the background of Man's whole history, there seems to me no doubt as to the direction in which the new step must be taken. We must try to achieve simultaneously both a closer organisation which enables every man to play a greater part in social affairs, and a richer life for every individual member of society. This would mean an organisation at once more totalitarian (in the sense that more social relations were regulated by the community) and more democratic (in the sense that every man had a greater influence in determining social action). This is, of course, a Left policythe policy which, at least until the last war, on the whole appears in a Social-democrat form in countries which have been through the Renaissance, and a Communist form in countries which have not. In my opinion, the scientific study of human ethics can only lead to the conclusion that the relevant ideal at the present time lies in this direction. Within the field of these two political movements there are, of course, very important questions still to be decided; but they turn on a detailed analysis of the present situation in various countries which it would be inappropriate to try to go into here. In a general discussion such as this, we must be content not to press this line of argument further than the conclusion that, so far from large-scale organisation being inimical to individual development, it is an essential pre-requisite today for the evolution of a richer personal life.

Human evolution is not, of course, entirely a matter of the inclusiveness and closeness of social bonds. It also depends on their nature, and that brings us back to the second of the two questions raised earlier on page 32, the value of emotional and æsthetic experience. It is often suggested that these aspects of Man's life are outside the purview of science, and that from a scientific standpoint one can find no grounds for attributing any great value to them. But, as I have argued above, the prime scientific fact about Man is that he has developed a new mechanism of evolution which depends on the formation of societies knit together by the ethical beliefs of their members; and Man's emotional life is nothing else than the type of experience which such societies involve. An increasing richness of emotional life is necessarily implied



by the gradual improvement of this human evolutionary system, and is no less a 'scientific' value than a deepening scientific knowledge. We can see examples of such increasing richness even within the short span of recorded history. For instance, consider sexual love. To the primitive savage, a woman is scarcely more than a labourer in the fields, a preparer of food, and a means of relieving sexual tension. A wife may be bought, or captured in war, or decided on by tribal laws which specify a particular relation. For long ages she was primarily a commodity, valued either like a horse for her labour-power, or like pearls, silks or wine as a titbit of luxury. Perhaps first among the Greeks we begin to find sex combined with a deeper interest and insight into the human personality—and there this new richness was largely associated with homosexual relations. It was, in fact, mainly the Provençal troubadours of mediæval France who invented romantic love as we know it, in which the sexual urge becomes a catalyst to stimulate the deepest sympathy between two many-sided and complex individuals. Such development of emotional life is no less significant for the scientific theory of value than the parallel evolution of science. It is less easy to see clearly, from the scientific standpoint, the undoubted value of æsthetic experience. This is probably because we understand so little about it. There seem to be two things mixed together in most æsthetic experiences. The more elementary of the two is a peculiar, almost physiological magic. What is it that makes a certain sequence of notes into a good tune, a certain arrangement of lines into a satisfying drawing: I don't think anyone has an idea. But the Stone Age cave drawings, and the music and dancing of primitive peoples, suggest that the purely æsthetic sense has hardly altered during Man's history. It is not so much an evolutionary value as a basic attribute, like his appreciation of colour as 'gayer' than drab grey. But this pure element is only one aspect of most works of art. A sonnet by Shakespeare contains not only word-magic, but also the distillation of a rich and sensitive social life. So, in rather more subtle forms, do the paintings of Raphael and the sonatas of Beethoven. Although it is difficult to express precisely how such masterpieces are connected with relations between people, I think introspection, and observation of the kind of men who do appreciate them, suggests very strongly that they are. In so far as this constitutes a part of their value, it is a part which the scientific approach I have outlined can completely endorse.

To an unprejudiced examination of human affairs, the emotional development of Man is of just as much importance as the acquisition of new knowledge and technique. But it is given much less conscious thought. The material sciences are easier than the profound study of personal relationships, and we tend to concentrate on them too much. The town-planners know that the rehousing problem is not merely a matter of finding the bricks or concrete, designing laboursaving kitchens and efficient plumbing, but also of encouraging a rich, happy and varied social life. But how little scientific study is devoted to finding out what factors do encourage this? We are still at the shockingly elementary stage of arguing for or against community centres; even for that, we have very little evidence to go on, and nobody could consider it a matter that touches a very deep level of life compared with the subject-matter of even quite an ordinary novel. A truly scientific system of values, far from considering such things as trivialities, would give far more importance to them than we usually do.

If this conclusion were accepted as a guiding principle in the development of science, we should have to set seriously to work to build up the science which might collaborate with the artists, writers and religious thinkers who are concerned with the deeper values of social life. There is no question that, in most fields, science would remain a junior partner for some time at least—perhaps for ever. It is instructive to recollect the types of social progress which have been made in Man's history, and to consider what kind of science would have been necessary to have

stimulated them. I think many of the major advances-such as the importance of intellectual enquiry checked by experiment, and the value of the individual personality—could have been arrived at by science according to the lines of argument which have been discussed in this article. But there are many fundamental steps within this framework which it seems unlikely that science would have succeeded in discovering. For instance, the invention of romantic sexual love introduced into social relations a quite new and rather unforeseeable element which, it seems to me, is very unlikely to have been thought of by a scientific analysis of human life. Science can refine and clarify such ideas, just as it is now doing for the relations of parents to children. But the non-scientific human faculties—the intuition or insight which we usually use in our relations with other people—have an enormous start over science in the consideration of social contacts, and it is most probable that radically new concepts of the value of individuals will continue to be discovered mainly by these faculties rather than by strict analysis.

It may seem, then, that even if science were to try to collaborate with the humanities, it might have rather a little to offer. I believe that, while this may be to some extent the case when we consider only the relations between individuals, there is another aspect of social affairs in which the contribution of science could be much more important. The technical developments of the last hundred years have created new types of social interaction, and therefore social responsibility, between large populations. In the days of sailing ships and horse transport, English men had little connection with a famine in India, because they could do little about it. Before the days of refrigeration and pasteurisation, there were few sharply defined ethical questions concerned in the cleanliness of milk supplies in cities. Nowadays, we have to organise social practices in relation to things. We have to deal with essential interactions between large masses of individuals. none of whom may know each other personally. This is a situation for which our humanistic insight is not adapted. It marks, however, the emergence of a new stage of social evolution perhaps as fundamental as the Renaissance. And, because of the very fact that humanist modes of thought belong to the older type of society, I suggest that for dealing with these new problems we shall have to rely quite considerably on scientific study. If this is so, the contributions of science to social ethics will be by no means so trivial as they might seem to the humanists at first sight.

## LIVING WITH EUROPE'S ONLY MONGOLS

#### FRANK ILLINGWORTH

'THIS Hitler! Is he as great a man as our poet, Johann Turri?'

Amazing as it seems, I heard these words uttered within fifty hours' journey of Berlin in a Polar-tortured district destined to shudder beneath the impact of total war before another

year had passed—in Lapland.

The speaker was Jonas-the-Wolfhunter-a man of the 'tundra', which stretched from his tent in an easterly direction right across the roof of the world towards Arctic Siberia. Jonas' reindeer pulkas (sledges) arrived at Karasuando. 300 miles north of the Polar Circle, just as I stepped from the bus which for the last four hours I had shared with the frozen body of a nomad bound for some northern tribal burialground. Further journeying into the eye-high blizzard could be accomplished only with dogteams or reindeer-sledges.

And now I was in Jonas' tent and sipping a foul concoction comprising coffee, flavoured with salt and reindeer fat, listening to Mrs. Jonas describe a motor car as a 'pulka which moves without the help of reindeer.' Jonas' brother, a 'collectivised' herdsman, had seen one at Murmansk.

The Lapp's hut or tent is his castle. I heard in the south that, though one may enter a nomad's tent uninvited—for to lack shelter in the Arctic can mean death-it is bad etiquette to step across the log just inside the flap. The space 'tween log and flap comprises the 'hall'! Go in; and until you're invited to step over it, sit on the log. You'll not be 'noticed' until the tent's occupants are ready to welcome you.

Thus, when I first entered the Jonas' tent, it was to sit on the log, and watch my hostess (to be) preparing for my arrival just like any suburban housewife. Taking the crib from its hook on the wall, Mrs. Jonas fed her infant by pressing the crib to her. Lapp children are so tightly swaddled that many are suffocated. She arranged the 'floor furs' (fit to make our womenfolk's eyes glisten!) neatly, stirred the fire, thereby sending showers of sparks through the hole at the tent's apex, stirred a saucepan—generally tidying up like any woman expecting a guest. During this procedure I was ignored. Officially, I



A youthful Swedish Finn wearing an attractive Lapp winter costume

hadn't arrived; and only when Jonas returned from tending his deer was I welcomed across

Etiquette had been satisfied. I was not a

complete outsider.

The part these nomads played in the war is not fully understood. Finland's Lapp population fought no less fiercely than the 'collectivised' nomads of the Soviet's Kola peninsular. Not only did the Lapps fight with rifles. In 1940 Norway's nomads acted as tundra and mountain guides to British, French and Norwegian troops, while after war came to the Arctic, Finnish and Russian Lapps supplied Axis and Soviet troops with guides, furs and reindeer products. That he will kill his reindeer is a measure of the Lapp's loyalty to the country he roams, for how would the nomad get along without his deer? He wouldn't! In 1939 Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish and Russian Lapland had a million reindeer.



A wizened old Lapp woman with a cargo of furs for sale at the great Spring Fair

But war has reduced their numbers considerably, and the Lapp, recalling how in the past wolves and epidemics have decimated his herds, must be worried—worried because these antiered heads are the King-pin in Arctic affairs.

There are seals on the coast, and the frozen flesh of mammoths, which the icy soil has kept fresh for 200 centuries. There are elk, bear, wolves, ptarmigan to kill and eat. But it is on his reindeer that the Lapp relies for his existence. He may own herds thousands strong—in which case he is a Lapp millionaire. He may boast only a few score sets of antlers. But either way he looks to his reindeer for everything from food to transport.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of his herds in the Lapp's life. They offer the only means of transport in an almost roadless country. They provide pelts with which Mrs. Lapp makes clothes, shoes and bedding, and bone and tendons to serve as needles and thread. To their reindeer the Lapp and his family turn for meat, milk and butter; with them the nomad buys his wife; and with those her father gives her at birth, the young girl catches a husband.

So it has been for untold centuries. It comes therefore as a shock to learn that only in comparatively recent times has the nomad learned to milk his deer.

'It seems it never occurred to the Lapps to drink milk until a nomad returned home from a bartering expedition to the south, with strange tales of a peculiar white fluid secured from straight-horned reindeer [cows],' said a Finnish engineer. 'And his news set every Lapp with a hind furiously experimenting!'

If it took the Lapps so many centuries to learn the trick of milking his hinds, how long, one asks, did it take him to develop from hunter to herdsman?

Not long ago Russian scientists found in a White Sea cavern Stone Age drawings of little men hunting reindeer. This is our earliest record of the Lapps. Across the top of the world from Mongolia they trekked in the wake of migrating reindeer; and if in time they changed from hunters to herdsmen, they still have no option but to follow their herds.

Autumn's chill winds strike the ffels (hills) and prod the animals into movement. From ffels to forests antlered heads surge. Once again Mr. and Mrs. Lapp strike camp, thong their children to the pulkas, and migrate with the herds to winter in the forests.

I'll never forget my first experience with reindeer. Stepping into my pulka at Karasuando, I set off in Jonas' wake, across the tundra into an eye-high Polar blast. 'It's easy enough to drive a reindeer,' I heard in the south, 'if you let the animal have it's head.' Perhaps so! But I had but to touch the solitary rein-which one had to flip across the animal's back from flank to flank—for the little brute to capsize me into the drifts. Time and again this happened. And each time the crimson pompom atop Jonas' head grew smaller in the distance. 'Don't worry if you fall off,' a Finnish engineer had said. 'The rein's attached to your wrist, and your weight on it will stop the reindeer.' Yes, but what happens when the wrist-thong snaps? Well, if a skittish horse in a field offers a problem, how much more difficult is it to catch a skittish reindeer in the middle of Arctic Lapland, and in mid-winter darkness? Of Jonas there was no sight! Presumably he thought I was still following him. There was I, a lone Briton, lost in the middle of a Polar waste! However, just as I captured the reindeer, a tiny flame flickered on the horizona beacon kindled by the nomad from a pile of 'reindeer moss'.

You will find many wealthy Lapps have given up their nomadic existence. 'Round-up' days, when the deer are branded, see them taking a hand with the herds, but otherwise they live



Lapps on guard at a frontier outpost

comfortably in wooden houses, while paid herdsmen follow the deer from forest to fjel, and fjel to forest. However, of the 80,000 Lapps in Arctic Scandinavia and Russia's frigid Kola Peninsular, the great majority are nomads.

Winter is a busy time. Pulkas must be prepared for the coming spring trek to the mountains; tents and fur clothing repaired; milk turned into cheese; dried food stored in the 'larder'—a cage placed on poles beyond the reach of bear and wolf; and, of course, the deer have to be protected against wolves. In addition, there are all the squabbles of the previous summer to be settled in 'parliament'.

In a shed at Asele I attended one of these important conferences. A dozen wise old Lapps faced the *Lappfroge* (Government-appointed agent—a Russian, Finn, Swede or Norwegian) sitting at a deal table. Carefully he judged, while a horde of Lapp women, children and dogs chatted, played, and fought at the far end of the shed.

First item on the agenda featured compensation to be paid for the 'illegal slaughter of a deer by wild lynx'—the former's 'marked' ear being drawn by a Lapp from inside his shirt (where he carries his meat, cup and kindling tundra-moss) to prove ownership. The agent settled a dozen such problems before there came the final, startling question. It was this:

'Can the foreign man (the writer) arrange for a group of us to tour his country?'

It seemed these strange people knew all about the circus! Had they heard of Bertram Mills and Sanger, one wondered? Anyhow, I had been selected as a likely agent.

The incongruous is always popping up in Lapland. For example, one day as I entered a Lapp school in a blizzard-lashed world 300 miles north of the Polar Circle, the children burst into 'Land of Hope and Glory'! News of my coming had flashed across the tundra ahead of me, and the Norwegian schoolmistress—a ravishing blonde—taught her class to half-sing, half-recite the tune parrot-like!

This was a boarding-school. Children too small to leave 'home' stay behind to help with the work—the girls staying round the tent or 'house, the boys 'helping' father with the dogs and herds—but the older ones are dropped off at the school when the *pulkas* swish down from the *fjels* in Autumn.

Spring returns. Rivulets run across the reindeers' feet. Sunshine replaces the Aurora Borealis.



A typical Finmark landscape. A forest inspector with his reindeer and miniature sleigh is on his way to Bossekop, the Lapp 'capital'

Soon, 'the fly' which, laying eggs in the deers' skin, kills thousands of animals, will be humming, and forest and tundra will soften into one vast, almost impenetrable bog. Instinctively the herds turn towards the dry, cool places where there's no 'fly'. Once again Mr. and Mrs. Lapp root up their tents, load their pulkas, and call at the school en route for the fjels in the wake of surging herds.

Summer has come. Winter saw the children learning to count, read a little, and perhaps write. But this is summer, and between playing 'wolves and reindeer', they learn how to herd the deer and kill the bear and wolf.

Watch the Lapp's eyes narrow on mention of the word varg—wolf! They kill his reindeer, and he hates them as much as he loves his herd's protectors—reindeer dogs, the scruffy-looking Lapp-spitz.

The nomad treats his dogs as his equals. Many centuries ago (the Lapps tell you), in the days when man and dog shared a common tongue, the King of the wild dogs watched a Lapp trying to round up his herd. The nomad had only recently turned from hunter to herdsman, and he was having difficulty with his reindeer. The dog was hungry. Couldn't he and the man come to an agreement beneficial to both?

'If you make me three promises,' said the dog, 'I and my kind will look after your deer

for ever. Promise to feed us when there's food available, never to beat us when we're tired, and to hang us when we're too old to work for you.'

'I promise,' said the Lapp. The bargain has never been broken either by dog or man; and the nomads see nothing sacrilegious in taking the guardians of their herds to church with them. Women and children share pews on one side of the aisle; men sit on the other, while the dogs lounge at the back. Inevitably there are fights. Growls, snarls, and virile balls of ferocity leap at each other's throats—whereupon prayers are suspended, while the worshippers quell the riot!

More than once I've had to leave the pulpit to help separate fighting dogs,' the Lutheran pastor of a Lapp church said to me.

This same pastor told me one of the most poignant tales to come out of the Arctic in recent years. A tale demonstrating the simplicity of the Lapp's outlook, and the ferocity of the Arctic.

'One spring,' said the pastor, 'a young Lapp couple decided to marry. The girl had a dowry of reindeer; the boy had tents, dogs, pulkas and a herd. However, it was impossible to make the several-hundred-miles journey across the marshes to church, so the young couple decided to set up house and postpone the wedding until autumn froze the earth. All would have been well had wolves and 'the fly' not attacked the reindeer, and an epidemic not struck the settlement. Among those to die of influenza was the young man's mother. Burying her beneath piles of stone as protection against wolves, he settled down until the epidemic passed. Starvationwhen wolves dispersed the herds-followed. And before the young couple arrived at my church, with the groom-to-be's dead mother strapped to a pulka, a baby arrived. So I had the unusual experience of marrying the young couple, baptising their child, and burying the old lady, all in one breath. Then I had to give them a wedding present of reindeer on which to found their future."

These are the people whose land has been the scene of bitter fighting from Narvik to Murmansk. I recall Jonas-the-Wolfhunter's description of a tank. 'A tank,' he said, 'is a pulka which travels without reindeer.' Asked to describe an aeroplane, a wise old man of the Kola tundra said: 'A plane is a great bird, mightier than the white eagle, which goes "BRRRR" across the heavens.'

That was in 1939. Within a few months the nomads of the North saw many planes and tanks add to the difficulties of their life.



Summer night with alabaster goddesses

HILDING LINNQVIST

## MODERN SWEDISH PAINTING

#### J. P. HODIN

One of the happiest developments in European art has been that of Sweden, which in the course of the last two decades has become a nation of painters. Painting is the leading Swedish art, both in achievement and in popularity. One must have experienced an afternoon in Stockholm when new exhibitions are being opened and people are streaming from one gallery to another in order to appreciate the extent of public interest in the visual arts, and in particular in painting.

This has not come about spontaneously: behind so much enthusiasm there lies much devoted organising work, an educational urge, and a firm faith in the value and significance of art. Both the state and the municipalities encourage art; the various artists' associations, the State League of Art, and the museums are all actively concerned in the organisation of exhibitions and lectures. Art is no longer the privilege of a thin stratum of connoisseurs, but is part of the wealth of the

whole nation, and those who buy modern pictures are not merely collectors and the intelligentsia, but the middle-classes and workers. Criticism is of a high standard and is given a good deal of space in newspapers and magazines. In the year of crisis, 1932, a group of artists resolved to take over the organisation of exhibitions and the publicising of their work themselves; in this way the dealers were to a large extent eliminated and direct contact established with the public. Big industrial firms have formed Art Associations, with whose help their factories and offices are provided with works of art; cafés and restaurants are decorated with good-quality pictures; architects work hand-in-hand with painters in the decoration of new buildings; and the Co-operative Societies are also extremely active in the patronage of art.

This great development of modern Swedish painting began in 1885 with the revolt against the



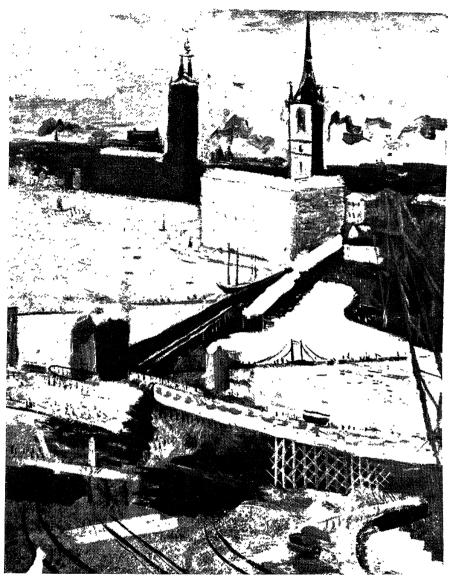
Royal Academy of Art. It was a revolt against the academic style, against teaching by means of plaster casts from classical originals instead of from nature, against the conventionally dark style of painting in imitation of the Old Masters, against the 'gallery tone' of the Düsseldorf School and its sentimentally idyllic or romantic-historical themes, and against the cult of Rome. The Opposition painters discovered Paris as the fons et origo of new art. At their head stood a painter of genius, Ernst Josephson, whose ambition was to create a new art that would be worthy to stand beside that of the Old Masters. However, the task he set himself was beyond his strength; his mind became deranged, and he finally lapsed into schizophrenia. Only in the last years of his life did he paint pictures that gave full rein to his passionate temperament. Only then, when he had escaped the tyranny of the great whom he had taken as his models, was he able to let his imagination run free, producing a large quantity of drawings of great power and originality, which, like so much else, have left traces in the work of Picasso. At the same time he produced coloursketches and oil-paintings on a large scale, among which the portrait of Ludwig Josephson, 1893, is

the first example of expressionist portrait-painting in modern art. Ernst Josephson's significance for the evolution of Swedish art lies in his revolutionary urge. Both by his striving for quality and by his expressiveness he has had a decisive influence on succeeding generations of painters.

One of Josephson's outstanding contemporaries was C. F. Hill. His landscapes, reminiscent of Corot, are painted with admirable craftsmanship. He, too, became affected by a mental sickness, from the period of which date pastels and drawings of mythological inspiration, in a symbolist style, totally different from those of Josephson and, in their expressiveness, related to the work of the Primitives and of Klee.

It is an interesting fact that Swedish painting by-passed Impressionism. The next generation, which broke new ground in the study of form, began its work in Paris in 1909, and its two leading painters, Isaac Grünewald and Sigrid Hjertén, represent Fauvism à la Matisse. Signid Hjertén, the best woman painter Sweden has so far produced, evolved a poetic lyricism in colour which showed great sensibility. Grünewald's painting tends more to the dramatic and his militant spirit is largely responsible for the growth of a wider international interest in the work of modern Swedish painters. With Grünewald came the triumph of strong colour; his settings and costumes for the opera, Samson and Delilah, aroused violent discussion, but strengthened the artist's position and the principles for which he stood; through the stage modern painting attained popularity. Now the Stockholm Opera could boast of a standard and a wealth of imagination that rivalled the stage décors of Paris, and beside Grünewald, Bakst merely appears tamely academic. From Fauvism Grünewald's painting developed, through a more plastic style, into something more classical and mature: restful composition, a rhythmic line, harmony, and a limited colour-range prevailed. In the treatment of the cold northern light he is a master. His work includes landscapes, flower studies, portraits, and abstract compositions, and he has solved many problems in the realm of mural painting, of which his most remarkable achievements are in the concert-house in Stockholm. A skilled æsthetician and teacher, he was for ten years professor at the Swedish Academy of Art, which has of recent years consistently taken avant-garde artists on to its teaching staff, and is now an art centre of the highest importance.

Even though Sweden received its first impulse from Paris, at a certain point it called a halt and ceased to follow the Parisian movement. It became conscious of a character which was its own

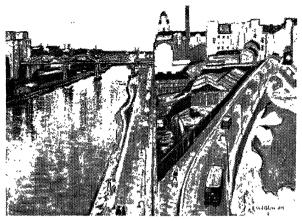


Winter in Stockholm

ISAAC GRUNEWALD

and discovered and developed the traditions consonant with that character. The Swedish painter is essentially lyrical and close to nature; there is nothing cosmopolitan about him, for Stockholm, Sweden's largest city, has a population of only 600,000 inhabitants and, through its contact with the sea, is deeply imbued with a

feeling for nature. The popular-traditional, instinctive note in the Swedish make-up sets itself against the formulæ of rational-constructivist, analytically abstract, and surreal art. Though a small surrealist group exists in Halmstad, it has no influence, and its members are more or less decorators and handicraftsmen. The



Kungsholmsstrand

AXEL NILSSON

Swede is deeply rooted in his home country, and therein we may see the second fundamental characteristic of modern Swedish art. The younger artists, successors of Grünewald, seeking for new forms of expression, found them not only in the old folk-art, the primitive woodcarvings in country churches, and in peasant painting, but also in the home industries, so highly developed in Sweden, which preserve a creative power long lost in most other countries. Swedish primitivism or naïvism is the strongest expression of this trend, and it has produced important and original works. The message inherent in Sweden's most recent art is a recognition of that fundamentally mystic experience which is the only source from which art can send forth new, green branches. It contains a protest against the unproductive spirit, against everything unhealthy and frustrated, and against the fear from which so many modern painters suffer -of not being up to date if the latest art periodicals have not yet arrived from Paris. This tendency was increased by the years of isolation during the war, and the results are of great interest. A third basic factor, which makes the new Swedish painting what it is, is the conception of art as the presentation of ideas. This touches on one of the weaknesses of modern painting. Only the idea and the form together can produce work as complete as that of the Old Masters; the 'revolutionary' attitude that makes an artist indifferent as to whether he paints a potato or a madonna is considered out of date in Sweden, where it is recognised that analysis and the process of creation itself are two distinct principles.

#### MONUMENTAL ART

Norwegian mural painting set the example for the new Swedish monumental art. The setting up of the State Art Council in 1937 was an important step. It meant that the state agreed to subsidise the decoration of new public buildings by artists of the first rank. Thus was guaranteed the state's active interest in art, which had remained without a patron during the epoch of the industrial bourgeoisie, after the Church and the nobility had abandoned this function.

Commissions for each work are now allotted

by means of public competition, so that countless oil-paintings, frescoes, mosaics and tapestries. statuary and carvings, as well as ceramics and other works of craftsmanship, are being created, giving art a new place in public life. Figure painting in Sweden had given way increasingly to landscape and still life, but now commissions for murals have aroused the painters' interest in the human figure once more. Nor is monumental art in Sweden exclusively concerned with the decorative; it has a conscious impulse towards expressing the artist's relation to society, to religious questions, and to labour. The mural paintings reproduce the intellectual, social and artistic background of this epoch in Sweden's history. Collaboration between architect, painter and sculptor produces corporate works such as the new crematorium in the forest cemetery near Stockholm, one of the most important architectural achievements of our time.

Among the most successful of contemporary Swedish mural painters is Sven Erixson. He first followed the naïvist tendency which was introduced by Hilding Linnqvist and Eric Hallström and which strove, before the first world war, to combine the originality of a child's vision with an intimate quality of feeling. At that same time a strong social impulse was becoming noticeable. Many of the painters came from the poorer section of the community and looked to the city outskirts for their subject-matter-the docks, factory districts and allotments. Sven Erixson linked up with these movements. With a good colour-sense and a deep feeling for atmosphere, he painted his childhood landscape, with delicate houses and hedges-an original Swedish Utrillo. Later he combined his primitivism with a dynamic expressionism somewhat reminiscent of Kokoschka, and soon became the leading painter of his generation in Stockholm. Besides a fresco in the new crematorium, he has produced designs for the tapestries in the concert-house in Göteborg and a mural painting for the school in Olofslund. Erixson's talent is full of vitality, showing a strong kinship with primitive folk painting.

A great deal has been heard recently of Ragnar Sandberg, leader of the Göteborg School and one of Sweden's most original painters. The west coast, with its soft light and wide landscapes, has its art centre in Göteborg which, as Sweden's second city, competes with Stockholm. Ragnar Sandberg is today the most important of these west coast landscape painters. His sophisticated art shows the influence of Bonnard both in form and in colour, but it is essentially personal and original. The charm of Sandberg's pictures arises from his fascinating use of objects for decorative purposes. The entire surface of the picture has the effect of a pattern of lines and colours in which, nevertheless, the objects remain recognisable and nothing is mere impression, mere chance. Strictly built up as it is, according to its own laws, his painting has the appeal of wit, ease and freedom. His colour is subtle, with a beautiful use of light and shade; a striking and characteristic bright blue frequently occurs in his compositions which may well have its factual origin in the colour of Göteborg trams. His figures have a certain symbolic quality and naïvism which, however, in its lack of robustness, differs considerably from Erixson's.

'Culture is everywhere or it is nowhere: the whole people has it, or nobody has it. A small cultured élite in an otherwise barbarous country is probably an élite which has absorbed some foreign culture. If culture is to flourish in the metropolis, it must flourish in every village.' These words of T. S. Eliot may very well be applied to the artistic culture of Sweden, because in Sweden, whether in the solitary north or



Morning in Lisbon SVEN ERIXSON (cf. Picasso's 'Woman in a Fish Hat')

in the smallest village of the south and centre, one can come upon 'nameless' artists, working lovingly and disinterestedly, who will perhaps one day find their way to the capital of their province or even to Stockholm or Göteborg. There is living art and a living culture in Sweden, instead of a mere slavish dependence on French styles. The great silent Nature of the north, with its white nights in the late spring, its whirl of colour in the autumn, the violent green of the brief summer, and the long snowy winter, nourishes creative feeling and fosters the growth of art in this country of peace.

## OSCAR WILDE AS EDITOR

#### HORACE WYNDHAM

In the Jubilee Year of 1887 the financial position of Oscar Wilde was becoming somewhat straitened. His lecture tour in the provinces had ended abruptly; there was only a small demand for his poems; his one play, Vera, had proved a 'flop'; editors were not exactly clamouring for his essays; and the publishing world was unresponsive to his suggestions for books. As he was living considerably beyond his means, he was often hard put to it for ready cash.

It was at this juncture that he had an unexpected stroke of luck. Sir Wemyss Reid, the manager of an important publishing firm, was on the point of launching a new shilling monthly magazine, to be called *The Woman's World*. As an editor was required, he approached Oscar Wilde and offered him the position.

'I know nothing about editing,' was the response, 'except that editors seldom see eye to eye with me.'

'Your inexperience doesn't matter,' returned Sir Wemyss. 'It's an advantage. You'll come to

the job with fresh ideas. That's what we want.' The salary offered was only six guineas a week, a rate at which the present-day cub reporter would turn up his nose indignantly. Oscar Wilde, however, jumped at it. After all, he reflected, six guineas a week was a lot better than no guineas a week. It would at least keep him in cigarettes and fresh carnations for his buttonhole. Further, he felt it would be a pleasant change to sit in judgment on other people's efforts, instead of having his own blue pencilled and 'returned with thanks'.

On hearing who was to be at the helm of the new venture, Fleet Street registered mild wonder, mingled with patronage and obscure remarks about 'the Wild(e) touch'; and the Pall Mall Gazette, always anxious to solve a problem, suggested that the reason for the choice 'is perhaps to furnish us with a fresh sensation.'

According to an official pronouncement, The Woman's World was to serve as 'an organ through which women of culture could express their views.' To this end the editor made an effort to secure a contribution from Sarah Bernhardt. She, however, was not responsive. 'Much too busy to think of it,' she declared.

But Oscar had better luck elsewhere. He wrote to Lady Currie and invited her to send him a paper on vegetarianism. 'This,' he said, 'in your hands would make a capital article. . . . Brussels sprouts seem to make people bloodthirsty, and those who live on lentils and artichokes are always calling for the gore of the aristocracy.' Although it was supplied, the contribution did not appear, and a poem was accepted in its place.

A characteristic of Oscar Wilde was a weakness for a 'title'. Even an 'Honourable' was better than none. 'Her Ladyship' was a sure passport to editorial acceptance. Hence the list of recruits assembled under his banner was largely extracted from those figuring in the Peerage and Baronetage. Among them were the Countess of Shrewsbury, the Countess of Portsmouth, Lady Lindsay, Lady Magnus, Lady Marjorie Majendie, and Lady Dorothy Nevill. Royalty, too, for the Queen of Roumania and Princess Christian were also drawn into the fold.

When the supply of coronets was exhausted, commoners filled the gaps; and niches were found for Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Jeune, Marie Corelli, and Olive Schreiner.

But The Woman's World was not an exclusively feminine preserve. Contributions from men were occasionally admitted to its columns, and figuring in them from time to time were Oscar Browning, W. L. Courtney, and Arthur Symons, as well as the clerical expert on 'How to be Happy though Married'.

The honorarium offered contributors was twenty shillings a page. Since, however, the pages were a large quarto, this scale did not work out quite as liberally as it sounded. Still, the ladies were contented enough. Most of them were as pleased as Punch at the opportunity of getting into print at all, and regarded this in

itself as sufficient guerdon.

The second number, which appeared in December 1887, had an article by the Countess of Meath, and a portrait of 'The Princess of Wales in her Academic Robes as a Doctor of Music'. Other lures were a poem by Lady Wilde, and contributions by Lady Ferguson and Lady Constance Howard. With the literary outpourings of a countess, the wives of a baronet and a knight, and the daughter of an earl obtainable for a mere shilling, who, as the editor demanded, could reasonably expect more at such a cut price? Yet more was offered, since the Countess of Shrewsbury and Lady Magnus

each had something to say in the following number. It was not, however, anything of

importance.

Another contents list included 'A Note on some Poets, by the Editor'. In it was a pat on the back for W. B. Yeats, whose first volume of verse was pronounced to be 'full of promise'. The same feature also dealt with William Sharpe and W. E. Henley.

'I have,' wrote Oscar to a correspondent, 'just finished a review of Henley's poems for my own magazine. When it appears, he will roar like the Bull of Bashan, though I think it very complimentary.' As, however, the collection was described as 'inspired jottings', it is improbable that Henley would have been pleased.

The newcomer on the bookstalls attracted favourable notices in *The Times* and the *Athenæum* and other critics followed suit. '*The Woman's World*, edited by Mr. Oscar Wilde,' declared the voice of Printing House Square, 'has taken a high place among the illustrated magazines. Written by women, for women, and about women, and striking out on an original line, it has merited the success it has obtained.' The considered opinion of a second authority ran: 'The editor has secured the active co-operation of many ladies eminent for their rank or talent. The magazine is very handsome, very interesting, and full of promise.'

But all the puffing of friendly critics and well-wishers could not keep *The Woman's World* long in this one. With the passage of each month the circulation dropped steadily; and the everincreasing stacks of 'returns' mounted up to proportions that filled the managing director with gloom.

'The magazine is losing money,' he announced. 'Sales are falling off. How do you

account for it, Mr. Wilde?

'I can't account for it,' was the response. 'I am credibly informed that *The Woman's World* is read by all the leading ladies' maids and most of the best butlers. Also it is to be found in nearly every dentist's reception room.'

'That doesn't help us much. We're making a loss instead of a profit. What do you suggest?'

'Perfectly simple. Sell more copies.'

But this was easier said than done. More copies could not be sold without more purchasers for them. Although the fact had not been grasped, the real trouble was that the wrong editor had been appointed. Once the novelty of his position had worn off, Oscar grew tired of the magazine and his own contributions ceased in the summer of 1889. W. B. Yeats says that he started by turning up at the office three days a week for a



OSCAR WILDE in 1887, the height of his 'æsthetic' period, when he became editor of The Woman's World

couple of hours, and, after an interval, reduced his attendance to two days a week, stopping there for one hour.

'You leave very early, Mr. Wilde,' once protested the manager, registering disapproval.

'Ah, but then I always arrive so late,' returned

Oscar. 'That makes things even.'

Another of his practices to upset his employers was to ignore letters of protest from them. Their remonstrances fell on deaf ears. 'I have known men,' he told Henley, who worked in the same office, 'come to London full of bright promise, and then seen them become complete wrecks through their absurd habit of answering letters.'

This unbusiness-like attitude could only have one result. *The Woman's World* struggled on for a few more numbers and then abandoned the effort, expiring in October 1890.

'Defective circulation,' was the firm's diagnosis.
'Good riddance of bad rubbish,' was Oscar's.

# THEATRE'S MISSING LINK

#### VIVIAN MILROY

THE theatre is a living organism. Living implies changing and developing. The theatre is a developing organism. On a long-term view, the theatre would seem to be a healthy organism. Therefore, on a long-term view, such developments and changes as do take place are likely to be necessary and right changes.

One of the most recent changes, and possibly one of the most important, has been the transference of power from the actor to the producer. And, in spite of a gallant rearguard action by Mr. James Agate, the general impression does seem to be that this is a healthy and right development. Theatrical evolution demands that the master-actor and stage-manager should give way to the good average actor and the masterproducer. Evolution being notoriously slow in working, the theatre today seems to be stranded between intention and realisation. The masteractor and stage-manager has given way to the good average actor and the incompetent producer. The shoddy and pedestrian staging of many plays today can be little better than the worst exhibitions of the Victorian actor-manager.

This may be partly explained by the fact that production is still often in the hands of the actor. And now that we are not dazzled by the brilliance of the master-actor's performance, we are able to see very clearly the faults and weaknesses of the average actor-producer. They are due almost entirely to the personality of the average actor. The average actor has a heart of gold; he is tolerant, a good mixer, with a lively intelligence and a ready wit. But he is nearly always entirely lacking in two qualities which are essential to the producer—intellectual grasp and intellectual detachment.

The producer's position in the theatre is often vague and uncertain. Too often he is merely the casting director, or the man in charge of rehearsals, or the stage-manager, or the prompter. The ideal producer must be the ultimate power in the theatre. He must be not only a major craftsman, but also an artist: an artist who will achieve definite planned results with definite planned materials.

A play—I use the word as meaning the finished performance as seen by an audience, not just the manuscript—is a highly complicated thought-



LAURENCE OLIVIER, leader of the new Old Vic Company, arrives back in England with his wife VIVIEN LEIGH after his highly successful New York season

process. The end of all theatrical effort is the sequence and sum-total of emotions engendered in an audience by the visual influences of actors, movements, scenery and lighting; the auditory influences of words, music and sound effects; and the intellectual influences of simulated emotions, situations, and ideas. The art of the producer lies in the effective combination of these multifarious and unrelated media. From these variable and often intangible factors, the producer must achieve a consistent and effective entity which will evoke the apposite reactions from the audience.

I have used the word 'effective' twice in the last two sentences. The clou of the mystery lies in that. Any theatrical effort which is not effective to the audience, which does not affect the audience, is completely useless! It is this essential participation of the audience in the play which makes

the art of the theatre different from every other art. Painter, musician or sculptor can totally dissociate themselves from their public. Their work can be finished according to their own ideas and intentions. The approval or disapproval, understanding or misunderstanding of the public can be completely discounted. Not so with the producer. During the whole time a play is in process of production the producer must be anticipating and assessing the probable reactions of the audience, and he must be using this probable reaction as an additional thread in the fabric which he is weaving with his playscript, actors and stage machinery.

The ideal producer must be able to see the play as a single composite entity, at a time when the component parts of it are chaotically uncoordinated and undeveloped. More than this: he must be able to see the play as a single composite entity, before ever a single rehearsal has taken place-merely from an applied and meticulous study of the playscript. For this is needed not only essential intellectual grasp and detachment, but also a thorough technical knowledge. The producer must be a master craftsman. He must know about the technique of acting, the limitations and possibilities of expression through voice and movement, the mechanics of the stage and the construction of scenery, the theories of light and colour mixing, the operation of the lighting units, the technique of dialogue and



ROBERT DONAT as Captain Shotover in Shaw's Heartbreak House. He also has done good work as a producer



JOHN GIELGUD is one of our most outstanding actorproducers

dramatic situation, the use of make-up, the principles of costume and 'set' design. This is not to say that the producer must himself set the lights and design the costumes, any more than that he must act the play. But a thorough practical knowledge of everything to do with the stage is essential, if the producer is going to be able to plot out the course and pattern of the play, and if he is going to bring it to effective life under his hands.

Meanwhile, the theatre is slumbering in the evolutionary doldrums. The time will no doubt come when play-production will be treated as a serious and demanding art; when the public will assess the value of a play, not by the personalities and foibles of the leading actors, but by the worth and reputation of the dramatist who wrote it, and the producer who brought it to life. But let us remember that the evolution of the theatre is no exterior force, but is a part of the theatre itself, and depends upon the hopes and efforts of us who work in and love the theatre. And let us not be too complacent towards those goodnatured cretins who, calling themselves producers, spend their time letting the actors have their heads, and playing golf with the manager.

## DERVISH SURVIVORS IN TURKEY

#### JONATHAN CURLING

I HAD an appointment with Daneesh bey for mid-day on the terrace of the Park Oteli at Istanbul. As he was a friend of a friend in Syria, it was our first meeting. Although I could hardly expect somebody in flowing robes, I was somehow not prepared for a dervish to be dressed in a neat pin-stripe blue flannel suit, with a pearlheaded pin in a rather extravagantly patterned tie. He came in promptly at twelve, at the heels of Michel, the head waiter, and accepted a cocktail while we exchanged news of our mutual acquaintance.

When rising to greet Daneesh bey, I bowed in the Eastern fashion, saying 'Merhaba', and keeping my right hand over my heart, but with the third and little finger closed together, the thumb and other two fingers open. The dervish's small eyes twinkled understandingly behind his thicklensed, horn-rimmed glasses, and as I made a gesture of stroking my chin, he burst out laughing and said in American, 'Say, Mr. Curling, I see you know something already about the Bektashis.'

'Evet, nazarim—yes, my glance,' I replied, using the term that the Bektashi order of dervishes employed in familiar intercourse.

'Well, here's how,' Daneesh bey wished, holding up his orange juice and vodka. 'But, remember, there are no dervishes in Turkey.'

By Law No. 677 of the Grand National Assembly, the Republic of Turkey had abolished all dervish orders on 20 November 1925. Their tekkes, or meeting-places, had been closed; their titles and functions forbidden; their pictures and ritualistic emblems impounded for the use of the Ethnographical Museum in Ankara. So, overnight, they had been changed from an influential group of semi-secret societies into antiquarian curiosities—or had they? I recollected how Sultan Mahmoud II had tried to stamp out the Bektashis, when he massacred the Janissaries in 1826, but an English traveller, Charles MacFarlane, had found the order thriving—especially at Bursa—when he visited Turkey in 1847.

I observed with pleasure that, as we sat down to luncheon, Daneesh bey turned his soup-spoon face downwards on the table, and shuddered when Michel suggested civet de lièvre as the dish of the day. Bektashis regard hares—and bears—with horror (though the origin of their dislike is shrouded in superstition): the bear may not even be mentioned by name, but is called dagharlardaki

—'that which dwells in the mountains.' As for the spoon-turning, it is supposed 'to cover its fate'—whatever that may mean.

Not to embarrass Daneesh bey (naturally, this is not his real name), I spoke of dervishes as though, in Turkey at least, they were a thing of the past. 'I have read,' I said, 'that early in this century, at least sixty per cent of the population of Istanbul secretly adhered to dervish orders.'

'And far more than that, I guess, in Anatolia and country districts,' said Daneesh bey. 'Although there are only about one hundred and twenty thousand recognised and permitted Bektashis in Albania today, there were that number in this city alone twenty years ago, and seven million at the least in Asian Turkey. Have you visited the Mevlevi's tekke?' he asked abruptly. 'Then we'll go there after luncheon—it's a stone's throw from the Tunel.'

The Tunel is Istanbul's two-station cable-hauled underground railway, which saves the traveller the trouble of climbing Galata Hill from the commercial environs of the Golden Horn to the

main shopping centre, Beyoglu.

Over our pilaff (fried rice with tiny nuts and dried grapes in it), Daneesh bey recapitulated the origin and purpose of the three great dervish orders in Turkey and the Near East. 'You know, I expect,' he said, 'that Mahometans are broadly divided into two persuasions—the Sunni, or orthodox followers of the Prophet, and the Shi'ites, or unorthodox, who allow themselves to speculate about their beliefs. The Shi'ites ostensibly shock the Sunni considerably by what they call their ma'rifa—"experimental wisdom", I suppose you might translate it. Now, as I reckon you know, before the disestablishment of Islam in this country, Turkey was ostensibly Sunni. But as we were just saying, the greater number of apparently orthodox Sunni were really members of Shi'ite sects-even the imams or priests themselves.'

'Was this justifiable—from the point of view

of their faith, I mean, Daneesh bey?'

'The Orient has a genius for compromise. The term takiye, which might be roughly rendered as 'rightful dissimulation',' was introduced by our theologians. This made it quite all right for you to say your creed at the Mosque on Fridays and then go off to the local tekke on other days to indulge in the mystical rites of your order.'

Daneesh bey interrupted himself to ask Michel



The Whirling Dervishes in action

for tavuk goghusu—'hen's breast', a favourite Turkish sweet made from boiled chicken crushed and pounded to the consistency of ground rice,

with cream and sugar.

'The chief Shi'ites of Turkey,' he continued, 'were the three famous dervish orders—the Mevlevi, or Whirling Dervishes; the Rufai, or Howling Dervishes; the Bektashi—whom you might call the People's Dervishes. They don't—or didn't—rotate or scream or do anything odd, I'd have you know. There were other minor dervish sects, like the Nakshibendis, the Sadis, Halvetis, and Kadiris—few in number and confused in doctrine.'

I asked Daneesh bey the difference between the three main orders. He paused for a moment, then said, 'Well, first the similarity: you can call dervishes the monks of Mahometanism. A man or woman becomes a dervish because he or she cannot accept the orthodox worship—namaz—as sufficient homage to God. It is inadequate, and so a mystical approach to the deity is sought.'

'Just one thing,' I had to interpose. 'You said woman-

'Women are received, equally with men, into the Bektashi order. On that account—and because we—that is, the Bektashis—also do not uphold the Sunni ban on wine, the sect has thoroughly scandalised orthodox Mahometans. And there is another reason for this, I guess. You were wanting to know the differences between the three orders of dervishes. The Mevlevi and the Rufai welcomed Giaours—unbelievers—to their services, which became public entertainments for tourists. The Bektashis, on the contrary, admitted no one—not even Mahometans—to their tekke. So, in consequence, my dear sir, they were accused of baby-eating, unnatural vice, and what have you... rather like those poor early Christians of yours who held their services in the catacombs. No, simply a coffee, please. No liqueur.'

At the end of luncheon, Daneesh bey-to my relief-proposed that we should walk down Istiklal Caddesi (or 'Independence Street') to the former meeting-place of the Mevlevi. On the way, I learned a great deal more about dervishes. The Whirling and Howling varieties, for example, had attracted aristocratic and urban followings, 'because,' as Daneesh bey explained, with rather heavy irony, 'they prayed, fasted, and thought a great deal in addition to whirling and howling.' The Bektashis, however, appealed to the masses, and especially to the country people. In the sixteenth century, up to their final disbandment by Mahmoud II, the Janissaries—the Sultan's turbulent foreign soldiery—took Bektashis with them to the wars as their chaplains, and even used Bektashi phraseology as their passwords and on documents like their commissions and discharges.

'Nevertheless,' confessed Daneesh bey, 'I must admit that both the Bektashi and the Rufai sects owe a great deal to Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi, the Pir—you might say, the patron saint—of the Mevlevis. It was his mystical poem in Persian, the Mesnevi, which largely inspired all three orders of dervishes. That was way back in the thirteenth century. The court life of our Sultans, as I guess you know, centred round Persian and Arabic art and etiquette—so did the ritual and dogma of the Rufai and Mevlevi fraternities. But the Bektashi was a nationalist—he cut out all the foreign fiddle-faddle; in his traditions and superstitions he is unforgettably—yes, sir—and unforgivably—Turkish. But here we are.'

My dervish steered me skilfully through the throng trying to board an already overflowing tram outside the upper Tunel station. We crossed a courtyard flanked on the right by a most modern Karakol ('Black Arm'—i.e., police headquarters), on the left by a group of typical Turkish tombs, tall stones surmounted by marble turbans, behind an elaborately carved metal grille. In front of us was a nondescript wooden building, which I had often noticed, but taken for a warehouse. Daneesh bey pushed open the door (ignoring the yasak—or 'entrance forbidden'—painted on the lintel), and with a polite 'Buyurun' (something like 'After you') ushered me into the tekke of the Whirling Dervishes.

It was exactly as pictured in old prints I had seen: a hexagonal 'dance-floor' surrounded by a balustrade, outside which the ordinary spectators had been accommodated—and above, another balustrade, supported by six rococo wooden columns, part of which was screened off for the use of women.

Here, every Tuesday and Friday, the Mevlevis had whirled, for the entertainment of unbelievers -and their own edification. The Head Mevlevi, dressed in green (the colour of the Prophet) had taken his place before the mihrab, a kind of altar; then twenty-four dervishes had filed in, two by two, hand in hand, each pair making a low obeisance to their chief. They wore the tadj-a felt cap, which one observer irreverently compared with an inverted flower-pot-and short jackets over full, immense 'ballet skirts', with tight, ankle-length trousers beneath them. The service began with a great deal of prayer and prostration. Théophile Gautier, watching them in 1851, remarked drily: 'These alternations of elevation and abasement remind one of fowls, who plunge their beaks eagerly to the ground, and raise them again as rapidly after seizing the grain or worm they sought.' An orchestra of flutes and drums played softly an insidious, repetitive tune which gained in volume and speed as the dervishes began to whirl. With arms extended, the palm of the right hand and the knuckles of the left turned upwards, they spun

like tops-their ample, pleated white skirts billowing out around them, as one admirer described it. 'like the chalice of some vast lily inverted.' Each Mevlevi continued rotating until exhausted, with an even, effortless movement. Gautier, watching them, asked himself what they could see in their trance—'Their fixed gaze was fastened doubtless on the splendours of the throne of Allah-their smiling lips were surely tasting the perfumed kisses of the many-coloured houris of that sensual heaven.' Mr. Albert Smith, who also visited the tekke in 1851, was less romantic: 'Their precision would have done honour to a party of pantomimists—there was something inexpressibly sly and offensive in the appearance of these men, and the desire one felt to hit them hard in the face became uncomfortably dominant.'

'It's a pity we cannot now go across the water to the meeting-place of the Rufai,' Daneesh bey

sighed, 'but it exists no longer.'

I had to admit that the Howling Dervishes at Uskudar had never intrigued me as much as the Meylevis. Most writers of travel books had been disgusted by their performance. When they had worked themselves up into what one eighteenthcentury author called a 'foetid phrenzy', shouting invocations to Allah, they seized spikes, chains and skewers-hanging ready on the walls of the tekke-to pierce, scourge and lacerate themselves into more pious zeal. 'I could not exactly understand,' the same Mr. Smith said to himself, 'what induced these men to make such fools of themselves. Certainly it was not for money, for none was solicited—nor could it have been for religious motives, for, to all appearances, a greater set of scamps had seldom been collected together.'

'Next time we meet,' Daneesh bey suggested, as we shook hands, 'why not let me have you

come to the site of a Bektashi tekke?'

'At Bebek?'

'Ah, then you have gotten around a bit. Isn't it a peach of a site? The hill above the American College (where I took my diploma) with the cutest view of the Bosphorus.'

'Now, will you tell me this, Daneesh bey,' I demanded boldly. 'What is the famous Bektashi

sirri—the Bektashi secret?'

'Simply this, young man. In the age of the harem, when the Sunni Moslem said a woman had no soul (as he still does today throughout the East), women were admitted on an equal footing with men to Bektashi meetings. Bektashis drank wine. In their private meetings all social distinctions were ignored. Now in Turkey we have gotten around to that way of freedom without the need of being Bektashis. Dervishes, like doyleys, are out of date, sir.'



## THE GENESIS OF THE DEMOCRAT'S CONVERSION

MANY persons in this country, some of whom ought to have been better informed-as for instance the Spectator, which talks about Mr. Bryan's metaphor about the cross of gold as if the Populist and silver party had never discovered their martyrdom before Mr. Bryan's speech-seem to regard this sudden ebullition of democratic discontent as a bolt from the blue. As a matter of fact, as any one might have seen who took the trouble to follow the movement which culminated in Coxey's abortive match on Washington, the whole of the West has long been seething with discontent. The great strike against Pullman, which brought Governor Altgeld into sharp opposition to the Federal authorities, was the direct precursor of the nomination of Mr. Bryan for the Presidency.

#### ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION

The most gratifying item of progress that has to be noted in the course of last month is the advance made towards the establishment of an agreement between Great Britain and the United States on the subject of a permanent Court of Arbitration. As the Bishop of Durham wrote me on the 20th ult., 'The progress of the cause has been wonderful, great beyond my most sanguine hope, and we shall reach, I believe, some definite result. If England and America are agreed, the peace of the world is practically secured.'

#### THE SOCIALIST CONGRESS

DIFFICULT, almost impossible as it seems to be to induce the English-speaking communities to unite for the defence of their own interests and the promotion of their own trade, that task is as nothing to the miracle for which the earnest and enthusiastic Socialists who met in London during the last month have been clamouring. The International Congress of Trade Unionists and Socialists met at the Queen's Hall for the purpose of discussing the best methods of inaugurating the Millennium on Socialist lines. As might be expected, the proceedings were neither as quiet nor as orderly as a Quakers' meeting. Several free fights were fought over the question of credentials and the position of the Anarchists' delegates. When it came to the passing of resolutions, the

British representatives were frequently outvoted. This was especially the case in regard to the agrarian question. The British minority proposed three approximately practical resolutions, one of which was that an elementary knowledge of agriculture should be taught in all public schools, and that there should be universally established an efficient system of technical education in agriculture. This was rejected. A warm debate took place 'as to whether the Labour party should act independently of all political parties.' Ultimately the doctrine of independent action was approved of by a large majority. It is easy to exaggerate the significance of the disorder which takes place in such gatherings. This is but as the dust in the balance compared with the getting men of all nationalities to come together to discuss as brethren the steps which they think should be taken towards 'that far off divine event to which the whole creation moves.

#### THE POWERS AND CRETE

The Cretan insurrection refuses to die down, and the Powers are said to be in consultation for the establishment of a naval cordon around the revolted island. Rumours are rife as to a change in the attitude of Russia, which is hoped for, and which may not be unreasonably expected owing to the ties that unite the Russian and British ruling families. It is very curious to note the disinclination of many English men to take any action in Crete, on the ground that we are so suspected by foreign Powers. But this is the very argument that was brought forward by Russia to justify her inaction in Armenia.

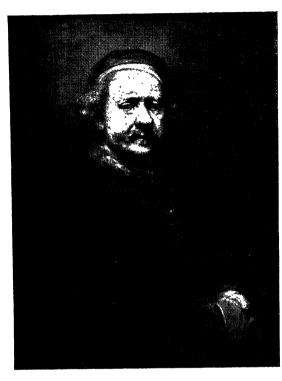


Uncle Sam's crown of thorns

## CONTRASTS & COMPARISONS

#### NUMBER SEVEN

THE SELF-PORTRAIT.



REMBRANDT VAN RYN (1606-1669)

Self-Portrait

(By courtesy of the National Gallery)

REMBRANDT VAN RYN, the greatest master of the Dutch School and one of the supreme artists of the world, was a painter to whom the resignation and serenity of old age pre-eminently appealed. But whether this may be thought to be due to the precarious nature of his own experience or not, it would certainly be difficult to conceive of an art in which old people, both men and women, were more beautifully or more sympathetically portrayed. In this rendering of himself, on the other hand, which is one of the most profoundly moving of the many self-portraits he executed at different times of his life, there is also a certain feeling of anguish which gives him the appearance of being an old man, though he was only about fifty-five years of age at the time that it was painted. This effect, however, is perhaps hardly surprising when one considers the troubles by which he had been beset-the

death of Saskia whom he had married during his first years of brilliant and triumphant success in Amsterdam; the loss of all his children. save Titus; the financial difficulties he encountered which ended in bankruptcy and in the sale of all that he possessed; and finally the neglect into which he fell when public taste turned from the sublimity of an art of which it had grown weary, to the lesser accomplishments of his successors to which it was more attuned. Yet despite the deprivations he suffered as a man, his genius as a painter remained, and to the end of his life he continued to work in his accustomed manner, building up his portraits by a use of light and shade in such a way that the whole character and quality of his sitter is revealed as he emerges into the light from the golden brown shadows of the background.

## BETWEEN OLD & NEW MASTERS

#### A STUDY IN EMOTION

E. H. RAMSDEN



GEORGES ROUAULT (b. 1871)

Self-Portrait

WHEN Georges Rouault was born in Paris during the bombardment of 1871, the first words uttered by his grandfather were these: 'Perhaps he will be a painter.' But prophetic though they were, the old man could scarcely have hoped, and still less could have foreseen, that his grandson would become not only a master in the great tradition, but probably the last and the only essentially religious painter of his generation. It is not, however, exclusively in the painting of religious subjects that Rouault has excelled, since he has been at least as successful in his handling of those themes which Toulouse-Lautrec made pre-eminently his own; though it is that quality of feeling implicit in both, in which bitterness and compassion are mingled, which makes him less sympathetic in his treatment of the prostitute and the clown. This emotional power which amounts at times almost to violence (a violence which is increased by his use of a 'leaded' line which he acquired through his apprenticeship to a painter of stained glass) is clearly marked in this self-portrait executed when he, too, was fifty-five years of age. Moving in its passionate intensity, the work is expressive of the painter's whole outlook upon life, an outlook consequent upon the experiences of his early manhood when, as he himself has said, he came to learn the meaning of Cézanne's words, 'C'est affrayante la vie'. It is understandable, therefore, that for him, as for Rembrandt, his art should have provided the one compensation for existence. So that while one may discern in the face of the one as of the other evidence of that bitterness of soul which is born of affliction and pain, in the art of both one beholds and accepts the means of its purging and of its final sublimation.

#### GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S

## NOTES ON A CELLAR BOOK

#### REVIEWED BY JAMES EASTWOOD

BOTTLES, even empty ones, are, as Saintsbury remarks, extremely interesting things. Their shapes innumerable delight the eye, and the memory of those who have fondled them sets fancy wandering. Down in the West Country recently, I came across an old wine jar, a dignified relic of the South French wine trade during the Middle Ages. It stands serenely in the Abbot's Kitchen, Glastonbury, itself pregnant, bottle-like, and redolent of a lusty kind of cheer strange to the enamelled gleam of its descendants. Jar and kitchen, both relics of a time when Europe was more nearly one, sustained by devotion to the spiritual and the spirituous. The Pope in Rome and the oracle of the bottle. The monks heeded both. The old pagan Bacchus had a not unpleasant habit of imposing his will before more Christian counsels. Petrarch, in mid-fourteenth century, complained that the Papal Court at Avignon refused to return to the Holy City because of the excellence of the wines of Beaune. I find it a pleasant thought that many of the great Rheingau vineyards were cultivated by monks until well into the nineteenth century, when the state took over. There is something grandly earthy and exalted, a wise acceptance of human nature in this (to our often Puritan British susceptibilities) unholy alliance. And who can deny that even when the spirit flagged, good living alone did not a little to hold Europe together? Bismarck himself declared that his patriotism stopped short of his stomach. But perhaps it is our generation that has to be reminded that the cultivation and appreciation of wine is one of the humanities; that the vine is one of the civilising things. Perhaps there is some dim perception of this when men loot it, steal it, pay through the nose for it and hoard it, stowing it away in dark places; while the members of the cellar underground of good livers form secret societies for its worship. For wine is no mere drink, no tipple. Wines, if we follow the sages, are a challenge to man's better self. 'When they were good,' writes Saintsbury, 'they pleased my senses, cheered my spirits, improved my moral and intellectual powers, besides enabling me to confer the same benefits on other people.' Clearly,

there is a moral philosophy of wine, and who shall say there is not a metaphysic also?

Saintsbury's defence of wine (and drinking) for his Notes on a Cellar Book is just that-needed making. It was published at a time (1920) when the bureaucratic and fiscal, not to mention the Pussyfoot and temperance, onslaughts on good living seemed more than could be borne; and that time the home front had got off rather lightly. Still, ceremonious entertaining seemed a thing of the past; cellars were woefully depleted. And—an attack of a more insidious kind perhaps Saintsbury foresaw the Bright Young Things coming to booze their way through the 'twenties. The alcoholic outlook was, in fact, similar, though scarcely as grim, as it is today. A symptom to Saintsbury of an unfolding era of unrelieved and uncivilised dowdiness. A skilful journalist and the most unrepentant and unashamed of Tories, his wrath found an oblivious target in Soviet Russia. To him the Revolution was a threat to everything that had given grace and charm to the Europe of his youth and middle years. Why be content merely to condemn the icing of claret! But the idea of subjecting it to processes of alternate freezing, thawing and freezing again,' he adds, 'is simply Bolshevist.' As for Vodka: 'It is the most tragically associated of all liquors, for the absurd withholding of it probably had much to do with the Russian Revolution, while the inevitable reaction made that Revolution, when it came, more terrible.' Even 'Russe' (very sweet) champagne, and thoroughly 'Imperial' at that, is 'only good for savages and children.' And turning a baleful eye on Central Europe, 'Republican Tokay,' he announces, 'would be a contradiction in terms.' After reading such delightful arguments, Saintsbury's modest pride in his claim once to have silenced a Radical canvasser comes as no surprise. It would have been amusing, by the way, to read his comments on a Soviet banquet.

But to the book itself. It is, I think, excellent table-talk, civilised, elegant, witty. Or better, perhaps, a fit accompaniment to the after-dinner burgundy or port, for it is also mellow, wise and a little sad. Like the great Hermitage of 1846, of

which he loved to speak, 'you could meditate on it; and it kept up with your meditations.' In these reflections there is an honesty and unpretentiousness, but not the dogmatism, worthy of the plain exercise book, which contained the dossiers of the prisoners, that grew old so gracefully in his cellar. He writes solely of the wines he had personally experienced! 'I have never yet given a second-hand opinion of any thing, or book, or person.' It is this highly personal quality that gives his Notes their charm and value. Journalism in London and professorship in Edinburgh offered adequate excuses (though he was the last man to think excuses necessary for doing anything that pleased him) to indulge his love of wines. And he talks of them as of highly individual acquaintances and friends to be shown off against a background of the spirited dinner parties he and his wife loved to give. 'We used to wreath the jeroboams as centre-pieces, and a poetical guest once besought leave to crown my wife with the circlet of primroses and violets.' An altogether Horatian blending of ceremony and grace. Will our grim world ever recapture such charming sensibility?

Saintsbury's taste in wine, though no doubt partly inherited from his father, received a training any young man aspiring to connoisseurship might envy. He had taken a teaching post in the Channel Islands, which had been the principal entrepôt for 'foreign-made drink' and smugglers' base during the French wars, and the vinous situation, in quantity, quality and cheapness, at that time was still wholly paradisiacal. It was after this six years of apprenticeship and on being appointed Headmaster of the Elgin Educational Institute, that he began reading Dryden and Elizabethan literature and laid the foundations of a real cellar. Oh, happy combination of pursuits! Thenceforward, in each new house he occupied, in London and Edinburgh, as his means as journalist, professor, literary historian and critic grew, he stocked his cellars, modestly, perhaps by the lavish standards of the time, but judiciously and with immense zest. On all the great wines he became almost infallible, which makes his Notes indispensable to anyone who may nourish the rather fond hope of starting a cellar of his own some day. True, he discusses vintages, nearly all of which must surely now be unobtainable. But no matter; to read Saintsbury on them is the next best thing to having drunk them, and I am old-fashioned enough to think such knowledge essential to a liberal education. With his more generalised judgments, few have seen reason to quarrel, and they have in fact become almost classical dicta. For example:



"They say these here French Wines is to be a sort of ancient cordial (entiente cordiale?)—I can't say as I prefers 'em to "Old Tom" Punch, 17 March 1860

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'I think Madeira and Burgundy carry combined intensity of complexity of vinous delights further than any other wine. There is possibly something of the unlawful about their rapture, something of the "too much"-and accordingly they are the goutiest of all juices of the grape, whether pure or sophisticated.' A fine port can induce 'the peculiar blandness-a blandness as of Beulah, if not of Heaven itself-which good wine gives to worthy countenances.' And again: 'It (Port) has not the almost feminine grace and charm of Claret; the transcendental qualities of Burgundy and Madeira; the immediate inspiration of Champagne; the rather uncanny and sometimes palling attractions of Sauterne, Moselle and Hock. But it strengthens while it gladdens as no other wine can do; and there is something about it that must have been created in preestablished harmony with the best English character.

Fair enough, though lovers of the wines from the Rheingau will feel he is a little less than just to them. He regards them chiefly as beverage wines, and the great 'Auslese' aristocrats with their 'overbearing and almost barbaric volume of flavour' as mere curiosities. In wines, Saintsbury's taste was mainly Gallic and red, and he was a vintage drinker. A bottle of a great year was for him something rare and wonderful, a work of art produced by the genius of Nature and of Man in perfect harmony. This is just and admirable. But should we be indifferent to ordinaire, to the wine which is good enough for the peasant who tends the grapes? It is difficult for any insular



The Next Invasion. Landing of the French (Light Wines) and Discomfiture of old General Beer

PUNCH, II February 1860
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of Punch

Englishman to accept wine as an everyday as well as a festival gift from Heaven. I confess some of the wines I have enjoyed have been taken in some tiny inn, say, in Austria (off the map, alcoholically speaking, as far as Saintsbury was concerned), poured from a simple carafe, and ordered just because they were 'of the country'. It is a pity that honest, homely ordinaire is an indifferent traveller; peasant-like, it becomes ruffled and gauche if it strays much further than the nearest town. But its modest charm is unmistakable and cheering, if mood and company are right.

It would be interesting to observe the effects on our national character if we suddenly became a nation of wine-drinkers. Shakespeare's Englishmen, prodigious sack drinkers, were very different creatures from ourselves. Coffee was largely responsible for a positively Continental burst of loquacity for a short time in the early part of the eighteenth century. Gin had not a little to do with life as Hogarth saw it—though Saintsbury, by the way, blames the law for the 'drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence' mentality, and Hogarth himself comes in for a rap: 'one of the best of artists and fellows, but not precisely of thinkers, made that bad name (of gin) worse.' But tea was gaining the upper hand, to make us what we are today, and beer is always with us.

Still, a wine (meaning mostly ordinaire) drinking country has a certain innate sense for the finer nuances of living. The humblest meal of onion soup and sausage has its own simple dignity when the carafe is at hand. The wine gives a sacramental touch; it is an affirmation that Man does not eat and drink merely to live.

One fairly recent attempt has been made to

bring light French wines within reach of the ordinary British pocket—somewhat curiously. by Gladstone, as part of the commercial agreement with France of 1860. The middle classes benefited considerably, and there was a sudden growth of chain-store wine merchants who, together with the newly-licensed grocers, had a rather different style from that of the old-established vintners, with distinguished clientèle, like the one in St. James's patronised by the Professor. ('Mr. Saintsbury, Sir, if ye ask anyone to dinner and tell them where ye get your wine, we shall not be ashamed.') But the attitude of the plain pub-frequenting citizen to the new delights was. according to Mr. Punch, unenthusiastic. Apparently some attempt was made to sell these wines in the pubs by the glass. One worthy to ditto at bar: 'They say these here French wines is to be a sort of ancient cordial (entiente cordiale?)-I can't say as I prefers 'em to "Old Tom".' John Bull was apt to see the whole business as simply 'The Next Invasion—landing of the French (light wines) and discomfiture of old General Beer', as one cartoon had it. But that doughty old warrior certainly held his own.

Still, there's no doubt that wine, and the French kinds in particular, have been one of our most inspiring links with the Continent. An unstable link, of course, like the rest of them, liable to turn sour, a prey to war, revolution, ideology, dependent on time, season and temper, but one of the readiest sources of wit and wisdom and Southern warmer joys in this rather self-enclosed island. It seems to me that cheap wine and the zest accompanying it could do a lot to make England a happier place to live in and for others to visit. But the truth is that the dread hand of Puritanism and its attendant talk of the 'evils of drink' have set their mark on the national conscience and given many otherwise fairly normal people a feeling of self-conscious naughtiness when ordering a bottle. It's an attitude which has done a lot to rob us of a gaiety and zest to which our ancestors were certainly not strangers. Heaven knows, Saintsbury was English enough, though it's difficult to resist the feeling that his being High Church and High Tory were not entirely unconnected with his love of wine.

Saintsbury, however, was not a wine snob. Spirits had an honoured place in his cellar, especially 'the Scotch drink'. Now this is a painful subject, but I think it necessary to show just how far we have fallen from grace. I will merely mention in passing that Saintsbury had it from two trustworthy experts that 'eighteen pence a gallon or threepence a bottle was an outside and indeed extravagant cost to fix for

everything concerned in the production of most excellent spirit at proof.' Be that as it may, meditate on this north of Tweed custom 'formerly practised by all persons of some sense and means . . .' This was: 'to establish a cask . . . fill it up with good and drinkable whisky from eight to ten years old; stand it up on end; tap it half-way down, or even a little higher, and when you get to or near the tap, fill it up again with whisky fit to drink. but not too old. You thus establish what is called in the case of sherry a "solera", in which the constantly ageing character of the old constituents doctors the new accessions, and in which these in turn freshen and strengthen the old.' 'It should be pretty good,' said a host of mine once in a country house beyond the Forth. 'It comes from a 100-gallon cask which has never been empty for a hundred years . . . '

Truly, as Saintsbury remarks, 'this is the state of the blessed.'

He was not even a spirits snob. He liked beer and, provident as he was, bought it by the cask. This fondness of his for the national drink provides, in a sense, a clue to his rather enigmatic character. There was something in him of the European savant and bon viveur, but blended with it a certain Victorian high seriousness, and a good measure of almost Chestertonian beery robustness, a solid commonsense and warm humanity on which his life rested and which was wholly English. This quality comes out best, I think, in his story of the 'Abingdon cask'.

'It came—one of Bass's minor mildnesses—affectionately labelled "Mr. George Saintsbury. Full to the bung". I detached the card, and I believe I have it to this day as my choicest (because quite unsolicited) testimonial.'

## NEW BOOKS

THE THREE SPHERES OF SOCIETY

By Charles Waterman. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d. There are many approaches to the realm of freedom-political, economic, sociological, cultural, biological—but this volume may be said to add still another one: that of anthroposophy. The author has been greatly influenced by the writings of Rudolf Steiner. He wishes to present, in English dress, the threefold social idea promoted by Steiner in his book, The Threefold Commonwealth, and based upon the conception of a liberal-democratic society. For, as he observes rightly, among the peoples of ravaged Europe there is a widespread hope that in Britain, with her long democratic tradition and tolerant atmosphere, a free and liberal way of social progress will be found. The theme is aptly analysed by the author who has a good knowledge of most of the more important contemporary writings on economic and social progress, and of the most urgent requirements of our cultural life. The problems of control and ownership of industry, of nationalisation, the use and abuse of private property, the rôle of finance, the significance of free trade, planning and labour questions—all this is discussed with shrewd argumentation. Without losing sight of the many material, if not materialistic, implications of these problems, the author is always apt to stress their spiritual necessities. The need of the economic producer as spiritual man is for freedom.

And 'the freedom he needs—over and above those inner freedoms of thought and conscience

which he brings with him out of the spiritual sphere—is responsible freedom to express his native capacities in and through his work.' This sentence seems to illustrate better than any other what the author considers as the final goal of his book. He wishes to see a society in which the benefits of technical and economic progress are held in balance and corrected by the spontaneous activities and penetrating judgments of a free and vigorous spiritual life. But he foreshadows that such a society offers no prospect of blissful ease; it would not be a harbour but a workshop, and more than a workshop—a battleground. It is noteworthy that here an author has attempted to state, partly to re-state, that criticism of the human values of technical, economic and even social progress is necessary.

In the eighteenth century, in the midst of the Industrial Revolution, writers attempted to spiritualise' the material progress, and books like The Religious Tradesman were written in a human spirit not too far removed from that of Mr. Waterman. But he has not paid much attention to these of his predecessors; nor has he dealt with Matthew Arnold's classic writings, as Culture and Anarchy, or Friendship's Garland, in which this great philosopher courageously attacked the materialistic doctrines of his commercial age, stressing the alternative of a Hellenistic search for human perfection. It would have been an asset to this very suggestive and well-informed book if that preacher in the desert had found appropriate appreciation. HERMANN LEVY

#### THE REVOLUTION IN WARFARE

By Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart. Faber & Faber. 5s.

Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart is known for his ardent support of the theory that defence is always, and under any circumstances, the stronger type of warfare. He is known to have failed on more than one occasion during the recent past to produce a convincing argument for it, whilst nobody can deny the author an enormous range in the knowledge of modern and past military thought. In his new book he has again followed this theory, and his ideas seem to coincide with those which lead Field-Marshal Montgomery to believe that, since the anti-tank defence measures had taken the toll of the tank as a unique and universal weapon to make offensive warfare predominant, a single universal tank type could be used only-perhaps the greatest concession to defensive thinking in our time-and thus the all-armoured idea could be considered dead.

In two parts of his book, Liddell Hart first deals with the development of the machines of war, from firepower increase during the Napoleonic Wars to present-day problems in that respect. He enlarges the subject to that of the usefulness of the future air forces, and comes to the conclusion that extensive employment of that branch of a military machine would invariably lead to further attrition. The use of rockets and flying bombs as long-range artillery is also discussed. Whilst one may differ as to the development of modern armament and its direct—the author's logical conclusion that defence is still the strongest form of warfare, it can be said that his picture of the development of the tools of war is precise, convincing and clear. It shows the hand of a writer long experienced on military subjects.

In the second part of the book the purposes of wars are examined and their widening scope is traced through the centuries. Liddell Hart considers the American Civil War the prototype of 'total war', and comes to the conclusion that a misinterpretation of Clausewitz's works has brought us today to that terrifying and alldestructive type of warfare. In the words of the author, the unlimited objective executed and attempted to be achieved by unlimited methods represent the fundament of modern 'total war'. Whilst the 'unlimited methods' (as far as they were at the disposal of the parties during the American Civil War) may be agreed upon, the author might stand corrected in so far as the unlimited objective was discovered by the Imperial German General Staff in 1914, and wholeheartedly adopted by their successors in 1939. The book is

a very welcome addition to the many works written by the author; it gives much food for thought, not only to the professional soldier but also to the civilian, but it does not answer the problems which have been thrown up by atomic warfare.

### ALLENBY: SOLDIER AND STATESMAN By Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell. *Harrap*.

This is a biography of a great soldier-administrator by another perhaps even greater one. Such a work obviously falls into the category of 'required reading' for any serious student of recent military and political history. Viscount Wavell, however, has given us a work which is not only of prime historical value, but one written with the well-bred ease and felicity of a consummate literary artist.

The manner in which he has used his materials—and those at the disposal of a military historian are usually none too promising—might be studied with great profit by other aspiring biographers. Like young Buonaparte, the classic adversary of Rommel 'lives in the age of Plutarch.' He eschews the contemporary weakness for bright, malicious denigration, and reveals with impenitence, with a charm quite ingenuous, the abiding quality of his hero-worship.

Since the events described are so comparatively recent and our knowledge of them still necessarily so partial, the storms of controversy will assuredly rage about Wavell's interpretation of certain events—in particular, Allenby's relations with T. E. Lawrence and his handling of the Egyptian situation. Lord Curzon comes in for some grim criticism, and reflecting on his career at large, Wavell says: 'Character and courage count for so much more than mere knowledge and ability.'

One of Allenby's engaging traits was his love of flowers and the countryside. In letters to his wife, battles and skirmishes in which he himself took an important hand are dismissed perfunctorily in a line or two as he hurries forward to describe with enthusiasm and at length a new wild flower he has seen. If I dwell on these personal aspects rather than the larger ones, my excuse must be that it was exactly such sidelights on character which impressed me most about this book, and perhaps it is as good a measure as any of its excellence that, in the welter of complicated facts it has been the author's task to unravel, so clear, so noble a portrait should emerge.

AUBREY NOAKES

#### FASCIST INDIA

By Patrick Lacey. Nicholson & Watson. 7s. 6d.

In spite of considerable compression and a sloppiness of style that leads sometimes to obscurities, Mr. Lacey makes out a reasoned and understandable case for Pakistan, 'the least impractical means of signifying India's great religio-racial division in politico-geographical terms.'

But Mr. Lacey's other argument-that Congress rule means Fascist rule; that Congress is Fascist in thought and in practice-is argued too vehemently to be acceptable as it stands. True, there have been excesses committed by members of the Congress party, physical excesses in the street and verbal excesses on the platform. But Mr. Lacey weakens rather than strengthens his case by insisting on them so much whilst mentioning not at all their historical, political and psychological causes. The analogy with the Nazi party is false; it would be fairer and more enlightening to compare Congress, in these respects, with Sinn Fein. Not that the Irish gunman's actions were more commendable, as such, than those of the Storm-trooper, but Englishmen had a special duty to understand what lay behind them. So with the actions of Congress and its followers.

Mr. Lacey, for all his considerable knowledge of India, seems, like so many Englishmen, to understand and appreciate the Mohammedan better than he does the Hindu, and he writes like a partisan. Has there not, for instance, been any political blackmail by the Moslem League, playing off Congress and the British? Mr. Lacey does not mention it.

Those who wish to begin a study of Indian affairs with Mr. Lacey would do well, if they can, to get hold of Horace Alexander's *India Since Cripps*, a Penguin Special of a couple of years ago. It is a pity that so well-informed a book as Mr. Lacey's should appear to need a corrective, but it does.

#### ETHIOPIA UNDER HAILE SELASSIE

By Christine Sandford. Dent. 10s. 6d.

Here at last is a book on Ethiopia that one can wholeheartedly recommend. Not only does Mrs. Sandford know her subject thoroughly, but she is scrupulously fair and truthful, which is a welcome change to the one-sided, misleading statements that one has almost come to expect in connection with Ethiopia.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sandford are an interesting pair, who have been closely associated with



A French officer dines out with the English in IVC
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Ethiopia since the early 1920s. 'Sandford' was well known to the Italians in Cairo long before he led the campaign against them in 1940; it was commonly said by them that he was Col. Lawrence under another name. And, indeed, there is some similarity between Lawrence's drive on Damascus through the deserts of Transjordan in 1917 and Sandford's drive on Addis Ababa through the wilds of North-Western Ethiopia in 1940-1. After triumphantly leading the Patriots on the Capital, Sandford became Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior: now he is Director-General of the Municipality of Addis Ababa. Mrs. Sandford, the author of the book, has for a long time exercised an equally valuable function, by being largely responsible for the supervision of the education of the children of the highest in the land, including the Imperial family.

The book would have been improved for the ordinary reader by a fuller statement of the early history, both of Ethiopia and of the Coptic Church, an understanding of both of which is fundamental to an appreciation of the country today. A clearer analysis of the psychological make-up of the people would have been most valuable. Chapter X will remove many misapprehensions about slavery, and was much needed, but the account of the currency in Chapter XII gives no idea of the reigning confusion, nor does the mention of the Tigre rising on p. 123 give a fair picture of the critical state of affairs at that time. But the book, on the whole, is thoroughly reliable and should become an authority. It is very well printed, and there are sixteen excellent photographs in the centre. All those who are interested in this land, and who want fresh, first-hand information, should read Mrs. Sandford's book. ORMOND POSTGATE

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#### OF ANTS AND MEN

By Caryl P. Haskins, Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Ants have considerable fascination for men-not that we like them: indeed, we are anti-ants. We don't like their numbers, and we don't like their habits much—especially as there is supposed to be a resemblance between ourselves and them. Dr. Haskins' book is knit together round the idea that the similarity is worth examining. But it is not worth examining. It is too superficial and far-fetched; and, to use terms like Fascism, Communism and Democracy in connection with ants can only be called journalism. True. they go in for domestication of other creatures, for slavery, and for war; but there is no significance in the similarity. They are social in so far as they work together within a given framework -but this has no bearing upon human societies. There are many ants spread over the world, as there are many men; but all men can inter-breed. while there are over three thousand five hundred separate species of ants already known to science, each one a biological unit pursuing its own independent path, incapable of inter-breeding with any other. It is a misreading of evolution to think that ants and men have any point of connection. We do come near to monkeys; but even there, between us and them there is a great gulf fixed, a difference in kind, not only in degree-namely, that we have brought to birth the miracle of language. Animals cannot evolve this. That is the bottom mystery about Man.

Nevertheless, Dr. Haskins' book is extraordinarily interesting. It takes us further than did Huber, Fabre, or Maeterlinck. He gives us a fascinating outline of the history of ants-much longer than man's history. He is particularly full on what he calls 'the Rise of the City'; on the ants who have domesticated three thousand species of insects; on the ants who cultivate from generation to generation a kind of fungus which grows in a compost of chewed leaves; on ants with methods of mass slavery; and on many other things including mention of the grain-storing ants whose hoards have been on such a scale as to become the subject of litigation amongst men. What is the point of knowing such facts? To throw light on our own problems? Not a bit of it! Knowledge for its own sake? A fatuous phrase! No; it is for metaphysical reasons—that we may become dazzled by the sheer phenomenon of life, by the awe-filling wonder of Creation.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

#### THE FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR

By Rachel Baker. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

People become doctors for different reasonsperhaps because their fathers are doctors or because they quite accidentally become interested in medicine. Elizabeth Blackwell had two reasons. One was that a female friend who was dving said to her: 'If I could have been treated by a woman physician, perhaps my illness would have been better understood; why don't you undertake the study of medicine?' The other-this is not given in The First Woman Doctor but is stated to be the chief reason by Elizabeth herself in her autobiography published in 1895—was that she shrunk 'disappointed or repelled' from the physical prospect of marriage and determined to place a strong barrier' between herself and 'all ordinary marriage' by becoming a doctor. For this Bristol girl who had emigrated with her family to the United States it was not just a question of passing exams. A hundred years ago the idea of a woman doctor was revolutionary. The First · Woman Doctor tells again the too-little-known story of Elizabeth's struggle: how she saved money for her studies; how, after overcoming her repulsion at handling a dead cockroach, she came to find human anatomy so fascinating that she worked in the dissecting room late into the night; how she was eventually admitted to a medical school largely as a student 'rag'; how, when she actually turned up at the school, she gradually overcame prejudice against her. Elizabeth Blackwell studied later in Paris, where she contracted ophthalmia which blinded her in one eye. Returning to America, she founded, after a gallant struggle, the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Eventually Dr. Blackwell settled in her native England, where she lectured for a time at the then newly-founded London School of Medicine for Women (the Royal Free).

The First Woman Doctor is written for young people, and any youngster, male or female, contemplating medicine as a career will find it fascinating. But many 'grown-ups' will be interested also. Elizabeth Blackwell was a pioneer in sex education. Miss Baker tells how her book on this subject was nearly banned even after it eventually found a publisher and had been set up in type, because a bishop's widow (it was the widow of Bishop Hatchard) thought it indecent. Today women doctors are universally accepted, and a committee has actually recommended that those London medical schools which are for 'men only' should take women students, though it is not clear whether the women's school will reciprocate. LAURENCE DOPSON

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#### **ENVOY UNEXTRAORDINARY**

By Donald Dunham. John Day Company, New York. \$2.00

There is one thing one can say right away in favour of this book: it is supremely unpretentious. This virtue, though a negative one, at least distinguishes it from most of the pre-war literature of diplomacy and foreign correspondence. Mr. Donald Dunham is neither an ex-ambassador nor a minister plenipotentiary; he writes as a very junior officer in the United States Foreign Service, an 'envoy unextraordinary', and he constantly emphasises both the lowliness of his position and his personal limitations. This modesty of his, which almost approaches humility, is both refreshing and disarming: it is a virtue one seldom expects from the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Dunham joined the Foreign Service in 1931 at the age of 22, and left it, after eight years abroad, not because he was weary of exile, but on the interesting ground that he was not sufficiently well acquainted with his own country, and that he would never be able to represent it adequately abroad without a wider knowledge of its character and institutions. The book is a record of his experiences during these years, as a Vice-Consul in Berlin, Hong-Kong, Athens and Aden, and in particular of his efforts, sincere and painstaking though not uniformly successful, to

t to know and understand the various peoples e came across. His remarks about the Germans are somewhat banal; with the Greeks and the Chinese he is more at home. As for the British, he must have come across a pretty unrepresentative bunch, for all he saw in them was 'pride of empire, of colonisation and of the men who had to be rugged and dogged to hold the vast empire together.'

#### 'FOUR QUARTETS' REHEARSED

A Commentary by Raymond Preston. Sheed & Ward. 5s.

I imagine that most of us, in our reading of T. S. Eliot's Four Quartets, have had the persisting impression that the poet was taking us and placing us (for that is what it came to) in various positions from which to view his subject, his spiritual 'scene'.

Furthermore we probably felt that the 'scene' itself was continually changing in its features—always circling round and approaching and then

retreating from its meaning. And even when we came to realise that the *meaning*—'the point of intersection of the timeless with time', as Ehot describes it in its simplest yet least conceivable aspect—is finally one unmoving eternal thing that we may well never understand in all its pure exactitude, even then we were perhaps bewildered by the varying *point d'appui* or by much of the religious symbolism used by the poet in his 'raid on the inarticulate'.

To readers who have experienced these kinds of bewilderment I heartily recommend this illuminating commentary by Mr. Raymond Preston, since—with its constant reference to and fro among both the Four Quartets and Eliot's earlier work—it is expressly intended to help them.

A few quotations, even out of their context, will indicate the sensitive yet carefully honest quality of Mr. Preston's commentary. Of the first section of *Burnt Norton* he writes: 'The short yet deliberate sentences suggest a series of carefully aimed shots at a point which is only just visible; and what follows is a bold shot which we are almost convinced has reached the mark, but what the mark is we are not yet certain....'

And these remarks, on the bare and lovely fourth section of the same poem, have a general relevance to the *Four Quartets*: 'We can see in this short section the extraordinary resourcefulness of the spiritual exploration: a focusing of the whole personality on what it is beyond the power of the personality, unaided, to reach; a concentrated effort to gain every advantage in the patient struggle beyond appearance, the everyday world in which we are

"Distracted from distraction by distraction" towards a reality which, if not finite, may yet be glimpsed "in the aspect of time"—

Sudden in a shaft of sunlight.'

This inexpensive little book is more than usually welcome at a time when literary commentary, fallen into the greedy hands of the would-be creative writer, is swiftly becoming a form of fashionable obscurantism. Readers of contemporary poetry who remain unconvinced that aesthetic enjoyment can be wholly divorced from understanding will be particularly grateful for Mr. Preston's unpretentious and immediately useful study.

D. J. ENRIGHT

#### BRIDE IN THE SOLOMONS

By Osa Johnson. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

'We inched forward to the edge of the wood, so that only tall grass now separated us from the men at the fire. They were sitting down and some had begun to eat. . . . I saw, hanging from a spit, a human leg-bone and spleen. . . . So, after two years' search, Osa Johnson and her husband saw their first, and last, cannibal feast. And here, for you to see, is a photograph of the leg and sundry what-nots nicely frying over a smoky fire. An idyllic scene, unlikely to send a shudder down your spine, for the joints might well have come (so far as appearances are concerned) from some island porker. And anyway, it all happened about thirty years ago.

When Osa was 17 and newly married to Martin Johnson, she and her husband set off for the Solomon Islands in order to prove with motion pictures that cannibalism existed there. They discovered plenty of ex-cannibals on Malaita and Guadalcanar, and a good many more villainous-looking Melanesians who very probably had an occasional snack of human flesh when the District Commissioner wasn't looking, but never once did they come across a feast in progress. It was only after they had left the Solomons-much to the relief of the District Commissioner responsible for their safety—and landed on Malekula in the New Hebrides that Martin Johnson secured the pictures of the frying leg.

Mrs. Johnson's book is a light-hearted, occasionally frivolous, affair, not to be regarded as any great contribution to the science of anthropology. But it makes entertaining reading, and the sixtyodd photographs included are fine examples of the late Martin Johnson's work.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

#### LORD HORNBLOWER

By C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.

When I was about fourteen, I used to look forward eagerly every month to the Strand Magazine, which was then running the immortal Sherlock Holmes stories, and Cutliffe Hyne's delightful series, The Adventures of Captain Kettle. Hornblower-now elevated to the Peerage-is the Captain Kettle of today, and the present story well maintains its author's reputation. It is not only breathlessly exciting; it is extremely well written. Mr. Forester's seamanship is, of course, excellent, and his keen historical sense and knowledge of the Napoleonic Wars add greatly to the interest of the story. PERCY COLSON

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Edited by Nicholas Moore. Editions Poetry, London. 8s. 6d.

If Mr. Moore's very interesting collection of modern American short stories is really typical of the American short story of today, their writers have travelled a long way from their famous predecessors in that difficult form of fiction—Edgar Allan Poe and O. Henry. 'Difficult', because the short story writer—like the variety artist—must arrest one's attention immediately; otherwise he has failed. In this respect both Poe and Henry always succeeded, as did that supreme master of this art, Guy de Maupassant. The same may be said of Somerset Maugham and the lesser, but admirable, short story writer, W. W. Jacobs.

In some of the stories there is a distinct Russian influence, for instance, Ben Hecht's poignant and subtle *The Little Candle*, in which he analyses acutely the reactions of New York Jews to the mass-murder of their co-religionists in Europe. There is the same sense of frustration and unease that you find in Chekov and Dostoievsky.

Others—apparently written in the 'twenties seem to date curiously. William Carlos William's The Girl with the Pimply Face, Benfield's The New Housekeeper, and Ernest Hemingway's The Light of the World, are full of the nostalgie de la boue, the intense preoccupation with garbage, drunkenness, whores and general beastliness which characterises the poetry and prose of several of our own young writers during that period. Sherlock Anderson's I'm a Fool is perfect in its way. It is a wistful little story of an adolescent boy and his pathetic lies to impress a charming girl. He succeeds only too well; she falls for him and he realises that his boyish fairy tales have done for him; he can never face their exposure. The Alcoholic Veteran with the Washboard Cranium, by Henry Miller, is extremely interesting, but it is less a story than a philosophic essay on the stupidity and futility of the human race. The stories, as a whole, are depressing. Is life in America really so squalid? PERCY COLSON

#### THREE

By William Sansom. Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d. This is Mr. Sansom's second book. When in World Review of July 1944 I reviewed his first, Fireman Flower, I wrote: 'It is possible that this delightful and refreshing young writer, having absorbed and digested further the Kafka influence, will leave the allegorical and turn to the more realistic and less obscure type of story which he

has shown he can do so well.' In the three stories which make up this second volume, he has done this.

The influence of Kafka is there, but it enriches instead of dominating. This book has had many favourable reviews; one of them, by one of our most distinguished critics, being of a nature to satisfy the most ambitious dream of any young author. Mr. Sansom has also recently been awarded a scholarship given only to young writers judged to be of exceptional talent and, all in all, he would appear to be on the threshold of a brilliant career in letters.

It remains to be seen what you will think of his book. I think you will enjoy Cat up a Tree, which conveys so well the feeling of a bright, gusty London morning. It is a considerable accomplishment. The narrator in The Cleaner's Story is a woman of education whom circumstances have reduced to washing the floor of a café in a French village. Always on her hands and knees, she has learned to know people by their feet better than most of us do by their faces. And it is their feet and the snatches of conversation she overhears which enable us to enjoy, through the medium of her reflections, a story of petty jealousy and greed. It is slightly bizarre and at times slow moving. The final story, The Invited, is more close to his earlier work. Much of it is poetry in prose form, and it has a beauty akin to that in the lights and colours seen sometimes in the ground swell of a sea. There is no question but that here is a new writer of real talent and originality.

PETER NEVILE

#### RUNYON A LA CARTE

By Damon Runyon. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Most people who dislike Runyon will confess, when pressed, that they have never read him.

The reason is that a multitude of amateur and professional writers, having no spark of originality themselves, have tried to imitate him, believing that they have only to adopt his historic present and his small glossary of slang to produce Runyonese. Their efforts have been uniformly stamped with the cumbrous ineptitude of the pub joke-pedlar who thinks he can give a convincing study of a retired colonel by the single expedient of punctuating his performance with 'Dammees', 'By Gad, Sirs' and 'Poonahs'. They forget that only the supreme golfer can get round in bogey with three clubs.

Reading these efforts, those who have not read Runyon can be forgiven for deciding that they cannot be bothered with the kind of story which begins, 'I am sitting in the N.A.A.F.I. when who should come in but a character known as the Bandy Bozo.'

This excruciating bus-missing by his admirers has set up a prejudice against Runyon which a casual glance into one of his books will only confirm. And therefore only those who encounter the genuine article before the injurious imitation start with a fair chance of discovering him.

Runyon à la Carte contains stories which are as good as any he has written. But here and there he shows signs of distress, and the last paragraph of 'Old Em's Kentucky Home' will give his followers a fright.

The Marx Brothers produced three convulsingly funny films, faltered with their fourth, and thereafter rushed violently down a steep place into the sea. This is Runyon's fourth book. But we must hope for the best.

JAMES DOWDALL

#### THEN AND NOW

By Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

#### THAT LADY

By Kate O'Brien. Heinemann. 9s. 6d.

#### THE MOONLIGHT

By Joyce Cary. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

History is stranger than fiction. This being so, it is a pity that Mr. Maugham, a man of such wide reading, has seldom used history for novel writing. And since it is a form open to the greatest abuse, we could have done with less from others in the genre, and more from Maugham, an artist of real integrity. Anyway, in Then and Now he has brought Machiavelli to life. He has framed his portrait within the most important episode in the career of that wise, crafty, restrained, cold, loyal man—the episode dealing with his negotiations with Cæsar Borgia. Machiavelli was exactly the kind of man Mr. Maugham best understands and appreciates; indeed, rather the kind of man who emerged from the pages of his autobiography, Summing Up—a thorough man of the world, one with a low opinion of men without a high one of himself, unsentimental but affectionate, cynical about women but easily moved by them, a man of craft, but also of integrity, a man enormously tolerant and unmoralistic and, above all, an artist who turns personal discomfiture to literary account. Perhaps we get more of Maugham than of Machiavelli. 'How much better it is,' says his hero, looking back on his amours, 'to sin and repent, than later to repent for not having sinned': an epigram not easily falling into the idiom of the

sixteenth century. In fact, Mr. Maugham has not been at pains to recreate the historical atmosphere; but his lucid style—never surpassed in its own field—by putting the period into modern dress, as it were, brings it to life for us more than any amount of atmospherics would do.

In calling the book Then and Now, he infers an important theme, and underlines it by making his First Section consist of exactly one sentence namely, Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. Italy was not then a nation. It was dominated by princes whose prototype was Cæsar Borgia, whose art of guile was so great that he inspired Machiavelli to write The Prince. The armies of the princes were composed of mercenaries—that is, of the most worthy kind of soldiers, men who fought because they liked fighting, and took upon themselves the burden of blood-letting. Today we have large nations instead of small dukedoms. Today everyone fights without enjoying it, and a soldier armed with weapons of enormous power takes on a child. Plus ça change . . . is wrong here; and on optimistic grounds we may say that, since the princedoms have become nations, we may yet go forward into internationalism.

Miss Kate O'Brien also takes us into history, her scene being Madrid in sixteenth-century Spain. The story which she lifts out of the past is built on the relations between the Princess Eboli, King Philip II, and Antonio Perez. Miss O'Brien does not command the polish of presentation of a Somerset Maugham, but she has here written a great novel, and raised up before us three utterly human, suffering figures from the dust of history. True artist as she is, she has not attempted to combine some recorded observations with some invention, but avoiding that fatal error she has passed it all through her imagination—and it is this very discarding of actuality that holds us throughout in the illusion of reality.

With Mr. Joyce Cary we come back to the twentieth century. The particular mark of our civilisation is that it does not accept itself. In all former periods it was not the frame that was considered wrong, but only infringements of it. Today the whole value of the form is questioned, and it seems perfectly natural in picking up Mr. Cary's account of Three Sisters that we should be made to feel the emptiness, the anguish, and the malice of lives without significance. Mr. Cary's material is awful. His creative powers are considerable, and his Ella, his Bessie, and his Rose, in the sourness of love, the sacrifice of youth, the bitterness of age, and the spectre of madness, hold up yet another mirror to the misery of our age.

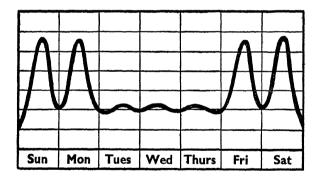
JOHN STEWART COLLIS

## Avoid the Peaks!

IT certainly is necessary for most people to take a good holiday this year and the railways will do their utmost to provide a comfortable journey for all who decide to travel.

New rolling stock is being built as quickly as possible, but there cannot yet be enough seats to go round at the week-ends, especially in August.

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TRAVEL MID-WEEK

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#### **CROSS-SECTION** OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

#### Peace Through Government

How set nations to work furthering the universal (rather than the special) cause? What treatment is there for the disease of nationalism, a more troublesome disease at this point than cancer? The treatment is known, but not admired. There is a specific for nationalism. We use it every day in our own localities. The specific is governmentthat is, law; that is, codification of people's moral desires, together with enforcement of the law for common weal. The specific comes in a bottle and 18 very expensive. The price is terrific-like radium, only worse. The price is one ounce of pure sovereignty. Too expensive, say the elders of the tribe.

Read the papers and see what the people want. Security. Human rights. Freedom of the press. Peace. Control of atomic energy. Read the papers and see how the statesmen propose to get these plums. Through national power. Through balance of same. Through international accord. Through pacts and agreements. . . . Through commissions. Through Operation Crossroadsto determine which is the more durable, a battleship or a tropical fish. Through foreign policy. Through secret diplomacy (which is merely a redundant term for diplomacy). Through the creaky, treacherous machinery of international relations against the same broad, chaotic backdrop of pride, fear, absolute sovereignty, power, and the colourful banners we saluted in assembly hall as pupils in grammar school. : . .

World government is an appalling prospect. Many people have not comprehended it (or distinguished it from world organisation). Many others, who have comprehended it, find it preposterous or unattainable in a turbulent and illiterate world where nations and economies conflict daily in many ways. Certainly the world is not ready for government on a planatory scale. In our opinion, it will never be ready. The test is whether the people will chance it anyway—like children who hear the familiar cry, 'Coming, whether ready or not!'.... The only condition more appalling, less practical, than world government is the lack of it in this atomic age. Most of the scientists who produced the bomb admit that. Nationalism and the split atom cannot co-exist....

Leadership is the thing, really. And we seem not to have it, anywhere in the world. Premier Stalin's speeches have been strictly jingo since the

end of the war. President Truman carries a clipping about the 'parliament of man' in his wallet, and keeps his pocket buttoned. . . . The large countries speak cautiously and circle around each other like dogs that haven't been introduced, sniffing each other's behinds and keeping their hackles at alert. . . .

Government is the thing. Law is the thing. Not brotherhood, not international co-operation, not security councils that can stop war only by waging it. Where do human rights arise, anyway? In the sun, in the moon, in the daily paper, in the conscientious heart? They arise in responsible government. Where does security lie, anywaysecurity against the thief, the murderer, the footpad? In brotherly love? Not at all. It lies in government. Where does control he-control of smoking in the theatre, of nuclear energy on the planet? Control lies in government, because government is people. Where there are no laws, there is no law enforcement. Where there are no courts, there is no justice.

A large part of the world is illiterate. Most of the people have a skin colour different from the pink we are familiar with. Perhaps government is impossible to achieve on a globe preponder-antly ignorant, preponderantly 'foreign', with no common ground except music and childbirth and death and taxes. Nobody can say that government will work. All one can guess is that it must be given an honest try, otherwise our science will have won the day, and the people can retire from the field, to lie down with the dinosaur and the heath hen-who didn't belong here either, apparently. New Yorker

#### Balkan Dictators—An Old Story

I HAVE no more illusions than the next fellow about the purity of democracy now prevailing in such countries as Poland, Yugoslavia, Roumania and Bulgaria, where a mere whisper from the Kremlin no doubt is something that is not trifled with by Cabinet Ministers anxious—as are we all these days-for steady employment.

What intrigues me more than somewhat, though, is the hypocrisy—or should one be more charitable and call it merely naïveté or just plain ignorance:—of a good many of our eminent politicians who, like our august State Department, now assail the 'dictatorships' of those countries. Their case would be stronger, it seems to me, if



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they had ever uttered a word against the evil dictatorships which misruled those lands before the war....

With the exception of Poland before Pilsudski, and Roumania during a brief period when Dr. Juliu Maniu, the Peasant party leader, tried without much success to clean the Augean stables of his corrupt and fantastic fatherland, these countries had never seen an honest or free election. They were ruled by dictators; by a Pilsudski—and after him a clique of colonels—in Poland; by King Alexander—and after him a clique of unsavory generals and politicos—in Yugoslavia.

For three generations—that is, during almost its entire history as a sovereign or semi-sovereign state—Roumania had been ruled by the Bratianu family whom old-fashioned historians called 'semi-dictators'. When the Bratianus died off and Carol returned, he and his red-headed mistress, Magda Lupescu, became the dictators. When this pair fled, Roumanian Fascists took over dictatorial power. Democracy in Roumania was a joke—as it was in Bulgaria, where King Boris set up a succession of little dictatorships under various Prime Ministers who never in the world could have won a free and honest election.

Did the State Department protest this sad state of affairs, this utter lack of democracy as we in the West understand it? . . .

The United States Ambassadors and Ministers to these lands got along beautifully in these undemocratic capitals in the far corners of Europe. I never sawthem fret about the lack of free elections or the prevalance of obscene tortures inflicted upon hapless opposition leaders by the brutal secret police. They fret about these things today. But they did not fret about them then. Usually, when you went to see them they talked you to sleep with unending tales about the pleasures of hunting with the dictators. If they cared about the democratic decencies in the countries to which they were accredited, they were careful to hide their feelings even from an American correspondent who did care. . . .

One does not quarrel with our goal. It is only natural for Americans to wish to see even the backward little nations of Eastern Europe enjoy the blessings of the democratic system as we have worked it out for ourselves.

But you cannot sprout a pure democracy overnight in countries which have never experienced it. It takes a little time. It even took us a little time. And we did not have the Russians as neighbours.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER

in the New York Herald Tribune

#### Modern Orthodoxy-Scientific and Economic

THE belief in Marxism which scientists sometimes express is quite a different matter from their belief in relativist physics or non-Euclidian geometry. The truth of a physical theory depends upon the results of experience, and experience can always prove that Newton, Lavoisier or Einstein were wrong. That is the essential condition of scientific advance; moreover there is no tragedy if they are proved in error. Science has gone beyond them, that is all, as must happen to every scientist in his turn. That is the rule of the game. But Marxism is quite a different matter. The man who suggests that there can be any truth beyond Marxism is a blasphemer. Yet, why, one might reasonably ask, should it not be the aim of his disciples to advance upon Marx as it was obviously the aim of Galileo's disciples to advance beyond Galileo, that of Archimedes' successors to go beyond their master? But our new converts cling strangely to the idea that truth was discovered in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that any attempt to progress beyond it is merely a pretext to cloak a desire for retrogression.

To understand the paradox it is enough to remember that the discussion takes place, not on the plane of abstract truth, but on that of conflicting forces. Behind the Marxist is the Communist Party, that is to say, a powerful organisation, the hope of downtrodden, human multitudes. Behind Galileo, behind Newton, there has never been anything but science and truth.

La France Libre

#### Christian Socialism—A New Political Force

SINCE the liberation of France, the M.R.P. (Mouvement Républicain Populaire) has at each election astonished everyone (itself included) by its enormous successes. Perhaps the political prophets, tired of predicting the collapse of this 'equivocal' party, will at last understand the reasons (connected as much with European political trends in general as with purely French affairs) which have favoured the rapid growth of what is now the principal French Party.

Parties similar to the M.R.P. are playing a rôle of primary importance in Italy, in Austria and in

Western Germany. . . . The success of these Christian Socialist parties is often attributed to their capture of the Conservative vote. The bourgeoisie, one is told, plump for the non-Marxist Party which, after the decline of the Conservative or Reactionary parties, appears to them to be the most effective bulwark against Communism. . . . This interpretation, though it contains a grain of truth, is singularly superficial. Even if it is true that anti-Communism works in favour of the Christian Socialist parties, one is justified in asking why this is so—why, for example, in France the votes go to the M.R.P. and not the P.R.L. (extreme Right) or to the Radicals.

The primary fact on which is based the answer to this question is this: that certain historical ideologies are dead and others are alive. The P.R.L. and the Radicals are based on outworn, defunct ideologies, the M.R.P. on a living one. Nobody now believes in liberty when it is associated with unfettered private enterprise; nobody believes in the sort of individualism extolled by the pre-war Radicals. On the other hand, people have not ceased to believe, or rather have once more begun to believe, in a certain Christian humanism—belief in the dignity of man linked with belief in God—which is capable of inspiring a reconstruction of society at once Socialist and Liberal.

Three types of men predominated in the *Résistance*—Communists, humanists, and Christians. The humanists, those who believe neither in God nor in Stalin, are still in search of a party which could translate their message into daily action. Communists and Christians have found parties which embody their convictions and meet their aspirations.

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#### Women Are Not Conservative!

Since women were granted votes in France, opinions have greatly varied as to the effect of their votes. Would they, as in some other countries, merely double the men's vote? Or would they constitute an electoral power independent of the other sex and of all the other parties? In the Assembly which was elected in October of last year the consequences of the women's vote were not easily detected. There was evidence which seemed to indicate a doubling of the men's vote. There was other evidence which indicated that many women had voted Communist irrespective of the votes cast by the men in their family.

But in the present Assembly it is permissible to see in the considerable increase in voting strength of the Movement of Popular Republicans a direct effect of the extension of the vote to the women of France. The vast majority of the women who did not vote for the candidates of Georges Bidault's Popular Republicans clearly voted Communist or Socialist. Comparatively few women can have voted for the two groups which perpetuated or resurrected the conservative and old-fashioned liberal traditions of pre-war days since these groups signally failed to make the comeback which was freely predicted for one or both of them and for which their own partisans confidently hoped.

It is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that Frenchwomen in general favour the new parties on the political scene and the social and economic reforms which are advocated in greater or less degree by all three of the parties which combined to form the coalition governments of General Charles de Gaulle and President Félix Gouin and which seem likely to combine in the government of tomorrow. . . . New York Herald Tribune

#### The Small Atomic Motor is Still Far Distant

Even admitting that other nations might snatch the atomic secret in five years' time, it remains probable that, during that period, the Americans and English would have made further progress. There is no reason why an advance in atomic energy should be any less decisive than in aeroplanes and tanks. Considered from this angle, the initial advantage of the Anglo-Saxon powers appears much less ephemeral than has been suggested in certain quarters. It is not astonishing that, in these conditions, the United States should have been little disposed to abandon such an advantage in a world where the *leitmotif* of the policy of States is less the brotherhood of nations than nationalism run wild.

In spite of popular belief, the prospects of an air-liner capable of making a tour of the world on a few grams of uranium are as remote as they were ten years ago. The apparatus necessary to protect the human organism from the radioactive emanations produced in a generator is, and is likely to remain for a long time, so heavy and bulky that it excludes the possibility of advantageously utilising a small atomic motor in place of the internal combustion engine. We have to think rather of the utilisation of atomic energy in large thermal and electric generating stations.

La France Libre

#### Transatlantic Culture!

WITHOUT any doubt the most brilliant publishing idea that has come along is the forthcoming magazine called American Culture. This magazine will contain nothing but advertising, will cost the subscriber one hundred and eighty dollars a year, and will arrive by Western Union messenger, the United States mails having finally met their match. Everything seems auspicious about the new venture. The name American Culture is just right, culture being the strongest of all American obsessions and as active as the puddler in a washing machine. The contents, also, are just right, advertising being by far the most exciting kind of reading matter nowadays, suggesting as it does the enjoyment of products that don't exist and a gracious future that the day's news fails to support. What tickles us especially about American Culture is that it boldly states the ideal which Harper's Bazaar and Mademoiselle have been merely groping towards without knowing it. The latest issue of the Bazaar weighs two pounds seven ounces, yet it still clings to the dusty old tradition that every magazine ought to contain a few pages of non-paying matter, even if it starts on page 121 and is virtually indistinguishable from the rest of the material. American Culture, when it appears next September, will make a clean break—a magazine that has at last shaken itself free from the stultifying grip, the costly monkeyshines, and the embarrassing opinions of artists, writers, and editors. New Yorker

#### Mouse-Shows

A VISIT to a mouse-show—believe me, there are such things—is an entertaining, and in some ways educative, experience. There you will see large numbers of pedigree mice, varied slightly—to the untutored eye almost imperceptibly—in colour, size and shape, and two or three judges examining with anxious care such gravely important features as the set of the creature's ears, the form of the snout, the direction of growth of the hair on sides

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## Progress against Pain

¶ Some of the oldest prescriptions known to medical science were engraved upon pillars of stone by the Egyptians, about the seventeenth century B.C. From these prescriptions no physician was allowed to deviate, upon pain of being held responsible if the patient died.

¶ It took many years for medical science to realise that knowledge is not static but progressive.

¶ One recent discovery, for instance, is that a small quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed up by the right combination of other drugs.

¶ A direct outcome of that discovery is 'Cogene', a scientific combination, in tablet form, of four separate drugs, three being pain relievers and the fourth a stimulant. Because a minute quantity only of each is present, there can be none of the harmful after-effects that might attend the taking of a

larger dose; yet the combination of all four in scientifically balanced proportions is so effective that 'Cogene' will 'reach' the most harassing nerve pain more rapidly than could any single drug. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get your share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

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and flanks, the straightness or curvature of the tail, and so on. Eventually prizes are awarded to those animals deemed to excel in the desired features. No consideration is given to whether this outward excellence is associated with any other character that might be useful in a mouse, such as cat-dodging, cheese-eating or surviving in churches. Perhaps that does not matter. It is enough that they are pretty little creatures, giving pleasure to their owners, and possibly some profit to the group of fanciers who breed them and periodically play this competitive game.

The Countryman

#### The Stamp Act-French Version

BLACK market operators seeking safe and easily concealed investments for their illicit gains have started an unprecedented boom in the Paris stamp market. They have discovered, dealers say, that rare stamps provide a safe and dependable means of concealing their wealth.

One result has been a tremendous increase in the value of old, highly-regarded issues which are collectors' staples. The one-franc 1849 Vermillion, for instance, which was sold for 200 francs in 1900 and for 40,000 in 1942, today commands a price of 80,000 francs (1,600 dollars).

Another result has been a great increase in the number of stamp dealers. The many established dealers of Paris have been supplemented by scores of new traders operating in café backrooms and on street corners. Dealers report a number of fakes in circulation and say that many of the black marketeers, seeking to make their purchases safe through channels which will leave no record of their transactions, are being stung each day.

Dealers also report a boom in a whole new series of issues—the provisional postage of World War II. One of the first of the new rarities to appear on the Paris market was an Italian stamp overprinted in French in Tripolitania by Gen. Leclerc's army. A block of four, for which a French soldier paid four francs on issue, was later resold in Algiers for 50,000 francs (1,000 dollars).

Star Weekly

#### Thurber on Women

ANOTHER spectacle that depresses the male and makes him fear women, and therefore hate them, is that of a woman looking another woman up and down, to see what she is wearing. The cold, flat look that comes into a woman's eyes when she does this, the swift coarsening of her countenance, and the immediate evaporation from it of all humane quality make the male shudder. He is likely to go to his state-room or his den or his private office and lock himself in for hours. I know one man who surprised that look in his wife's

eyes and never afterwards would let her come near him. If she started towards him, he would dodge behind a table or a sofa, as if he were engaging in some unholy game of tag. That look, I believe, is one reason why men disappear, and turn up in Tahiti or the Arctic or the United States Navy.

JAMES THURBER in The Strand

#### Sport and National Character

The theory that a nation's games illustrate its character is attractive, but it is not altogether sound. Cricket, to be sure, is more leisurely than baseball, and so far as that goes, may be held to mirror English placidity as against the more frenzied American humours. But cricket in the 'body-line' incidents of 1932 was responsible for troubles with Australia which reached political dimensions.

Swedes, blond, unemotional and sure of themselves, reel off lap after lap in premeditated times; Americans put the weight, throw the discus, pole vault and high jump with astonishing success and agility; Frenchmen bicycle with stamina and enthusiasm; and the Japanese used to specialise in the curious pastime of hopping, skipping and jumping. But it is doubtful whether any profitable conclusions can be drawn from such premises.

Every time that a good example of athletic success or lack of it seems to reflect national characteristics, another such illustration contradicts it. The Italians are, according to easy generalisation, showy, excitable and lacking in stamina. But did not Dorando come within a tragic ace of winning that hard, unspectacular grind, the Marathon at the White City?

Even when Davis Cups and other championships are at stake, the happiest player is he who keeps his sense of proportion and manages, even in the stress and strain of a modern competition, to remember that, when all is said and done, he is doing nothing more serious than knock a little ball about with a racket or a club. . . .

The most sporting country, in the real sense of the word, is that which has the largest proportion of its population playing and enjoying games and sports of all kinds. The question as to whether or not it happens to throw up a world beater or two in the course of its enjoyment is irrelevant. . . . New York Times Magazine

Someday we'll wake up and find our own cities atom-bombed and the entire U.S.A. destroyed in a single afternoon.

DREW PEARSON in The Washington Post



#### CORRESPONDENCE

## The Misunderstanding of Sublimation SIR.

Encouraged by his conviction that psychology has not yet attained the status of a science, Vernon Brelsford, in the June number of World Review, sets himself the task of shattering what he calls the myth of sublimation. Adopting a technique frequently used by earlier opponents of psychoanalysis, he proceeds to give an account of this unconscious mechanism that just happens to be inaccurate in every particular. Having in this way built up a new myth, its creator has little difficulty in destroying it. And this he does with pardonable gusto. Certainly if the concept of sublimation were what Brelsford says it is, his demolition of it would have the support of every right-thinking psychoanalyst.

By way of correction it is sufficient to indicate the fundamental misconception on which the whole of Brelsford's argument is based. According to him, sublimation is a consciously directed mechanism, the aim of which is to divert adult sexual instinct to non-sexual channels. According to Freud, sublimation is an entirely unconscious process, the aim of which is to drain off the already frustrated energies of infantile sexuality. Sublimation has nothing to do with the conscious control of adult sexuality. To this false premise Brelsford adds a second when he implies that repression, too, is a conscious process. Repression is one of the earliest and deepest of unconscious mechanisms. Eliminate these two errors and the whole of the subsequent argument becomes a tissue of misunderstandings. This series of correlations between, on the one hand, adult sexual gratification, either normal or perverted, and, on the other, creative and imaginative activity, are beside the point. No doubt useful correlations can be made between work and adult love or between work and adult sexual frustration; but they must be based on an accurate understanding of the

early unconscious phases of development that influence work, love and frustration respectively. Both the working capacity and the love capacity of adults can be promoted by the sublimations or interfered with by the conflicts that develop in childhood and remain active in the unconscious mind. But these facts do not justify any direct correlations between adult love and work. Ouite the contrary. The simplest of reactions following adult sexual activity, e.g., quiescence, increased appetite or zest for non-sexual activity; or again, aversion, indifference or a disinclination to work, cannot be taken at face-value. They are determined by mental patterns laid down during the unconscious development and modification of infantile sexual impulse.

One last point. By his exclusive though misdirected interest in the sexual habits of creative workers, the writer may have diverted his readers' attentions from the fact that to sublimation proper we owe much of that cohesion of groups on which civilisation ultimately depends.

EDWARD GLOVER, London, W.I

#### 'World Review' a 'Rag'

STR.

I have just read the latest issue of *World Review* and agree heartily with the correspondent who calls it a rag.

I've never before read such a condensation of anti-Russian warmongering and political bias.

After serving in Tunisia and Italy in a Churchill tank, being wounded and seeing many friends killed or mutilated, I haven't the slightest desire to find a grave in the Ukraine as so many Nazis did.

Incidentally I'm not a Communist—I hold no brief for their Party; nor a Socialist—just an Irishman now waiting to go home.

F. QUINN, Bovington

## 'W.R.' NOT Filth, but 'Rather Despicable' SIR.

As a Communist and a journalist I do not consider your magazine filth! In fact it is one of the best of its sort. But your policy is obviously anti-Communist and anti-Russian, and your contribution to world peace and internationalism worse than negligible. If you must publish an article on child education in Yugoslavia, why not be fair and publish a similar article by a person who supports the régime in Yugoslavia? If, perhaps, there is no answer to the statements about the young Yugoslavs' education, why expose the 'evil' of the system and entirely ignore the other side?

It is, too, rather despicable, printing letters from people who call themselves Communists which you hope will ridicule them in the eyes of your discerning readers. DENIS BRIAN, Waddington

## 'Let him that is without sin . . . 'DEAR SIR.

Your May issue contained startling accounts of inhuman brutality in liberated territories, but I think a more balanced view would be possible if we remembered our own 'Glasshouses', Detention Camps, and also the American type of ustice commonly known as 'Third Degree'.

M. DAVID HYNARD, Oxted

MESSAGE FROM PARIS

## IS A FRANCO-BRITISH UNDERSTANDING POSSIBLE?

#### J. C. DE BEAUJEU

Correspondent of Le Monde Illustré

WHILE listening recently to a friendly discussion between a Frenchman and an Englishman, I found myself wondering whether the Anglo-Saxons and the Latins would ever come to understand one another. Some years ago one might have believed it possible; but the union born of enforced exile and common misfortune has not survived the drying of the blood spilt in the fight for the universal cause. These considerations have nothing to do with either politics or personal feelings; they tend rather towards a theory which leaves one with few illusions as to the capricious nature of the human species.

Quite apart from imperative geographical interests, examples abound. No sooner emancipated from the reciprocal influence imposed by circumstances, the two civilisations draw apart, pursue an independent cycle, and come together again only when driven by the dictates of reason and necessity.

Take music, for example—the most international of the arts, since it is unaffected by limitations of dialect or national character, but

subject only to the laws of civilisations and temperaments. The stars of Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff and Sibelius do not by any means shine with the same brilliance in Paris as in London; and the same applies, conversely, to Ravel and Débussy. For nearly two years the French Radio has been broadcasting at frequent intervals the works of Benjamin Britten, Michael Tippett and William Walton, but the cultivated melomaniacs across the Channel have not yet been able to accustom their ears to this foreign music. In the same way, the works of modern French composers such as Milhaud, Poulenc, Francaix and (perhaps the greatest of them all) Olivier Messiaen do not satisfy the musical instincts of the English. Performers alone seem to possess a certain international vogue, though their reputations depend largely on their varying repertoire, according to the tastes of audiences. Their Alfred Cortot is as well known in England as Sir Thomas Beecham in France.

Two daily newspapers of the same date, one British and the other French, recently gave another example of this difference of mentality as regards the interpretation of events. The first commented with studied earnestness on the impending new food restrictions, on the progress of the various conferences on which the future of the world depends, and on countless other equally gloomy subjects. The second, by a typically ironic coincidence, recalled in a long editorial that 1946 was the fourth centenary of the publication of the 'third book of the heroic deeds and sayings of the good Pantagruel, composed by François Rabelais, doctor of medicine.' The writer held that in this century of atom bombs and perpetually empty stomachs, this anniversary was worthy of note. In spite of his personal vexations and the difficulties of the times, as great perhaps in his day as in ours, the mediæval author was capable of judging life as pleasant, full and eminently worth living. After a dinner, which was rationed no doubt, Pantagruel laughingly complained of his sad condition, denouncing his fellow human beings as incurable idiots; and his laugh was jovial, vinous and immensely comforting. But this atmosphere of gaiety and garlic did not make him the dupe of the vested interests, camouflaged as more or less attractive ideologies, which were responsible in that year of grace, 1546, for the hanging of heretics on the Place Maubert and the danger involved in trying to assure oneself the right to live happily. This precious document was placed on the index, for the 'great ones' of the day feared the collapse of their humbug before the onslaught of Pantagruel, with his good sense and his worldly wisdom. Rabelais, protector of free men, warned his compatriots of the snares and dangers of life's road by inveighing against those who, in the name of unacknowledgeable ambitions, sought to destroy the happy condition of mankind.

The editorial on Rabelais seemed to me admirably to personify the French spirit, which is perhaps not sufficiently preoccupied with the troubles of the world, but at least refuses to lapse into sterile fatalism. Just as in 1546 Pantagruel sounded the toosin against the forces of obscurantism, so in 1946 his descendants are following his example on a much vaster plane.

At the Paris Conference France has certainly shown a certain intransigence, and though she continues to consider it possible to reach an accord, she is not prepared to agree to the indefinite postponement of the Peace Conference, a position which should bring her considerably closer to Great Britain. The latter appears to have chosen Africa as her first line of defence in the future, and this tendency

renders the closest Anglo-French collaboration an imperative geographical necessity.

In contrast to her habitual indifference, America, by signing the recent financial agreement, has shown her faith and her interest in the humanist doctrines of a renascent France. Less the prisoner of tradition than his British opposite number, Mr. Byrnes was well able to appreciate the necessity for eliminating the causes of friction dividing the representatives of a similar ideology. The realist proposals put forward by France should not be ignored, for they are the fruit of unhappy experience and represent an appreciable contribution to the solution of the problem of European peace, which alone will permit the world to unite in the struggle against famine, want and social injustice.

The New York Times recently expounded the American attitude: 'The loan granted to France is not an act of generosity, but an intelligent agreement calculated to encourage moderate and liberal elements and to save an order of things on which depends the future of the United States as much as that of Europe. The loans to Great Britain and France represent an investment in a certain political system and a certain way of life.'

Observing my two interlocutors, mentioned at the beginning of this article, I noticed a look of dreamy uncertainty on the Englishman's face, whereas the Frenchman's, rightly or wrongly, wore an air of complete self-assurance, with none the less a touch of defiance. The trouble is that the two nations do not know how to talk to one another; they make no effort to discover each other's qualities, but base their judgments on stereotyped clichés concerning the legends of Joan of Arc and Nelson. The same spirit which drives the Anglo-Saxon to reduce his language to initials causes him to oversimplify his analysis of France, who in fact eludes all definition and bears no resemblance at all to the portrait of her painted by beribboned old diplomats with minds clouded by cigar smoke. The Frenchman ignores the true nature of the British temperament, for he thinks entirely in terms of intellect and is as proud of his own as is a woman of her beauty. If people fail to understand his point of view, he seems not to care, and is prepared to let himself be admired or hated by virtue of a misunderstanding because it would be too long and boring to explain what he alone is capable of understanding.

Such are the weaknesses of these two nations united by common interests but intellectually divided.

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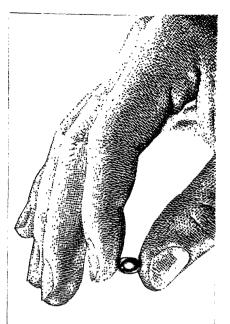
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#### WORLD REVIEW

## PELMANISM AND "THINGS TO COME"

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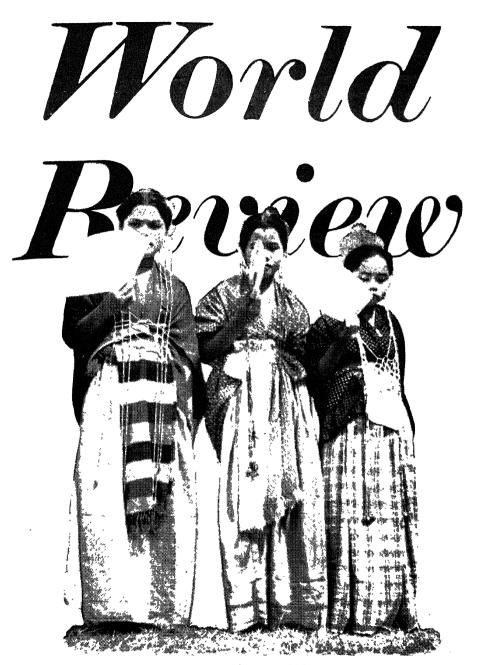
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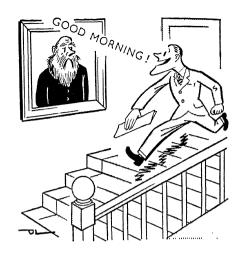
Javanese Dancing Girls
BACKGROUND TO THE INDONESIAN PROBLEM

## South with the Springbok

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## **Appreciation from afar**

(289)

I fear that during my wanderings of the last two or three years, I have lost touch with you ... you no doubt have passed through some troublous and dangerous experiences. I wonder whether I shall find the old premises still standing when I get back to England! I have for a long time had to put up with all sorts of unknown tobaccos though I did find some Punchbowle in Sydney . . I shall be very glad if you will send me two lbs. So much of my correspondence went astray during my last days in China, that I do not know the position of my account with you, but if you will let me know, I will send a cheque for any balance due and for the present order.

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## THINKING ALOUD

#### TERENCE KILMARTIN

#### HARVEST GLOOM

A RAY of cold, autumnal sunlight flickers over my table as I sit down to write these lines. Can it be that an Indian summer will bring us at least some compensation for the wretched months behind us? One dare not hope so. In an hour or two, I fear, the rain clouds will have gathered to renew their steady, implacable downpour and complete the havor they have wrought to the first full post-war harvest. Have the heavens ever been more unkind than during this melancholy summer of 1946? Travelling through southern England and seeing the corn sheaves lie rotting in the sodden fields, one is tempted to cry out with Gloucester

> 'Like flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods,— They kill us for their sport.'

The farmers, however, refusing to succumb to such pagan despair, have appealed for a National Day of Prayer to save the harvest. Perhaps this gleam of sunlight is an answer to their pleas?

#### THE INTERNATIONAL BAROMETER

No more than the weather, has the international news in the past few weeks given cause for rejoicing. Indeed, so striking is the similarity between the two situations, that the meteorological bulletins and forecasts issued each day, with their dreary recital of depressions, squalls, showers, etc., interspersed with rare 'bright intervals', might well be confounded with the news reports from Paris and Eastern Europe. The inhabitants of these islands must indeed be a stoic race to be able at once to endure the miseries of the English (or should I say British?) summer and face up to the depressing

realities of the international situation. How much less dismal must the prospect seem to the denizens of the warm south! Perhaps, on the other hand, the vagaries of our climate provide, for some of us, a sufficient outlet for our spleen, diverting our minds from sombre brooding over other and more serious woes. It is possible, though somewhat improbable, that the very contrast between the ephemeral glory of the southern summer and the storm clouds hovering over Eastern Europe may o'ershadow the delights of the sunny Mediterranean beaches.

I remember how, in 1940, during those cloudless months of May and June—when the German panzers were blasting their way through Northern France and the French armies dissolving, as it were, into thin air—the glorious weather seemed to lend an added poignancy to the tragic news.

#### BACK TO POWER POLITICS

THE contrast between the pious hopes of eternal peace and universal brotherhood which characterised the Wilsonian epoch after the first round of the twentiethcentury war, and the widespread scepticism marking the aftermath of the second holocaust, has often been remarked upon. I imagine, however, that not even the most inveterate Jeremiah ever dreamt that relations between the victorious powers would have sunk into such a slough as they have reached today, hardly a year after the end of the war. I know it is easy to be cynical and sometimes rather enjoyable to wallow in gloomy fatalism; but to indulge in hearty, robust optimism is equally, if not more, unhelpful. However deplorable the



German prisoners attempt to salvage corn from a flooded harvest field in Hampshire

desperate cynicism which is now so prevalent, it is hardly very surprising. The outlook is bleak, and no temporary alleviation can hide the reality of the deepening antagonism between East and West, the failure of U.N.O. and the relapse into the snarling jungle game of power politics.

No one can accuse Mr. Harold Nicolson of gratuitous pessimism. He has, if anything, in his admirable broadcasts on the progress of the Peace Conference, tended to emphasise the brighter aspects. Yet anyone who has listened regularly to his talks must have derived singularly little comfort or encouragement therefrom.

Mr. Nicolson touched upon a particularly vital point when he drew attention the other day to the pernicious habit among the Big Powers of wriggling out

of agreements already made; in which respect, he said, the British and the Americans were particularly guilty. This is undoubtedly true, and the explanation is that most of the agreements concerned have involved compromises in Russia's favour, which were made in the interests of Great Power unity. Faced now with the opposition of the smaller nations, the Western Powers are in something of a quandary, for they are torn between the necessity of Big Power solidarity to preserve peace, and concern for the principles of the Atlantic Charter; and they are now trying hard to combine the two. The Russians, handicapped by no such inhibitions, can afford to be more logical and consistent. They naturally prefer to stick to the old system of Big Three monopoly, ignoring the opinions and interests of their smaller brethren.

#### WHO IS TO BLAME?

IT would be futile to attempt to apportion the blame for the parlous condition in which the world finds uself today. Clearly, the fundamentally illiberal, undemocratic and indeed reactionary attitude of the Soviet Union, coupled with its almost pathological distrust of foreigners, is the greatest single obstacle to peace-making. Attempts by the United States and Britain to appease Russian suspicion and Russian anxiety serve only to aggravate matters. They, in their turn, are suspicious of the Soviets; and neither side can trust the other to show its hand completely. It is the old, vicious circle of power politics, in which all the Big Nations, whatever the purity of their intentions, have inevitably become implicated. The Atlantic Charter has been shelved: settlements at Paris are subordinated to the demands of the power struggle between East and West. Problems (the South Tyrol and Transylvania) in which these are not involved are settled quickly regardless of justice or ethnic rights and wrongs. Others entail endless wrangling, not because they raise important questions of principle, but because they encroach on the interests of the great. Bulgaria, an Axis satellite, is supported by Russia in her demands on Greece; and Western opposition to these demands arises neither from the memory of Greece's war record (Yugoslavia's was as good) nor Bulgaria's support for Hitler, but from the realisation that Bulgaria is one of the satellites revolving in the Soviet orbit. In the same way, British and American support is given to the Italian case over Trieste, not from love of Italy or because her claims are considered just, but because a Yugoslav Trieste would mean a Russian Trieste and a Soviet outlet to the Mediterranean.

An uninitiated observer at Paris would find it difficult to judge which are the victorious powers and which their



HAROLD NICOLSON, whose broadcasts on the Paris Conference have been genial though somewhat astringent

defeated enemies. For the Conference reflects not so much the divisions of the late world conflict as the realignment of the powers for the next war.

#### THE CLOSED SHOP

THE closed shop controversy has been clouded with misunderstandings and ambiguities, a great deal of loose thinking and over-simplification, and the inevitable attempts to make party capital out of the issue. Not the least of the factors lending to the confusion in which the question is wrapped is that people tend to use the phrase 'closed shop' in many different ways. In its strict sense it apparently means agreement between an employer and a union to restrict employment in a particular industry to members of one union. Thus, in connection with the L.P.T.B. affair, it was used in its

correct sense, but in most of the other recent disputes to which the term has been

applied, it is a misnomer.

It is because of the gravity of the issues involved that it is so important to avoid these ambiguities. The public is always ready to jump to arms at the least sign of a threat to individual liberty, but it is well that it should know what all the fuss is about.

The disputes of the past two weeks are symptoms of a disquieting tendency towards authoritarianism, visible for some time in the Trade Union movement, which is rapidly becoming a state within a state. When such an organisation, which is not subject to Parliamentary supervision, seeks to exert compulsions over the individual, it is indeed time for the public to sit up and take notice. These semi-dictatorial, monopolistic tendencies are yet another indication of the seemingly ineluctable drift towards the managerial society adumbrated, with such conviction and evident relish, in James Burnham's famous book.

But the problem is not a simple one. There are many arguments, some of them forcible ones, in favour of the closed shop. In the first place it makes for 'tidiness' and convenience: there are obvious advantages, on the 'strength through unity' principle, in having one single union, representing all the men in each particular industry or section of an industry, to cope with the machinery of collective bargaining. There is logic and reason, too, in the argument that since non-unionists benefit as much as their fellow workers from the improvements in wages, conditions, etc., won for them through union action, they are in fact getting something for nothing. And the corollary to this is that because the dominant union is mainly responsible for fighting the men's battles, members of break-away unions also profit from

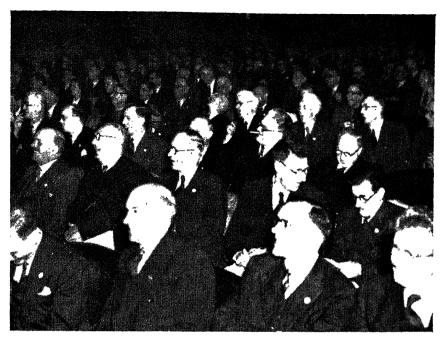
action for which they have taken no responsibility.

One of the less convincing arguments put forward by the Trade Union leaders in favour of the closed shop is that its enforcement would discourage unofficial strikes. It is, in fact, quite likely to have precisely the opposite effect. One of the principal reasons alike for the prevalence of unofficial strikes and for the unwillingness of the little unions to place themselves in the hands of their larger rivals is the lack of confidence among so many of the workers in the Trade Union leadership. Leaving aside the question of principle, attempts to impose discipline by force will merely defeat their own obiect.

The toleration of minorities, however perverse and unreasonable, is one of the basic principles of democracy. The House of Commons would be much 'tidier' if the so-called 'splinter' parties and Independents were suppressed and the field left open for the big parties to fight things out on their own. This would quite rightly be regarded as a monstrous infringement of the rights of minorities.

But the conflict between order and liberty is a difficult one to resolve, and it is astonishing how frequently people contradict themselves on the subject. For instance, it is to be noticed that those who have most strongly criticised the failure of the Trade Union bosses to enforce discipline among the workers are now the first to accuse them of dictatorship when they adopt a policy which they believe, rightly or wrongly, to be calculated to set their house in order, to restore discipline, and to ensure the efficient working of the machinery of collective bargaining.

I see that the Government have decidednot to intervene in the present controversy, which, in any case, does not appear to be leading to a serious crisis. Sooner or later, however, they will have



The T.U.C. in session. Will 'Monopoly Unionism' follow in the footsteps of Monopoly Capitalism?

to come to some decision on the closed shop issue, which will revive in a particularly acute form in the case of nationalised industries.

#### SOLUTION IN INDONESIA?

WE print this month an article on the Indonesian tangle, which has rather faded out of the news of late and which, shaded from the arc light of international publicity, is beginning to unravel itself. At an exceptionally unpublicised conference held last July at Malino on the Island of Celebes, the Dutch appear to have scored a point or two against the Javanese Republic. For the thirty-nine delegates from the three thousand-odd outer islands (i.e., the entire Indonesian archipelago except for Java and Sumatra), in the first inter-island conference ever held, came down heavily for an Indonesian Federation inside the framework

of the Dutch Empire. At the same time, one gathers, they gave the Dutch a jolt by the fervour of their nationalism and their insistence on local autonomy for all the component units.

A striking feature of the conference was that, while many delegates proclaimed their allegiance to the Javanese Prime Minister, Sharir, the name of the President, Soekarno, who collaborated with 'the Japanese, was not once mentioned.

Incidentally, as Barbara Whittingham-Jones points out in her article, 'Made in Japan' is and always was the wrong label for Indonesian nationalism. This was underlined at the recent celebrations of the first anniversary of the Republic at Jogjakarta, the nationalist capital in Central Java, when every street was hung with posters depicting an Indonesian soldier expelling the retreating



The opening of the Malino Conference, where Dutch and Indonesians met to solve their differences

Jap with the toe of his jack-boot. The kidnapping of Sharir by Communists and extremists served to clear the air in the Republican ranks, and his recent reinstalment as Prime Minister for the third time in nine months is an indication that the fundamentally conciliatory Indonesian still prefers the path of negotiation to that of full-scale war.

At the same time, a pointer to future re-alignments on the Republican side is to be discerned in an unrevealed attempt to assassinate Soekarno in his palace a fortnight before the anniversary. Soekarno and Hatta have increasingly the air of extinct volcanoes and once a settlement is reached their disappearance can be regarded as certain.

The future of Javanese nationalism appears to lie with Sharir and Amir Sharifuddin, the Minister of Defence, who is a Christian, and like Sharir him-

self, a staunch non-collaborator. Both sides apparently want the British troops to leave. Their departure will put an end to the misunderstandings inseparable from a triangular situation, and I am told a dramatic settlement may not be out of the question.

#### IVAN AND STALIN

Some of the recent Russian films throw a good deal of light on the true nature of the Soviet régime, showing how Stalin is now inspired not so much by the teachings of Marx and the early revolutionaries as by the example of the great autocrats of Russia's past. Those who, from ignorance, obstinacy or sheer wrong-headedness, still cherish the illusion that the U.S.S.R. is a workers' paradise, a classless society, an example of democracy at its purest, would do well to go and see the new Eisenstein film now



A scene from the Soviet film Ivan the Terrible

showing in London, which purports to depict the life of Ivan the Terrible. It is more than a mere essay in the distortion and bowdlerisation of history; it is also, ironically enough, a convincing demonstration of the resemblance between the Stalinist system and the old Tsarist régime.

The parallel is neatly drawn. We see Ivan as the precursor of Lenin and Stalin—the patriot surrounded by traitors and quislings, striving to consolidate his precarious state and to defend its frontiers against enemies to the East and to the West. We see him as the benevolent despot, the champion of the people against the treacherous and reactionary boyars. We see him as the Russian imperialist, intent on unifying 'all the Russias' under his sway and extending the borders of Muscovy. And we see him also as the defender of 'Orthodox

Christendom' against the domination of Rome. (It is interesting, by the way, to see how the anti-religious note has faded out of contemporary Russian propaganda: the Orthodox church, having been duly gleichgeschaltet, is now very much persona grata with the régime.)

The dialogue, evidently written by a State propagandist, is full of the current slogans about the power and military glory of the Russian Fatherland, the menace of encirclement by enemies abroad, etc. Unity, power, ruthlessness are the keywords. 'A state without sternness is like a horse without a bridle', Ivan says—and it might be Stalin speaking.

For all this *Ivan the Terrible* is a remarkable piece of film-making. It is astonishing how, in spite of the ideological inhibitions from which they inevitably suffer, directors like Eisenstein can



LAURENCE STERNE, author of Tristram Shandy and The Sentimental Journey. For him, travel was far simpler, if rather slower, than for us today

produce films such as this, which for sheer visual beauty, artistic integrity and mastery of technique, can find few rivals. They seem to have a genius for recapturing the spirit and atmosphere of the past the barbaric splendour of the Muscovite court, the sombre magnificence of Orthodox ritual, the primitive harshness of life in mediæval Russia. Notwithstanding the historical inaccuracy and the ludicrous dialogue, a film such as Ivan gives a far more convincing picture of its period than any of Hollywood's excursions into the realm of history. The Russians, by the way, have a curious technique of acting, in which an elaborate symbolism of gesture and expression is used to convey personality and heighten dramatic intensity.

#### TRAVEL COMPLICATIONS

OUTLINING his foreign policy in the House of Commons some months ago, Mr. Ernest Bevin summed it up in a

characteristic phrase. 'I want,' he said 'to be able to go to Victoria, buy a ticket and go where the hell I like.'

When, I wonder, is this admirable policy to be put into effect? The barriers between neighbouring countries, instead of being gradually broken down, are growing daily more rigid. The obstacles and complications confronting the would-be traveller are enough to daunt all but the most tenacious and the most long-suffering.

A sudden S.O.S. from Paris prompted me to pay a flying visit to France the other day. Having succeeded, miraculously, in obtaining an aircraft at the shortest possible notice, I remembered that I hadn't my passport with me. I had left it at a travel agency the week before with the very intention of obtaining a French visa. Having no time to retrieve it, I went down to Croydon—sans passport, sans visa, in fact sans everything, but hoping (with rather naïve optimism, I suppose) that since I carried no luggage and therefore no contraband, and since I intended to return the same day, I might be allowed to travel. But no, try as I might, I could no more persuade the airport security officials to allow me to go to France than if I had asked for authority to fly to the moon.

On a similar occasion two hundred years ago the amorous cleric, Laurence Sterne, met with no such obstruction. 'They order,' said he, 'these matters better in France'—and off he went to Dover, crossed the Channel and it was not until half-way through his sentimental journey that he learnt, by chance, that France and England had been for some time at war. It is a sad reflection on the decadence of our age that, in this year of so-called peace, one is prevented from spending a day in a friendly country for lack of a few sheets of paper held together by cardboard.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS Monthly Comments (XV)

#### SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THIS monthly survey, never easy to make, has now come to resemble the task of a radio commentator, driving by car across some vast, forbidding and monotonous portion of the earth's surface—some Mongolian steppe or subarctic tundra-in a pouring rainstorm, with a broken windscreen wiper. He is expected to broadcast a 'travelogue'. Upon what fresh twist of scenery can he comment? Through the infinite melancholy of the dead flat land, where will he perceive that diversity, those elements of gasety and surprise which alone will preserve his listeners from the temptation of turning off their sets? The vague grey bulk of some encampment exactly apes another encampment passed a hundred miles back. To left and right loom imprecise mountain chains that now advance, now retreat; every fifty miles or so there is a solitary horseman, immobile, expectant-waiting for the deepening menace of the darkness that creeps out of the East.

So with us, each month is a chronicle of provocation and bad temper, differing from the last only in the extent of its folly. Before our eyes the decision to commit the world to Power Politics rather than to the sanity of an international authority bears fruit; and as it ripens the fruit turns black. Rockets, almost certainly Russian, flash in a fiery. nimbus across the Swedish, the Greek, and even, it would seem, the Italian skies. Reports come in —apparently reliable reports—of the German war industries in Saxony and Silesia working to their utmost capacity in the Russian service, and of the 'Gneisenau' being raised from her watery grave —all in contravention of the Potsdam Agreement. Russia tries to bully Turkey into giving her virtual control of the Straits; America serves an 'ultimatum' on the turbulent Yugoslavs; the Peace Conference degenerates into a mere factory of amendments and recriminations. The new American plan for Germany and the fresh instructions apparently brought back from Moscow by Monsieur Molotov are still unpublished at the time of writing. They may possibly lighten our skies. There is need of light there.

If one can preserve a dispassionate cast of mind, it is fascinating to observe the resignation, almost the fatalism with which many Englishmen and the vast body of Americans now accept the possibility of a war with Russia. Whatever its outcome, it could hardly fail to be tragic. All

attempts to secure international control of the atom bomb seem to be failing; and the former American Secretary for War, Mr. Paterson, blithely declares that the military have no choice but to assume the use of atomic' bombs in future warfare and make plans accordingly.' The United States may get comfort from Admiral Blandy on his return from Bikini, when he assures them they are in advance of the world in the exploitation of the atomic bomb. But nobody can any longer nurse much hope that the Russians do not possess an atomic bomb at least no more old-world than that which was used to 'soften' Hiroshima. Thanks to the wellintentioned treason of Dr. Alan Nunn May, Moscow was long ago supplied with samples of uranium 235 'enriched' and uranium 253. And it is clear that the rockets which German technicians are now building for her far exceed the V2 in range and accuracy.

In a long-range atomic war with rockets, Russia would have far less to lose than we. Western Russia has already been devastated by the Germans; it would not be easy, either by bombers or rockets, to smash the new industrial areas in the Urals; and Russia is not burdened, as are we, with an anxiety to preserve the culture and monuments of the past.

What then are we to do? What must be the purpose and aims of British policy? Can we perform the complicated exercise of removing from Russian minds all suspicion of foreign attack, and make ourselves too strong to be worth attacking? What do we want? And France? Above all, what does America want?

The American soldier, as George Washington found to his despair, has always been obsessed by a passion for going home at the first lull in the campaign. One of the main problems of military administration during the War of Independence and the Civil War was to keep the armies from melting away. Modern advertising, designed to inculcate into every American the conviction that the 'American way of life' is the only sane one; a carefully-fostered insularity that makes juke-boxes, ice-cream, and coca-cola an essential part of an American unit's fighting equipment; a very natural desire quickly to turn to the task of 'reconversion' and of exploiting in terms of trade America's new authority in the world-all these considerations made it impossible for any



Panic crowds in Wall Street during the 1929 slump. Is history going to repeat itself?

man, less than Mr. Roosevelt perhaps, to resist rapid demobilisation. 'Get the boys back home' was a cry which in 1945 no administration could afford to ignore.

In effect this is isolationism; and the advent of a Socialist Government to power here tended for a time to accentuate this tendency. That was the era of cries for bases here, there and almost everywhere, to render America absolutely invulnerable from attack. In September 1946, however, the doctrine of invulnerability is perhaps less absolutely believed. 'Science,' say the American advisers to the Atomic Energy Commission, 'has failed to find a material defence against the atomic weapon.' For the first time in their history, Americans go in real fear of outside attack; and the speed with which the new Russian danger has manifested itself exerts upon their minds a sense of apprehension, almost of despair, far more deep than anything we know. The American public, we must remember, have been taught to expect infinitely more than we have of the peace. A fabulous new world of mechanised comfort, a foreign trade so vastly expanded as to lay for ever the ghost of unemployment, and foreign nations so much in awe of American power that they would never dream of challenging it.

Disillusionment has been rapid. Even the new markets which may be opened by the Anglo-American loan agreement hardly compensate for the closing of Eastern Europe and most of the Balkans to American trade; while the astronomical Chinese possibilities once promised by Donald Nelson grow more remote with every aggravation of the conflict between the Kuomintang and the Communists.

The American nation have lately gained two convictions which have little to do with their war dreams. They reluctantly accept the inevitability of a war with Russia, and they regard a slump as even more certain. The fall in Wall Street market prices by an average of 16 points during the last fortnight would superficially suggest that the slump is imminent; and in normal times we might suppose that such a slump would reinforce the natural tendency towards isolationism—and thus facilitate Russian aggression. Upon this windfall Soviet policy may well have calculated. If so, the Soviet 'forward' policy in Eastern Europe and in North Persia has been infinitely too precipitate. More than anything else it has reconciled the American people to retaining a war establishment costing near £,10,100,000,000 a year. This vast expenditure is in itself a programme of public works, which, at the cost of a mounting national debt, should buttress the American economy against any major slump for several years to come, and thus further check the drift towards isolationism.

We can count therefore upon the American people being less disposed to cut themselves off from the troubles and dangers of the outside world than they were a year ago. And their attitude towards this country seems to be improving. Though many Babbitts may still regard our Socialist Government as standing but a step from Communism in its economic policy, the whole Union knows where we stand in relation to Russia. Indeed, almost the only concerted criticism of this country to be heard in America today comes from that strange body of opinion, the Liberals, who still cling to a sentimental affection for the U.S.S.R. and a traditional suspicion of everything British.

Most obviously, Mr. Byrnes now works in the closest harmony with Mr. Bevin—except of course in such matters as the Palestinian problem, where the State Department is at the mercy of internal electoral forces beyond our calculation.

The cruise of the great new aircraft carrier, 'Franklin D. Roosevelt' in the Mediterranean, the brush with Marshal Tito over the shot-down aircraft, and now Mr. Byrnes' Stuttgart speech



The Ruhr, devastated but slowly reviving, remains the key to the German problem

(the text of which has come through while this article is being written)—all imply that the risk of American isolationism is at an end—for the time being at any rate.

But the Byrnes plan for Germany would presumably leave her with the Ruhr industries still within the sovereignty of the Reich. To this scheme the French would only agree with the utmost reluctance—if they will agree at all. And we cannot be so sure of unfailing American support, entirely to flout French susceptibilities.

In the main we must naturally approve the Byrnes plan. We must approve any reasonable scheme for ending the era of virtual annexation in Germany. Our dream must now be the resurrection of Germany as at least a No-Man's Land, if not a buffer between Russia and the West. But the French argue—and perhaps with justification —that a Germany still able to lay her hands on the industries of the Ruhr might again become a European danger. It might be as well, therefore, for us to study the French plan for the internationalisation of the Ruhr with more sympathy than we have accorded it hitherto. It seems to provide the only sane possibility of resurrecting a Germany which has no hope of turning criminal once more.

For the rest, it is hard to discern the exact shape of French foreign policy. The main foundations of her pre-war policy—the Little Entente and the Polish Alliance-have crumbled. From her two Southern neighbours, Franco's Spain and Liberal Italy, she is for differing reasons estranged; and though the power of the Communists in France appears to be declining, Communist members of the French Cabinet, have, it seems, bitterly disapproved the increasing tendency of France to vote with the Anglo-Saxons against the U.S.S.R. in the Peace Conference. Fear of alienating Moscow has undoubtedly held the French back from any close association of Western Europe. But circumstances, and the economic trends of the recent commercial treaties with Belgium and Holland, the increasingly important part which France and her smaller neighbours are taking in our own export trade-seem to be pushing France, no less than ourselves, towards the remedy which we have consistently urged—a Western European association.

Space does not here permit an examination of future British policy and its trends. Let us instead cast our eyes on to the Southern Tyrol and welcome the new Austro-Italian Agreement as a beacon of toleration in a world of fanaticism. Would that the prospects for the Palestine Conference gave us equal cause for hope! It is hoped to discuss British policy, the Anglo-Egyptian position and the Indian crisis next month.

### THE FRENCH UNION

#### A NEW DEAL IN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT?

#### RENÉ LECLER

As a mild compensation for the enormous ills which it has brought upon people throughout the world, the war has created deep currents towards the betterment of human conditions. Among other things, it has given the imperial nations a strong incentive to revise their policies towards the colonial peoples—policies which in the past have frequently been characterised by callousness, short-sightedness or greed.

It is not only that nations have admired the bravery and fidelity of their colonial subjects but, having themselves nearly lost their freedom, they are now more inclined to consider that of others. Everywhere, today, the colonial problem is under revision. In India, Great Britain has taken decisive steps to allow the Indian peoples to achieve their aims; the Dutch are giving Indonesia a new status; on 4 July 1946 the Philippine Commonwealth

was declared an independent state.

In France, the world's second colonial power, this feeling of new understanding has produced what is nothing short of a revolutionary change in the methods of colonial government. The proposal to create a French Union of which France and the overseas territories will be component parts had been under discussion before the last Constituent Assembly. Already certain steps had been taken and the general framework of the organisation drawn up. All this will now be given practical effect.

Before the war, French possessions in the five continents formed an amazingly intricate patchwork of administrative units whose existence was often due to the imaginative but unmethodical mind of some statesman whom history has forgotten. There were colonies proper, protectorates governed from Paris but boasting native rulers, League of Nations mandates and, somewhat illogically, overseas territories which formed an integral part of France. Some came under the Ministry of the Colonies; others were ruled by the Minister of the Interior. The political structure of some was, to put it mildly, mediæval; but on the other hand, some of the older colonies, such as the West Indian island of La Martinique, parts of Senegal (a French possession since the seventeenth century), and certain parts of Cochin-China enjoyed self-government to a degree unknown in colonies elsewhere in the world, and sent deputies to the Paris Chamber. In terms of parliamentary power, however, this was no more than a token participation, for the colonial deputies formed but a very small minority and their influence was generally negligible. But what they lacked in numbers, they often made up for by their talents. Some were personally responsible for many far-sighted colonial projects, and they were often raised to high positions in the administration. For example, the negro deputy Eboué, one of the first colonial leaders to join General de Gaulle, became the first coloured Governor-General of a colony: the Chad Territory in West Africa.

Algeria enjoyed political freedom to a much greater degree than most overseas territories. Idealists in Paris thought of it as 'African France' and it was a fact that, organised in three French departments (Oran, Algiers, Constantine), this colony could boast of natives who had rights as well as duties. In pre-war years about 25 per cent of the 6 million Algerians had voting powers.

Soon after the liberation of France, all French parties began to study proposals to create a federal French Union which would emancipate the natives and give them a fair share in the Government machine. As a first measure it was decided that with Metropolitan France (with a population of 43 millions) sending 580 deputies to the Paris Chamber, Algeria (6 millions) should send 35 deputies and the rest of the Empire (44 millions) should have 43 representatives in Paris: an average of one deputy for 800,000 people. Meanwhile, undeterred by the political storms, legislators went on with their work of setting up the Union. There were many difficulties, in particular the question of citizenship, parliamentary representation, the exact nature of the link which would bind the various parts of the Union together and the share of the colonial peoples in the executive power.

On the citizenship problem, a great step forward has been made. It was realised immediately that the problem would not be solved simply by granting French citizenship to all natives in the overseas possessions. The Frenchman might have been amazed to wake up one morning and find that he had an Ouolof fisherman of the Niger valley as co-citizen and it was deemed

possible that the Ouolof himself might not consider French citizenship as a heaven-sent gift. He was Ouolof just as the Frenchman was French. He had his own way of living, his own language, customs and traditions, and these had to be respected. So, in effect, both the Frenchman and the Ouolof were given equal citizenship, not of France, but of the Union, an arrangement which gives the native of any part of the Union exactly the same rights, duties and privileges as the Frenchman. It endows him with the freedom of thought, worship and education; it gives him the right to publish a newspaper, to form a political party; it enables him to become a public servant, roadsweeper or Minister throughout the Union, in Metropolitan France as well as in his own country.

While there was a strong desire to grant the colonial peoples as fair a parliamentary representation as possible, the deputies in the Constituent Assembly found it impracticable to grant them a representation which would be proportional to their numbers. If such a representation were permitted in the Metropolitan Assembly, the French deputies themselves could easily be outvoted, even on purely French matters, by the delegates of the overseas populations. Another difficulty arose from the disparity in standards of life and civilisation among the various peoples. The standard of living of some is high; their civilisations (Arabs, Khmers, Annamites) are old and mature. But others, such as the inhabitants of the Pacific island of New Caledonia, were still cannibals forty years ago; the negroes in West and Equatorial Africa and the Indians in Guiana are today still organised in very primitive societies. For them the primary needs are education and health services, not parliamentary representation.

The number of deputies mentioned above (78) was provisionally agreed upon. But something more than a handful of Africans and Asiatics in parliament was needed. It was decided that a Superior Council of the Union should be set up with a fair non-European participation. It would have no legislative powers but would make recommendations to the French Chamber, study all colonial projects, pronounce itself on the Union budget.

On one matter which one might call a secondary one, French opinion is divided. In any federal organisation, there must be a symbol linking the various parts. For those whose civilisation belongs to the twentieth century, just as for those who are still groping in mediæval darkness, it is not sufficient to have the written word of a constitution. The symbol must be a living one. The

British Empire has the King-Emperor. In Republican France, the President of the Republic would be the obvious choice. But in pre-war days the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate jointly elected him as President of the Republic and he was only incidentally the head of the French Empire at the same time.

Now, it is logical that there should be a President of the Union elected by a fair representation of Frenchmen and colonials alike. But if the principle of proportional representation for the overseas territories does not obtain in the actual parliament, how can the President elected by it be regarded as representing the Union: The question bristles with difficulties. French susceptibilities have been aroused; the colonials have logic on their side.

For the French Union, federation in the narrow sense is mappropriate. A Federation is a group of states, countries or provinces joined together because their interests, pursuits and duties are alike. The French Union, being composed of today's scientifically-trained populations and vesterday's cannibals, must have a broader basis. One of the main objects which the constitution-makers intended to achieve was to safeguard as much as possible the desire of the colonial peoples for political and cultural autonomy. Gone are the days when the principal aim of colonisation was to transform all the natives into a pitiable image of everything that was bad in the Europeans. The task of France in the development of the new Union will be to take care of matters which are of common interest to all: foreign affairs, Union trade, communications, etc. In all other spheres, the colonial peoples will participate directly. In some colonies-Indo-China, Algeria, the islands of La Martinique, La Réunion, St. Pierre et Miquelon-they will become fully autonomous as soon as possible. In others, West and Equatorial Africa, Madagascar, the rôle of France will be that of tutor. To endow the whole French Union with a uniform equalitarian status for the sake of formulas would have been fatal for the inhabitants and chaotic from the administrative viewpoint. As it is, the relationship between the members of the Union will be that existing between the members of the same family.

From now on, French Unionists, or whatever they might be called, will be found all over the world. The Tricolour, so often in the past a symbol of democratic ideals, will fly over white, black, yellow and red men and women who are equals before the law of their nation. A great step has been made towards the abolition of an illogical and inhuman conception: the colour bar.

# BACKGROUND TO THE INDONESIAN PROBLEM

BARBARA WHITTINGHAM-JONES, who has just spent three months in Indonesia, having frequent and full contact with the leaders on all sides, visiting Batavia, Jogjakarta and the Outer Islands

THOUGH the red-white flag of Indonesian Nationalism is now rarely displayed in Batavia and the Tricolor is outwardly predominant, though the Dutch Governor-General joined with the British Commander-in-Chief in taking the salute at the King's Birthday Parade on the Koningsplein, though Dr. van Mook and Mr. Shahrir drink cocktails together in the drawingroom of the British Consul-General, though the Netherlands Indies Army has already taken over at Surabaya, Bali, Semarang, Bandoeng, and Macassar-yet to be in the Indies today is like treading the molten slopes of a rumbling volcano. On all sides the atmosphere is loaded with an oppressive sense of waiting, waiting, and still more waiting, none the less tense because so

prolonged.

'The choice before the Indonesian people and its leaders is grave but simple in its essentials. It lies between "self-determination in our time", after a period of constructive co-operation with the best guarantees obtainable for a lasting structure of their country, or the continuation of a fruitless and destructive civil war.' In so saying in a broadcast from Batavia last February, Dr. Hubertus J. van Mook, Lieutenant Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies, touched off the essence of the whole issue. Simple as this may appear, the factors governing its resolution are many and complex. Within a few hours of stepping out of my Skymaster at Kemajoran Airfield, one of the few fair-minded observers I have met here (and one who has lived close to the drama from the start) described the past nine months in Java as the classic example of the greatest possible number of mistakes made by the greatest possible number of people in the shortest possible time. There lies the secret of the whole tragedy-for tragedy it is. To appraise the situation as it now stands, it is therefore more than usually important first to analyse the past.

To begin at the beginning. The overriding fundamental is to realise that the dynamics of the situation reside in the 'Merdeka' (Freedom) or Nationalist Movement. While the sentiments which inspired it appear in some of the earliest Javanese periodicals as far back as 1864, the dawn

of Nationalism may be dated from the emergence of a remarkable girl, the Raden Adjeng Kartini. a daughter of the Regent of Japara who, in accordance with a practice dating from 1850 or earlier, had received part of his education in a European family and was among the most advanced and liberal Indonesians of his generation. In 1895, when she was sixteen, the local Resident persuaded her father to let Miss Kartini and a sister see something of European society, and in 1900 she was invited to stay with the Director of Education. Under this sympathetic encouragement she developed a project of female education long since conceived independently in her own mind within the monastic walls of the family kraton, behind which the daughters of even the most progressive Javanese aristocracy were rigorously interned from the age of thirteen onwards. Of her many writings the best known are the Letters from a Javanese Princess posthumously published in Amsterdam and afterwards translated into English. To turn these pages is to inhale the strong air, keen as the ozone from the North Sea, of the pioneer bluestockings, such as the founders of Newnham and Girton. The intimacy with contemporary thought in nineteenthcentury Europe, the forceful imagination, the lucidity of expression you meet in these letters, is an extraordinary product to have come from amid the orchids and flame trees of a Javanese garden. 'Educate the women,' she wrote, 'and you will find sturdy co-operators in the splendid and gigantic task of civilising millions.' She herself set a practical example by founding a school for the daughters of officials, and the 'Kartini Schools' spread all over Java and Sumatra today, are her enduring memorial. When only twenty-two she died in childbirth and her achievement is therefore all the more remarkable. In her ideals one can see Nationalism in the germ; she wanted education, not for its material benefits, but as an instrument for the advancement of her people, and her work is important, not merely for what she did and wrote, but still more as showing that Nationalism was already present in the social order as in a saturated solution, ready to crystallise at the first shock. The shock subsequently came from outside



THE AUTHOR interviews Mr. Shahrir, Prime Minister of the Javanese Republican Government

with the victory of Japan over Russia (repeated by the victory of Japan over Britain, Holland and America), but the vital force of Nationalism

sprang from the people themselves.

The Nationalist Movement thereafter developed through the agency of a host of political parties—some intellectual, some popular, some an expression of the Islamic revival which followed the first world war, some of internationalist socialism. An important landmark was the meeting of Sarikat Islam held in 1916 and attended by eighty local associations representing 360,000 members, which proclaimed its objective as being 'to raise native society to a nation', but under the Tricolor and with the support of the Government. Increasing revolutionary pressure was met by the founding of the Volksraad in May 1918. Industrial disputes, active even before the first world war, were multiplied by post-war depression, and provided an impetus to the appearance of Trade Union and even Communist programmes. The policy of repression which followed a railway strike in May 1923 stimulated still more economic discontent and revolutionary action. A further outbreak of strikes, culminating in the great strike of the metal industry in 1925, led in November 1926 to 'carefully planned and widely extending revolutionary operations, which indicated that the conspirators were able

to reckon on at least the connivance of a large part of the native population.' (Official report.) The rioters even managed to hold the central telegraph office in Batavia for some hours, and, after order had been restored in Java, there was an outbreak in Sumatra. But the Penal Code was drastically tightened; the leaders were interned; steps taken to improve the secret service and to restore contact between the officials and the people, and these measures were effective in breaking up the revolutionary party.

The failure of the revolutionary movement allowed the older organisation, Sarikat Islam, to resume its position as the main organ of Nationalism. The Indonesian labourer was still too poor and ignorant for any real interest in Socialism, and the great bulk of the party cared only for Nationalism with Islam as its symbol. But the movement as a whole, though driven underground, continued to harden in the direction of non-co-operation, and in 1927 Soekarno established in Batavia a new political party which he called the Persatoen Nasional Indonesia (P.N.I.). All politically-minded elements now aimed at breaking loose from the Netherlands, their only difference being in how best this could be achieved. But the Government was still bent on extinguishing the prairie fire, and in 1929 Sockarno was interned first on the island of Flores,



RADEN ADJENG KARTINI, the brilliant young Javanese girl whose reformist zeal kindled the flame of progressive Indonesian nationalism

and afterwards in southern Sumatra. In 1934 Hatta was also interned on the island of Banda (Moluccus), and Shahrir, who had come forward as the promoter of Youth Study Clubs spreading all over Java, Sumatra, Celebes, etc., was exiled first to Upper Digoel (Dutch New Guinea) where, with Hatta, he remained until just before the Japanese occupation when he was flown to Soekaboemi, near Batavia.

Indonesian Nationalism reached its fullest expression in a treatise written by Shahrir between the collapse of Japan and his appointment as Prime Minister in November 1945. Though so far it has received scant attention, Our Struggle is a piece of constructive original thought springing from the very heart and soul and soil of Indonesia which, in its range and discipline, surpasses any other Nationalist manifesto produced in Asia since Sun Yat Sen enunciated his Three Principles. In essence it preaches a social revolution based on Socialist principles while expressly declaring that 'those who have sold their soul and honour to the Japanese Fascists must be eliminated from the leadership of our revolution'—an open challenge to Soekarno. To read what

amounts to the blueprint of New Indonesia is to savour the calibre of Indonesian intellectualism at its highest level. Shrewdly admitting that singlehanded Indonesia lacks the power to 'bring about the collapse of that [American-British capitalist and imperialist] world, which would create complete freedom for us', he concludes on a note of far-seeing realism: 'Until this happens, our national struggle will not be complete, for the freedom which we may attain, if we attain it completely from the Dutch, will be equivalent only to the independence of other small countries which are under the influence of big capitalist nations, namely an independence in name only.'

To label the Nationalist Movement 'Made in Japan' is therefore as false as it is impolitic, and the first to proclaim this was van Mook himself: 'Indonesia will be something different from the Netherlands Indies, just as Asia of today is quite unlike the Asia of yesterday,' he declared in a broadcast from Batavia on May 21st, continuing: 'The Nationalist Movement is not limited to little groups of extremists . . . but . . . penetrates the whole upper layer of society and has become an inner element also for the broad masses.' Courageous words from a Governor-General! On this theme he added a salutary admonition to Dutch reactionaries 'to fulfil our task worthily [we must] give the example in our ability to distinguish between the injustice, which is done by individuals, or is endured by individuals and the aspirations or character of the population, who in Indonesia have become reconciled with each other. Those who transfer their grievances to the whole nation block the way both for themselves and for others.'

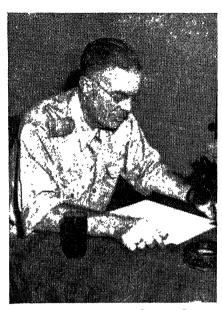
To acknowledge the presence of a legitimate and genuine native Nationalist Movement is, however, one thing. To recognise the so-called Republican Government at Jogjakarta is another. For it is admitted even by Shahrir himself (and ultimately your mild-seeming intellectual is far more formidable than any filibustering gangster) that as a Government in the proper sense of the term it is non-existent. The Republic has even now none of the attributes of Government. It has no funds (although discharging small obligations in gold, sterling, Nica or Nip currency, Straits or United States dollars), no control over its armed forces, much less over the extremists, no united policy, no consistent propaganda either by press or radio, whose various organs daily confound and contradict each other. It is not even acknowledged as sovereign over the whole of Nationalist Java, for Bantan in the west has set up its own independent administration. There is no element of Cabinet solidarity or Ministerial responsibility. Promises entered into by individual members of the 'Government' and the Allied Command on matters like the evacuation of APWI or the supply of rice are seldom honoured. Its main energies are absorbed in its own internal convulsions, and it has therefore no time to devote to the more prosaic task of establishing a sound administration in the realm of which it claims to be sovereign. At the most it is an embryo which, as van Mook acknowledges, 'although promoted by Japanese machinations, nevertheless gave form to the efforts of Indonesians towards political self-expression.'

So much for the Indonesian side. And now to glance at the situation in Holland. For nearly four years the Netherlands and the Indies were isolated from each other and the world. Difficult as it is even for those who have been at liberty to assess the changes wrought in Asia by and during the Japanese occupation, for the average Hollander, who is not by nature a political animal and of whom only a small minority have ever been to the East, the situation which the Allies found in Java last September was wholly incomprehensible. As van Mook himself confesses, the original estimates of Soekarno were erroneous. The very real hatred of him and his régime, still widespread in many Indonesian circles, which was voiced by ronushas (Japanese name for forced labourers) who escaped to Allied-held areas in the Halmaheras and New Guinea. screened the strength of his enormous personal hold upon the masses. Though once on the spot it did not take van Mook long to catch up with the existing situation, there was an inevitable lag before a more accurate appreciation could filter through to Holland. The appearance of the Republic was hailed with a frenzy of denunciation and repudiation. Outside Parliament opposition quickly mobilised against any form of compromise. The first reaction came naturally enough from the usual array of vested political, financial and commercial interests who formed an Association at The Hague under the somewhat theatrical name, 'Indië in Nood-Geen Uur te Verliezen!' (Indies in Danger-Not an Hour to Lose!). Strong reinforcement came from the understandable bitterness generated by the delayed release of prisoners and internees, intensified by the mounting tale of outrages and massacres perpetrated by extremists against Dutch women and children. Then, too, this crisis revived a long-established watershed in Netherlands politics: on the one side the home-bred imperialistic Hollander who aspired always to go on ruling the Indies from The Hague and Amsterdam; on the other the Indo-born blijver who for a generation has been striving for the independence

of the Indies in a kind of 'Dominion Status' of a Dutch Indonesia.

Behind this rather diffuse and many-sided opposition were a number of different forces and personalities. Individually most prominent was Mr. J. E. Mever Ranneft, a former Vice-President of the Council of the Indies, and now President of the Council of State at The Hazue. Intelligent but unbalanced, potentially a brilliant demagogue if he had not chosen an official career, yet one who, in spite of occupying high office, has never held a position of direct responsibility, he is the mainspring of reactionary opposition. On the same side, also, there is a former Colonial Secretary and ex-Indies official, Mr. Ch. J. L. M. Welter, a man with the patrician outlook of a family which has long held high places in official service, cosmopolitan, able, a florid rhetorician in the Curzon manner, and malienably wedded to the aucien régime. On the other side there is van Mook, a man born in the Indies, massive in build, abounding in the tough shrewdness of the peasant farming stock from which he is descended, who, through commanding ability, aided by the necessities of a post which during the occupation years kept him shuttling to and fro between London, Washington and Brisbane, is (apart from van Kleffens) the only Hollander today in Europe or the East of real international status.

The collision between them is more than a question of personal or even social antipathy. Its significance lies in the circumstance that they respectively personify the two sides of this old domestic cleavage between The Hague and Batavia which still plays an important rôle in a situation it partly helped to create. To go back a few years, although it has always been a Dutch tradition to assimilate Indo-Europeans with Europeans of pure blood, there has long been in fact a sharp cleavage of interest between the Indo-born Dutch, the blijvers, who regard the Indies as their home, and the trekkers, business men and others from Holland, whose ambition is to retire to the Netherlands once their pension or their fortune has been secured. In 1912 an Indo journalist, Douwes Dekker, a great-nephew of Multatuli (author of the famous novel Max Havelaar, attacking colonial administration in the 'sixties), created a great stir by an article in which he proclaimed 'India for us, the blijvers, domiciled Europeans, Indos and Indonesians, who have the primal right of birth.' This led to the formation in Java of the Indian Party, comprising Indos and Indonesians, and aiming avowedly at independence. During the celebration of the centenary of Holland's independence in 1913, Dekker aroused great indignation among official



DR. HUBERTUS J. VAN MOOK, Lieutenant Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies

circles by comparing the situation of the Indies under Dutch rule with that of the Netherlands under French rule. But though Dekker was exiled to Holland and his party dissolved, the fissure between the imperialist home policy and the blijvers widened. At the opening of the Volksraad in 1918 every non-clerical European was vrijzinnig (liberal) and progressive, aiming at the development of Java as a province of Europe in the East. Economically they insisted that the wealth and profits of the Indies should remain in the Indies, an intolerable notion to the guildergrasping fists of Amsterdam. After the war, however, extremer Nationalism among the natives led to a reaction among the Europeans, and for a time this movement subsided. Its revival in the early '30s was the work of van Mook and his friends. In 1930 he became editor of a Radical political bi-weekly, De Stuw, which was the focus of the new *blijver* party strongly sympathetic with the Nationalist movement, and it was significant that in 1934, the year Shahrir was first arrested for 'subversive' activities, De Stuw was also forced to cease publication. The rapprochement between van Mook and Shahrir, now the hope of New Indonesia, had in fact begun, though it was not until November 1945 that they met for the first time. Diehards in Holland in some circles still resent the idea of control passing from their

hands into those of the blijvers even more than they fear the challenge of the Nationalists. So the old-timers, the patrician officials and commercial kings leagued together against the van Mook-Logemann-Shahrir combination because in it they saw a part fulfilment of the De Stuw kongsie which they have always detested as more Indonesian than Dutch; and their complaint against van Mook is that he is animated by two single ambitions: (1) to run the Indies by Indoborn Dutch with only a sprinkling of officials from The Hague; (2) to become the 'Simon Bolivar' of a liberated Indonesia. At the same time, other reactionaries have adopted a new attitude, and now urge the employment of the blijvers as being more 'colonial-minded', and therefore more anti-Nationalist than newcomers from Holland.

None of this, however, takes account of the hard core of Holland's opposition to recognising Indonesian independence in any substantial form. Located in a source having no connection whatever with Indonesia, it centres in the Protestant clerical parties, and Anti-Revolutionaries and the Christian Historicals who, though in the new Chamber they have fallen from 26 (as returned in the 1937 elections) to 21, yet together represent a stratum of Dutch opinion far stronger than mere numbers suggest. Born of resistance to the French Revolution and infused with an extreme Calvinism, they are motivated more by religious dogma than by political theory. One tenet of this Calvinist doctrine being that it is impious for the individual to challenge any lawfully constituted authority, revolution under whatever provocation is held a violation of the Divine Law and therefore interdict. This philosophy finds an echo in one article of the Anglican Catechism: 'Thou shalt do thy duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call thee.' People who have the temerity to approach the desperate urgencies of the modern world in this vein are like flies in amber. Yet it is in this fossilised stratum of narrow and stubborn 'religious' prejudice that the real roots of resistance to the emergence of a New Indonesia are embedded, and, unless the power of this Calvinist 'gripe' on the soul of Holland is appreciated, it is impossible to comprehend the irreducible intransigence of one element in Dutch politics with which van Mook and his adherents have had to contend. Because it was born of Revolution, there can never be any truck with the Republic. This was the doctrine which lay behind the argument of Schouten, chief spokesman of the Protestant opposition, when in the course of the debate he declared that 'there are objections in principle to

holding discussions, let alone negotiations, with the so-called "Indonesian Republic". In short, talk with the Devil and walk with the Devil. Such an attitude no English people could take seriously, for with us even the most reactionary circles, however Blimpish, are entirely secular.

A more rational basis of opposition was that of the so-called Liberal, but in essence Conservative, Party. The burden of their complaint was that van Mook and the Government had carried the Indonesian question with too high a hand, a view widely held throughout the country. Criticism of this kind was eventually formulated in what is known as the 'Van Poll Report' of a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, Of the six members appointed by the Chamber on a proportional basis, the two Labourites declined to serve. The remaining four, however-Messrs. Korthals, van Poll, Welter, van Andel-arrived in Batavia on 16 March and spent some six weeks touring the Indies, ostensibly to investigate the position on the spot, in fact to unearth and assemble every shred of criticism and prejudice voiced in any quarter against the personal policy of van Mook. Regarded by even somewhat reactionary circles out here as an old-womanish affair bent merely on vindicating a preconceived pre-war mental picture, the Report was discredited from the start because, as a Labour member asserted during the subsequent Parliamentary debate, the Commission had acted as the interpreter of a certain group in the Netherlands Indies which was embittered at not being reinstated in its former position and 'assiduously gathered all the rancour and grudges of former officials', which were embodied in it. However, the Report was duly presented to the States-General on 2 May, and from its text van Mook was charged with having set up a 'sort of dictatorship' in Batavia, which bridled the press, censored private correspondence, arbitrarily decided with whom negotiations should be carried on. Enormity of enormities, 'This one man negotiates with the Republic'! To this van Mook retorted bluntly in his broadcast of 21 May that 'in a time of revolution, such as we are going through now, much of what happens can only be surveyed completely by a small circle', adding that 'in such a time the Government must therefore bank on the patience and confidence of the citizens and especially on . . . a knowledge of the fact that the solution takes time.' He might also, had he chosen, have cited the Netherlands Indies Government Regulation 1854 (revised 1926) in which it is laid down that the Governor-General is endowed with full treaty-making powers with



Beggars in the streets of Batavia—the legacy of Japan's 'New Order'

'native princes and peoples' (Art. 44 (34)). In the same Regulation it is also stated that 'In those parts of the Netherlands Indies where self-government has been left to native princes and peoples, laws and ordinances are only applicable inasmuch as compatible with this self-government.' (Art. 27, par. 2 (21 par. 2)). It is tempting to speculate upon what might have happened, not only in Indonesia but more especially in Holland, had van Mook chosen to act under this authority!

That, then, is the background. In a subsequent article I will deal with the story of the negotiations since September 1945.

# SHOULD WE EUROPEANISE THE AFRICAN?

## VERNON BRELSFORD

WRITERS on Africa with pretences towards sociology are very fond of insisting that we must not try to turn the black man into an imitation European but that we must let the African build up his own civilisation upon his own culture. In some works, especially those written during the war, there are slighting references to the 'European culture and civilisation' that leads us into world wars, and there are suggestions that such a culture is a bad example to the African, so that he must be saved from it at all costs. The sentiment has occurred in broadcast talks, in books and in scientific journals on many occasions within the last year or two.

It is glibly assumed that better nutrition, a thorough knowledge of the laws of health and sanitation, mass-education and the introduction of a new economic life will re-fashion the black man's life but leave his philosophy unchanged. It is presumed that he will be able to take an honourable place alongside Europeans in the march of progress but at the same time retain an African outlook, a distinctive aura of being of his own peculiar Golden Age world. He will radiate a subtle je ne sais quoi, the pure influences of a race that has escaped the dangers and pitfalls that beset us. We, of course, are to guide the African along this way; we must keep his eyes straight ahead and so engineer the road that his goal seems different from ours. For if it were the same as ours, he would, of course, be a black white man.

What is this culture, this way of life? And why must we try to keep the black man in this distinct world instead of letting him imitate us, as he appears to desire? Is this traditional black outlook on life suitable for his development alone, and must he be restricted to it?

#### WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC

It is definitely not suitable for us. For Bantu culture is based on three main principles. First, there is the most powerful belief in witchcraft and magic; that is, an insistence that natural law can be affected by human and spiritual agencies. Secondly, life is based on a dogma that the spirit of individuals does not die with the body but lives on and has power to control and visit the people left behind on earth. Lastly, social contacts are restricted to a rigid set of family and

community laws which do not allow any reciprocity of action with wider groups. These are three of the main tenets of African culture or civilisation. There are a few others but they are not so important, for the normal physiological and physical processes of life and the sowing of seeds and the reaping of crops are features common to all human life. There is, perhaps, a further point—that Bantu culture is lacking in certain abstract norms that are found in European life, those ideals based on a philosophy of life that has come to us from Greek and Christian thought and that are the basis of our ethics and morality.

#### BLACK WHITE MEN

But the three primitive categories I have mentioned form the bases of the existing culture of primitive Africa, therefore these are the principles upon which our nostalgic sociologists would have us build. They may deny a statement put so badly, but it is true, because if these fundamental beliefs are abolished, the society that has been upheld by them moves immediately into a modern world, into the despised European culture. In plain words, the African who has dropped the beliefs of his ancestors is a black white man, a man with a black skin but who it subjected to all the demands, rights and developments of a European culture.

Let me examine briefly a few of the anomalies of this Bantu way of life and what they imply.

A belief that natural law can be affected by spiritual means is a dogma that, on the face of it, cannot be characteristic of Bantu culture only. Europeans, from Christians to spiritualists, believe this too. So it is not the fundamental principle at which we sneer, but its functioning in African life. In the first place, these spiritual powers are at the beck and call of anybody who likes to get a bit of the necessary 'medicine' by purchase, or by seeking it in the bush or from animals. To our minds this is absurd; but it is difficult to say why. We cannot state that our powers only help believers, for the African believes as sincerely as any Christian. There might be a difference in that the African often calls upon the spiritual powers and the potencies of his medicines to help him to do evil-evil, that is, in the Bantu sense—for example, to steal another's gain, to make his friend's wife commit adultery with him or to kill the chief who has punished him. These things are evil to most men. Perhaps here is a difference. We believe in spiritual powers, evil ones as well as good, but how many Europeans who are believers in these powers call on the evil ones? Surely black masses went out of fashion long ago, and the sticking of pins into dolls is now the sign of the unbalanced. Our calling on the evil powers is restricted to threats, oaths, and our own ability to carry them out.

But the practical application of this belief in the evil powers of spirits in African life is that a man walks in constant fear of his fellows. The schoolteacher is afraid to reprove; the policeman trembles when he arrests; the foreman hesitates to punish. Consequently the development of a sense of individual responsibility is delayed, and the growth of a vocal public opinion on ethical, political and economic ideas is hindered by fear. To tell a fellow African that he has done wrong, or to punish by disapproval, is to invite retaliation by witchcraft. I have known headmasters of big boys' schools getting back at their raggers by witchcraft, and foremen with responsible jobs on large mines lay the death of their children at the door of workers whom they have annoyed. Bitter quarrels, expellings, discharges and ruined careers are the modern results of the continued belief in the power of magic and witchcraft.

#### FATALISM INHERENT IN BANTU CULTURE

The growth of a sense of responsibility is retarded because a man's faults and misfortunes are not his own. He believes some magic has caused them. A fatalistic attitude is inherent in Bantu culture, and is bred by this doubt in the effectiveness of work or study or struggle in counteracting faults. Machines break by magic, not by carelessness, and exams are failed not through lack of work but because some spirit intervened.

We cannot truthfully say that such an outlook is worthy of preservation. We cannot honestly say that this is a portion of that typical Bantu culture that we wish to preserve.

The other branches of this faith, sympathetic and homeopathic magic, are based on a belief that an emotional association with an object can carry with it a practical connection of an inescapable kind, and is typically African. But it is also, or has been, equally powerful in modern Europe. The study of food fads and the use of mascots and talismans are subjects that can be

ignored for they are not such powerful influences upon a culture. The same applies to divination and fortune-telling. The African probably believes in these phenomena more sincerely than the European—that is all.

Well, suppose we get rid of the idea of witchcraft. It is by far the most difficult of our problems and it will perhaps be the last of them to be resolved. But we agree that it must go, whatever the cost to the colouring of African culture. Its place is taken by an assurance that modern science of all departments can explain most physical phenomena and by an adherence to Christianity or some other acknowledged religion whose deities and powers cannot be drawn upon for conscious evil use or for proclaimed selfish ends. Where stands the black man: His religious culture has gone and the whole face of his material world has had a new, more reasonable light cast upon it. He feels safer and more confident. But his culture has become more Europeanised and he is one step nearer the so-called contemptible way of life that leads to world wars.

#### SPIRITUAL COMMUNISM

Now what about the second of the three great moulding influences of African culture—the belief that the spirits or souls of the dead still live and influence the present? Is this spiritualism or merely a shadow of what Christianity has to state? Neither, because this belief takes on the form of a spiritual communism that replaces the old anthropologist's idea of a primitive economic communism. There is a spiritual unity between the individual and the people who have gone before and it is a far stronger union than that between the individual and, say, his fellowworker. This is far worse than the situation found in Europe and envisaged by the phrase 'what was good enough for my father is good enough for me.' That does imply a personal choice, but there is no choice in primitive life. The customs and traditions of centuries ago are the customs of today and to alter them may bring down the curse of those who made them. The spirits of the dead are honoured and propitiated. Their living interpreters are the old men of the tribe and little can be done differently, or at least without long questioning, from what was done in the past.

Governments usually have to order political changes from above: almost every agricultural idea conflicts with the old customs and rituals; and even new types of buildings and sanitary arrangements nearly always disturb some age-old conception. Even children must not be corrected because they bear the name of a revered ancestor.

This is not a fancy picture, for these are the dayto-day hindrances to modern administration. We tread slowly, mainly because of our inherent respect for the other fellow's ideas and because we know that, to shatter the beliefs of a people too quickly, leads to a long mental chaos.

### 'SANCTIFIED FOSSILISATION'

But must we try to preserve? This trust in the power of an ever-present spirit world is an integral part of Bantu culture, and it is more than conservativeness—it is deeper than any individual or tribal dislike of change. These are European traits too. But this Bantu characteristic is sanctified fossilisation. The customs and habits of the past are categorically preserved with all the power that religion and fear can concentrate. They only show signs of breaking when the tribal and family structures also begin to creak, and that, unfortunately, leads into a political and social morass whose study is not relevant to this paper.

What happens when this belief in the perpetual influence of the ancestor is shattered, and what is put in its place? Individualism is the answer. If we educate properly, it might be the more material individual sense of duty to living family and fellows rather than to the demands of the spirit world. Or it may become a Christian individualism, if you will, with its insistence upon personal choice and sense of responsibility. In either case the man is thrown back upon his own character or upon present public opinion for judgment upon his way of life. The spirits that stopped him from changing his present way of life at all will have been forgotten.

Here we are again back into modern Europe. With no ancestral fetters around him, the African is free to try new ideas. He may go to the mines and become a wage-earner or he may branch out in some agricultural experiment that leads to wealth. But at the moment he becomes a foreman on the mines only if he can keep away from the tribe long enough to gain experience, and that time is normally long enough to break the grip of the ancestral hold. He can gain wealth in agriculture only if he takes up the white man's tools and maybe the white man's crops, for the age-old rituals were not concerned with ploughs and saleable crops in hundreds of bags.

Ancestor worship implies that the clan is always right, and any excesses or brutality towards others have the backing of the spiritual hierarchy. It also means stagnation, mentally, politically and economically, and if the African is to progress, it must go. But with the belief in witchcraft and magic gone and with the decay of ancestor

worship and its concomitant tribal ties, there is lttle of an African culture left. Our black man is getting nearer to Haarlem and the 'Deep South', or perhaps nearer to Liverpool, because the African today foxtrots: he does not know any spirituals.

#### RESTRICTED LOYALTIES

It is difficult not to be misunderstood when claiming that the rigid family rules of the Bantu are one of the characteristics that must be modified. The primitive African owes allegiance, kindness and help only to blood members of his family, his chief and, according to tribe, to his totem fellows and certain relations by marriage. This makes a complicated cross-current of relationships, but the claims of the family are, generally speaking, paramount. The opposite, primary allegiance to the state, has led to world tragedies, so we must be careful in attacking any family system.

I deliberately used the word 'modified', for the family allegiance must stay, but in addition the Bantu must widen their system of obligations. It must be made to include, which it does not at present, at least an obligation to a fellow worker, to an employer and to religious or economic or commercial associates. In most Bantu society there is little or no esprit de corps. Only the rigid, traditional and definite obligations exist and a man who helps another, outside certain categories. is regarded merely as a fool. Luckily it is not a caste system of blood or wealth but it is an organisation only suitable and comforting for a primitive, unstable, fear-ridden society developed at a time when to step outside it was to go into the unknown.

The apotheosis of the family as seen in such civilisations as that of China was probably a stage in social evolution, but it was allied to an advanced political, material and artistic culture and is therefore rapidly being superseded. It could be said that our own world outlook, our own trade and cultural allegiances have only become a national characteristic since the Industrial Revolution. Before then the family and clan were the most powerful forces of social life. So in Africa the worst effects of this family allegiance are still seen at their undeveloped stage, especially in the political sphere. Indirect rule still displays as its worst feature the 'jobs for pals' attitude of almost every chief. In most of the primitive tribes the chief still puts in his relatives as clerks, policemen and foremen. He cannot help himself, for that is Bantu tradition—the family first. Such an attitude is particularly reactionary, but it is taking decades of European teaching to instil into chiefs a sense

of duty to the community, and into the people generally the belief that loving one's fellow man includes other people besides the family, the clan or the tribe.

When such a general feeling does appear, nepotism goes, and in its place there develops a body of public-spirited civil servants, holding hereditary posts perhaps to begin with. Love will always ensure some sort of family allegiance, but in addition there should grow the broad, non-relative associations of religion, class and perhaps of colour. Is that so different from European social groupings which are wide and generous?

So it seems to me that, in the full course of time, the culture of the Bantu must approximate more and more to that of the European. The Africans themselves want it to. They can see that the world is run on European or on White lines and any action taken by our Colonial Administrations to retard them or stop any measures of advance in that direction is viewed with suspicion by those natives who have already reached the stage of watching our Government. Administrations, in fact, very rarely do hinder any such advance for we are still at the early 'culture contact' stage in most of Africa. The difficulty is to make the Bantu move fast enough, for the dominating beliefs outlined here still colour their whole existence and contain them in the swaddling clothes of a primitive life.

Christianity makes very slow headway, for conversion means the abandonment of all three beliefs without, as yet, a powerful enough creed to support a continuing primitive life. De-tribalisation makes rapid headway for it gives economic freedom, usually in the big cities, where at the same time magic and witchcraft can still be followed for personal ends whilst the restricting demands of the clan and family are forgotten. De-tribalisation goes half way, but if it can be allied to Christianity, for some religious belief seems essential for mankind in the bulk, then de-tribalisation plus Christianity may complete the picture of a civilised man. A man who does not believe in magic or witchcraft, who is not bound to the belief in ancestors who dislike change and who have to be propitiated at every normal stage in life, and a man who carries out the duties of a broad social life which includes relationships with fellow workers and cultural acquaintances

as well as his own family has—what? A European outlook, whether he is black, yellow or white.

#### CRUELTY AND CORRUPTION

Finally, we believe that there are certain ideals and abstract norms of conduct which should be the guide of every civilisation even though wars do interrupt their gradual and universal attainment. The Bantus have not got them in their philosophy of life. We cannot refrain from teaching them, and their learning will undermine the very foundations of African culture. For example, Bantu civilisation has continuously had cruelty and corruption as its features and truth has never been regarded as a virtue of the African individual. (The fact that 'lying' in our sense of the word is a normal, irritating and puzzling feature of Bantu life must be merely postulated here.) But if the Bantus wish to be considered as a civilised people, they must develop the ideals of, among others, incorruptibility in public affairs, kindness in personal relationships and the belief in an abstract truth of some sort. We believe in a natural justice, and our law books have had to insist that native customs repugnant to this natural justice must be stopped. These customs were part of African culture and we have forced them out of the way. The African is already getting glimpses of our idea of justice, and when he can appreciate the ideals of life that have come to us from our Mediterranean civilisation, then he will have little left on which to build a Bantu philosophy. He will have access to the European principles of vitality.

The Bantu races can do this. They are not dying out, decimated by our diseases and culture. They are tough, mentally and physically, and are increasing in numbers. They are showing the ability to tackle the work of mines and factories as well as of the farms, and the reasons that we cannot, at a stroke, turn them into black Europeans are not the concern of this article. Some of them are world concerns—the lack of capital and the strain on the economic structure when millions of new workers or consumers are thrust into it-others are the lack of mass educational facilities to attack these very ideas I have described. When we have these, we should teach him our way of life, for inevitably it is the way he must go. And no pleadings for the retention of an African culture are either justified or possible.

The two photographs of birds used to illustrate Dr. Waddington's article in our July issue were taken from the book Bird Display by Edward A. Armstrong, published by the Cambridge University Press. The photograph of the heron was taken by Dr. M. N. Rankin and the late Pilot-Officer Neal Rankin, that of the spoonbill by Mr. J. H. Savory. The title of the book was incorrectly given as Bird Behaviour.

# WORDS, MUSIC AND MEANING

### RICHARD MASSIE

WHILE the scientifically-minded hanker after a language more logical and precise than existing tongues, the man in the street and the creative writer strive in quite a different direction. It was not until our own times that James Joyce and others systematically tackled the task of creating a new language free from established conventions. But the craving for words with associations beyond the bounds of ordinary speech, appealing to emotion rather than to reason, must be as old as human speech itself. Noises with no definite meaning are an important element in primitive songs, and their more sophisticated successors are our own 'Hey nonny nonnys', 'Lılıbuleros' and 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ays'. In Fanny By Gaslight, Michael Sadleir describes a party of men striding down Leicester Square, shouting the chorus of the 'gibberish song which had swept the town in 1869':

> Jamstejee ma jabajehoy Jabbery dobi porie, Ikey Pikey Sikey Crikey Chillungowallabadorie!

Every few months some popular song-writer hastens to appease the undying appetite for word-music with some similar invention, though the modern idiom is more insipid. These effusions are a rich mixture of vowels and consonants, producing an attractive noise, but with no particular meaning.

In the adventurous times of the Renaissance, certain authors made some effort to stretch language towards meeting the demands of their imagination. One of them was Rabelais, whose rollicking cascade of language contains many extraordinary words, some more or less of his own invention. Like James Joyce, he expects his readers to be versatile linguists, and Pantagruel makes speeches in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, German, Dutch and Danish. Three times Pantagruel breaks into an unknown language.

'Do you speak Christian?' said Epistemon, 'or the buffoon language, otherwise called Patelinois?'

'Nay, it is the puzlatory tongue,' said another. Elsewhere Rabelais (translated by Urquhart) is less 'puzlatory', as in his burlesque Latin, 'Whirlingfriskorium Lackeiorum', 'Churlbumpkinus', and 'Majoris de modo faciendi puddinos'. He concocts synthetic words such as 'diabliculating' and 'incornifistibulated', and nonsense

words, as in that musical sentence, 'dolopym dolopof, tarabin tarabas, tut, prut, pish.'

One of his characters uses words which are a caricature of language as well as of the 'spruce-like student' who uses them: 'I mumble off little parcels of some missic precation of our sacrificules and submurmurating my horary precules, I elave and absterge my anime from its nocturnal inquinations.'

These emanations of Rabelais' ebullience had no lasting effect. Most authors remained content

to use ordinary language.

Lewis Carroll's 'portmanteau' words and suggestive sounds, such as the 'Hjckrrh!' of the griffin to Alice, are important elements in later developments.

Edward Lear's games with words are chiefly concerned with proper names and place names, such as 'Attery Squash', 'Chankly Bore', and 'Zemmery Fidd'. How delightfully evocative they are! 'I hasten to inform you,' he wrote to a friend, 'that in a wood near here there are Toadstools of the loveliest and most surprising colour and form: orbicular, cubicular and squambigular, and I even thought I perceived the very rare Pongchambinnibopholos Kakoreasophokos.'

The fragmentary ventures of Lear and Lewis Carroll are comparable with modern music, which makes some use of the polyphonic technique, while remaining based on traditional forms. Such language or music is fairly understandable without our stretching our existing knowledge. But in the twentieth century a group of writers set about completing the job, and produced whole poems or stories in what was, more or less, a new language. Some experimented with sound for its own sake:

Ka tangi te kivi kivi ka tangi te moho moho.

This melodious fragment by the Surrealist poet, Tristan Tzara, is nothing more than Jamstejee' in a minor key. Tzara was merely reiterating the age-old discovery that certain sounds in language, when repeated, have a vaguely emotive or hypnotic effect. The following lines would seem to be as good as Tzara's 'poem':

Bulan trang, bintang berchahaya Burong gaga memakan padi.



JAMES JOYCE, whose famous and unreadable Finnegan's Wake was the most elaborate and painstaking attempt to create a new language free from established conventions

Learned and repeated, they have a strange fascination. I do not know if Tzara's lines have any meaning. But the lines 'Bulan trang', etc., are part of a Malayan folk-song, and mean: 'The moon is clear; the stars shine bright above; the crow is feeding in the rice apart', which is pretty, but much less arresting than the sound of the words alone!

Theo Rutra made explorations on similar lines to those of Joyce. In his *Requiem* the klingklings, offspring of the embraces of telephone-pole and ivy, mourn the death of Swilswalsangola: 'The valleys undate from the fifes which sadquirch in a boundemay. Thesangomaids zoon in the wooze. They sdance a kliklikla a drilladooo . . . The klingklings smish . . . A silence lopes with fear and bleer.'

Word-music, which has always haunted man, haunted James Joyce until he was driven to produce with titanic labour the most finished and brilliant examples in the sort of idiom at which others had hinted at or dabbled in for so long. Here is one of the more lucid passages from Finnegan's Wake: 'Eins within a space and a weary wide space it wast ere wohned a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely . . . and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood! cries Antony Romeo) so one grandsumer evening, after a great morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his impugnable, harped on his crown and

stepped out of his immobile De Rure Albo (socolled becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters and had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas, pintacostecas, horthoducts and currycombs) and set off from Ludstown to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of all pensible ways.'

This can entertain without being completely understood, and shows the irrepressible humour which does so much to save both *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake* from monotony. However, it is impossible to read the latter work in large instalments and understand it. Parts of it may be learned and then read, as one does with Latin, or it may be read without study just for the pleasant sound effects. But to read and understand the whole work requires more application than most people would be ready to give.

Joyce is seldom content merely to make the sound 'an echo of the sense'. Words are altered to suggest added meanings, as for instance in 'pensible' above, suggesting 'possible' and 'thinkable'. But this is elementary. 'Forstfellfoss' is supposed to convey the fall of a tree into a river. 'Forst' is meant to convey 'first' (primæval) and 'forest'. 'Foss' means 'waterfall', and suggests a splash. The three 'fs' stand for 'fortissimo!'

Not only are words altered to suggest new meanings. Intoxicated with the music of language, Joyce sometimes allows it to lead him where it will, regardless of the sense. Reduced to the simple narrative which underlies it, Finnegan's Wake is nothing remarkable. But the author has



LEWIS CARROLL, creator of Alice, also dabbled in word magic

built upon it a baroque structure of harmonies and overtones which sometimes delight, sometimes defeat the reader. 'Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring on her fomefing finger. And they leap so looply, looply, as they link to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a nuptious night.'

The attempt to extend language which our time has seen runs parallel with the revelation by psychologists of the subconscious mind. The appeal of the new idiom is partly to the subconscious and to the world of dreams. It is emotion and intuition rather than reason which is the guide, the sound of words, not the logic of the philologist. 'We must get back,' says Eugene Jolas, one of the spokesmen of the language experimenters, 'to the prehistoric and unconscious strata of our beings.' As we have seen, however, there is also an appeal to conscious knowledge through familiar sounds. This is one of the inconsistencies which make Finnegan's Wake so difficult to read. Joyce had no readymade technique which he could apply. He had to invent his language as he went along, a mixture of ordinary English, compound words, eccentric grammar, personal allusions and foreign languages.

Writers who try to free language to new flights face an appallingly difficult task; but even in the medium of abstract sound the problem seems a formidable one. Some composers make a partial break-away from classical conventions, while the main body of the work remains anchored in

traditional form. In Bloch, for instance, there are passages where the melody soars away to weave independent patterns of its own, while the rest of the orchestra provides a more conventional background. Sometimes these melodic outgrowths suggest an earlier form, plainsong, which again is a move towards the exploration of the pre-historic and unconscious strata of our beings'. Perhaps it is in this field that the future conquests of art lie. Mr. Jolas has written elsewhere: 'Poetry—I use the term in its generic semantics as indicating the primal impulse to create—is enmeshed to-day in a materialistic consciousness of a contemporaneous process.' That is exactly what the young poets of the political Left say it ought to be. But more recently the increasing interest in mysticism gives support to Mr. Jolas' point of view.

Both writers and composers are searching for a technique to free them from established conventions. Music is perhaps one jump ahead, since Schonberg's invention of the twelve-tone scale. The composer makes a basic pattern of the twelve semitones and repeats the notes at any pitch and value so long as they are always in the same order and never suggest tonal harmony. It is a system of great elasticity and mathematical beauty, but fails singularly to appeal to the emotions.

Bloch has been mentioned as a composer whose melodic line sometimes achieves a life of its own beyond formal conventions. There are also instances in the same composer's works (and sometimes in Brahms and Beethoven) where this happens with the whole orchestra. Instead of the composer steering his work step by step through the developments of fugue or sonata form, the musical themes themselves seem to take charge, weaving each new idea out of the foregoing one. Such a development recalls those passages in James Joyce where the sounds of words, almost regardless of meaning, sweep him away to create a baroque edifice of language, sound leading to sound.

But language comes up against difficulties from which music is free. Music need obey no other laws than those of sound. But if language frees itself entirely from dictionary meanings, it tries unsuccessfully to trespass on the territory of music, and can have only a vague and limited effect on us. If it makes its appeal through words which play upon our existing knowledge, it accepts their limitations. Joyce's brilliant attempts at compromise still lack the consistency which is required of a completely successful work of art. In language, sound and meaning seem to set up a conflict which can never be resolved.

Or can it?

# NATURE AND NURTURE

## ANTHONY BARNETT, Zoologist

This series of articles explores the reasons why the people of the Western World seem to have lost their zest for living. Sociologists, psychologists and biologists discuss the problem of regaining incentive in industry and life

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once said that every character is both inherited and acquired. Shaw is not distinguished for biological orthodoxy, but on this occasion he was right. A child whose parents are both six feet tall has a better chance of being above the average in height than another child with shorter parents: thus 'tallness' might be said to be 'inherited'. On the other hand, we have (for example) the primary school children who, at fourteen, are on the average about four inches shorter than the fourteen-year-olds at public schools; it is now well established that this difference is largely, perhaps entirely, due to the superior nutrition and circumstances of children from the wealthier families: thus 'tallness' might be said to be 'determined by environment'.

Where human height is concerned it is fairly easy to see that heredity and environment, or nature and nurture, both play a part. It is less obvious that we have here an example of a general biological principle of profound importance—the one which Shaw (presumably) had in mind when he made the comment quoted above.

The principle is that the effects of the factors, or genes, that we inherit from our parents interact with environmental influences to produce the final result. The development of a man (or of any organism) is a continuous series of such interactions. We do not simply inherit our father's height or our mother's intelligence: we inherit genetic factors, or genes, and these produce our various levels of stature and intelligence by interacting with the various influences that affect us from conception onwards. Thus a man could be potentially a genius and a six-footer but grow up stunted and mentally deficient if he were subjected to bad enough conditions in early life.

This principle underlies every discussion of the prospects for human betterment. Although a clear formulation has only recently been possible, as a result of the advance of biological science, the problem has long been recognised. The title of this essay is taken from the famous series of

lectures by Lancelot Hogben<sup>1</sup>, and the terms 'nature' and 'nurture' were there borrowed from Francis Galton, who used them in his *Enquiries into Human Faculty* in 1883. But in *The Tempest* Prospero speaks of Caliban as

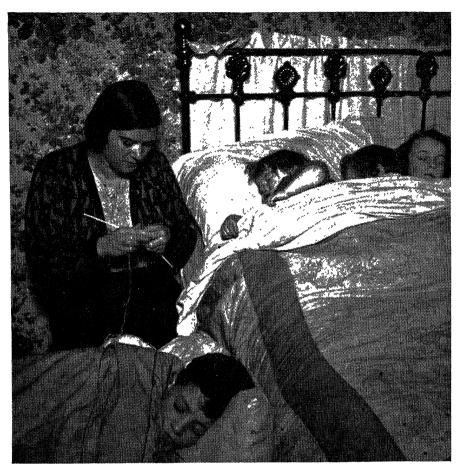
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick.

The empire-builder or conqueror, anxious to justify his exploitation of a backward people, often adopts Prospero's attitude, but the biologist does not: he knows that such a statement is meaningless. If we wish to establish the respective rôles of heredity and environmental influences in practice, we must make a detailed analysis of the way in which each works. If we wish to make our children, or our grandchildren, taller or healthier, more intelligent or more energetic, we must know a great deal about the influences that affect height, health, intelligence and enthusiasm, and—most important—we must decide which of them we can easily control.

The answer to such questions will affect all our plans for man and society. The problem has already been touched on by contributors to this series. Thus Glover asserts that poets are born, and not made (but can they not be 'unmade'?), whilst Waddington emphasises that human evolution is now a social phenomenon: in other words, it is man's environment that is the important changing thing, and not his inherited make-up.

There is an important aspect of environment, neglected so far in these essays: this is the subject of class distinctions in human society. Man is a very variable animal: in every human group individuals show great differences of physique and ability. We must ask to what extent these differences coincide with the divisions into social classes. Do our methods of selection ensure that the most able men and women are in the positions in which their ability is most needed: The importance of this is obvious: first, if ability is wasted on a large scale, everyone in the community is

<sup>1</sup> Hogben, L. T., Nature and Nurture. London, 1939.



Overcrowding in a working-class home. The abilities of these children cannot be developed to the full in such conditions, with consequent social waste as well as injustice

likely to be adversely affected, especially in a time of rapid change and urgent reconstruction like the present; second, if able individuals find themselves prevented by accident of birth from using their abilities fully, the frustration will influence their attitude to society and their zest for living.

#### MAN A PRODUCT OF EVOLUTION

Waddington, in his article on 'Evolutionary Advance and Human Ideals', emphasises that man is a product of evolution. Man has developed, with unimaginable slowness, from boneless to bony, from fish to land animal, from cold-blooded to warm, from monkey to ape.

Only for, at most, one hundredth of the time during which our species has existed has there been anything that could be called civilisation. Agriculture started about 5,000 years ago, and made it possible for men to change from hunting and food gathering to a settled mode of existence. Since then human evolution has taken on a new character, and become a matter primarily of changes in social, and not bodily, structure and function. Before this, evolution was a matter of selection of genetic qualities. In every family, the rule was death for most in infancy or childhood, just as, in most animal species, the great majority of individuals die before reaching maturity. This situation is essential for the



A view of the grounds of an Oxford college. The unequalled amenities and facilities of the ancient universities remain almost closed to the children of the poor

operation of natural selection, as can be seen from a single example: dark-skinned people in tropical climates in the past survived longer, on the average, than others, and so produced more offspring; and the latter, too, had a better chance of surviving. In any large population, of man or other animals, there is a good deal of inherited variation, and the high death rate among young individuals is a means of weeding out some types and preserving others.

To us this seems a brutal and ruthless process. It has, indeed, been used to provide a 'justification' for equally brutal and ruthless social processes, such as aggressive wars and the mass unemployment and starvation of 'unfit' individuals. The error in this sort of argument is the supposition that we have to 'obey' the laws of nature. As Haldane puts it in his essay on 'God-makers': "A generalisation is made from certain facts, and called a Law of Nature. This is then supposed to acquire, in some quite unexplained way, an ethical value, and to become a norm for conduct. Thus Darwin stated, probably quite correctly, that evolution has been mainly due to natural selection-i.e., the elimination of certain individuals, called the unfit, in each generation. The obvious comment was: "So much the worse for nature; let us try to control our evolution in some other way". This is the spirit of Marx's

famous dictum: 'The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point however is to *change* it.'2

To change the world effectively we have to decide first what sort of changes we want, and these have been extensively indicated by previous contributors to this series. Reilly and Wolfe have dealt with the material needs of shelter, communication and so forth; Anna Freud and Hamley with the psychological needs of children; Glover discussed the relationship between the satisfaction of material needs and the expression of the human intellect in the arts and sciences. There is unanimity among all these writers that, if our needs are to be satisfied, our environment must be drastically changed in such a way that, not only are material conditions improved, but enthusiasm for life and work preserved and increased.

#### **EUGENICS**

But there is not this unanimity everywhere. There are those who hold that what we must do is improve the *genetic* qualities of man—his 'nature' rather than his 'nurture'. There is, it is true, no powerful movement for eugenic action today, but it is profitable briefly to examine the ideas of eugenists: we shall find that their errors contain valuable lessons for us.

<sup>2</sup> Marx, K., Theses on Feuerbach in Engels F., Ludwig Feuerbach.

<sup>1</sup> Haldane, J. B. S., The Inequality of Man. London, 1932.

There is, in principle, nothing absurd in the idea of breeding human beings. The selective breeding of domestic animals is such a wellestablished practice that it is inevitable that men should have thought of applying similar methods to themselves. Such speculation did not await the development of scientific knowledge of human genetics. The subject was discussed in the ancient world; in the fifth book of Plato's 'Republic' we find the following passage: 'And those of the youth who distinguished themselves, whether in war or anywhere else, ought to have awards and prizes given them, and the most ample liberty of embracing women, so that under this pretext likewise the greatest number of children may be generated of such persons.' However, although the matter was extensively talked about by Greek thinkers, neither they, nor any other large human group, has yet tried to put the eugenic principle of selective mating into practice. (The Germans under Nazism perhaps provided an exception, but anything they may have begun on those lines has now been stopped.) There are primitive peoples among whom children thought to be defective or superfluous are killed; but although this practice may have some effect, and even a favourable one, on the populations concerned, it is not advocated by modern eugenists.

For some people eugenics is essentially a matter of preventing the breeding of the 'unfit'. Recently acquired knowledge of human heredity has shown that negative eugenics, as this is called, could at present have only an exceedingly limited scope, and very little effect on the composition of a population. There are some rare deficiencies, of which the genetics is understood, which could be fairly quickly eliminated by preventing individuals displaying them from having children; but there are many more, also well understood, which could not be got rid of so easily.

A good example is 'mental deficiency'. It is sometimes said that the level of intelligence of the whole population is threatened by the excessive breeding of mental defectives. It is possible to investigate the children born to m.d.s, and also the precise nature of the deficiencies which have led to certification. It is found at once that very few children of m.d.s are themselves deficient. In one investigation of 345 children, with one or both parents m.d., only 25 or 7.5 per cent were mentally deficient.

This shows that genetically mental deficiency is far from simple. When we turn to the analysis of the nature of mental deficiency, we find a partial explanation of this fact. Persons certified

as m.d. are found to be of many types, each owing the deficiency to a different set of causes. Moreover, a significant number are curable by psychotherapy or other environmental measures. The exact proportion is not known, but it may be as high as twenty per cent.

It is evident that preventing procreation by mental defectives is not an effective means of eliminating mental deficiency. On the other hand, improvement in environmental conditions (including suitable treatment), is capable of bringing about a valuable reduction in their number.

The importance of the environment is even clearer when we come to higher grades of mental defect. A multitude of observations have shown that the children of the under-privileged suffer in intelligence, as in physique, through the malnutrition and other disadvantages to which they are subject. A teacher writes: 'Inasmuch as the incidence of backwardness among children is twenty per cent in working-class areas and negligible in the richer residential districts, one must assume that it is a problem of the schools where the poor reside. The low pay, the irregular nature of the work, and long spells of unemployment, lead to chronic poverty in the homes of the large mass of the workers. Such poverty leads to a low level of housing conditions, of home environment, of culture, of conversation, of food, of travel and of sunshine and air. These in turn prevent maximum development of the body and the mind and tend to physical and mental retardation.'1

#### INEQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY

It is, nevertheless, occasionally suggested that the children who suffer from this formidable and shocking list of disadvantages could never profit from better conditions, because of innate defects inherited from their parents. This sort of half-baked eugenic doctrine is doubtless comforting to some: it absolves them from the responsibility of worrying about the depressed standards of a large section of the population.

The first thing to realise is that this attitude is quite unjustified. It is true that, on the average, the children of the professional and higher business classes score rather higher in intelligence tests than do working-class children. In passing, we may note that it is not known to what extent this is due to inherited differences, and to what extent to the inferior conditions of the poorer children. In any case, it has been clearly shown that, despite the difference, the great majority of persons of high intelligence are among the lower income classes, because these

1Segal, C. S., Penn'orth of Chips. London, 1939.

classes form the great majority of the total

population.

This fact is obscured by the inferior opportunities of working-class children. In the words of Gray and Moshinsky: ' . . . while nearly all the children of the larger business and the professional classes who possess ability have the opportunity of higher education, the corresponding figure for clerical and commercial employees is approximately fifty per cent, for skilled wage-earners thirty per cent, and the unskilled wage-earners twenty per cent.'1 Hogben illustrates the social injustice of this situation with a striking quotation from an article in The Times referring to a boy from a North Country industrial centre: '... at the age of fourteen he had found himself in a quite unsuitable warehouse job in a local mill. He had lost this, as he had later lost several others, through the trade depression, and for nearly two and a half years before the beginning of his Borstal training he had been unemployed. He was very unsociable, and most of his enforced leisure had been taken up with the working out of calculations and the writing of essays. He had an astonishing knowledge of Stock Exchange news and ran an imaginary Exchange of his own. Some of his essays related to his ambition to become Prime Minister. He had prepared detailed schemes for dealing with the problems of agriculture, unemployment, India and disarmament. In an attempt to run away to London to get work, he stole. He was caught and put on probation. Again he stole, and again he was caught. On this occasion his sentence was one of Borstal detention. His test results made it clear that he was a boy of outstanding intellectual ability. Although he was only sixteen and a half at the time, he scored an intelligence test mark considerably above the average for university students. In a clerical test he did exceptionally well, and he had good practical abilities.'2

This sort of thing, which occurs on an enormous scale, is not only unjust; it is wasteful. We may turn to the recent report on Scientific Manpower, written at a time when the heavy burdens of post-war reconstruction are exposing our urgent need for many more scientists and technicians: 'At present rather less than two percent of the population reach the universities. About five per cent of the whole population show, on test, an intelligence as great as the upper half of the students, who amount to one percent of the population. We conclude, therefore,

that only about one in five of the boys and girls, who have intelligence equal to that of the best half of the university students, actually reach the universities.'3 It is, of course, not suggested that all the remaining four-fifths would choose a University career if they could have one nor that all those who score highly in intelligence tests are worthy in other respects: the important thing is that something like eighty per cent of our most intelligent children are barred from a higher education because their parents are poor. The recent increase in the number of State scholarships, and for that matter the whole of the new Education Act, though it moves in the right direction, does not remedy this situation.

#### BIOLOGY AND POLITICS

The inequality of opportunity for children of different groups is not a consequence of some dysgenic circumstance: it is a reflection of the differences of power and influence possessed by different classes. It is in general true that, at least up to 1945, we have been ruled by a small, wealthy minority—a minority owing its privileged position not to the ability of its members, but mainly to parentage and inherited wealth. According to Leybourne and White, 'half of the 306 persons holding Cabinet office between 1801 and 1924 attended one out of eleven "public" schools.' Of one of the Baldwin Cabinets of the 1930s it was noticed that one member in three had been to Eton. The Cabinet and House of Commons have changed, but it still remains true that in high places elsewhere Britain is administered by a privileged minority: the great majority of judges and magistrates, of higher civil servants, of directors of banks, railways and other industries, come from the public schools and so from a very small fraction of the total school population.

This situation in turn arises from the fact that economic power is largely in the hands of an even smaller minority, who profit from the maintenance of a class educated to serve their interests. The owners of the banks, of the big industries (including the press) and of a good deal of the most valuable land, are for the most part members of a small number of wealthy families. There is no space here to support this statement fully, but the main facts can be found in a book entitled *Tory M.P.*, by Simon Haxey, in which the connections between powerful landowning and industrial families, and Conservative members of the Lords and Commons, are fully analysed.

We have seen that a scientific examination of \*Scientific Manpower. Cmd. 6824, 1946.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Gray, J. L., and Moshinsky, Pearl, in *Political Arithmetics*. London, 1938.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Hogben, L. T., (ed.), Political Arithmetic. London, 1938.



Equality of opportunity has been established (at a price) in the Soviet Union. Stalin, a cobbler's son, and Kalinin, late President of the U.S.S.R. and member of a peasant family, sit with collective farmers

people's abilities gives no mandate for this restriction of privilege and responsibility to a small fraction of the population; and so false eugenic ideas have to be seen, not merely as errors, but as a political phenomenon: their effect is to bolster up class rule with bogus biology. Just as the Nazis found it convenient to justify their aggressions with false race theories, so have our own rulers been able to find grounds, supposed to be scientific, for their continuing in power.

Thus the views even of some scientists have been influenced by politics, and in particular by the conflict between different economic classes.

# CLASS CONFLICT AND ZEST FOR LIVING

This conflict profoundly influences the attitude of ordinary men and women towards society. When Gray wrote, in his 'Elegy written in a country churchyard',

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell . . .

he was quite complacent about it. But the village-Hampdens have themselves never wholly accepted the lowly position 'to which it has pleased God to call them': in Britain, from the

peasants' revolt of 1381 onwards, they have expressed their protest at more or less frequent intervals and with more or less violence; and the rulers of the time have for their part consistently used force, or the threat of force, to restrain them. (Many will recall the use of troops during the general strike of 1926.)

When the industrial revolution led to the appearance of a large corps of industrial workers, these men took over the leadership of the struggle from the peasants, and developed more elaborate organisations for the purpose. Thus there grew up a loyalty, not to the nation or country as a whole, but to a class, and often to special organs of the class, such as trade unions. Correspondingly the various ruling groups, whilst regularly proclaiming their attachment to their Mother Country, their Fatherland (or other suitable expression), were frequently prepared to enter into agreement with the rulers of other countries, against the interests of their restless and sometimes rebellious working class. The collaboration of quislings with the Nazis, throughout Europe, provides the outstanding set of examples of this general rule.

The term 'zest for living' has not been defined so far in this series, and still less has any contributor suggested a way of measuring it. But Gertrude Williams, in her article, 'The Sense of Purpose', has given the expression a meaning. 'As long as



Use of force against the peaceful protests of the under-privileged. Mounted police charge hunger marchers in Hyde Park in 1932

society is an expression of principles which we do not accept as right and just,' she wrote, 'there is no purpose in our work.' Perhaps we might qualify that by saying that the only purpose today is often acquisitiveness: where power and influence depend on economic status, success is to the man who most wholeheartedly puts his own interests first (or who has the wealthiest parents). It is at any rate clear that zest for constructive work useful to the community must often atrophy in men and women who are arbitrarily prevented from developing their abilities, and kept in an enforced state of economic depression. There is no need to fear that economic improvements, such as the Social Insurance Act, will lead to sloth and indifference to social problems. On the contrary, they will help to release energy hitherto undeveloped or restricted to the day-today problems of earning a precarious living.

It is significant that the note at the beginning of the article speaks of loss of zest in the Western world. There has been a good deal of recent comment on the way in which the peoples of the war-ravaged states of Eastern Europe have been willing to make enormous efforts in the construction programmes planned by their governments. Not only in the Soviet Union (as Gertrude Williams points out), but also, for instance, in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, workers have voluntarily increased their hours and surrendered their holidays to build anew as quickly as possible.

It is in just these countries that the privileges of

wealth and birth have been most nearly abolished, and that the sons and daughters of peasants and labourers are found in high and responsible positions as a result of their natural abilities.

The conclusion to be drawn is an obvious one, and is becoming more and more widely accepted. It is that if we wish for a society in which men and women can make the best use of their innate capabilities, and in which they feel they are taking part in tasks belonging to the whole community, we must do away with privilege due to birth or wealth. The urgent task is to raise the standards of the depressed majority. We can see that there is gross inequality of opportunity for the individuals of different social classes, and consequent large-scale wastage of talent as well as injustice. The economic and political system that can remedy the injustice, and prevent the wastage, is Socialism—the system in which the control and ownership of land and industry is in the hands of those whose work produces food from the land and industrial products from the factories. In such a society there need be no diversion of energy to the internal destructiveness of a class struggle, no mass frustration and consequent cynicism or apathy. Not only can the material or economic needs of the whole population be satisfied, but also those spiritual needs to which Herbert Read and Gertrude Williams have, from their different points of view, referred. The attainment of a just and equalitarian Britain will release energy and ability on a scale which will surprise the very men and women who achieve it.

## FLYING OVER THE ANDES

### A. E. BALLARD

The pioneers of British-South American Airways, who have initiated the service between London and Buenos Aires, are showing themselves equally unafraid of Nature's tantrums and American competition. When the line between Argentina and Chile is in operation, British planes will be flying over the highest and most difficult commercial air route in the world.

It was not until the experience gained during the war of 1914–18 in aeronautics and aeroplane construction had been digested that an attempt could be made to cross one of the world's most formidable barriers. In the 1920s, after many exploratory flights, the first regular trans-Andine air route was established between Argentina and Chile.

Probably the first Englishman to make the double trans-Andine flight was C. H. A. Taylor, who in 1932 flew from Mendoza, Argentina, to Santiago de Chile in a Swift single-seater monoplane with an eighty-five-horse-power Pobjoy engine. Fifteen days later he returned to Mendoza, flying at a height of 16,000 feet.

When travelling through the stratosphere becomes as simple as a train journey, crossing the Andes will be considerably easier than it is today. Air liners will soar, effortlessly, high above the towering peaks. Today they have to thread an incredibly difficult way, following the passes which zigzag over the three main longitudinal chains of the Andes, and crossing the numerous shorter east-west ranges which make the whole area resemble a kind of crazy honeycomb. From above, the Cordillera, which is 4,500 miles long and forty miles across, looks like a vast ocean whose towering waves have suddenly turned to rock and ice in the midst of a titanic cataclysm. The plane, a gnat in the midst of such immensity, flies in the troughs of the waves. At times the defile is so narrow that it seems the wing-tips must graze one or other of the precipitous sides. Then, escaping from these gigantic nut-crackers, it zooms up and up to surmount a crest, like an insect crawling up a wall.

At certain times of the year weather conditions in the Andean region are a constant anxiety to those responsible for the safety of aircraft. Hailstones as large as eggs, dangerous wind channels and electric storms are encountered in the high passes; ice may form on the wings, instruments freeze up. Before the discovery of Radar many

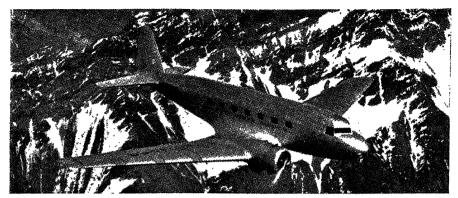
planes were lost in blizzard and fog. A liner which gets off its course has little hope of landing except in a mountain valley, still less of ever being found if its wireless set has been put out of action.

Because of these climatic conditions, and the particular configuration of the mountains, the number of air routes over the Andes is much more limited than might be imagined. The new British air line from Argentina to Chile will almost certainly stick to the centuries-old route via the Uspallata Pass, flying above the footsteps of the Incas, the Conquistadors, San Martin and his army of liberators, and the nineteenth-century pioneers of road and rail.

The first white men ever to take this route were the Spanish general, Villagra, and his tiny army. It was one of the most amazing exploratory marches the Spaniards ever made. From Peru they followed the Inca Highway, which runs down the spine of the Andes, until they came to Tucumán in northern Argentina. From here, probably via Córdova, they found their way up through the foothills to Mendoza, and then struck the Indian trail which climbs 12,000 feet over the Pass and down into the Chilean plain.

This Pass became the main Spanish highway between their settlements in the east and west of the continent. A flourishing Spanish colony developed round Buenos Aires, but, incredible as it may appear, until 1620 all goods and travellers to and from Spain journeyed via the Andes, the Pacific, the Isthmus of Panama, and the North Atlantic. Ox-carts laboured across the pampa and over the Pass; flocks of sheep were brought from Spain and driven over the mountains to the eastern plains; herds of cattle were moved westward to the mines on the Pacific side of the Cordillera. Goods carried on mule-back took three days to make the crossing. Then came the stage-coach and the age of speed had begun. The mountain journey was shortened by a day.

At the end of the nineteenth century trains began to penetrate the mountain fastnesses. A trans-continental line from Buenos Aires crept up the Uspallata Pass till it was a mile above sea level. In 1911 a tunnel a mile long was cut through the summit, and the train, emerging from the darkness, zigzagged down the Chilean slopes to Santiago. The trans-Andine journey now took only a day and a half. Much about the same time the old track was transformed into a moderately



A Pan-American Airways plane crossing the Andes

good road, and the grinding gears of cars and lorries startled the condors soaring among the peaks. The legend of their lonely silence was finally destroyed by the aeroplanes which reduced the journey from days to hours.

This old route through Mendoza and Santiago is both the quickest and the easiest way over the Andes, but there are others. From Salta, perched among the foothills in north-west Argentina, there is now both road and air communication with the port of Antofagasta, enabling Chile to trade her minerals for Argentine beef.

From Salta the train and aeroplane also follow the Inca Highway across the mountains to La Paz and Cuzco, and so eventually to Lima. It is the route which Pizarro, the first European ever to cross the Andes, took with his men when he marched up into the mountains from the Peruvian coast in 1532. Whatever his faults, he must have been a superb leader and pioneer. It took the little band of heavily armed men, their horses, camping gear and equipment, two days to struggle to the top of the first range, two more to reach the still higher peaks which towered behind it. At last, on the seventh day, they dropped down into the Indian town of Cajamarca, on the eastern side of the Cordillera. They had crossed the Andes! Continuing down the Inca Highway which they had discovered, they marched through the heart of the Cordillera till they reached Cuzco, the Inca capital.

Three years later, Pizarro's lieutenant, Almagro, explored the continuation of the Highway along the shore of Lake Titicaca to La Paz, on through Oruro, and Uyuni, and so eventually down to Salta, then back again over the Cordillera, but striking south-west till at last his mountain-weary men rested in Copiapó, on the

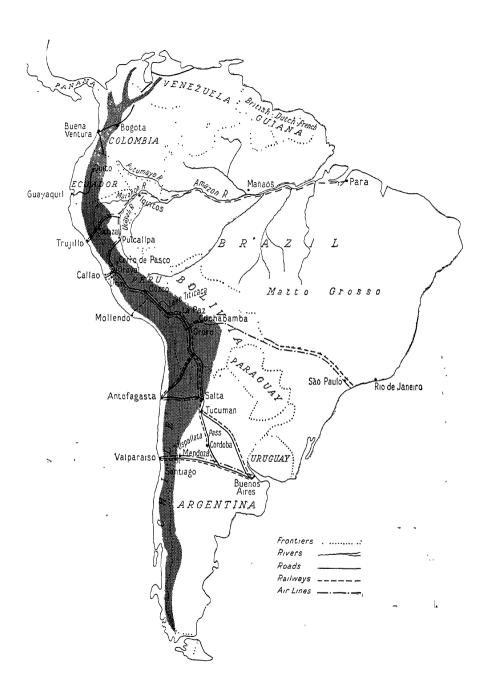
edge of the Atacama Desert.

North of Argentina the eastern slopes of the Andes have defied man's efforts for four centuries. Even within the last twenty years Peruvian military expeditions have been decimated by poisoned darts from the blow-pipes of hidden Indians who resented intrusion. Many a Spanish Conquistador scrambled to the summit of the mountains and gazed impatiently eastwards towards the vast continent which he knew lay at his feet. Several expeditions were sent down the treacherous slopes, but few were ever seen again. Men who had endured months of cold and hunger, frost-bite and mountain sickness, were defeated by the unceasing rain, insects, snakes and poisoned arrows. Gonzalo Pizarro tried to get through to the Amazon, and so did Peranzures, but both were forced back up the mountains whence they had come. Their clothes, and particularly their boots, had rotted in the rain and damp. Four thousand Indians who went with them perished.

Until the end of the seventeenth century, only one white man is known to have got through. This was Orellana, who found his way down the Indian trails to the head of the Amazon, and travelled 2,000 miles down the river until he reached the Atlantic.

One hundred and fifty years later, Father Fritz, a Bohemian Jesuit, made several journeys on foot between Lima and the Amazon country, where he toiled as a missionary. He kept a journal of his comings and goings, but appeared to find nothing remarkable in crossing the Andes whenever he felt that he was needed on the other side.

The Spaniards, who had never imagined such conditions, may have exaggerated some of the difficulties, but not the deluging rain. In eastern Ecuador two hundred inches fall in a year. Roads and railways are washed away before they can



be completed. There are countless rivers rising in the snows and lakes, and flowing north-eastward towards the Amazon, but they are so impeded by cataracts as to be useless for navigation.

The country which has suffered most seriously in the past from the Andean barrier is Bolivia, even more hopelessly boxed in on the east by the vast, almost unexplored plateau of the Brazilian Matto Grosso. Her famous tin and silver mines have access to the Pacific, but the mineral wealth of the Eastern Andes and the forests which lie at their feet has scarcely been touched because of the hitherto insuperable transport difficulties. But since Bolivia's petroleum and rubber potentialities have been realised, efforts to open up the country have redoubled. Brazil is especially interested. The railway from São Paulo to the Bolivian frontier is being pushed westward through the jungle and up the mountains to Santa Cruz and Cochabamba, where it will join up with the existing lines which link the mining towns with the Pacific.

The story of railway engineering in the Western Andes, and particularly in Peru, deserves a book to itself. It is a saga of such great names as the Harriman brothers and Henry Meiggs, and of the workmen who battled against the most appalling difficulties of terrain and climate. Year by year their trains struggled and puffed and zigzagged a few miles further up into the mountains until they reached Cerro de Pasco, the highest town in the world. At Ticlio Junction passengers are 15,655 feet above sea level, only 126 feet lower than the top of Mont Blanc, Europe's highest mountain. On a 298-mile stretch of the Central Railway of Peru, the train climbs 16,000 feet in eight hours, negotiating fifteen V-shaped switchbacks, diving through sixty-five tunnels, and running over sixty-seven bridges.

Whether, further north than the trans-continental Bolivian line trains will ever forge their way down the eastern slopes, or whether they will be superseded by lorries and cargo planes, remains to be seen. Whatever the means employed, the opening up of the Amazon basin will mean a new era, not only for South America, but for the world. From this area alone all the food, minerals, rubber and petroleum for which Europe and Asia are crying out can be drawn if labour can be drafted in and the raw materials carried out.

The key to the vast wealth of the Eastern Andes is Iquitos, on the Upper Amazon, today housing only some 30,000 inhabitants, but tomorrow the hub of one of the main trans-Andean and transcontinental transport systems. Built at the highest navigable point on the Amazon, 2,300 miles from

the Atlantic and 970 miles from Lima by the most direct route, at least three important trans-Andean crossings converge on Iquitos. The Central Highway of Peru runs from Callao to Lima, up to Oroya and across the mountains to Pulcallpa. on the Ucayali River, which flows into the Upper Amazon (or Marañon) some miles above Iquitos. There is a regular service of launches between Pulcallpa and Iquitos, and of steamships between Iquitos and Para, at the mouth of the Amazon. The journey from Lima to Iquitos, which takes five days by road and river, has now been reduced to one of hours by the Linea de Aviación Condor Tampa, a Peruvian subsidiary of Pan-American Airways. There is also a regular eastern air service between Iquitos, Manaos and Para.

From Trujillo, on the Peruvian coast, 300 miles north of Lima, another road crosses the Cordillera to Moyobamba, whence an Indian track runs to Yurimaguas, also on the Ucayali River. This route, too, is covered by air.

Finally, there is a third trans-Andean trail from Guayaquil via Riobamba to the Upper Amazon, a few miles below Iquitos, but this has not so far been opened up for motor traffic. Rising to 15,000 feet, it plunges down the eastern slopes at a gradient equivalent to 1,000 feet per hour.

In the Northern Andes the great trans-Andine Highway begun in 1929 is being completed in sections. Passing through the capitals of Ecuador and Colombia, it will soon link the Pacific coast with the Caribbean. It was along this route that Bolívar, in 1819, led his army of patriots from Venezuela to Colombia during the Venezuelan War of Independence. His statue crowns the summit 13,000 feet above the sea. One portion of this road, from Pasto to Popayan, is divided into sixteen sections of one-way traffic. Whilst waiting for the green light, tyres, brakes and steering gear are tested, a precaution which turns out to be rather more than just a fad. Blasted out of the mountain wall, with a two-hundred-feet drop on one side, the track, which never runs straight for more than a hundred yards, is often deep in slush or loose stones, if it is not completely blocked by a landslide lying hidden round a bend. Fortunately there is also a trans-Andine air service from Buenaventura to Caracas.

Travellers from Chile to Argentina who cross the Cordillera with speed and comfort in a British air liner will pass close to the famous statue of the Christ of the Andes. Crowning the summit of the Uspallata Pass, it stands as the supreme symbol of that universal peace and brotherhood which the aeroplane, by overcoming natural barriers and superseding artificial frontiers, can, if we so will it, bring to the world.

# THE FUTURE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

## S. P. B. MAIS

'EVERYMAN,' said Doctor Johnson, 'thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier.' Judging from the popularity and number of books, broadcast talks and general conversation on the subject, I should say that today every man thinks meanly of himself for not being a farmer. Times are certainly changing. My mother was intensely proud of her not too close connection with an ancient peerage; she was oddly ashamed of the fact that her family had farmed the same land in North Devon for about 1,200 years. My stock immediately goes up when people discover that I am speaking from generations of farmers. It goes down when they discover how blue my blood really is. For my part, I should like to be a Peer in my own right, but I should prefer to be a good farmer.

The general interest in everything pertaining to the countryside is increasing with an avalanche-like momentum. This does not, alas, prove that the countryside is in a good way, or likely to be! Everyone is interested in safety on the roads. The death-roll is stupendous, and quite certainly going to be worse rather than better. Interest is not enough. Enthusiasm is not enough. Individual direct action is the only solution to all the many complex problems that beset us, not least the problems affecting the future of the countryside.

First in importance is the countryside as a means of livelihood, its exploitation as an asset of production. Thirty-three million acres of our country are farmed as against four million acres that are industrialised. These thirty-three million acres are divided between 250,000 farmers. That gives an average of 132 acres per farm. Eightyfive per cent of our farms are under 150 acres. As there are seventeen different types of farming, a uniform size for farms is naturally undesirable, but with the introduction of time-saving and labour-saving machines, it is obvious that, to become economically prosperous, the size of farms should be increased. Professor Orwin wants to re-assemble farms, reduce them in number, and increase them to an average of 600 acres each. This, of course, implies compulsory powers—in a word, nationalisation.

Mr. D. R. Bomford rightly points out that the social upheaval attending the process of compelling the wholesale reorganisation of land

occupation and ownership may present greater difficulties than would be encountered in designing and providing the machinery necessary to enable the small farmer to give to the community economical service and to himself a reasonable living standard. Mr. Bomford deplores the fact that there are so many small farms and too small fields, and his solution is to enlarge the fields by cutting down the unnecessary hedges and introducing small machines, like the two-wheeled tractor, to suit the requirements of the smaller farms.

The average farmer has the reputation of being slow to adopt new ideas, however advantageous to him, but according to Pat McDougall, the very observant and shrewd Director of Midland Marts, the farmer of today has become so enthusiastic about the machine that he is already losing his eye for stock. He is much less knowledgeable about the qualities of beasts and sheep than his father was.

What Mrs. Frances Donaldson and H. E. Bates both deplore is his lack of initiative in demanding better amenities. Mrs. Donaldson's experience is the experience of almost everyone who has worked on a farm. 'I worked,' she said, 'in conditions which made every job doubly as hard as it need have been, because of lack of proper equipment, or because of lack of time to undertake tasks which, once performed, could have eased for ever the daily toil. I carried buckets where taps might have been laid on; I lifted gates which could have been properly hung. I slopped through holes which a load of stones could have filled: I wasted hav under the feet of stock which would have fed better from racks. I walked miles that the smallest degree of planning could have reduced to yards; I wasted with a hurricane-lamp hours which an electric light switch might have saved.' In other words, there is too much muck, too little thought.

Professor Orwin says that the fault for this astonishing failure to become up to date lies with the farmers. In his view they should unite to alter the inequity of existing laws which permits of a penny rate in Surrey (450,000 acres) producing £54,100, while a similar rate in rural Herefordshire (540,000 acres) produces £2,500.

No wonder the countryside lacks amenities!

There is no reason why the countryman should not enjoy the same advantages in electric light, heat, water and warm, dry houses as the townsman. The farmer is not, of course, the only man who suffers from this anomalous state of things. The stockbroker or retired business man who lives in the country has to endure the same disadvantages of earth-closets, paraffin lamps, water from the village well, damp, draughty houses, and lack of all cultural impetus. Obviously, the countryman, in his own interest, should take an active part in local government. It is high time that urban district councillors were recruited from men and women with vision who are determined to see that the countryman shall share the advantages of the townsman. Comfort is essential to good work everywhere. The countryman starts with a great advantage over the townsman in that the air he breathes is purer, the food he eats is fresher. He still retains the use of his hands. He takes a pride in his work, and is an entity in the community. He is still a craftsman.

In the last few weeks I have visited a large number of country market towns, and in every one of them I met one or more men of outstanding skill either in leather-work, iron-work, wood-work or in some other material. In one place I met a carpenter making furniture far more tasteful and durable than anything I have seen in any London shop; in another I found a saddler whose gun cases and leather bags were of a far superior quality, and much cheaper, than anything sold in Piccadilly or Regent Street.

Every countryman is by instinct a true craftsman. He can lay a hedge, build a wall, thatch a rick or roof, shear a sheep, plough a furrow, shoot a partridge, shoe and ride a horse, catch trout, handle a scythe, milk a cow, in addition to repairing any mechanical fault in tractor or other engine.

In a recent Social Survey, we were told that the present-day youth in towns is much less capable of acting on his own initiative than the town boy or girl of twenty years ago. He has been so regimented and spoon-fed that he is now incapable of doing anything for himself. His work is mechanical; his pleasures are all passive. The country boy still retains the use of his eyes and ears and sense of smell. Unfortunately, many country-bred boys have got a queer idea that it is a step up in the social scale to work in a garage and derogatory to their caste to work on a farm. Higher farm wages will do something to cure that. The cultivation of equal amenities will do more.

We all know that life in the countryside is changing very rapidly. The large landowner has



The Market Cross in Chichester, a characteristic example of the old English market town

been practically taxed out of existence. The hall, the manor house and the grange lie derelict after occupation by an army that has learnt the art of destruction only too well. What is to be their fate? There is need for more asylums, hospitals, country hotels and new boarding schools for the proletariat. That will not absorb them all. They may also be used by decentralised business houses.

But the fact remains that something of great value disappears with the guillotining of the squire and lord of the manor. It is not only the breaking-up of a priceless library and treasure house of old masters. The squire was a leader not only in the hunting field. He knew much about the art of living that was shared by many of his tenants. He usually knew a great deal about their private lives, and cared for them like a patriarch.

The country parson, according to H. E. Bates, has also had his day. It is true that the country rector no longer affords a large family and finds the rectory far too large for him. It is true that country churches are empty while the chapels of



Castle Coombe in Wiltshire—one of the most unspoilt villages in England. The problem of the unsightly petrol pump has been solved by hiding it behind a wall

the Catholics and Nonconformists are still well attended. This would seem to imply that the only hope for the established church is disestablishment. I think that would be an admirable solution, for the only healthy church is a church that is fighting for its existence. An established church is too much like a political power in power that cannot be displaced. There is a use to which the large country rectory could be converted. It could be made into a Communal Centre, a general meeting-place for the community to listen to music, act, dance, discuss, problems, play games, and so on. The village college idea has been completely triumphant at Impington, and I refuse to believe that the country people of Cambridgeshire are more intellectually and æsthetically curious than those of any other county. It is all a question of finding the right leader. I deplore the passing of the country parson. In the past he bred sons who have achieved a very remarkable record. Nelson, Dryden, John and Charles Wesley, Coleridge and Tennyson were all parsons' sons. The good country parson was very much the shepherd of his flock. The villagers came to him for advice in all their troubles.

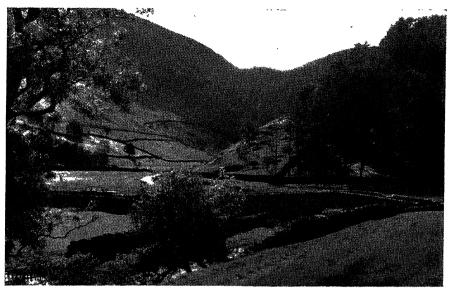
We are still apt, as a carry-over from the industrial revolution, to imagine that there is some advantage to be gained from increasing the size of our country market towns. Light industries are being decentralised, and certain small towns are showing a strange lack of discrimina-

tion in opening their arms rather too widely to the invader. It is true that the influx of more businesses will bring down the rates and increase local trade, but the price paid for these advantages may be too high.

Bicester, as the centre of a famous hunt, maintained a peculiar prestige, dignity and atmosphere that was all its own. Bicester, as the centre of a number of modern industries, may become a second Walsall. What is the spirit of Walsall? Is there one? John Moore, in his fascinating Portrait of Elmbury (Is it Evesham? Is it Tewkesbury?), has painted for all time exactly what the English country market town stood for. It was merry, sane, comic, fantastic and very, very fair. It had something. It was a small, intimate, closely interrelated community that fostered freedom of action up to the point of eccentricity. Personality had not been squeezed out in Elmbury.

Moore compares Elmbury with London: 'Emotions seemed larger here; pleasures were keener, sorrows sharper; men's laughter was more boisterous; jokes were funnier; the tragedy was more profound and the comedy more riotous. The huge fantasy of life was altogether more fantastic. London was a twilit world. Elmbury seemed as bright as a stage.' Natives of the country market towns will be performing a service that is by no means parochial if they strive to keep their community parochial.

Even more important than the fate of the



Mardale (Westmorland)-a view of the valley

market town is the fate of the village. 'To the man or woman,' said Edmund Blunden, 'who is desirous of finding the best in this country, I commend the English village.' It is not only the music of the village names, or the astonishingly happy blending of native architecture with the native scene. It is the life of the village that is so important to the continued wellbeing of the nation. In the church and churchyard you get an instant reminder of the continuity of England; on the village green you get a reminder of the part that active sport plays in the formation of the English character, and in the pub, in the pub alone, you may begin to understand what it is that binds Englishmen together.

Only in the pub can you lay your finger on the pulse of the nation. The conversation in the Black Bull of 1946 varies scarcely at all from the conversation in the Black Bull of 1846, 1746, 1646, or even 1546.

It still turns on the weather, the crops, the behaviour of birds and beasts, the price of food, local topography, the chase of fish, flesh or fowl. The inane chatter of the cocktail-drinking vivandières and their prey has no place. They, thank God, go with the wind. The ploughboy and roadman, gardener and ditcher remain. The village remains—an entity of priceless value to the nation. Above the village stand the downland and the hills. What of the future of these?

Professor Orwin says: 'There's little evidence

of any reaction by the countryman to the beauty of the countryside, or of a realisation by him of God in Nature.' I am quite sure he is wrong. Just because only two ploughboys, Robert Burns and John Clare, were gifted with the power to express what they saw and felt, it does not prove that other ploughboys do not see and feel. G. M. Trevelyan is nearer the truth when he says: 'Natural beauty is the ultimate spiritual appeal of the universe, and of Nature to Man. It is the highest common denominator in the spiritual life of today.' That being so, it is none too pleasant to see our natural beauty being destroyed piecemeal before our eyes.

The Battle for Britain is now on. The Army, still exercising the power that we rightfully allowed them in war, now abuse that power by arbitrarily holding land and destroying beauty for so-called military purposes, disregarding the protests of those who hold the preservation of beauty to be of paramount importance to the continued wellbeing of the race.

What is the Army's defence for holding on to the Isle of Purbeck and parts of the South Downs? What was the Admiralty's defence for their attempt to turn Bodmin Moor into a bombing ground? What was the R.A.F.'s defence for bombing the bird sanctuary island of Skokholm? It was just a plain ignorance of our island topography. Topography happens to be my subject, and I have yet to meet the sailor, soldier or airman



The old country pub is one of the glories of England. The beautiful sign of the Queen's Head at Elmley Castle (Worss.) was painted in 1575 from portraits of Queen Elizabeth and the then Lord of the Manuel.

who could pass any reasonable test on the topography of Britain. The Germans knew it. The English, no!

It is through ignorance and a complete disregard for civilian feelings and rights that they decide where to pursue activities that for the most part can be more advantageously undertaken in lands less precious to us than ours. Europe is large. England is small. And only a small fraction of this tiny island, only 100,000 acres to be exact, is safe for all time owing to the foresight and energy of the National Trust. The Army hold 600,000 acres, the Air Ministry 400,000, and the Admiralty 26,000.

Now the countryside is not only a place to work in. It is a place to play in. There must be hunting, fishing and shooting. There must also be freedom for the citizen to roam, even if he has no gun or rod in his hand. The whole of the British coast line should be made accessible and free; so should the whole of the Pennine range, and of all hills everywhere above the 1,000 or 1,500 feet contour line. It is inconceivable that the men who went through hell to preserve England's freedom should be content that the moors should be free only for grouse and those who shoot them, or the Highlands only for deer and those who stalk them.

It is essential to our physical and spiritual health that the National Parks, about which there has been so much talk and so little action, should be acquired and thrown open at once. The whole of Dartmoor, Exmoor, the South Downs, the Berkshire Downs, Snowdonia, Dovedale, the Lake District, the Cairngorms and the Grampians, the fells above the Yorkshire dales, the Roman wall country, the Cheviots and so on, should pass into the possession of the nation for the benefit of the nation.

Without vision the nations will perish. Vision comes from lifting up our eyes to the hills whence cometh our help. That is literally true. Help does instantly come when we raise our eyes from muck-raking and look up and then climb up.

So it becomes every man's plain duty to play an active part in this new Battle for Britain to prevent the jerry-builder, and industrialist, from destroying beauty to add to their material gain to the nation's irremediable spiritual and æsthetic loss. We have already seen how little use it is to trust in the results of town and country planners, who plan often and act seldom, if at all. The truth is that we have inherited the loveliest land in the world. By good fortune and hard endurance we have saved it from the foreign defiler.

But there is a Beast within our midst ready to tear and rape our beauty. You and I have to be on watch to guard jealously our own woodland, our own river bank, our own sand dune, our own hillock or stretch of downland. We have to show the destroyer in the only way he understands that we will not stand by and see our loveliness wrecked to satisfy a military power without eyes or a rapacious money maker. We are pretty tough when we see the necessity. The necessity is there all right. The Future of the Countryside lies with you and me, and no one else.

One further point. It is essential to the amity of nations that they should mingle freely. We want to travel abroad, and equally we want to attract visitors from overseas to have a look round our very fair estate. Their enjoyment depends not only on the beauty of the scene, but also on the comfort and hospitality lavished by our hotel-keepers. Unfortunately, our hotelkeepers have earned an unenviable reputation for discomfort, ill-cooked and unimaginative meals, and, worst of all, downright discourtesy. This has to be changed at once if we are to promote goodwill among our neighbours. For centuries we have been known to the world as good hosts. We have to build up that reputation again. It ought not to be difficult.

# PAINTING IN PARIS TODAY

### **DENYS SUTTON**

ONE of the most fascinating aspects of the history of the visual arts is the way in which it reveals the continuity of tradition and the manner in which artists of the same country, or at work within the same intellectual climate, are so often related by all sorts of subtle relationships and common memories. The impression is frequently given, for instance, that modern French painting is a completely revolutionary movement divorced from the main tradition of French art and without any roots in the past. It is, of course, true that the artists of the 1900s broke fresh ground in their approach to the problems of painting, but their achievement was in many ways the outcome of the artistic struggles of the previous generation. Impressionism, with its solution of the depiction of light and atmosphere in terms of colour, may be said to have closed one chapter of European painting. If painters were to do more than repeat a formula, a new departure was essential. Cézanne and Seurat, with their researches into the nature of form, and Van Gogh and Gauguin, with their



ANDRÉ MASSON: L'Enfant au Caméléon
Galerie Louise Leiris

theory of colour as a symbolical force, provided the basis for the evolution of this approach which manifested itself as Fauvism (1905) and Cubism (1906). Today, indeed, when we look at these two wings of the modern movement at a distance of almost fifty years, they appear not only as a necessary reaction against a style which had already become mannered—Impressionism—but as the next and inevitable stage in the development of European painting.

Fauvism and Cubism are already historic movements. What has come to replace them in French, and for that matter in European, painting? How have French painters developed the premises established by the Fauves and the Cubists? What new paths have they taken? This is not the place to enlarge on the various movements—Purism,

Expressionism, Conservatism, Realism—which have appeared since then, except to say that none of them has equalled, let alone surpassed, Fauvism-Cubism, but only to indicate some of the trends and tendencies that appear in French

painting at the moment.

It is clear that the 'Old Masters' of the Ecole de Paris are still working with unabated vigour. This does not mean that they have been content to repeat themselves or to evolve in the direction of academicism. Far from it. Their painting is as daring and original, if not more so, as that of many of their young contemporaries. They have not remained stationary, but have enriched their painting during the war years. Matisse, for instance, has concentrated his attention, now as always, on the extraction of the maximum effect from colour which he encloses within a rapid, calligraphic line. His colour has become more vital and evocative. With a directness which was at times missing from some of the paintings of his middle period, he has simplified his composition, almost returning to the effects of his Cubist phase of 1916, and painted a series of magnificent nudes, interiors and still-lives of fruit and flowers. The distillation of a still deeper significance from colour is, too, the major preoccupation of Bonnard. In the full plenitude of his powers, he has moved away from the flat, decorative style of his early work and infused his paintings, those sumptuous evocations of the South, with a rich harmony in which the colours melt and mingle

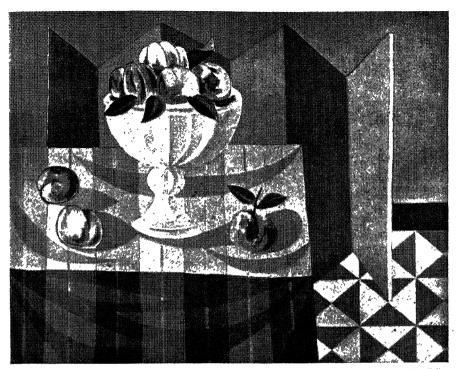


FOUGERON: Mother and Child

Galerie Billiet

with a fascinating profusion. For Braque, the war years have meant the emergence of a new and brilliant phase in which the 'lyric geometry' of his Cubism is heightened by a deeper feeling for colour and a more profound understanding of the relations of objects within the frame of the stilllife. 'Comme Chardin avant lui,' as Mr. Douglas Cooper has well said, 'il ose tout montrer.' The still-life for Picasso, on the other hand, is yet another occasion to demonstrate his virtuosity and to display all his power of simplification and his concentration on the vital elements of the composition: these paintings are the essential counterpart of the dramatic and romantic expressionism of those terrifying comments on the problems of our age which caused so much confusion when exhibited in London some months ago.

Besides the prolific production of the 'Old Masters', the many other painters of the same generation have demonstrated in France or abroad the continued vitality of the Ecole de Paris. Chagall has brought back some highly charged and evocative canvases from his stay in the United States, and André Masson has shown since his return some brilliant drawings. Rouault has painted an important series of religious paintings which, with their rich colours and symbolical intensity, recall the ikons of the Eastern Church. Though he tends towards repetition, he does succeed in conveying a religious experience within an artistic formula. Another expressionist, Goerg, has recently published some important illustrations. André Lhote paints with extraordinary facility and knowledge. Of the artists who lead the reaction against Cubism, and who



GISCHIA: Still Life Galerie Billiet

have embraced traditionalism—Segonzac, Ceria, L. A. Moreau, Oudot, Brianchon, Chastel, Limouse, Cavaillès—it must be said that, though they have painted many interesting and attractive paintings, their work lacks fire and vitality.

But of what does the 'modern school' consist? What are the trends that are now felt to express the immediacy of the present and to correspond to the contemporary situation: But first a word on Abstraction and Surrealism, two movements which are international in their implications and which have contributed much to the enlargement of the artist's vision. As the recent Salon des Réalités Nouvelles showed, Abstract Art has become sterile. In the early works of Kandinsky, Delaunay or Daniel Rossine, the approach was fresh and vivid. Today, however, the purely decorative arrangement which has resulted seems a poor compensation for the divorce between the painter and the apprehension of visual reality. This is not to argue that the content of a painting is of paramount importance. But it does seem that if a painting is to have any significance or meaning other than as a decoration, it must be based on an interpretation in colour and form

of an emotion derived from, or conceived in, terms of visual appearances. There must be some bridge between the generation of experience and its communication: this bridge must be related to visual appearances. In a similar fashion, Surrealism, though revealing much that is fascinating, has been unable to express its meaning in artistic form; brilliant, suggestive and novel though it is, Surrealism has finally lost itself in the labyrinths of its own complexity.

Amongst other tendencies, it is interesting to notice that two painters of an older generation, Jacques Villon and Desnoyer, have been revived. Villon began to paint in the decorative style of the Nabis: his prints of the 1900s are very much of la belle époque. Embracing Cubism, he has made out of it a personal idiom, less constructive and 'cubistic' than that of Braque or Gris, but which, as his Self-Portrait (1943) shows, has a definite individuality and a subtle sense of mystery. Desnoyer, on the other hand, is at bottom a Fauve; a painter of powerful effects, he builds up his pictures with sharp definite colours, and with a juxtaposition of colour in masses. He catches the sensual qualities of flesh and the movement of



PIGNON: The Bowl of Milk

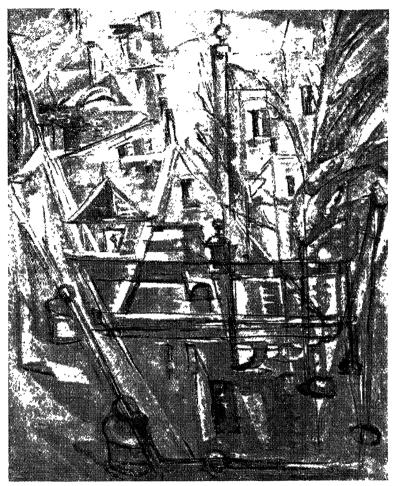
Galerie de France

figures in action. His reactions are physical, and his painting forms a link between Fauvism and Expressionism. Expressionism itself has achieved a certain revival in the painting of Lorjou, which, with its towering figures and intensity, is as 'brutally frank as the language of Céline or Steinbeck.' (Waldemar George.)

At the present moment a certain trend towards Realism is apparent, not the realistic naturalistic approach of Maupassant or Courbet, but the realism of Robin with its appeal to the tradition of Georges de la Tour and the seventeenth century. This tendency may be said to have crystallised in the paintings of the group which exhibited at the Galerie Braun in 1941 as les peintres de la tradition française. These painters include André Marchand, Fougeron, Pignon, Gischia, Manessier, Tal Coat and Tailleux. Fougeron and Marchand have a brilliant gift for formulation and the construction of pictures in simplified forms with startling colours enclosed by a sweeping line. They have also a flair for subjects that are intrinsically pleasing. Pignon has perhaps a more profound sense of colour and a deeper sense of construction. Gischia, on the other

hand, paints with a certain self-conscious naïveté, combined with a hard formal draughtsmanship, which recalls Wyndham Lewis. They are all painters of talent and charm, whose chief appeal lies in their technical competence and their innate sense of tasteful arrangement. They know exactly how to say whatever they wish, though it is hard to escape the conclusion that what they have to say does not amount to much. The influence of Matisse, Modigliani and Picasso is paramount in their works, to whom they stand in about the same relationship as do Pater and Lancret to Watteau. It is perhaps significant that many of their paintings contain elongated figures, and that this peculiarity is also to be found in the Mannerists of the seventeenth century.

Three painters, Bazaine, Estève and Lapicque, who have worked with this group, can now be seen to be developing along lines of their own. All three emerge from roughly the same background: Abstraction, Cubism and Surrealism. Their aim is to preserve contact with reality and to express something of the complexity of existence. They search for the meaning behind their emotional response to visual appearances, and attempt to



LAPICQUE: Canal en Champagne

Galerie Louis Carré

break up their reactions and to recreate them in terms of the imagination. What they do not do is attempt to impose an imaginative construction on reality as represented by visual appearances. How does this result in terms of painting: Their starting point is clearly Cubism, though where the Cubists were, on the whole, content to register the structure of appearances, they attempt to analyse the ideas behind these appearances. They suffer perhaps from an excessive intellectualisation, and it can hardly be said that their paintings are startling. But what is important about them is that they are not content to remain within the tradition of Fauvism and Cubism and have attempted to propound a

new, though not necessarily a more profound, approach to painting.

It would seem to be clear that none of the young painters rival, let alone surpass, the 'Old Masters' of the Ecole de Paris, and that no 'great' new painter has emerged during the war. It is possible that the painting of Bazaine, Estève and Lapicque may provide the point of departure for a movement which will do for our generation what Matisse, Picasso and Braque did for theirs. Who can tell? In art criticism, as in horse-racing, prophecy is dangerous: the winner may lie under one's nose—or he may be just beginning to paint in some corner of Paris or in a provincial town.

# IN DEFENCE OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM

## M. J. LANDA

MR. JAMES AGATE, one of the wisest of our dramatic critics, despite his ineradicable belief that his English readers know French as well as he does, asked some time ago whether anybody paid attention to constructive criticism. He answered emphatically that 'nobody will take the slightest notice', and he cited some striking instances of what is regularly disregarded—protests against a darkened stage, inaudible voices, and deliberate misreading of the authors' instruction and meaning. I am glad, however, that, consciously or unconsciously, he confined his censure to the 'theatre' for refusing to listen to constructive criticism.

Therein lies the answer. Dramatic criticism is not for the theatre alone. It is meant, like art or literary or musical criticism, for the enlightenment and education of the public. And it has succeeded, notwithstanding the stage folk, in performing a valuable and necessary function. Let me take my own case, although perhaps I cannot be regarded as a typical member of the playgoing public: I have written and produced plays; I have been an actor—with Ben Greet in his Shakespeare for Scholars, among others—and a dramatic critic. Mr. Agate calls himself a fool for continuing to be a critic. He is not. Far from it! He has earned my deep gratitude—and doubtless that of thousands of playgoers—for what he, and his colleagues, and a long line of predecessors, have done to enrich our minds with a true understanding of both theatre and drama.

I differentiate sharply between the two, to the amazement of many real theatre-lovers, and the bewilderment of the majority of the stage people. Here is the core of the trouble. There is—and obviously always has been—too much concentration on 'showmanship'. In recent years, it has retarded a real intelligent understanding of the drama, by too much attention to décor. Gordon Craig, for all his high ideals and intensive wellmeaning, has been one of the biggest sinners. The Russian theatre, granted the worth of its achievements, has, to no small degree, prostituted, or vitiated, the true objects of drama by fantastic staging and grotesque interpretation of Shakespeare.

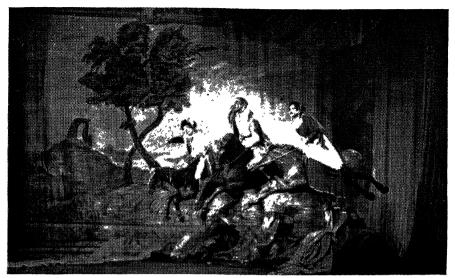
Stage production surely has for its main objective—or should have—the interpretation of

the play and the aim of the author. The setting is naturally of importance, but must be secondary. When it becomes obtrusive for the sake of a picturesque scene or tableau—which assumes too much that drama is static, which it isn't—or to enable the actor to 'show off' (apart from strict delineation of character), it can, and does, make frightful inartistic mistakes, and tries to justify them on various grounds, principally that the public likes to see the players in sympathetic rôles, in the centre of the stage, and 'balanced' crowds, etc. Almost the very last thing the stage people credit the public with wanting to understand is the play. The periodical maltreatment is sufficient proof.

Moscowitch, whom I admired in Yiddish, long before he played in English, and whom I was anxious to introduce to the English stage, wrote, as a preface to a book on Shylock, that *The Merchant of Venice* could not be understood until it was played. When I played Tubal, which I doubled with Old Gobbo, to Greet, I tried to get him to leave Tubal out of the trial scene. My simple plea was that Shakespeare did not bring him there, and knew what he was doing. To introduce him in the trial scene, I said, is to make him an accomplice of Shylock's crime. This was heresy to Greet and others. I have never seen a trial scene without Tubal.

Where did I get my knowledge? (We can leave its calibre to be dissected or traduced by the cynics.) From omnivorous reading of the critics, past and present, all my life-T.G., a pretty long one: I am seventy—and then reading the plays they criticised. They made play-reading my favourite literature. I have read several hundreds, and not only in English. It was the only way, in my younger days, to learn the technique both of the stage and the drama, and to grasp in what way the authors, players and producers succeeded or failed. I leave out the vexed and insoluble problem of what the public will support; matter of taste which neither author, nor producer, nor critic, nor player can guarantee. Years ago I came to the conclusion that first-night audiences were a different race from the ordinary playgoer.

Those who hold that the theatre exists for entertainment only can be left out of the argument. They have a right to their opinion, and



A scene from 'The Taming of the Shrew' at the Central Theatre of the Red Army, Moscow. Russian producers are inclined to travesty Shakespeare

they will always have more or less obsequious managers who will pander to them, and drift into declaring that they alone know what the public want, and insist on purveying what suits their peculiar preferences—and friendships—at the moment. The plays with which the critic, and yes-I will say it-a discerning section of the public concerns itself, are outside the realm of these managers and playgoers, although they are compelled by the march of taste and education to fall into step occasionally. Often they do this without being really aware; and the critic is the arbiter. For who will dare deny that the ordinary playgoer, regular or casual, is not indebted to the critics for direction and explanation?

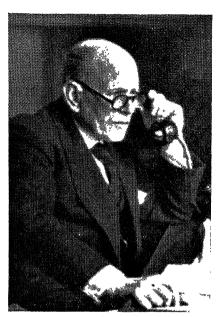
Who but the critics have taught them—and managers and authors, too—the grammar of dramatic writing, the necessity (to phrase it more incisively) of using commas, colons and full stops to ensure continuity in development? Not, for pedantic reasons, to please quidnuncs but to enable the play to be understood by its perfect sequence, and self-explanation. I once heard E. F. Spence, for years the dramatic critic of the Westminster Gazette, declare in a public address that after Ibsen was first produced in London, things were never the same again. His mastery of technique affected everybody, but it took years before playwrights could completely grasp the need for eliminating unnecessary characters, a sub-plot

(generally for the sake of comic relief that had nothing to do with the play) and, worst sin of all, happenings between the acts that frequently degenerated a play into talk about events which the audiences were not allowed to see.

There was a reaction in fatuous sneers at the well-made play, just as there are objectors to the semi-colons and notes of interrogation in literary composition as akin to the 'damned dots', the decimals, which Mr. Churchill's father professed not to understand. These people kick furiously enough when the  $\pounds$ .s.D. symbols are carelessly used. They insist on well-made accounts, and will not have them in any other form, no matter how skilled the 'cooking'.

And plays were 'cooked' from novels and episodes in real life in abundance by the method of chopping up pages from books and newspapers into scenes.

It may be news to many, but the critics have had no school or academy to help them, and none worth their salt have relied on 'intuition'. Moreover, they have been misled by a good deal of the so-called theatrical history that has been penned. Far too much of it is anecdotal, interesting in its way, but not always accurate: repetitive of clichés, eulogies, censures, and irritating references without the details and dates that make history different from reminiscence. Theatrical histories and books on the drama of real value have been painfully few until recent years; and



JAMES AGATE, one of the wisest of our dramatic critics'

even today too many biographies follow the tradition of personal chatter, much of it boring, trivial and cynically flatulent.

But for critics and criticism, would we have had the Independent Theatre, the Stage Society, Miss Horniman's great adventure in Manchester, the Repertory and other movements, pioneers and followers: Let those who will aver that the stage could have done without them. If they are right, let them explain why every theatre that had a tradition (which virtually meant an assured clientèle) at the end of the Victorian era—from the Court in Sloane Square, to the Lyceum and Drury Lane; from the Adelphi with its melodramas to the St. James's with its Society dramas: the list could be expanded—came to the end of its tether after a glorious record.

As well contend that the stage can get along well, and better, without Shakespeare (which once spelt ruin to managers), Sheridan, Shaw (who was boycotted for years), Ibsen, Galsworthy: again the list could be lengthened. Probably it could manage. But would it be other than a glorified, or unglorified, gaff, a mere appanage or poor relation of the screen? The critic has always had a thankless task, and not in the theatre alone. And yet his many disappointments are interlarded with so many successes as

to warrant the assertion that, on the whole, his mission is triumphant. Else, would we have ceased to read the penny dreadfuls and novelettes of not so long ago, or to crowd the theatres to see the three-act farces that were never absent from the stage, and the sentimental comedy-dramas, and even the melodramas, though these call for a special word of explanation of their own: First, however, let not the metamorphosis be attributed to change of taste without frank recognition that this was due to critical moculation.

Melodrama has not entirely evacuated the stage: it never will. It is inherent in the actor, if not in the dramatist! It has gone through both subtle and violent transformations in modern times with and without the critics' approval. In its crude transpontine form it has been outmoded by the cinema which can produce open-air scenes and swiftness with far greater effect and vraisemblance. It migrated to the West End in the form of drawing-room' melodrama without mechanical sensational scenes, and sometimes got past the critics as problem plays. More recently, it has masqueraded as thrillers which have their place in the theatre as the crime stories in the most law-abiding homes. Is any other explanation needed than that there is a constant public in love with a 'situation' as much as the actor? Could Wilson Barrett have been induced by criticism to abandon his method of giving money to Emilia when he played Othello by walking out backwards and flinging coins to her one by

It was a piece of effective theatre that he had previously perpetrated in Belphegor, which he called The Acrobat. There is no need to query whether he rated the two plays equally; to a producer and actor they presented the same propositions. And that is the tacit answer of the theatre folk to the critic. It has ever been so, and may never be much different. It produced stereotyped struttings and movements against which Shakespeare railed in Hamlet, and nearly two hundred years later, in 1779, Sheridan lampooned in The Critic, incidentally castigating the public with the phrase, 'The number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed.' And in between, Colley Cibber, in the prologue to The Provoked Husband in 1728, wrote:

'Plays should let you see Not only what you are, but ought to be.'

That laid down the critics' duty, a perennial one, no matter how discouraging at times.

## THE CRINOLINE LADY

#### AN UNCONSCIOUS CULT

#### BETTY FITZ-GERALD

In writing about good or bad taste it is necessary to stress straight away that only in the widest possible sense is the term 'taste' used: in the sense of a general response to design, colour and shape, and to their use in everyday life. But in order to remain in control of such a subject, though the term 'taste' is used widely, the sphere in which it it has been discussed here is confined to simple examples such as the choice of designs for embroidery, the making of handicrafts, etc.

In the evolution of personal taste there is often a distinct cycle. In children the cycle usually starts favourably. They have an instinctive sense of design, colour and form, and are often natural artists. While their intellects are still undeveloped, children are not so easily susceptible to outside influences as adults are. Their taste is primitive, in the finest sense of the word, and is without vulgarity. But as the child grows, it responds more completely to its environment and its taste responds accordingly. As maturity is reached, those whose environment has been most open to modern influences, such as the cinema (with its flow of bad films), cheap literature or trashy shops, have the least chance of sustaining and developing their natural taste. It will have been changed beyond recognition. If, after this, forces of a different nature—enlightened education or contacts-enter the young person's life, he or she may be able consciously to regain the lost instincts for good taste and become a person of sensibility. It is clear that country people are less likely to be so readily influenced and corrupted. The atmosphere of the country, with its slower tempo of life and stronger sense of tradition, is often the more favourable one. The countryman lives a fundamentally purer life than the townsman, because through closer contact with nature and through handling raw materials such as wood, stone, etc., he grows to understand and respect them. He will avoid, if he can, the shoddy and the vulgar. But although he has held out so long, there are signs at last, through the wireless and easier access to neighbouring towns, that he too is falling a victim to twentieth-century taste.

Like those who have moved into the towns, he is acquiring selfconsciousness too rapidly, until, becoming aware of a gap in his life, he seeks with all haste to make good the deficiency with a veneer of culture.

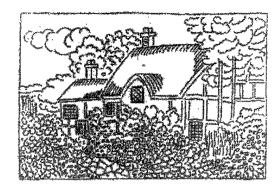
#### NO-MAN'S LAND

These people are marooned in a vast No-man's land at one end of which stand the group of 'primitives'—the children and the cottagers—and at the other end the highly conscious artist who, since the Industrial Revolution, has moved farther and farther away from them into his own special world.

Into this No-man's land flock increasing numbers of people from the group of 'primitives': people who, having achieved a higher standard of life than their parents, seek to step out of their sphere into one they feel to be superior, the sphere with which they identify grandeur, refinement and respectability. They are like a trail of refugees who, wishing to leave a land they believed threatened, move hastily away, uprooting themselves from their background and heritage, in a vain endeavour to reach, by any means they can, the land of the gentleman. Here, they believe, like Blake's black boy, they can 'grow like him, and he will then love me. Responsible bodies, such as manufacturers, should have recognised and fostered this instinct. But instead, as the standard of actual living rose, the standard of good taste declined. The manufacturers, believing that these 'refugees' were without natural taste (since they came from the lower classes), made no attempt to impose a high standard of design on the cheaper goods. The people who bought these goods were made to believe that these were the latest thing, were fashionable, tasteful, etc.; in other words, that people of really good taste possessed them too! It was a mass deception.

Secondly, as cheap goods and ready-made designs flooded the market, people's instinctive desire to make things themselves became atrophied. The ordinary person now has his taste dictated for him. He is drawn hither and thither by a hundred manufactured attractions which appeal to his senses at the cost of imagination and initiative.

\*Up to the last century, painting, music and embroidery were the recognised accomplishments of a large section of the community. Pleasure as we know it today was restricted and expensive, and the evenings were spent in producing work of a high technical and æsthetic standard. Today, there seems no limit to the activities possible for



A typical transfer design used today; sentimental, degenerate in form and aesthetically worthless

easy enjoyments and quick results, and it follows that we feel our time is occupied in more vital ways. The desire to embroider, for example, still exists; but whereas in the past the results were often extremely tasteful, with good colour, plenty of imagination and humour and a personal sense of design, today, like other instincts, it has been fully exploited. A magazine is bought and out falls a paper transfer with the readymade design upon it. This design has only to be worked mechanically by following the instructions given. The result is a piece of work entirely lacking in a personal and living imagination.

#### THE CRINOLINE LADY

One of the most typical designs presented in this way is the design of the crinoline lady. She has held her own through every phase of popular art, and is as much in evidence today, on table-cloths, cushion covers, tea cosies, etc., as she was fifty years ago.

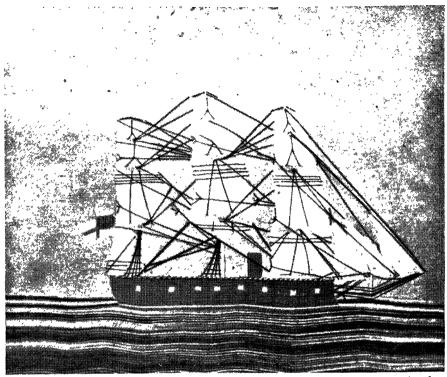
Her significance is two-fold. Not only can she be embroidered with the minimum amount of time, skill and concentration, but she seems to represent all the refinements of 'gentlefolk'. Undoubtedly her appeal lies in her 'old-world charm', her ladylike appearance and her association with a more romantic age than ours. In a subtle way she seems at first to have no connection with the more blatant vulgarities of modern life, to stand, indeed, for the very opposite, and this her sponsors have exploited. But her simpering refinement, her degenerate silhouette and her 'naiceness' are far more pernicious. Other designs which vie with her are the galleon sailing on stormy seas (a design which in its primitive stages was very fine indeed, as seen in examples of needlework pictures done by sailors at sea), the cottage-and-hollyhocks, and the more degenerate versions of Walt Disney's characters. All vulgarity is part of life; it is a vital force, but

the 'naiceness' of the crinoline lady is without life, humour or sincerity. She should be decently buried!

At a recent exhibition of handicrafts, six different people had chosen and worked the same design of cottage-and-hollyhocks. But here, as if to make up for the restrictions imposed elsewhere, the colours were individually chosen. Unrelated to the design as a whole, the colours were often crude or insipid, and the silks of the shiniest. These designs were worked without true feeling, imagination or initiative. They aimed, in their depressing modern way, for quick superficial results and false sentiments.

Because a speedy acquisition of a new cultural standard is the aim of large masses of people today, it has been impossible to withstand the influences which claim to achieve that aim, but which, in so attempting, succeed only in corrupting individual taste. Because taste can now be bought ready-made and no longer springs from true conviction, an attitude of mind both humble and arrogant has arisen. The humble attitude suggests the line of Blake already quoted above, and the arrogant attitude is illustrated by a remark one often hears: 'I don't know much about art (or music, literature, architecture, etc.), but I know what I like.' Both attitudes spring from a lack of confidence, and being cut off from tradition.

If an original design for embroidery is suggested for use, such as a cottager or child attempts unselfconsciously, the attitude often is: 'Oh! no, I couldn't do that. I can't even draw a straight line.' (The ability to draw a straight line is still associated with artistic talent or sensibility!) All the innate and primitive sense of design, all the creative instincts, being long neglected, have withered away, and in their place is propped the body of the crinoline lady, with the inhuman technical perfection of the machine set as standard.



A traditional ship design done by a sailor at sea. It shows an instinctive sense of pattern and is eminently appropriate to the craft

#### THE POSITION OF THE ARTIST-DESIGNER

Before the Industrial Revolution, the artist was a useful member of society. His was a profession closely related to everyday life. He was consulted, supported, admired and emulated. But the machine changed the whole face of the world and flooded it with designs in which the artist took no part, designs adapted to the machine and produced in vast quantities. The living imagination of man was sacrificed. The artist retired from society and his services became the luxury of a few. Even the church, one of his most ardent and powerful supporters, lost touch and broke tradition.

It is encouraging to notice, however, that since the increased restrictions imposed on all manufacturers during the years of the war, the standard of design in everyday things is slowly being raised. No longer so easily able to indulge in deception, vulgarity and false sentiment, by the very nature of their restrictions, manufacturers have now realised in some measure that there is a public (and a very large one) interested and demanding simple, well-made and well-designed

the transfer design of the crinoline lady has become scarce simply because of the paper shortage, and not because it is a thoroughly inferior one, at least this gives us a chance before she returns in all her full-skirted strength to introduce better ones. There are signs already of the re-introduction of the artist-designer into industry, and therefore back into the widest society. Whilst this movement is gaining ground, if those who like to embroider and make things with their hands would attempt their own designs, they would be contributing in the best possible way towards it. The chances of reviving the great English tradition of design are more favourable today than they have yet been in this century.



#### THE QUEEN

HER Majesty has now broken all records. No one before her has ever occupied the English throne for so long a period.

#### THE TSAR

It was an event of good omen that the month in which our Queen thus broke the record for length of reign found the Tsar her honoured guest at Balmoral. Up there in the Scotch Highlands one roof sheltered the two potentates upon whom Destiny has conferred the overlordship of the Asiatic continent. England and Russia (unlimited) is the name of the firm charged with the. liquidation of the affairs of that bankrupt continent, which once dominated the world, and when the heads of the firm met to talk things over in friendly fashion in the holiday home of the Queen, all friends of peace and progress rejoiced. What came of it, whether anything of immediate practical result will come of it, no one at this moment can say. But nothing but good can come of the deepening and strengthening of the intimate personal tie which binds the oldest and the youngest occupants of Imperial thrones. In the intimate and affectionate relations that exist between Nicholas II and his wife, and Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, lies one of the best securities for the peace and tranquillity of the world.

#### THE REPUBLIC

FRANCE which before these pages see the light, will have passed through the thrilling experience of acclaiming the Autocrat of all the Russias as the virtual Dictator of the Republic, has no such personal link to supplement the evanescent cobweb that may be spun by the Ministers who occupy the Quai D'Orsay today and tomorrow are seen no more. Not so long ago the spectacle of the Tsar being received by the whole French nation as if he had been a Divine Figure from the North delivering a province from the yoke of the Turk would have created some alarm in Berlin and in London. Today Europe looks on without even a thrill of uneasiness. For it is understood now, even by those who professed at first to see in the Franco-Russian entente a menace to the peace of the Continent, that it was entered into not for war, but for peace.

#### 'A GREAT BIG D ......'

LAST month there was a great lull in politics; everyone was away taking holidays, and those who remained at home had no leisure, and took no interest in any other subject beyond the massacres in Turkey. We have had a great outburst of indignation; public meetings have been held everywhere, and if good, round, hard swearing from high and low in every key of profanity or of prayer could have settled the Eastern Question. then assuredly it had been settled this week. Unfortunately the influence of so much strong language has not been perceptible at Constantinople. The Sultan indeed appears to be impervious to argument or to persuasion other than that uttered by the Masters of many Legions. or the owners of ships that are not afraid to use their big guns.

#### THE IRON GATES

Last month witnessed the official ceremony which advertised to the world the successful completion of the great engineering undertaking which has freed the Danube from its iron gates.

#### THE OCCUPATION OF DONGOLA

What would it cost, I wonder, to have similar navigable canals through the cataracts of the Nile? If all the money spent in Soudan wars had been used for that purpose, Khartoum would at this moment be as accessible to civilisation as Cairo. Unfortunately the soldier and not the engineer is still the pioneer along the Upper Nile.



The TSAR arrives in Paris

#### HENRY FIELDING'S

### JOSEPH ANDREWS

## REVIEWED BY REGINALD MOORE

To read Joseph Andrews (first published in two volumes in 1742) is to become a witness not only to eighteenth-century English life in its truest colours but also to the struggles of its author to present his dramatic situations and personal histories in such a way as to do for this country what Cervantes had done for Spain with Don Quixote. A playwright of many years' experience, Fielding was fully aware, by the time he came to write the book, of the break he would have to make both from the belief of his contemporaries that any fiction worth the writing could be done as a play, or in verse, and from the body of his own work which had touched Cervantes only with a play, Don Quixote in England, performed at the Haymarket. In 1741 he had produced An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews, but this skit on Richardson's Pamela: or Virtue Rewarded was probably Fielding giving in to his habitual impishness; on reflection he must have realised that the model letters 'from a Beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents', for all their tendency to diffuse a girlish blush over life, had introduced a form of fiction hitherto left in the hands of the Italians, the French-and his own admired Cervantes. Did he suddenly understand the difference between emulation and imitation?

At any rate he declared in his preface to Joseph Andrews that he was giving his readers a 'species of writing . . . hitherto unattempted in our language', and reminded them that although burlesque was sometimes admitted 'in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our sentiments and characters.' A comic writer he might be, for he intended to be true to nature and 'life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.' And as to the 'true Ridiculous . . . its only source is affectation . . . Now, affectation proceeds from one of these two causes, vanity or hypocrisy: for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause, so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour to avoid censure by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues.'



At the close of his disquisition he pointed out, however, that 'the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind': in other words, Fielding was already thinking and creating as a novelist, not as the fashionable playwright who could so adroitly satirise or parody or doctor other men's work to order; and like the great novelists who were to follow him-Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Tolstoy and Flaubert, to name just a few-he wanted first of all to strip men and women of their pretensions, to expose their fear and their ignorance, their lust and their greed, which always make them so quick to judge others, since to acknowledge any fault in themselves might be to lose the respect and admiration, or perhaps simply the awe, for which all of them crave; then to show that, for all we know, each person is compelled to the characteristics of his nature; that each fulfils his peculiar destiny, for good or evil. Of course he had to tell his readers that, so far as Joseph Andrews was concerned, the vices he introduced 'never produce the intended evil', but a man who for seven years had experienced the hectic exigencies of London theatrical life, a world haunted by rascals and shams, could not really have believed that evil was so invariably countered in actual fact. Later on, as magistrate for Middlesex and Westminster, he was to learn even more about the bottomless craft of man.

Certainly there is no want of realism in his

treatment of particular incidents (and Joseph Andrews comprises a succession of incidents, mortised to the philosophising and opining of the author, such commentary being skilfully related to each phase of the knitted and rather improbable plot) and he is always most successful when inwardly smouldering at the callousness of the well-off-this term including comfortableminded menials as well as their 'betters'. For instance, Joseph Andrews, having lost his position as footman in Lady Booby's London household owing to his meek yet stubborn refusal either to share a bed with Her Ladyship or a downstairs closet with her 'waiting-gentlewoman', Mrs. Slipslop (in the first few chapters of the book Fielding is still parodying Pamela, whose virtue was so priceless), sets out for the country to see his sweetheart Fanny, and is very soon beaten and stripped naked by robbers. The young postilion of a passing stage-coach hears his groans and persuades the driver to halt; but on ascertaining that they have someone bloody and half-dead to deal with, neither the coachman nor his passengers feel disposed to offer succour. "Go on, sirrah," says the coachman; "we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men." ... "O J-sus!" cried the lady; "a naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him" . . . "Robbed," cries an old gentleman. "Let us make all haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too".'

The other passenger, a lawyer, 'wished they had passed by without taking any notice; but that now they might be proved to have been last in his company, if he should die they might be called to some account for his murder.' And so it is the postilion who gives up his greatcoat (though this leaves him much colder than any of the others would have been without theirs) and who gets Joseph into the coach to be taken to a nearby inn.

With the introduction of Parson Adams into Joseph Andrews—'a character of perfect simplicity' and perhaps intended by Fielding as a humble cast of the Knight of La Mancha, for Mr. Adams is likewise as sublimely absent-minded and carries his copy of Aeschylus as a charm against boredom-various comic touches relieve the savagery of the portraiture, and now the story is literally on the move, taking us as it does from ale-house to ale-house, from the house of a villainous squire to the cottage of a retired rake, from covert to highway. Illustrations of Fielding's sense of the ridiculous: the parson's defence of Joseph who, although still injured, is about to be thrown out of the inn by the landlord who 'did not believe the young fellow's leg was so bad as he pretended; and, if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off', this involving him in a scuffle in which a pan of hog's blood is emptied over him, and whilst one lawyer is trying to sell him the idea of taking legal action. another is using the same tactics with his contestant; the coachman who, on being asked what passengers he had in his coach, replied: 'A parcel of squinny-gut b——s . . . I have a good mind to overturn them'; and the description of Mr. Adams's horse which 'had so violent a propensity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade, as well as his master's: nor would he always give any notice of such his intention; he was often found on his knees, when the rider least expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parson, who was accustomed to 1t; and, as his legs almost touched the ground when he bestrode the beast, had but a little way to fall, and threw himself forward on such occasions with so much dexterity that he never received any mischief; the horse and he frequently rolling many paces' distance, and afterwards both getting up, and meeting as good friends as ever.

The minor characters of the book, with their vigorous, sly, vicious, bawdy and reminiscent tongues and their sometimes outrageous deeds, alone make it a great book—and a book that is as English as a pub. The major theme of Adams's three volumes of sermons in search of a bookseller-publisher, of the confusion as to whether or not Joseph is the brother of Fanny—will they or won't they come together, pour souls?—is relatively unimportant. Fanny's actual rôle is alternately to be chastely adored by her Joseph by fireside and in the moonlight, and to have to resist baser men among bushes, upon horseback, and, indeed, wherever they manage to lure or force her. To judge of her charms by a mere portion of Fielding's description of her, it is scarcely surprising that her path to marriage is beset with catch-as-catch-can: 'Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of the anatomist than for any other purpose. On the contrary she was so plump that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them.

Half way through the novel Fielding employs the lawyer of the stage-coach incident in further elucidation of his new medium. 'I declare here once for all,' he writes, 'I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species . . . He (the lawyer) hath not indeed confined himself to one profession, one religion, or one country;

but when the first mean selfish creature appeared on the human stage, who made self the centre of the whole creation, would give himself no pain, incur no danger, advance no money, to assist or preserve his fellow-creatures; then was our lawver born; and whilst such a person as I have described exists on earth, so long shall he remain upon it.' And he defines his object in creating the character as being 'to hold the glass to thousands in their closets, that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by suffering private mortification may avoid public shame', thus making it even more plain to us why he should be experimenting with this new form instead of using his excellent dialogue and racy situations for yet another play or a series of essays for the paper which he ran on the lines of The Spectator. He adds a fresh clue as to why the

novel has been so hard-worked a medium since the writing of Joseph Andrews: unlike the play which we attend in a flock, conscious of sharing the same experience with many others and equipped with our social skins, the novel is a strictly personal experience, capable of as many interpretations, if it is thoughtfully written, as it has readers; and, most important, it penetrates to those inmost cells where understanding of life and death, of man and his environment, of the whole nature of things, can constantly grow in us. And for the writer it is the most expansive form of all-he can be poet, essayist, philosopher, satirist, student of human nature and moralist, all at once. Henry Fielding was one of the progenitors of an art that is an integral part of that expanding world which, after all, is simply the eternal world of the imagination.

#### NEW BOOKS

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA

By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 18s. While the representatives of twenty-one nations assemble round the green tables of the Luxembourg, Mr. Harold Nicolson's Congress of Vienna makes a timely and welcome appearance, enabling us to take comfort in the old adage of 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.' No one is more qualified to write on the arduous task of peace-making than the author of the fascinating study of the Versailles Conference. In comparison with the dismal results achieved at Versailles, the fact that the Vienna Congress did prevent a war of any importance from breaking out for another forty years and no world war for another hundred, seems little short of miraculous, particularly when one considers that the Emperor and Kings and statesmen who gathered round the tables of the Ballplatz wrangled just as discordantly (though somewhat more politely) than the allied representatives today. As Mr. Nicolson writes in his introduction: 'Then as now Great Britain (at first alone and thereafter assisted by powerful allies) had destroyed a totalitarian system which threatened to engulf the world. Then as now the common purpose which had united the nations in the hour of danger ceased once victory had been achieved to compel solidarity.' But Mr. Nicolson adds: 'We can learn little from history unless we first realise that she does not in fact repeat herself. Events are not affected by analogies; they are determined by the combination of circumstance.'

For instance, the fate of Europe might have been very different had Bonaparte not escaped from Elba. For the shadow of the Napoleonic Eagles over France had a wonderfully sobering effect on the wrangling allies. The Emperor Alexander, who at Vienna had asserted quite bluntly 'that his armies were in occupation of Poland and that if England did not care for the settlement then it was for England to come and throw him out', showed himself in a far more accommodating mood after Waterloo. Circumstances had brought to his knowledge the existence of the secret treaty of Paris signed between France, England and Austria designed to put a check to the aggressive ambitions of Russia and of Prussia. That a man as prudent as Castlereagh should have been led to sign a pact with an ex-enemy against two of his former allies shows to what lengths England was prepared to go to preserve the European balance of power and carry out the policy of Pitt-a peace based on security not revenge.

In regrouping the facts which centre round the Vienna Congress, Mr. Nicolson lays no claim to original research and he pays specific tribute to Professor Webster's 'The foreign policy of Castlereagh', 'from whose huge quarry so many of us have gathered our little heap of stones. But his stones form themselves into an elegant pattern, structurally sound, lucid in design and a delight for the reader.' Himself a diplomat, he shows how much in diplomacy rests on little things, personal vanities and antipathies, the circumstances of the hour. His pen

portraits of the leading protagonists are brilliant -Alexander blown hither and thither by the conflicting impulses of his fluid nature; the Slav whom no Western European can ever really understand Talleyrand with his cold Latin logic and diamond-faceted mind; Metternich conceited, complacent and maddeningly efficient. But the hero, if such a being existed, or indeed could have survived in the hot-house atmosphere of Vienna, was undoubtedly Castlereagh who persuaded the victorious allies to abstain from revenge and permit France to revive for the benefit of civilisation. Mr. Nicolson writes: 'Castlereagh in the summer and autumn of 1815 could, had he so desired, have acquired for his country important and commercial benefits. In placing the ultimate interests of Europe above the immediate interests of England, he displayed qualities of imagination and understanding such as have not been sufficiently applauded either by foreign or British historians.

Both his allies and his enemies misunderstood Castlereagh and saw ulterior motives in his tireless efforts to overcome their difficulties. But it was largely due to those efforts that the exallies still met with some form of amicable understanding at Aix la Chapelle, Laibach and Troppau. And with his tragic death the conference system itself came to an end. From then on, each of the great Continental powers concentrated exclusively on their own interests and England in those happy days could still afford to retire to her splendid isolation.

There is a tragic irony in the very sub-title of Mr. Nicolson's book, A Study in Allied Unity.

JOAN HASLIP

#### THE USE OF HISTORY

By A. L. Rowse. English Universities Press. 4s. 6d. The English Universities Press with its 'Teach Yourself' books has been a strong, though unobtrusive, influence in adult education for a number of years. Those primers not only opened new paths of knowledge to the inquiring mind, but also paved them with something more than good intentions.

Here we have the key volume of a parallel series called 'Teach Yourself History'. Thirty-three more volumes are listed for publication—from *Pericles and the Athenian Tragedy* by A. R. Burn to *Botha, Smuts and South Africa* by Basil Williams. As the titles indicate, in this series we are led towards enlightenment along the gently inclined plane of 'human interest' as it appears in the lives of great men in each epoch.

The fact that it was necessary to give this book

the title it has is an indication of how badly history has been taught in the schools. If the study of history is not enjoyable, then it had better not be studied at all. One never questions the use of what one enjoys. Fortunately, only the first chapter of the book deals specifically with the 'use' of history, and then Mr. Rowse passes on to less platitudinous matters.

What history needs most at present, he says, echoing Tawney, is not more documents but a pair of sturdy boots. So he advises the young student to get around and study history not only in books but also in the towns and countryside: to let his perceptions be enriched by what Henry James called the 'held reverberations' of history. If the majority of English people today are more aware of the flickerings and throbbings of Hollywood than of the more subtle reverberations of time past in such names as Minster Lovell, Horton cum Studley, and Bishop's Burton, then something has gone out of English life; and part of the aim of this series is to bring it back. Mr. Rowse could, I think, with advantage, have devoted more space to thrusting home this point.

The last part of this present volume is a guide to the study of history. This is so well done that it should be of value not only to those who are beginning the study of history, but also to many who, having already a fair background, require a little extra stimulus to read those bigger historical works with which their intentions have so often toyed.

For some parts of this introductory volume I have less enthusiasm. The question as to whether history is a science or an art is discussed at some length, but it seems to me of little consequence at the beginning of historical studies and of no more consequence at the end of them. Nor am I sure that, in the chapter on 'Historical Thinking', quite so much space need have been given to Marx's 'historical materialism'.

My final criticism is that the author does not keep his mind firmly enough upon the severely practical aim of the book. The intention presumably is to provide a spring-board from which the student is to take the exhibitanting plunge into the broad stream of historical knowledge. The essential thing about a spring-board is that one end should be free and resilient. Here we too often feel that we are not standing on a spring-board at all but on a bench which has both ends firmly fixed to the floor of an Oxford lecture-room. We read, for example, that three of the greatest Civil Servants of our time all read Greats at Oxford, and would probably have read History or Modern Greats today, while 'Sir Horace Wilson, that name of ill-omen, seems to have

been educated at the London School of Economics.' This, surely, is a donnish provincialism for which there should have been no place in a book designed primarily for those who will never have the opportunity of enjoying the atmosphere of Oxford.

## THE IDEA OF HISTORY By R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press. 208.

Every historian must be to some extent a philosopher; and every philosopher must be to some extent a historian. One cannot study the known past without being affected by the past which is unknown, and it is in the shadow of the unknown that philosophy is born. Similarly one cannot study systems of philosophy without speculating on the inter-action between ideas and things; and that inter-action is the very substance of history. Professor Collingwood was both an historian and a philosopher. Both these studies so absorbed his mind that in the end, like Croce, he came to identify philosophy with history.

Since 1936 he had been working on two books in which he intended to trace the development of the philosophy of history, to discuss 'the main characteristics of history as a special science' and to consider how history was related to the natural sciences and other branches of knowledge. He was struck down by illness (and subsequently died) before he could complete his work, but out of the mass of essays and notes Professor T. M. Knox has produced this single volume. There is no doubt that the best of both projected books is here and most skilfully edited.

Collingwood often fell foul of more orthodox historians and philosophers, but even those who jibed at him admitted the vigour and range of his intellect. Those qualities of mind are very well displayed in this volume. It is very much more than the over-matter left when a life has ended. It is a history of ideas about history from the time of the Greeks to the present-day; and, in addition, the last part of the book consists of a series of general essays on such subjects as 'Human Nature and Human History', 'The Historical Imagination', and 'History as Re-enactment of Past Experience'.

Although Collingwood reached some of the same conclusions as Croce and has sometimes been regarded as a follower of that Italian philosopher, he himself said that the philosopher who influenced him most was Vico, who wielded a very incisive pen in Naples at the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of the most interesting parts of this book is the summary of Vico's philosophy; and since our ideas of history are



A Matter of Life and Death. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger (Archers Films). Scene from the trial in the other world of the airman who, at the point of death, wishes to remain in this world From The Penguin Film Review. 18.

still very much conditioned by influences against which Vico warned the historians of his day, I think that even in a short review I may detail Vico's five chief sources of error in history:
(1) The prejudice in favour of exaggerating the wealth, power, grandeur, and so on of the period one is studying. (2) The conceit of nations. (3) Prejudice on the part of the historian to think that the people he is writing about had academically-trained minds like himself. (4) The fallacy of sources. (5) The prejudice in favour of thinking that the ancients knew more than we do about the times that lay nearer to them.

According to Collingwood, the aim of historical study is that self-knowledge without which no other knowledge can be critically justified or securely based. We gain self-knowledge in the study of history by re-enacting the past experience of human minds. The historian is not concerned with events except in so far as they express thoughts. At bottom, he is concerned with thoughts alone. This makes nonsense of the history most of us learned at school, but it makes considerable sense in an adult approach to history.

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#### THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE

By Hesketh Pearson. Methuen. 16s.

The first lesson of life most of us learn is that it is ruinous to be found out. Do what you like—but remember to have the blinds pulled down. And if you happen to catch someone else with their blinds up, be the first to denounce them: this will make your own reputation even more secure. Oscar Wilde's crime was not that he pursued members of his own sex but that he did it in broad daylight and even wrote letters and poems about it. You can say it was evidence of his degeneration or of his pure desire 'to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the gardens of the world', but in either case you must grant, if you are aware of the facts and you are given them in this book, that it was there for all to see.

If all the world's a stage, Wilde, in his corner of it, was not merely a player but producer and stage-manager—and he wrote his own parts.

At school, Mr. Pearson tells us, he held his audience 'by twisting his limbs into curious shapes and giving faithful representations of the saints in stained-glass windows'; at Oxford he changed to matching his wit against the authorities' disapproval of his laziness and effrontery; next, he combined an extravagance of dress with a mature sense of fun and a genuine appreciation of French and English poetry to captivate much bigger audiences on his American lecture-tour. Then, back in England, he wrote his books and plays, annoyed Whistler, and managed to keep his name always before society and the 'philistines' he so despised. And so to his last part, in tragedy this time-summed up in his biographer's chapter-headings, 'The Impenitent', 'The Exile'. Its seeds were to be found in his boyhood, when he 'suddenly exclaimed that nothing would please him more than to be the leading figure in a great trial and to achieve fame as the defendant in a case of Regina v. Wilde.'

Those who are already familiar with Wilde's work and have read Sherard, Ricketts, O'Sullivan and Mrs. Swanwick upon his life may not need to consult this latest biography but should read it anyway—for its perspicacity, its tolerance, its insistence upon the humanities.

And it should most certainly go to those who, when Oscar Wilde is mentioned, think at once of a prisoner in the dock. For Wilde was also his own judge. He lived, and did not run away.

REGINALD MOORE

#### AN ARAB TELLS HIS STORY

By Edward Atiyah. John Murray. 12s. 6d.

It has been a weakness of the Arab case that, until quite recently, it has been told almost entirely at second hand. The Arab case, whether presented by hostile Zionists or by enthusiastic Englishmen, naturally became distorted in the process. It was not only the Arabs who suffered by this distortion; the loss was shared by the other two sides to the dispute—British and Jews. For how can the Middle Eastern tangle ever have a satisfactory solution if two of the parties remain ignorant of what the third really wants?

It is no accident that the first Arab to break the isolation and to present the Arab case—George Antonius of *The Arab Awakening*—came, like Edward Atiyah, from Syria. Syria, the brains of the Arab world (Egypt being its heart, and Saudi-Arabia providing the sword arm), was the first part of the Arab world to get into direct contact with the West. Syrians pioneered in spreading Western ideas to the Arab world, and thus prepared its present ferment.

For it was obvious that, once the first phase of uncritical enthusiasm for all things Western had passed, the Arab world would have to go through a difficult period of adaptation. Edward Atiyah passed through such a period and he emphasises its difficulties by giving his autobiography the subtitle of 'A Study in Loyalties'. His enthusiastic acceptance of, and love for, Britain was nurtured by happy years at Victoria College, Alexandria, and at Oxford, and sealed by a happy marriage to a Scotswoman. He then received a rude shock when, upon taking up an appointment in the Sudan, he was treated by his British colleagues as a 'nigger'. It is greatly to Atiyah's credit that his natural resentment did not overcome his judgment and that he ultimately managed to combine his Arab nationalism and his admiration for Britain. The optimistic chapter heading 'A Complex Resolved' is more than a record of personal experience; it is also the expression of his hope about the future relations between Britain and the Arab World.

I. A. LANGNAS

#### ARABIA PHOENIX

By Gerald de Gaury. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

In 1935, not long after Ibn Saud had welded together much of Arabia into the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, Lt.-Col. de Gaury accompanied the British Minister, Sir Andrew Ryan, on a mission to the capital, Riyadh. Starting from the Persian Gulf, the party crossed two hundred and



Sorvágur on Mulsumuner's Night. The Faroes in Putures, by Gordon Huson, Allen & Uniem. 108.

fifty miles of inhospitable desert to Riyadh, where they had several audiences with the king, investing him with the insignia of K.G.C.B. After a short stay in the capital (the author somewhat curiously omits to give its exact length) the party proceeded to Jedda, on the Red Sea, thus traversing the Arabian peninsula from east to west.

Except for an unfortunate though not serious accident to Sir Andrew soon after the start, the journey itself—by motor car—was comparatively uneventful; the main interest of the book lies in the author's account of what Miss Freya Stark in a Foreword terms 'the trifles of a desert court, the ritual of nomad life, the details of an embassy which reminds us of Al-Raschid and Charlemagne.' As Col. de Gaury points out in a postscript, Old Arabia is changing fast, with Western civilisation, for better or for worse, making great strides in the ancient land. His descriptions of life in Ibn Saud's kingdom, both in the feudal atmosphere of the capital and in the grim yet exhilarating wastes of the desert, have therefore the value of an historical record as well as the more usual interest of a traveller's tale.

Descendant of Ishmael and father of thirty-one sons (there are probably several more now), Ibn Saud is no mere figurehead but holds the reins of government in very certain fashion. With the building of a network of roads and wireless stations throughout his kingdom, that hold is unlikely to slacken. Col. de Gaury paints a memorable picture of this almost last survival in the world of the autocratic monarch; a strong, just man with an impressive clearness of vision.

Arabia Phoenix is a slight book, not to be put on the same level as the great works by Doughty, Lawrence, St. John Philby, etc., but well worth a secondary place in the literature of European travel in Arabia. It has some excellent illustrations.

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#### THE FEMININE CHARACTER

By Viola Klein. Keçan Paul. 12s. 6d.

Since the heritage of each one of us contains the ingredients of all our past, we are heirs, in some modified form or other, of many of the institutions, taboos, habits and fears of primitive man that have survived their original context, but linger on irrationally under completely changed circumstances. The society in which we live is the product of a long evolution, every stage wrought upon the preceding one. Thus it is that individuals and society possess attitudes that are the legacy of remote forefathers, and in none is this more apparent than in the general attitude towards women of the upper and middle classes during and since the Industrial Revolution. This does not apply to such a degree to the case of working-class women, for they still retain a relation to industrial activities which affords them a relatively independent status, the question of remunerative work being decided by economic necessity, while through lack of time, opportunity and money, they are not confronted with the problem of intellectual development.

Although there have been many changes in the social structure and position of women, these have not been accompanied by a corresponding change in wishes, emotions and aims; consequently the woman of today is faced with the dilemma created by the contrast between a materially changed situation, and the simultaneous survival of traditional ideologies and attitudes. And she has revealed unexpected psychological qualities which challenge the generally accepted views on the feminine character.

Dr. Viola Klein in The Feminine Character starts from a set of significant problems relating to women. Not only has she collected new facts, but she has assembled already well-known ones together, and where necessary, has tempered the exaggerations that must inevitably arise where new methods of looking at things present themselves, and has dealt with these in the light of contemporary experience. She opens with a short historical survey of women's position in society from the Industrial Revolution to the present day, and then presents characteristic examples by experts of the different scientific methods of approach to the problem of women during that period-scientific methods that include biology, pyscho-analysis, experimental psychology, psychometrics, anthropology and sociology. She then co-ordinates the results drawn from these various fields of knowledge. As it is in the nature of the problem that no final word can be said, this study

is mainly exploratory, and for this reason, many loose ends must be left. But these stimulate the scientific imagination and provide ample scope for further research. Dr. Klein's own work is valuable—and noteworthy for its lack of uresome scientific jargon—in that she has provided, as it were, a pivot from which we can view the several widely differing approaches to the problem—not all of them unbiased or dispassionate—and with clarity and reasonableness has organised the available knowledge into a pattern.

The conclusion arrived at is that so-called feminine traits spring from sociological rather than from biological causes. But the problem of women yet remains: it would be impossible for women to shake off, within the space of one or two generations, shackles that have a tradition of centuries. Dr. Klein's analysis does at least reveal the futility of such shackles.

M. CRICHTON-GORDON

#### A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By M. J. Landa. Herbert Joseph. 5s.

'When domestic policies threaten the demoralisation and exile of hundreds of thousands of human beings, considerations of diplomatic correctness must yield to those of common humanity. I should be recreant if I did not call attention to the actual situation and plead that world opinion, acting through the League and its Member States and other countries, move to avert the existing and impending tragedies.' Those words, which might have been written vesterday, were in fact part of a letter written by James G. McDonald, High Commissioner for Refugees, when he resigned his post in 1935. The Special UNO Committee on Refugees and D.P.s, which met in London recently, found itself faced with very much the same conditions as those that proved too much for Mr. McDonald in 1935. And today no Nansen has come forward with even a partial solution to the problem. Meanwhile, a million and a half demoralised individuals are rotting away in primitive camps from Hamburg to Baghdad. Repatriation is a slow and tardy business; these human cargoes have not the priority which was accorded to the instruments of war, and no future has been proposed for those who do not wish to return to their old homes for political or economic reasons.

Mr. Landa's sober and carefully documented survey deals particularly with the Jews, whose plight is the most tragic of all. He makes a reasonable and very human plea for their admission into Palestine, although he does rather less than justice to the Arab case.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

#### BOY SCOUTS

By E. E. Reynolds. Collins 'Britain in Pictures' Series. 4s. 6d.

Most people have some vague idea of the genesis of the Boy Scout Movement-know, of course, that it was founded by Baden-Powell, and that it somehow had its beginnings in the Brownsea Island camp of 1907—but how many realise that B.P.'s original idea was not to start any new movement but merely to provide an auxiliary method of training for the existing Boys' Brigade? Very soon, however, the number of boys who found delight in Scouting, with its emphasis on outdoor activities, had grown to such proportions that an organisation to contain them became an obvious necessity. By 1910 there were more than 100,000 Boy Scouts in Britain alone. Thirty years later there were over a million in the British Empire and some two and a half million in forty-nine other countries (it is worth noting that Germany never took wholeheartedly to the idea).

One of the chief purposes of the Scout Movement is to train boys to be good citizens—not in the somewhat restricted sense that this term often implies, but in the wider definition of one able 'to look after himself and to live happily with others, and, at the same time, able as well as willing to help where help is needed for the good of the community.' The quality of character most cultivated in Scouts is self-reliance, hence their famous motto, 'Be Prepared'.

Mr. Reynolds, who will be remembered for his recent biography of Lord Baden-Powell, has made a neat job of summarising the history, aims and activities of a Movement which, though it has its faults and limitations, is one of the satisfying achievements of the twentieth century.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

#### RISE TO FOLLOW

By Albert Spalding. Muller. 15s.

Here is a musician's autobiography which is as well written as a professional writer's, as full of the famous as a diplomatist's. Albert Spalding, now one of America's most distinguished violinists, was given his first violin in the 'nineties, and received some of his earliest education in Florence—he came of a rich and cultivated family that was connected with the Tiffanys—where he heard Sarasate play, and Joachim.

Mr. Spalding writes about giants like these—Sarasate's tone, he says, 'had a silvery sheen and a piercing sweetness', though there was a curious quirk in his approach, for he 'made trivial music sound important, and deep music sound trivial'—

about his own training and his own success, and about his wide-ranging travel: Edwardian England, pre-1914 Germany, pre-Revolutionary Russia. By no means all Mr. Spalding's stories are about music and musicians; his own interests and acquaintance could hardly be wider. In the first Great War he learned to fly, and one of his best stories is of an uncovenanted mission to Spain with Fiorello LaGuardia, whose assistant he was on the joint Allied Aircraft Board in Italy, to release for the allies 'frozen' stocks of copper and steel.

Few books by famous artists are as little egotistical as this, few by musicians so likely to interest the unmusical. Mr. Spalding, though his career opened so long ago, is still not an old man, and it is reasonable to hope for a sequel; it will be welcomed.

#### PRATER VIOLET

By Christopher Isherwood. Methuen. 5s.

The child is Father to the Man. On this well-used proposition it has been deduced that certain aspects of character are revealed more clearly in childhood than later when they have been clothed in the camouflage of adult life.

In Prater Violet Mr. Isherwood glances back, the better to estimate the present. His application of this modest device shows a degree of daring. For to write in 1946 about the adventures of a Central European refugee in England in the middle nineteen thirties, with a foreground of slick film intrigue and a background of a fevered epileptic Europe, is to invite two rebuffs—a dramatic anti-climax and the popular reproach of escapism, nostalgia and frivolity. But although this story is presented ostensibly as though the war had never happened, the author has skilfully contrived that the spoken threat of total disaster shall dominate throughout. The simple are seen brutalised, the intelligent hopelessly confused by lack of faith or even direction. Together, in a miniature setting which makes the scene proportionately clearer, they are followed conspiring and backbiting to the very edge of the abyss.

The central figure, the clowning near-genius Bergman, tossed on the colliding storms of his inspiration and his continent's disintegration, is a positive addition to the characters of modern literature. Surrounding him is a team of pathetic villains worthy of Lear.

The book's elegant economy of form is marred by a few digressions which lie outside the rest of the design. If Mr. Isherwood had to write pages 99 and 100, I wish he had published them elsewhere.

#### AUTO DA FE

By Elias Canetti. Translated from the German by C. V. Wedgwood. Cape. 15s.

This is a strange, terrifying, fascinating and irresistibly funny book. The terror is the grotesque and metaphysical terror of Gogol and Kafka; the humour is the tragic irony of Cervantes mixed with the savage wit of Quevedo and Swift. It was first published in Vienna shortly before the Anschluss under the title of Die Blendung, and its translation by Veronica Wedgwood is a masterpiece of literary art. Simply, it may be described as an anatomy of bibliomania, though it has very much wider implications as an allegory of our time—the time which has made bonfires of books, persecuted and tortured writers, scholars and artists; and let loose the beast on Europe.

It is the story of Peter Kien, a great sinologist. who lives so much in his own world that he gradually loses contact with reality. He is a modern Don Quixote, finding in other people his own generosity, delicacy of feeling and reverence for learning, only to be exploited, duped and finally driven mad by a brutal world. I can only convey some idea of Canetti's method by saying that. while Don Quixote moves on two planes of reality, that of the lean knight and Sancho Panza, Auto da Fé moves on a different plane of reality with each character, so that we see the central character from a dozen different perspectives at once. Even at the beginning of the book Kien is on the verge of madness; he lives entirely for and in his books. In the mistaken belief that she will prove a faithful guardian of his treasures, he marries his housekeeper, a coarse, illiterate, middle-aged woman who becomes for him a gigantic figure of horror. He commands her never to speak to him, but she fills his flat, hitherto sacrosanct to books, with vulgar furniture, and then locks him out of it altogether. Driven into the underworld, Kien is persuaded by a chessplaying dwarf, whom he meets in a brothel, that every day people are taking their books to be pawned. He stands outside the largest pawnshop in the city, ransoming books for enormous sums of money, seeing himself as another Christ come into the world to save books instead of mankind. This, however, is only a ruse of the dwarf, who employs a gang from the brothel to bring the same parcel of books to the pawnshop at different times each day to be ransomed by Kien for ever-increasing sums. Kien is obsessed with the idea that he carries his whole library about with him in his head and each night, assisted by the dwarf, he unpacks it until it

fills the entire hotel bedroom. Finally, in an ecstasy of madness, he immolates himself on a gigantic pile of his own books.

Taut and bristling with vitality, this extraordinary novel presents each character in terms of his particular mania with an intensity that makes them over life-size. Yet there is such humour, tenderness and pity in their presentation that our affection is won for the most unprepossessing creatures, and we feel that they have become as they are rather through force of circumstances than any fault of their own. But Auto da Fé is itself a symptom of the very psychological diseases it analyses. Caught in its close, airless world of manias and obsessions, one begins to suspect that its author actually prefers madmen to more sane and balanced people. The only sane character in the book is Kien's brother, George, who becomes a psychiatrist 'out of admiration for the greatness of the distracted'. He feels that to cure his patients is merely to bring them back to humdrum reality, which he regards as a kind of betrayal. 'What powers of mind and wit did he not find in many!' thinks George Kien. 'They were the only true personalities, of perfect single-mindedness, real characters, of a concentration and force of will which Napoleon might have envied them. He knew inspired satirists among them, more gifted than all the poets; their ideas were never reduced to paper; they flowed from a heart which beat outside realities, on which they fell like alien conquerors. Privateers know the straightest way to the Eldorados of this world' (p. 398). But whether such 'privateers', such 'Eldorados' of the insane are more fruitful subjects for novels than more normal people is another matter. What Canetti gains in force and intensity by this presentation, he loses in harmony and human completeness. The sane, though superficially not so exciting and living (thank heavens) at a lower emotional temperature, are finally more interesting and complex than the insane, because they are less limited by their obsessions. It may be argued that this is only a matter of degree and that in tragedy it is the power of his obsession that makes a character great. But in a world where everyone is mad, all values and distinctions vanish and there is nothing by which to measure sanity. The responsibility for what our world has become rests in some measure on all of us. And who, having lived through the unparalleled destruction, racial hatred and bestial cruelty, the madness, of our times, dare deny that in Auto da Fé we have a great allegory of what we in Europe have made of our world?

PHILIP HENDERSON

#### Outpost

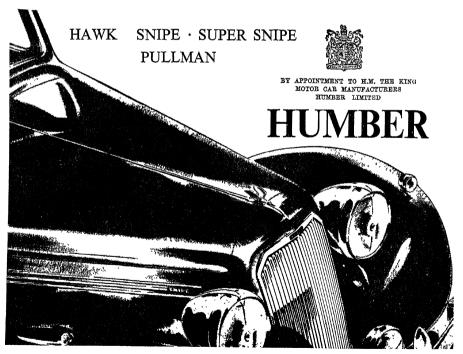
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### **CROSS-SECTION**

#### OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

#### Relations with Russia

In the attempt to establish workable relations with the Government of the Soviet Union we have to abandon the familiar concepts of friendship. Friendship in the sense of intimate association and political compromise is not wanted, is not possible and is not involved. For the Soviet Government 'apparatus', as the Russians use the word, is a political machine; and human approaches, like those implied in the word 'friendship', are wide of the mark.

On the whole, the Russian people are admirable people—genuine, hard-working and practical. You can trust their strength, native intelligence and courage. But between us and the Russian people stands the Soviet Government. Despite its sanctimonious use of the word 'democracy', it is a totalitarian government. The familiar dictatorship of the proletariat is actually the dictatorship of the thirteen members of the Politburo of the

Communist Party.

There are no freedoms inside the Soviet Union. As far as I know, the Government is not imposed on the people against their will, nor is it a corrupt government that puts the personal interests of any one group ahead of what are regarded as the true interests of the State. Despite many internal disorders and disloyalties, like the factory frauds recently penalised and the treason of large groups in the Crimean and Chechen-Ingush Republics, my impression is that the people of the Soviet Union generally trust and respect the wisdom and integrity of their leaders.

But, by nature, the Government is a machine for generating power inside the Soviet Union and as far outside as the power can be made to extend; and all attempts to deal with it in terms of friendship are doomed to failure. Although we are not enemies, we are not friends; and the most we can hope for is an armed peace for the next few years.

Where our interests lie, we have to apply equal power in the opposite direction. This is the most reactionary method of arranging world affairs. But the spirit of the Soviet Government is fundamentally reactionary, as its attitude towards defeated nations and the behaviour of the Red Army in Manchuria suggest. Accustomed to the use of force inside the Soviet Union, the Soviet Government instinctively thinks in terms of force in its external affairs. . . .

In view of the success of the Soviet Government inside the huge area of the Soviet Union, it is a little difficult for foreigners to understand the feeling of insecurity that the Soviet leaders have. Premier Stahn is probably the most heavily-guarded person in the world. Every Soviet citizen as well as every foreigner has to carry with him at all times his passport and personal identification papers, and he has to make frequent use of them. What we regard as wartime security methods are the daily security methods of the Soviet Union...

In an abnormal climate of this kind, group aberrations flourish; and it seems to me that the most conspicuous, and also the most irritating, abnormality in Soviet leadership is a group paranoia. The leaders imagine that every man's hand is against them; they imagine that they are surrounded. And, of course, there is no more certain way of arousing first the bewilderment, then the contempt, and finally the enmity, of other nations. In view of the size, strength, courage and inexhaustible resources of the Soviet Union, this phobia about being trapped and cramped would be hilarious, if it were not so troublesome to foreigners who want to find some way of getting on with the Soviet Union. . . .

BROOKS ATKINSON in the New York Times

#### Nations and Peoples

'Between us and the Russian people,' writes Brooks Atkinson (see above), 'stands the Soviet Government.' That is half the story. Between us and the Russian people stand both our Governments—not as deliberate and evil barriers between man and man but as conscientious guardians, each of its own. With the very best intentions (and in the very best tradition), the government of every nation stands, wall-fashion, shutting out the sun, breaking the force of the wind. The people, accustomed to the shadow, jealous of their yards, tend the wall—repairing, admiring, grooming, rebuilding, enlarging, saving. Within the last year, the shadow has grown suddenly; the gloom is almost impenetrable. . . .

We call the Russian wall the 'iron curtain'. Our own is probably more of a plastic curtain, fitted with chromium louvres, automatic peephole adjustments, and electric eyes, and sprayed with DDT against the beetles that crawl on all walls.

Neither the Russian people nor the American people nor any people have as yet seen the essentially fictitious character of the nation. The nation still persists in people's minds as a tangible, solid, living and breathing thing, capable of doing and thinking, feeling and believing, having and enjoying. But the nation is not that at all. A nation is a state of mind. (For 'state' read 'state of mind', and you will understand the day's news better.) . . . There is no question that millions of people in the U.S.S.R. think of themselves as a nation, and that millions of people in the U.S.A. think of themselves as a nation; and there is no question that the destinies of the two groups are kept distinct and regarded as separate, and to a large degree antithetical. But then there comes the assurance, from a visitor to Russia, that the Russians are 'admirable'. And the newspaper drops to our lap and we close our eyes, wondering whether there is not perhaps a hole somewhere, at the base of the wall, through which the admirable peoples could pass back and forth—the genuine, the hard-working, the very real people.

New Yorker

#### America and the Middle East

Who is to control the Middle East? That is the vital question in the background of the Palestine problem, which President Roosevelt always remembered, which Secretary-of-State James F. Byrnes still remembers, but which the unhappy President Truman seems to have partly forgotten. The British exasperation with the American stand on Palestine is directly traceable to this.... The importance of the Middle East to the British is obvious. It is their oil reservoir and is the centre of their communications with the Far East. Britain must hold her Middle Eastern position at all costs if she is to survive as a major power.

But the Middle Eastern oil resources are also a great American reserve, on which the United States must be able to fall back when our reckless home consumption begins to produce the inevitable results. Furthermore, the Middle East bears precisely the same strategic relation to the total land mass of Europe and Asia as Czechoslovakia did to Europe before the new weapons. If the Soviet Union succeeds in its present effort to capture the Middle East, Britain will cease to be a major power; and thus Western Europe will be transformed into a political vacuum which the Soviet Union will inevitably fill. At the same time, control of the Middle East will throw all the Far East open to Soviet penetration.

With Soviet agents extremely active in Afghanistan, India and Tibet, with a Communistled independence movement in Burma, and with a Communist-dominated government certain to control Northern Indo-China, the Far Eastern question is not academic or distant. . . .

The silliest and most dangerous thing that can be done, when foreign policy is under consideration, is to ignore basic strategic facts. Secretary Byrnes is only too well aware of them. When the British first indicated their intention to evacuate Egypt, those involved in the day-to-day conduct of American foreign policy expressed some alarm. Byrnes and his advisers know well that, with Egypt evacuated, the British position cannot possibly be maintained in the Middle East without the great air base at Habbanyeh in Irak and some such base for the ground forces as that which has been planned in the Negeb.

No doubt it is most immoral that bases in the Middle East should be maintained by Britain. But if the Soviets captured the Middle East, it would be worse than immoral—it would be disastrous for the United States. And if the British go, and we are not ready to take their places, then the Middle East must inevitably in the long run come under Soviet control. Byrnes knows all this and has urged a less provincial policy on Truman.

It is obviously politically impossible for us to supplement the restricted British strength in the Middle East, but what is really needed in the Middle East is a great economic programme, to lift the whole level of life and relax the present tensions. The tensions largely arise from the Arab sense of economic, and therefore political, and social inferiority. With the tension relaxed, solutions may be found. And in this, through the world bank and in other ways, we can help mightily. It is in our interest to do so.

New York Herald Tribune

#### Confusion on the American Left

If we seek for the special reasons why American Liberalism is unable to understand the complexities of the British task—beyond the general causes of anti-British sentiment which Liberalism unfortunately shares with the nation as a whole—we may find them in two sources. One is the abstract character of American Liberal idealism. The other is the fantastic devotion of a portion of the American Left-Wing to Russia as the fixed pole of political virtue. American Liberalism, partly because it is impotent and frustrated, and partly because it has learned scarcely anything since the eighteenth century, has little understanding of the fact that politics are morally ambiguous even on the highest level. It does not understand that politics deal with power and that inequalities of

power introduce moral irrelevancies which cannot be completely overcome. Furthermore, politics never achieve a clear triumph of the general interest over a particular interest, but at best merely the highest possible concurrence between a particular interest and the general welfare. Lacking understanding of the obvious facts, American Liberalism would solve the problems of imperial power simply by liquidating empire.... A large part of Labour and Liberal thought in America has committed itself to Russia to such a degree that every issue of international relations is judged by Russian criteria. Thus American progressives can stage a 'Win the Peace' conference, in which a covert effort is made to defeat the British loan and almost every implication of British foreign policy is criticised without a suggestion of criticism for a Russian policy which has brought the whole of Eastern Europe under Russia's sway. Russia's power is exercised with few, if any, scruples of democratic justice. American Liberals all believe, or profess to believe, in freedom as well as justice. They naturally desire to find some way of getting along with Russia. But they refuse to believe that there is anything in Russian policy which makes that difficult.

Subsequent historians will probably record this strange preoccupation of Western Liberals with Russia as one of the queerest phenomena of twentieth-century history. It will not contribute to peace, for no final accord between nations can be achieved upon the basis of obvious illusions....

It is in the interest of both world peace and the survival of democratic civilisation that the Continent should not be forced to make a choice between reaction and Communism, but be allowed to chart a political course in which the Scylla of tyrannical political power and the Charybdis of tyrannical economic power are avoided. Britain has not yet played an unequivocal rôle in helping the Continent to achieve this end, but it is increasingly recognising its proper rôle. It cannot fulfil its function if that part of American opinion which, despite confusion, has essentially the same objectives fails to support it. An American Liberalism which supports totalitarianism, on the one hand, and fails, on the other, to set up every possible check against a ruthless display of American economic power will earn the derision of the world-and lose its own self-respect. It may try to salve its conscience by offering the world irrelevant schemes for world government, but its essential bankruptcy will not finally be obscured by such manifestations of abstract idealism. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

in The Nation (New York)



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'Would it be all right if I expressed an opinion, provided the opinion were not my own?' NEW YORKER

#### Red Star Over Latin America

If the Axis had conquered Europe, *Peronismo* would have supplied its South American bridgeheads. Every rising European power in turn has made a pass at South America—Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Britain, France, and Germany. The new rising power is the U.S.S.R., and the second movement that is capitalising upon the breakdown of the old ruling classes in Latin America is Communism. The phenomenal rise of Communist Parties has been the most striking political development of the last two years. Communist penetration in Latin America, it is estimated, is comparable in fact with, and greater in prospect than, Nazi penetration in 1940.

South American Communist politics have reflected the world-wide reorientation of Communist policy. From 1943 to 1945, Mexico City and Havana were the policy-transmitting centres of Communist activity. Constantin Oumansky, astute Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, passed on Moscow directives both to other Latin-American Embassies and to native collaborators. Upon Oumansky's death, Dmitri Zaikin, chargé d'affaires at Havana, took over. . . .

As the end of the war approached in 1945, Kremlin theoreticians, concluding that the need for unity against Naziism was running out, laid plans for a revival of Communist militancy. The excommunication of Browder was the first step. Gradually the Communist Parties throughout Latin America began to shake loose from their wartime entanglements and to sell themselves as the fearless and intransigent party of the working class. Headquarters appear to be in a process of shift from Mexico and Cuba to Brazil and Chile. . . .

The Communist line toward Braden followed the predictable pattern. During most of 1945, Perón was, in the Communist lexicon, the hemisphere's No. I Fascist. The Communists approved Braden's actions in Buenos Aires and strongly backed his selection as Assistant Secretary. But following the embittered London meeting of Foreign Ministers in September, the order went out across the world to take up the cause of the colonial masses against Anglo-American imperialism....

Peronismo and Communism are now united on an anti-U.S. platform—a unity that in many places is leading to working collaboration. Always sensitive to political realities, the Argentine Communist Party is changing its line (though, like Mr. Braden, it denies that the Perón victory has affected its policy). Communists, for example, supported the Perón-inspired, March meat-packing strikes with such disciplined enthusiasm that the Peronista La Epoca commented bitterly, 'After having attacked the programme of our popular leader verbally and physically, they now praise his works and those who back him, evidently with the purpose of infiltration....'

Fortune

#### Eire and UNO

It is quite possible that Eire may exercise an influence in UNO quite disproportionate to her size and military strength. In a world which is tending to be divided in blocks of nations, Eire occupies a unique position. Whatever the precise definition of her relations may be, she is in fact closely associated with Great Britain and the Commonwealth. Owing to the long history of emigration to America, she has many ties of sympathy with the United States. Geographically, Eire is situated between Great Britain and America. This geographical position is symbolic of Eire's political sympathies which extend about equally East and West. But Eire possesses the further peculiarity of being the only Catholic nation in the English-speaking world. In the difficult years that lie ahead Catholic political ideology will play an important part in international affairs. Eire will inevitably find many bonds of sympathy with the Catholic countries of Europe and South America, and may help to interpret their ideas to her English-speaking associates. The two great forces making for world peace are the Catholic Church and the Englishspeaking democracies. Eire is the only nation that belongs to both, and may therefore help to bring them together.

The Economist

#### Scientific Pre-Eminence of Nations— A Comparison

The scientific potential of a nation today constitutes, together with territorial extent. demographic and industrial strength, one of the chief elements of its political power. Just as industrial superiority can, up to a certain point, compensate for man-power shortage, so a scientific supremacy can within certain limits make good an inferior potential either industrial or human. It is therefore of interest to see how pre-eminence in Physics and Chemistry (the two sciences which form the basis of both military and industrial power) is distributed. A rough indication may be found by a comparative study of the lists of the Nobel prize-winners. The rigorous impartiality of the Swedish Academy of Science gives these awards great weight.

Grouping together the prize-winners by nationalities, we obtain the following results:

a I	Physics	Chemistry	Total
Germans	13	17	30
British	10	6	16
French	7	6	13
Americans	7	3	IO
Dutch	4	2	б
Swedish	2	3	5
Swiss		3	3
Austrians	2	I	3
Italians	2		2
Hindus	I	_	1
Danes	I		I
Finns		I	I
Hungarians		I	I
-	_		
Total	49	43	92

Germany was thus far and away ahead especially in Chemistry, where her proportion amounts to forty per cent of the total. The relatively modest place of the United States becomes much less so fi we note that of the ten prizes gained by the Americans six have been awarded since 1932—a significant indication of the rapid rise of American science in recent years. Another striking fact is the complete absence of Russia. Since the disappearance of Mendeleyev, Russia has not produced a single physicist or chemist of the calibre of an Einstein, a Rutherford or a Broglie. To be noted, too, is the high proportion achieved by the small nations—Holland, Switzerland, Sweden—which, relatively to their populations,

can each claim more Nobel prizes than any other nation.

The differences are doubtless explained by historic and social causes. German industry, in marked contrast to British and French, was created by savants and technicians, and displayed from the start the liveliest interest in science. The Kaiser Wilhelm Institutes for pure and applied research were a model of haison between science and industry. The modern scientific press was born in Germany. Germany had an advantage of more than two generations over France and England but lost much of this advantage with the coming of Nazism, which was not only the negation of scientific principle, but forced into exile hundreds of scientists like Einstein and Haber. The contribution of these exiles to their countries of adoption, especially Great Britain and the United States, measures the extent of Germany's loss.

#### He Saw the Atomic Bomb

A JAPANESE peasant nine miles distant from Huroshima saw the atomic bomb hurtling through the heavens. He described it as an immense ball of fire, apparently about 3,000 feet in diameter, dazzling in its magnificent colours. 'Never have I seen anything so beautiful. I thought it was the sun that had fallen to the earth.' A few seconds later, a fierce wind flung him to the ground and he was stunned by the terrible noise of the explosion. La France Libre

#### The Cult of the Form

The forms I have filled in during the last two years on four journeys abroad would add up to a book the length of Candide. Who reads this prose? Does the spelling of my maternal grandfather's name provoke fascinating, interminable controversies between the archivists of Athens, Lisbon and Tunis? I fear not. I fear that I have written these thousands of words—and all so truthful—utterly in vain. I doubt if they serve even the traditional purpose of wrapping pastries. They accumulate in vast antres, blushing unseen, or, rather, gradually yellowing.

It has come to be believed that, though never read save by their victims, these questionnaires augment the efficacity, or at least the grandeur, of the numinous state. Hallowed by customary reverence, docketed by sad little officials who are less useful than the most lethargic of monks in the most relaxed of mediæval cloisters, these so sedulously filled-in forms reveal in our twentieth century a superstition as base as the respect attached to prayer-wheels in Tibet.

RAYMOND MORTIMER in Horizon

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#### Man and the Moon

Some sociologists ascribe the high nervous tension of modern America to the frustration of the pioneer instinct. The Daniel Boones of today are eating their hearts out because they have no more frontiers to conquer. A possible outlet for these thwarted race desires is suggested by the activity of that scientific section of the War Department which is said to be busy planning interplanetary rocket flights. Reuter's Washington correspondent has drawn an H. G. Wellsian sketch of a young scientist in the Army's Pentagon building in Washington who has stated, 'I fully believe that I will stand on the moon in my lifetime.'

The failure of Government agencies in Washington to consult one another is notorious, and it looks as if the Pentagon has failed to clear its lunar invasion plans with the State Department. For the diplomatic complexities promise to be numberless. Imagine the icy voice of Mr. Molotov asking Mr. Byrnes if the Monroe doctrine is to be extended to the moon? Or if the satellite is to be roped into UNO to add one more vote to the Anglo-Saxon bloc? If so, Russia will not hesitate to call on her patriotic scientists to bring in Mars, the original Red planet, to redress the balance.

There are domestic problems involved which will not escape the politicians. Should the moon be regarded as the 49th State, or granted Philippine status? (Pennsylvania will naturally be anxious about the tariff position.) Does it look as if Mr. Truman could sweep the moon in 1948? With its traditions, does it not appear probable that the lunar voters may be counted in the Isolationist column? That enterprising young man in the Pentagon should think twice of the consequences before he touches off his rocket.

The Economist

#### What Russian Paper D'Ya Read?

THE situation of the Russian railroads seems to be the subject of some official confusion.

Izvestia, the official Soviet newspaper, reported that railroad rebuilding and new construction were far behind schedule—only 30 per cent of quota in the areas for which percentages were given.

Next day Tass, the official Soviet news agency, reported that, at the end of the first six months of the new five-year plan, Russia was making a rapid comeback, with heavy industry and railway transport in the forefront.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch



'The truth of the matter, gentlemen, is that Joan of Arc was quite flat-chested' NEW YORKER

#### Enterprise

A FELLO w in California has been running an ad. in the newspapers containing the unequivocal warning: 'Last three days to send in your dollar.' That's all there was to the ad., except the man's name and address. People out there being what they are, money poured in from all sides. The man bought a new house, a new car, installed a swimming pool, built a tennis court, and made sensational contributions to his favourite sunworshipping sect. Within a reasonable time, the federals got after him, but they had to tell him frankly that they had been unable to find any law that he'd been violating. He saw the error of his ways, however, and agreed to withdraw the ad.; said he didn't want to go down in history as the one-man wrecker of what is sometimes known. and not without reason, as the Golden State.

New Yorker

#### Juvenile Cannibalism?

Paris Children Get Parcels of U.S. Women.

Headline in New York Herald Tribune

#### Sedentary Acrobats

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News Chronicle

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3 TOBACCOS

HIS

Number Two

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#### THE LEGACY OF VICHY

#### J. C. DE BEAUJEU, Correspondent of Le Monde Illustré

THE so-called Peace Conference drags on in Paris. . . . The world is bored and cynical—the French perhaps more so than anyone. In this last week of August public opinion is far more preoccupied with the second anniversary of the Liberation, which is haunted by the spectres of those who died at the hands of the Gestapo. The survivors of the massacres have sworn a solemn oath to fulfil the testament of their fallen brothers and to keep alive the memory of their sacrifices. And yet, at the same time, collaborators and traitors of every sort strut about with shameless arrogance under the still grief-stricken gaze of bereaved patriots. Small wonder that the consciences of all true Frenchmen are clouded with righteous indignation and disgust. How can one expect them to summon up any interest in a peace based on a sham victory cursed with the bane of unsatisfied anger?

This popular anger, silent and implacable, is genuine and heartfelt. It does not arise from envy or the thirst for power; nor is it bred on vapid speeches. It has nothing in common with the artificially nurtured hatred of the demagogues—a calculated passion springing not from the heart but from the intellect, and more virulent because more insidious—alternately preaching appeasement and inciting to cruelty and violence—paying lip-service to serene impartial justice, and then calling for summary executions. This hollow rhetoric results in the scum being acquitted by a tribunal which, divorced from reality and opposed to the normal instincts of human nature, is totally unsuited to its task.

This vicious conception of justice which is being imposed on the French people effaces every notion of conscience and liberty. For there are acts which are unpardonable: the arrogance of certain Frenchmen under the occupation-the gospel of Vichy dividing compatriots, dividing even families, causing brothers to betray one another to the common enemy. Luckily for some of the traitors, the war lasted long enough to permit them to recant belatedly so that many of them could parade resistance dossiers as indisputable proof of their political virtue. But these tardy resisters frequently give themselves away by the incredible stupidity of their utterances. The pathetic reply of the Admiral accused of having failed to get the Fleet away from Toulon suffices to damn both him and his too lenient judges: 'But, Monsieur le Président, it would

have meant obtaining the authorisation of the Germans'.... One can hardly believe one's ears.

This incident sums up the eternal cas de conscience of the soldier faced with the choice between the letter and the spirit of the law of duty. With the liberty of France at stake, there was no choice: no patriot, much less a responsible minister, a préfet maritime, a governor of a colony, should have weighed his career against his duty to his country. The essential glory of General de Gaulle lies in his unequivocal interpretation of his duty as a patriot. He did not pause to consider whether he would be judged according to the letter for having thrown off the shackles of military tradition instead of sacrificing his patriotic conscience. It was the servile spirit typified by Vichy which brought disaster to the French Army in 1940, and it is the same spirit which is killing the power of justice in 1946, absolving from guilt the politicians and soldiers associated with that ignoble régime.

Alas! the names of the guilty are known; the list is long and is engraved on the memory of those who survived the struggle for liberation. But the judges charged with the duty of determining the guilt or innocence of these men are fettered by Party ties: the verdicts are dictated by political vested interests and not by disinterested juries. The evidence of witnesses, the speeches of defence and prosecution, represent a shameful and equivocal farce subtly calculated to deceive the guileless patriot and to reconcile the condemned with their ostensible accusers.

The purge has indeed been badly handled: it drags on, interminably—disgusting some, fatiguing others; the people can only passively regret not having taken the law into their own hands. Meanwhile, the guilty will spend a five- or tenyear spell in gaol, shielded from the fury of the exasperated populace, which is daily losing confidence in its country's institutions. The epilogue to the grim drama of the occupation unfolds itself in a futile tragi-comedy. . . .

It is true that leniency can be defended in the light of Christ's teaching. But has not this vermin, responsible for the spilling of so much innocent blood, forfeited the right to forgiveness and mercy? These abject wretches are nothing more than putrefying corpses, and Frenchmen cannot afford to forget that carrion spreads contagion and gives meat to the vultures whose dark wings obscure the sun from a people thirsting for light.



#### CORRESPONDENCE

#### Imperialism in Malaya

SIR.

The letter concerning Malaya, or rather Singapore, in your issue of June 1946, is a singularly superficial effusion. . . .

I have noticed it is a custom of many of our pre-war colonial apologists to talk of Malaya as a kind of Elysium where everybody lived in a state of ideal happiness. Nothing could be more false. One has only to read the police-court records of the 'thirties. There are long lists of convictions and deportations for 'sedition', agitation, distribution of Leftist literature, etc. In order that the tin and rubber companies might declare their giant dividends, the workers were grossly underpaid, at a rate of perhaps \$4 (9s. approx.) a week, and probably less, very much less. On this they had to support a wife and family. The words 'trade union' were anathema to the employers, naturally. In spite of this, an underground trade union movement did exist, but every effort was made to suppress it by the unholy alliance of Government and employers.

Nor does (Mr. Edinger's) vicious and gratuitous tirade against the Communists serve much purpose. He classifies the Communists and Japanese together as 'the evil tyranny...' Is he aware that the Malayan Communist Party played a major part in organising the guerrillas who fought the Japs, and whom he scarcely mentions throughout the article? Is he aware that the Japs carried on a bitter and ceaseless war against the Communists during the occupation?

SERGEANT, I. Corps, Malaya Command

#### Zionism and the Jewish People

C--

In your July issue, Mr. George Edinger, in the course of his review of 'the Palestine Problem' by Lt.-Col. Williams-Thompson, concludes with an observation that might be accepted as denigrating the basic concept of the Zionist Movement. Quoting the author, he questions whether

there would be a vital diminution of Zionist fervour amongst British and American Jews, were the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine made conditional on the loss of national status of Jewish citizens outside it.

One would ask, of course, whether a similar embargo was imposed upon Irish citizens in America when Eire was created as a distinct entity for the Irish people; or is one to infer that special consideration has to be invoked for Jews? There is also the corollary that the term Jew at present denotes both those who accept Judaism as a creed and way of life in the religious sense, and those who recognise the national status, at present ethnic, but which would, were the Jewish state to become factual, inferentially mean that the Jewish nation would take its place in the comity of peoples.

Those considerations apart, it can be unequivocably stated that the overwhelming majority of Jews, not alone on the Continent or in countries over-ridden with anti-Semitism, would opt for Jewish citizenship. We would proudly and unfledgingly desire to ascribe ourselves in that national status, without hyphen, prefix or suffix: just Jews. Two thousand years of persecution has surely earned the right to acquire a status which would be the only effective means of combating anti-Semitism.

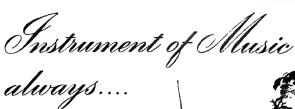
H. NEWMAN, London, W.I

#### An Election Prophet

SIR.

Terence Kilmartin is wrong when he says that last year's election result 'confounded all the prophets—Right, Left and Centre.' Tom Harrisson forecast the result eighteen months beforehand when, on the basis of Mass-Observation and other social surveys, he wrote in the *Political Quarterly* of January 1944: 'The present Conservative Party, even if led by Mr. Churchill, will not accomplish enough of itself to govern again, unless the alternatives commit suicide.'

GEORGE HUTCHINSON, London, W.C.2



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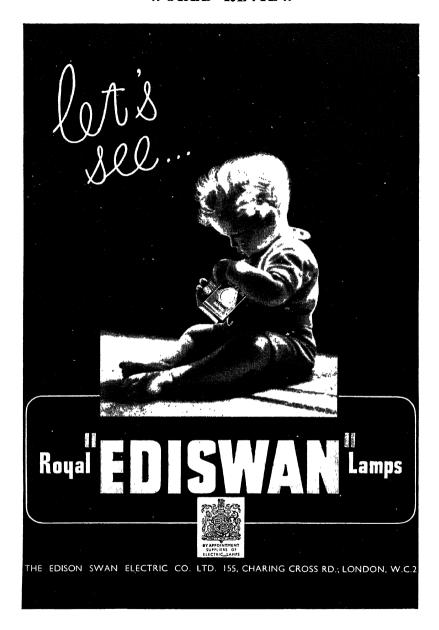
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## M Review

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### THINKING ALOUD

#### **EDWARD HULTON**

#### THANKYOU FOR NOTHING

STALIN has said, in an interview with a reporter from the *Sunday Times*, that he sees no reason why there should be another war. How kind of him! The result of these words, anyhow, was that New York Stock Exchange prices soared. Could there be greater futility?

First, what is the Werth (I am so sorry, I mean the worth) of Stalin's statement? How does it square with continuing Soviet radio abuse of Britain, the United States and other countries; unabated Soviet spying and Fifth Columnism; and Soviet tactics in Paris, which have not been changed, and are less likely to be after the Wallace gaffe; to which have been added a renewed undermining of Persia; further threats to Turkey; and an actual invasion of Greece. Stalin's words can only remind us of Hitler's famous reiteration, 'I have no more territorial claims in Europe'.

Stalin, even if omnipotent in the Russian state, is not, of course, bound in any way by this interview. Indeed, if he were contemplating an attack upon the Western world next week, he would be a funny sort of general if he disclosed his plans to the Sunday Times. Even if he signed the statement, nay, even if he signed a formal treaty, he would really be no more bound. In fact, treaties, never very reliable documents, have recently become completely worthless; though this does not seem to be realised by politicians. Neville Chamberlain landed from Germany excitedly waving a document signed by Hitler. 'Out of this nettle, danger, I have plucked safety.' Remember:

How can American business men possibly imagine that their securities are a scintilla of a wit safer after the Stalin interview, probably the silliest press interview of all time?

Second, why should the world hang upon the words which fall from this great bully? O race of men, how contemptible you are! Because the Soviets are rich and powerful, it seems that what their representatives say must not only be listened to with awe, but must be thought of as the opinions of a new Chosen People, all criticism being wicked.

We have defeated one brood of tyrants to fall prostrate before another lot; and we have substituted for the fawning worship of wealthy men and powerful patrons an equally contemptible worship of wealthy, ambitious and bloodthirsty states.

When I was in Paris, the air seemed poisoned by the goings-on in the Luxembourg. How different from the hopeful victorious Paris of 1919! All the same, I had come to the conclusion that the long-drawn agony was worth while; since it had produced a remarkable exhibition of Soviet behaviour, which might penetrate the craniums of even the most obtuse members of the Western world. Then, at the eleventh hour, Henry A. Wallace had to open his silly mouth. The effect of his effort can only have been to make the Soviet delegation feel that their intransigent behaviour in Paris had been well rewarded; because they could say that it had breached the bastions of American foreign policy.

Men have often exclaimed ruefully, that a fool is worse than a knave. 'Against fools the gods themselves contend in vain.'

Wallace, Henry A., serves at least as a reminder that a frightening number of

the genuinely liberal, and genuinely good, people in this world are nothing less than a ghastly menace. 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' Why? Because a good man is liable to discover, by some mental process, that the thief is really a splendid fellow, and ought to be asked in for a cup of cocoa.

During the last few years it has been becoming hideously apparent that many men of liberal views somehow soon develop a sincere affection for 'delinquents', whether these be juveniles, individuals of more mature years, or nation-states. The psychologically learned supply the answer that these people are really masochists, that is persons who subconsciously desire to be hurt. Whether this be true or not, it now seems manifest that a large number of liberal-minded people do not possess the necessary equipment of guts for this life; and in practice soon heartily desire to come to terms with their enemies, moral or other. In fact, some of the fiercest opponents of Hitler (in print) before the war, attempted to initiate peace negotiations with the Nazi gang soon after the war had started. This type of person is behaving in a similar fashion towards Stalin.

Neither is the attitude of these folk really covered even by non-violence of the Gandhi type. It is true that the 'Mahatma' did preach the offering of no physical resistance to British rule. At no time, however, did he say that the British Raj ought to be praised. Christ, when tempted by the Devil in the desert, did not invite him to attend a Round Table Conference.

We do not yet seem to be able to distinguish between sitting at a round table with those with whom we are in general agreement but with whom we have a dispute over details, and dealing with people, such as the present Soviet governing cliques, with whom we have nothing in common at all.

The advocacy of war against the Soviet Union remains another matter. An individual like Harry S. Truman has certainly had an unenviable responsibility thrust upon him in deciding whether to drop a few atom bombs at once upon the Soviets, thus perhaps averting terrible slaughter later and the destruction of civilisation, or hoping that somehow the whole thing will blow over.

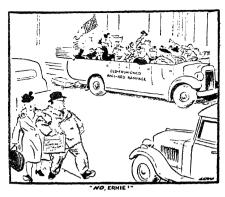
A modus vivendi, as opposed to puerile familiarities and mutual vodka drinking, is no doubt usually possible even with fundamental opponents. There is much to be said for letting the Russians get on with their own 'world', whilst we get on with the improvement of ours. We should, not however, permit Soviet ideas of conduct to contaminate the principles which our civilisation has built up through the painful centuries, and which are the only principles by which our civilisation, at any rate, can be directed.

#### APPEASEMENT AGAIN ENTHRONED

As things have turned out, attempts to appease Soviet sensibilities have already led to the not very exalted standards of European diplomacy being much further debased. One result of this decline is that the misnamed 'Peace' Conference of 1946 reposes, if it can be said to repose, upon a much lower moral plane than that of once-despised Versailles; which was possibly already on a lower plane than that of the Congress of Vienna which succeeded the defeat of Napoleon, and is so much despised in our schoolbooks. Though it is not necessary to accept all the views of the excellent Harold Nicolson, who, though once a near-Socialist, is a teensy bit over-sentimental over the pretty days of the Regency.

I read somewhere the other day that at Paris in 1919 the so-called 'small powers' were excluded altogether from the counsels of the nations, which was worse than the treatment being meted





Inconsistency of Low:
(E. STANDARD, Sept. 17. 'Free Election' in Trieste. (All are Titos)

Attack on Ernest Bevin

out to them today. This is wrong. Although there was a so-called 'Big Four' in 1919, never did this 'Big Four' arrogate to itself all powers of decision, leaving the 'small' and the 'middling' countries to do only the rubber-stamping. In point of fact, if the statesmen of 1919 had one obsession, rightly or wrongly, it was the principle of 'self-determination'. Not only was there unending talk about 'the rights of small nations, gallant Belgium, gallant Serbia, etc.,' but the small powers were given a hand-up out of the mire into which they had been thrown, and were supplied with copious draughts of refreshing stimulants. Not content with this Great Power Samaritanism, new small powers were discovered. Czecho-Slovakia (pardon my hyphen) was set up as an independent sovereign state, after having lain buried, if not entirely dead (the language was well nigh extinct), since the early years of the seventeenth century.

Czecho-Slovakia, or 'Czecho-Jackalia', as they are now terming it, has rewarded this generosity by the brutal expulsion of the three millions constituting the Sudeten Germans, whom it does not distinguish in its copious propaganda from the Reich Germans, super-beasts, beasts, or semi-beasts, who passed across

the border during the late Nazi rule. These Sudetens are the highly skilled and hard-working descendants of settlers who were invited into the country about the fourteenth century by the Czech Government. What if the Hundred-Per-Cent Americans were to send back to the Reich Eisenhower and Spaatz? Can you or I prove the nationality of our ancestors in 1300? I personally have no desire to be sent back to Normandy; or more likely to the district of Anglia in Schleswig-Holstein, or to the peninsula of Jutland, from which no doubt many of my forbears emerged—leaving this island to such true Britons as Aneurin Bevan, who would automatically be provided with even greater scope for his abilities, though faced with considerably fewer houses to build.

In contrast to the, in some ways, overidealistic days of 1919 (Wilson was a bit like Wallace and the dangerous type of liberal. Though all would have gone well enough, if America and Britain had not gone back on their guarantee to France; and if the Allies had kept reasonably well armed, and nipped Germany's misbehaviour in the bud)—at Paris, in this year of disgrace 1946, the so-called 'small' powers are officially placed in the position lately said to have been occupied

by the working classes. That is, they must work; but they must not be heard. Since those who hold the wealth and the power automatically know what is best, not only for themselves, but for the 'lower orders'. The Molotov motto does not appear, however, to be noblesse oblige.

I have already deplored the inhuman transfer of populations, Sudeten, Hungarian and others, which are little, if any, different from the Nazi transfers in cattle trucks of Jews and others during the war. In Poland the terms agreed upon at Yalta have been outraged. We were then told to make a great act of faith in Russia. We've made it, and we've had it! In Tito-land priests, bishops, and even journalists, are being persecuted. The Southern Tyrolese remain under Italian rule, as a kind of human make-weight for Trieste.

Mr. Eden was at length compelled to admit publicly that in 1939 we guaranteed Poland from Russia as well as from Germany. Though I admit I do not see quite what we can do about it now; except perhaps withdraw our ambassadors from Poland and Yugoslavia, and refrain from saying what excellent people the Soviets are.

The Polish 'Displaced Persons' are quite a different story. These 350,000 people, whose destinies we can control, are being pushed, so far as we can push them, back to Poland, bribed with rations which were supplied by the generous-hearted for the relief of suffering. UNRRA, especially under the leadership of the theatrical LaGuardia, that vox bombinans in vacuo, has, in its dotage, decline and fall, become a contemptible institution for the illegal activities of militant Zionists; whilst refugees who do not possess the advantage of Jewish blood are bribed by a mess of potage to return to their own countries, where they are awaited by certain degradation and probable death.

Sensible Reform Number One for the British Foreign Office: Do not give Britain's word unless you think you can keep it; and make some attempt, at least, to stick to your friends.

#### JOKE

I THINK I will risk one more story about the inevitable candidate for Heaven standing at the pearly gates of that celestial institution. It is a poor thing, but mine own. A Western European politician is making the usual application. 'I cannot see that you have a very strong case,' replies St. Peter. 'You have signed the Atlantic Charter, and the Four Freedoms, and torn them up. You have betrayed most of the states of Eastern Europe, and have endeavoured to persuade the victims that it is they who are in the wrong.' The politician makes reply: 'With great respect, your ideas seem to me to smack of bourgeois morality. You do not appear to understand that we have done these things to preserve Fraternity with the Great Soviet People.' The guardian of Heaven's Gate rejoins, 'It is the view of the Almighty that, at the risk of having it put about that the Kingdom of Heaven has become a bourgeois monarchy, he is afraid that your application for a visa cannot be acceded to.'

#### FRANCE NOT SO BLACKI

'What do you think of France?' is the question inevitably asked of travellers lately returned from that country. Or rather it is the query put by one traveller to another. For this summer a large number of weary Britons seem to have crossed the narrow seas to France, and stations beyond.

A stroke of genius would be required, from the most sober and fair-minded person, to sum up with accuracy the real

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Incidentally, most French women have now abandoned black for coloured raiment.

state of France at the present time. For the truth is that the pattern of life in France is fundamentally different from that of present-day England; and, with the less effective French controls, it is infinitely more complicated. We should indeed begin to realise that it is not possible accurately to translate, not only a great many words and phrases, but also a great many situations and set-ups existing in one country in terms of those existing in our own, or in another country. As one example only, take the so-called Black Market.

The various countries of the world, since this last war, have become far more obviously nationalistic than they were, and placed, as it were, in watertight compartments. 'Obviously' because of the countless regulations and restraints which the most ordinary and heedless traveller, be he professor or glamour girl, is forced to undergo in his peregrinations. I can remember a lady friend of my family who lived in the careless decades before 1914, who frequently visited Belgium, but who did not realise that it was separate from France; neither did she greatly care. On the other hand, this new palpable compartmentisation at least shows that, so very far from its being a case of what Mr. Willkie called 'One World', the various national cultures remain profoundly distinct; and that there is still, it would seem, an almost indestructible quality in them. In fact, with the 'liberation', or rise to power, of newer and newer classes, these distinctions, though ignored, or hardly observed, by the international society of the eighteenth century and succeeding eras, are growing more and more, and not less and less, marked.

Let us take just one small difference between the English and the French, which must have been present long before the shake-up of this last war, but which most people did not seem to

bother about very much. This is the French attitude to dining out and merrymaking, and all the little things that go with these. The English have long been convinced that the French are 'gay'. They may be 'gay', in the sense that they are more liable to sing little catches of song at odd moments (though not at table), and in that their attitude to the problems of sex has long been more tolerant than that of their English neighbours. But French life has its accepted pattern; and in many ways it is a much more formal and rigid pattern than our own. There is still the great distinction between the café and the home; and, more important, between the emancipated married woman and the jeune fille. Jeunes filles, moreover, exist in France in almost every class.

Once again, whilst it is perhaps mistaken to believe that the French consume less alcoholic liquor than the English (wine they do not consider 'alcohol' at all), they believe very firmly in 'holding their wine'. Even the most unconventional French people, especially if women are present, behave in the most formal manner at a dinner or luncheon table. Thus the informalities which the English permit themselves, and which the Americans glory in, during and after festive occasions, create in their minds nothing but the most pained surprise. This kind of attitude is responsible for much of the deep resentment which the French still express towards the now departing American soldiers. 'In comparison," they add, 'le Tommy was quite correct.

#### BLACK MARKET?

EQUAL are the differences between the French and the English in connection with latter-day problems. The ordinary Frenchman does not see the Black Market as something inherently evil, but rather, like the pawnshop round the

corner, as 'a very present help in time of trouble'. The fulminations of M. Yves Farge, the new Food Minister, which appear almost daily in the press, and who has secured powers of death over Black Marketeers, stand in great contrast to the almost universal tolerance with which the ladies and gentlemen of the Black Market are regarded by the average French citizen, rich, middling or poor.

For anyone, such as an Englishman, whilst the allowance permitted him by the British Treasury lasts, who has a little money to spend, present-day France is not far removed from an Earthly Paradise—plenty of steaks, first-class cooking, and most genial service. At the other end of the scale are the lowest-paid workers, small fonctionnaires, and various types of people struggling to live on a fixed pension. Just how many people find life pretty bearable between these two extremes remains a fairly insoluble problem.

There is a great difference between official French views of the food situation and the real situation. For example, officials persist in estimating that forty million French people drink wine. Since only about ten or fifteen million do so to any extent, there is more for the others than might at first be suspected. Today a French working man is very often drinking two bottles of wine per day. This he regards as hard, compared with the six or seven bottles per day before the war, but he is fairly satisfied. The petite bourgeoisie in the towns are probably suffering most, but are quiescent.

The French authorities are actually gradually legitimising the Black Market, with the result that prices of meals have recently fallen by about half. As opposed to Britain, where the Black Market seems to be expanding. A great many French people think that the only final solution lies in a completely free market, such as has for some time really existed de facto

in Belgium (with, above all, the reasonable distribution of dollar exchange by the United States).

Certainly the general atmosphere is completely changed since I was in France in January of this year. At that time France seemed like a person suffering from a nervous breakdown who might not recover. Today France has recovered, and is steadily winning health. Even the poorest and the most disgruntled will usually admit, 'things are gradually getting back to the good old times'.

This is one of the reasons why the force of the Communist movement is spent. This is doubtless why the Communists do not wish the country to have a strong Cabinet in the new Constitution since they are not likely to be asked to fill this rôle.

France, incidentally, is becoming very interested in such a new development of Africa as was suggested by Captain Liddell Hart in *World Review*, July 1946. Even a number of French commercial undertakings are moving into northern or even western French Africa. It is thought that the rivers Niger and Congo might form defensive lines against an attacking power. Beyond these, the southern part of the African continent is regarded as still too remote to be seriously menaced by atomic warfare.

#### EXISTENTIALISM?

AMONGST the rather rarefied movements to which the present troublous times have given birth is the new philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre. According to him, existence is far more important than essence. (Plato and his followers, of course, have been more concerned with essence or the ideal.) To Sartre's mind, however, the importance of an individual lies not in any preconceived essence, but in his actions in existence. Hence the name.

Existencism might have been a better one.

The new philosopher goes further than Kierkegaard (or Kant), who held that a man is responsible *only to God*. For, according to Sartre, a person is responsible *only to himself*. This is an Individualist reaction with a vengeance!

Sartre's friend, Mme. de Beauvoir, being a woman, and therefore more 'ethical', or at least down to earth, has supplied an ingenious reason as to why we poor human creatures sometimes manage to do good. This, she says, is because, 'we are continually watched by others'.

If Sartre's philosophy is only for the very clever few, his plays are witty enough to attract the general public. When I was in Paris I saw Huis Clos, a study of Hell. Whilst the subject was somewhat depressing, the author's dialogue was brilliant. Hell was a small room, furnished in the most irritating Second Empire style, in which were permanently confined a progressive journalist, who had weakly abandoned his ideas, a beautiful young actress, who had cast her illegitimate baby into a Swiss lake, and a smartly groomed Lesbian of about forty. It was Hell, because each character got on the nerves of the other two.

This play has recently been produced in England at the Arts Theatre, London. It has also come into the B.B.C.'s new Third Programme.

### **RETURN TO 1939?**

AWOMAN traveller adds: Contemporary France is not divided rigidly into very rich and very poor, like contemporary Spain across the border. Yet there is no greater example of profound difference than between the get-up of the ordinary woman to be seen in the streets (rather poorer than here; skirt even shorter, though no slacks; no stockings usually;



Even mannequins are not quite used to their new tight guêpières—sometimes worn over another corset

and any old thing, probably pre-war, held together as well as may be) on the one hand; and, on the other hand, the fairy-like gorgeousness of the salons devoted to the haute couture.

In these gilded chambers the extraordinary manifestations caused by the period of occupation by the Nazis have completely vanished; that is, the swollen headpieces, the swollen feet, and the swollen 'handbags'. (Hold-alls would have been a better expression.)

Everything has returned to what might be termed normal, but is actually a violent attempt to put things back to what it was hoped they would be in 1939. In other words, the new fashions

are 'pre-war', and they are extremely formal. They are built to be worn, it would appear, principally at Embassy and other diplomatic functions.

The two different silhouettes attempted in 1939, which were overwhelmed by the war, are attempted again. Namely, the small waist and almost crinoline skirt, on the one hand; and the hobble skirt effect, on the other hand.

The tiny waist, which many Parisians have suddenly miraculously acquired, though sometimes produced by endless swimming in the *piscine*, must, on the whole, rely on the wearing of the new corsets which have been designed for the purpose, and which are rightly designated *guêpières*; because they relentlessly squeeze women's waists until they assume the appearance of a wasp.

The very narrow silhouette also appears in the evening, the skirt not being wrapped over, as in the 'twenties, but wrapped round, as in the statues of antiquity, producing a statuesque, though not very mobile, result.

More significant than these evening frivolities is the determination of all Parisian designers to restrict women's freedom to walk during the day. They make no secret of their decision that the big comfortable stride acquired during the war shall be ruthlessly curbed. This they have succeeded in doing by making day skirts reach down at least to the middle of the calf; and by making these skirts so tight that it is only possible to take the tiniest steps. The willingness of French women to be completely hobbled, despite continuing short supply of transport, suggests that fashion has little to do with the practical.

Paris is battling tooth and nail to maintain her fashion leadership, as opposed to Hollywood, New York, London—and Berne. *Haute couture* in France is a major and essential industry. It is very nearly certain that she will

Piguet Model. Skirt is below wearer's calf; and is one of the new tight 'hobbles'

largely succeed. It is easy to exclaim that Paris is too extreme. But women, sub-consciously, do not dislike the extreme. (The extreme is the ideal, according to Plato.) It can no doubt be modified.

By contrast, while some British designers produce really excellent, and infinitely cheaper, copies of Paris ideas, in general British and American women's clothes possess neither guiding idea nor competent workmanship. The American glamour girls, so much photographed on their arrival in this country, look as if they had made their garments themselves, to while away the time on the boat coming over—and during a very rough crossing!

# U.S.S.R. turns on U.S.A.—Western Europe as peacemaker Greece goes Monarchist—Egyptian futility

### SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

AT the beginning of October 1946, were by some caprice of fortune the burly and embattled figure of Mr. Bevin to disappear, and somebody else to take his place at the Foreign Office—the political allegiance of the new Secretary of State would be of little consequence, for he would very quickly assume the profile of his predecessors—and were he then to call for a general survey of world politics and the problems before British policy, what would this examination reveal?

He would see that in the past few months the frontier dividing the Communist and totalitarian part of the world from the rest had tended to stabilise itself and to harden. He could not help noticing that the weight of the Soviet psychological attack was slowly shifting from the British to the American part of the line; and that Washington, which a year ago had tutned an almost obsequious cheek to the Kremlin, was now the very heart of anti-Russian sentiment in the world.

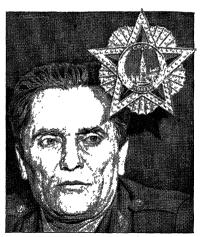
In Paris he would observe a Peace Conference turned into as naked a display of Power Politics as could be seen without actual recourse to arms. Now and again, particularly when the decisions of former conferences came up for discussion, the 'Big Four' would present to the world the façade of an officially perfect marriage. But for the most part he would be confronted with the spectacle of Monsieur Molotov shouting across the Council table at the hardly less noisy Mr. Byrnes, and of the unhappy Monsieur Bidault, despite castigations from the Left Wing of his own Cabinet, inclining more and more to what may be called the Anglo-Saxon side of the table.

The Anglo-Saxon side: But would the new Foreign Secretary be inevitably forced to the conclusion that there must be an Anglo-Saxon side, as opposed to a Slav one? Would his place be automatically beside Mr. Byrnes, and would there be no room for him to sit, if possible, in the company of Monsieur Bidault, midway across the vast green space separating Mr. Byrnes from Monsieur Molotov?

He would not, I think, lightly accept this proposition. At the time of Germany's collapse, England was perhaps the first great Power to notice the rising antagonism between Russia and the West. This Review was among the first English periodicals to fortetell its course. But we have con-

sistently maintained that there is no need for the world to be split into an American and a Russian imperium. A Western Europe, closely integrated, and led by France and England, could keep the two contestants apart, and in a new balance of power preserve the equipoise.

Such a possibility was advanced, in terms, but partly veiled, by Mr. Eden in a recent speech. And during the last month two other speeches, one made with the doubtful authority of an insubordinate Cabinet Minister, the other with the imponderable weight of an official figurehead, have suggested that the chasm between America and Russia is growing wider than safety or even circumstances warrant. No need at this stage to waste time on Mr. Henry Wallace's absurd talk of 'British Imperialism'. The thoughts and the clichés of the American Liberals are among the most conservative in the world. They view the Soviet Union and the British Empire through the sort of spectacles that were fashionable among our own Labour Party back in the early 'twenties. But we cannot, nevertheless, dismiss Mr. Wallace's speech as wholly childish. No doubt Mr. Byrnes' policy of 'toughness' towards Russia may be to the taste of most of the few Americans who concern themselves with the affairs of the outside world. Certainly the Republican Party endorses.



Portrait of Dictator TITO on cover of U.S. magazine, Time: Time's caption reads, 'Fanaticism knows no frontier'



SHINWELL'S failure to get more coal has affected not only Britain's hearth, but her position in international affairs

it. But there are Americans, and a few Englishmen too, who wonder at times whether Mr. Byrnes is not almost overdoing his pugnacity.

The Wallace incident may well play into the hands of the Republicans at the forthcoming 'mid-term' elections. We cannot under-rate the possibility of seeing for the next two years a Democratic President utterly at variance with a Republican Congress. For all the 'bi-partite' approval of Mr. Byrnes (symbolised by the presence of Senator Vandenberg at his side), such a state of checkmate would inevitably lead to paralysis even in the domain of foreign policy.

For that reason, and also because the economic tenets and the very weltanschaung of America are growing these days far more remote from ours than they were in the heyday of the New Deal, our new Secretary-of-State might well hesitate before committing his foreign policy entirely to an Anglo-American course. Fundamentally, of course, friendship between our two countries should be the guiding principle of British policy. But a principle, to be a principle, must be constant. It cannot be subjected to the whims and vicissitudes of American internal politics.

Let us now turn to Marshal Stalin's interview with the Moscow correspondent of the Sunday Times. For several years Soviet propaganda has screamed of capitalist plans for the encirclement of Russia; the Soviet Government, in the Security Council of UNO, has resolutely opposed all feasible schemes for international control of the atomic bomb. Now Marshal Stalin tells his people that the capitalist world neither would. nor could, 'encircle' the Union; and foresees international action to avert the danger of atomic warfare. It is difficult to assess the true value of this statement. On the one hand, it was followed by an extravagant outburst of truculence from the Yugoslav delegation in Paris, who announced that, however the Trieste award might go, they would never accept the 'French line', nor would they withdraw their troops one foot in Venezia Giulia. On the other hand, after anxious consultation with Moscow, the Soviet delegate was allowed to append his signature to the report of the Technical Committee of scientists, recently presented to the Security Council, which emphasises in discreetly non-political terms the need for international survey and control of atomic energy in all stages of production. To such a control, the very heart of the Baruch Plan, the Russian authorities have hitherto presented an inflexible opposition. After all, it would go counter to all Russian traditions of industrial secrecy. awake a thousand lightly sleeping fears of 'industrial espionage'. If this technical report means that Russia is moving, after all, towards acceptance of the Baruch Plan, then the Stalin statement is something more than a piece of window-dressing.

We must remember, however, that Marshal Stalin is the one unassailably respectable figure with which the Russians can dress their window towards the West. The press of the world unhesitatingly accord to him the almost sacrosanct immunity enjoyed by a constitutional figurehead. (And of course he may quite well enjoy little more power than does a constitutional figurehead.) The heat has been turned on too scorchingly? Well, let Papa Stalin speak a few soothing words, damp down the fires.

There is, of course, another possibility—that his answers in the Werth interview were designed principally for domestic consumption. It is a tenable thesis that Russia has not the slightest intention of going to war, but has screamed at the capitalistic wolf all these last years in order to brace her people to the rigours of the new Five-Year Plan. The leaders of Russia may now consider that nerves have been screwed up too tight, that tension must be lessened. Yet, why

then choose this moment of reconciliation to address a new and vaguely menacing note to Turkey on the Straits?

It is at least possible that Russian foreign policy is as much at the mercy of internal politics as the policy of the U.S. State Department. All the more reason for us to steer our own course-in the company of France, and indeed of all Western Europe. To examine the possibilities of an Anglo-French Customs Union, and to reach agreement on the future status of the Ruhr, would seem to be the first, most essential steps. And here, strangely enough, an element of British internal politics enters to confuse the scenenamely, the fall in the British coal production. With the help of slave labour the French have raised their coal production even above pre-war figures. On the other hand, they can no longer obtain coal from this country. Hence their insistence upon getting from the German coalfields those Potsdam percentages which are so badly needed for the purposes of reconstruction in Germany, and for the ultimate benefit of all Western Europe. We think of our falling coal production only in terms of British hearths, British factories. But it is indirectly retarding the recovery of an area much vaster than these islands, and accelerating the decay of life and government in the British Zone of occupied Germany.

When we first arrived there, we were immeasurably the most popular of the occupying powers. Ever since the ration cut last winter the standard of efficiency has been declining, and with it our popularity. Conversely, of course, the attraction of the well-fed Russian zone has increased. Now comes news of a further cut in Ruhr steel production. The whole of Germany, if we are not very careful, may one day turn in despair towards Russia. Only in close collaboration with the French can we avert all possibility of such a disaster.

Our new Foreign Secretary might now turn his attention to the Eastern end of the Mediterranean, that area hardly less vital to our security than the English Channel. Being a man without prejudice he would not question the action of his predecessor in approving, or at least condoning, the return of the King of Greece. In his heart he might wonder whether a King with such a record of dictatorship as King George were the most fortunate choice. But he would reflect that this discreet, bespectacled figure has become for many Greeks the symbol of rescue from Communism; he might well doubt the powers of that aged Liberal, Monsieur Sophoulis, to hold the frontier fort; and he would recall that the very atmosphere of a frontier fort breeds, and indeed



'Venerable Liberal' leader SOPHOULIS could not hold the fort. Greeks voted for George II as only protection against Communism

sometimes demands, a mood of fanaticism. When he came to Egypt, I wonder whether he would as unhesitatingly endorse Mr. Bevin's policy. In the defence of the Nile Valley we certainly want a free, loyal Egyptian ally, not the treachery, the flirtations with the enemy, which were recently fashionable in the highest Egyptian circles. The trouble is, the Egyptians have a sense of geographical immunity as unreal as that of the Americans. They cannot believe Egypt will ever be in danger again, and so, the victims of their own propaganda, each Party tries to outdo the other in the extravagance of their demands upon the U.K. The Egyptian delegates are far more interested in justifying themselves before Egyptian public opinion than in reaching a sensible agreement with us. The new Foreign Secretary would do well to recall, however, that the Egyptians have never yet been capable of assuring the defence of their country; and that the last time the Egyptians laid hands on the Sudan, they provoked by their misrule the rise of the Mahdi, the deaths of millions, and two expensive British military expeditions.

## IS AMERICA IMPERIALIST?

## U.S. SEEKS NEW FRONTIERS

#### SEAN HART

'WILL America keep her promises?' It is a question on the lips of many people today, for America's promises have suddenly become vital to the rest of the world. You may subscribe mentally or verbally to the theory that nations are locked in a mesh of interdependence, but when the net tightens you really know it. And hungry men may be grateful, but cannot afford to be uncertain. Recently and repeatedly, the world has found that its richest nation's bounty, however generous, doesn't come up to that nation's promises. And the gap between promise and performance has evoked a not always tolerant cynicism.

Yet the most important sense of that repeated question is one most foreigners miss. The promises that will test America are inward, not outward. Foreigners need to consider the Republic's most vital internal question, 'Will America keep her promises to Americans?' The answer will mould America's future, and it will press heavily upon the world's.

For America is still a land of promise. The verbal promises of her Constitution, the physical promise of her natural resources, are still the core of her world power and her national spirit.

'Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' To the thousands who heard his quiet words, the millions who have learned them since, Lincoln in 1863 was but re-affirming a promise that was the hinge to America's golden door.

To the immigrants huddled in the creaking steerage, America was the land of free opportunity. 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free'—the Statue of Liberty later came to symbolise the chance to use the qualities no accident of birth or rank could guarantee a man—ability, thrift and hard work.

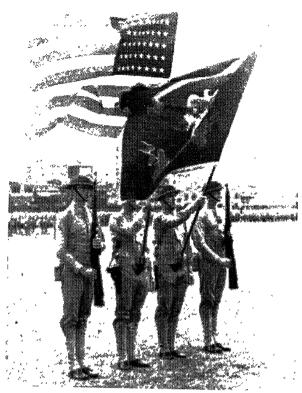
As they built a nation behind the wagon wheels driving westward, for once in history men's chances ran equal with their courage and their works. There was room for all the ability available. Any man who found opportunity barred in the older settling communities could take to the road to find his own free acres. And the knowledge of this alternative slowed the crystal-

lisation of those older townships into any fixed caste pattern.

The one factor which distinguishes the American ideal from those common to European democracies is a special form of equality. Its critics have called it 'tadpole equality'. The sociologist calls it 'social mobility'. The American may think of it as 'the chance to get on if you've got what it takes'-or he may just call it success'. The American believes that virtue brings its own reward—and brings it on earth. From the Puritan doctrines of its earliest settlers, life in an environment where riches came to the hardworking, not easily but fairly certainly, has distilled a belief that, to the able, industrious and thrifty, success was an automatic accolade. The citizen learned to measure personal fulfilment by ascent or descent on the social and economic ladder; to believe that, as MacLeish puts it, 'the promises are theirs who take them'; and to believe the converse—that to remain static or sink in social level spells failure. These are the keynotes of the American faith.

It is a faith which has moved mountains. Measured by results, its achievement is immense. The faith of Americans has wrung from a naked and hostile land in a few generations the greatest industrial civilisation in history. The belief that a man shall be measured by his rewards threads through the American zeal for bigness, the accent on multiplication. It is traced in the whole quantitative accent of the American achievement—the most, the fastest, the biggest.

The most characteristic product of American civilisation is a new kind of man. An American is unmistakable throughout the world, but not by his features or his language; by the way he thinks, the things he says, the way he behaves. He brings to each problem a confident resource founded on the faith that all doors open to effort. He has a new kind of skill. Disregarding the craft apprenticeships of their ancestors across the sea, Americans have a grounding of undifferentiated skill which takes to the machine more smoothly and certainly than any other race. This is the greatest American asset, this mechanical readiness, alien to deep-rooted practice, never decaying with an obsolescent technique. The fair counterargument that, for extreme precision, America always buys from abroad, ignores the pattern of



'Old Glory' at Shanghai

assimilation common to America and to modern machine production—always drawing in new skills and breaking them down.

This new kind of man, whose untroubled confidence foreigners may question but must envy, is the product of a myriad of national folkways. From the day when the child realises that his mother's love and approval are conditional, that he must deserve her love by outdoing the other babies, the pattern is set. In the ability-ranked environment of the schoolroom, listening to the precepts of successful virtue; in the home, exhorted to gain praise by behaviour, asked always, 'How do you compare . . .?'; and in the street, fighting the ritual brawls which must convince his fellows and himself that he has what it takes, the American is formed. Throughout his upbringing the rewards come fully and abundantly, but only for those who deserve them. And the failure has no alibis of rank or advantage; failure is his fault.

It is a fitting ethos, if not the only one, for a new, growing civilisation. In older, more stable societies, the mobile individual who moves between social levels is subtly discouraged with the categories of 'social climber', 'arriviste', 'déclasse'. Only an expanding society, constantly recruiting new blood, can afford to make this mobile man the norm, erect him into an ideal. Into such a society, the immigrants were eagerly assimilated. In their turn, they gratefully accepted these upward-flowing ideals in their anxiety to become 'good Americans'. In this fluid society, drawing in new members-some forty million between 1820 and 1938—the only two yardsticks that mattered were how long a man had been over and how he'd 'got on'.

Family background for the average American falls into a constant pattern. There is the immigrant arriving in the last century, settling in a new land of which he was proud, but never losing the ties with the home across the sea. There is his son,



'The MacArthur' of Japan

educated to reject the old culture, and enter fully into the new, trying to fit into America without a ripple, with only the parents to remind him of the discarded homeland. And then the grandson, the 'real' American, emerged at last from all other ties, knowing no other traits, free of all foreign taint and no longer worried about origins, in smart American olive drab—he may march across his grandfather's European birthplace, but shows no more than surprised realisation, a 'Well, ain't that something?'

This nation had to justify itself before an older, sceptical Europe. Its ambivalence towards Europe reflects an uncertainty whether to envy or despise, its scornful strutting an anxiety to justify itself. It has justified itself, in peace and in the tests of war. But the need to assuage that uncertainty remains. Its talisman, rewards on earth, must shine ever bright. America is sustained by its national mystique which, for the fourth time this century, today faces the challenge of collapse. Many of its traditional economic bases are gone, perhaps for ever.

At the turn of the century the land frontiers had closed, the free land gone. And America, uncertain of her hopes, toyed with imperialism, with the 'manifest destiny' of her rising power to reach higher on the shoulders of lesser races. But the internal combustion engine and the age of electricity swung her eyes inward once more, re-opened new frontiers of technology.

The second challenge came with the First

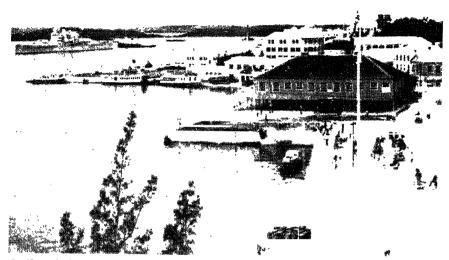
World War's huge expansion of the American machine. Again the nation faltered, seeking new frontiers. It found them in a combination of tremendous foreign loans and the promise of 'two cars in every garage'. That formula crashed in 1929, after the hayride of speculation and the loans for which repayment in the only currency the debtors had was refused. Henry Ford said 'History is bunk', but history did not need to blink an eye. It knew it would catch up on him.

To the third terrible challenge of the depression, Americans found no final economic answer. Franklin Roosevelt showed them that frontier in their own midst, the forgotten man, the huge pockets of hunger and squalor in a nation with its eyes fixed on plenty. He tried to lead them against that frontier, with the economic advance of the New Deal, the war against poverty. Whether, economically, he would have won, he was never to know, for in the heat of effort America was called to a new struggle.

Today, history's recurring question again rakes the American heart. Internally the market has not reached its limits. Roosevelt's 'pockets of want' remain. Raising the standard of the South and other depressed areas to the level of the East and Pacific West might well offer Henry Wallace's 'sixty million jobs', though perhaps not without political shifts which America is hardly prepared to make. Industry's manipulation of the desire for novelty and replacement is being turned on again, with the planning of fashion, the device of styling, the persuasion of advertisement, and the hire-purchase temptation to spend next year's income. Yet the old confidence is not there. The market has a bottom, and Americans know it. In July 1946, twenty-four leading government and business economists predicted another 'boom and bust' cycle; most of them expected depression by 1948. The expert estimates were reflected and confirmed by the polls which told the feeling of the vast, inexpert public.

The realities that backed the success ideology have disappeared for most Americans today. Most of them are 'third generation' now. They have achieved American fulfilment by the only grading their culture recognises besides success. Yet their chance of comparable fulfilment in success terms has declined sharply. Sociologists report that 'economic mobility' is reduced today almost to mere replacement of the vacancies left by upper rank families who do not reproduce themselves. In the matured American cities most of the men in the top grades are the sons of fathers in the top, or at any rate the upper levels. Whether or not the American has what it takes,

today he is not likely to get it.



One 'Imperialism' superimposed upon another—a United States cruiser arrives to establish a base on British Bermuda

It is true that older societies have accepted this harsh truth before. But in America, the situation is different: there, failure to rise in the social scale is a sin, for which both social shame and inner conscience condemn the individual. Failure to get on strikes the American far more deeply than the man of other cultures, many of whose satisfactions have always been in spheres outside the social or financial. In America, a people whose hearts were nourished with a one-sided vision are coming to doubt whether it still holds true.

There are, broadly, two possible plans to close this gap between economic reality and national ideal: bring the vision nearer the reality, or bring the reality back to the vision. Some of America's educators and politicians think, or hope, that she may be able to remodel her ideals. Part of the New Deal philosophy pointed towards satisfactions outside getting on in the world, though it is fair to say that Americans found that part the least digestible. The new accent on 'social justice' showed a doubt whether the battle was always to the virtuous. But the people devoured most hungrily the promises that it might be, again. Some of the educational programmes of recent years have aimed at inculcating more respect for values outside success. Many liberals, like Herbert Agar or Lewis Mumford, look for a spiritual stability to suit the growing stability of the American economic system, a belief in fulfilment in spheres outside the economic.

But even if America could change her ideals, it

is unlikely that she would. There is little need to over-emphasise 'capitalistic propaganda' or social manipulation by the favoured few. The ordinary American today is not convinced that there is anything wrong with his ideal.

Inevitably, then, the American maintains his vision, and seeks to haul back the reality to it. He looks once again for those frontiers which have never yet quite failed him. Without the blatant confidence of 'manifest destiny', with the chastened knowledge that loans are not enough, Americans are looking out over their sea borders. For a second time the New World has been drawn over 'to redress the balance of the Old.' Now it is inevitable America should conjecture upon the possibilities of the Old World for redressing the balance of the New.

It is with different hopes, different motives, different plans that the Americans are gazing across their dykes, but all are beginning to look. From the grandiose hopes of Henry Luce's American Century, Eric Johnston's American World Chance, the 'atom diplomacy' of William Bullitt, one may trace the thread through Walter Lippmann's Atlantic Community, the late Wendell Willkie's One World, to the acute quiet sociology of Margaret Mead talking of the Americans' need 'to make the world anew.' Certainly, there are huge conflicting trends in American policy. Isolationism will recur again and again. The returning Serviceman is partly disgusted with the Bad Old World. European

and Asian duplicity at the conferences rekindles old distrust of the people who welshed last time. Henry Wallace is still preaching the inward-looking idealism of the New Deal. But compared with the same pattern after the last war, these trends have little strength. Then, all those factors drowned the urge for expansion. Today, they are almost submerged by it.

What is generally called 'the emergence of America on to the world stage' is a pattern of expansion. The final form of that expansion is not yet discernible, not yet perhaps consciously considered. But already American post-war policy can be seen as aimed at restoring and enlarging fields of enterprise for her trade and underwriting the upward motion of her economy and its rewards to her people. Insurance premiums against her strongest trade competitor erecting fences against American competition are obvious throughout the terms of her loan to Britain, and it was on this and strategic arguments, discarding the question of obligation or generosity to a ravaged ally, that the loan debate was won. France and Poland, receiving American aid, have experienced the same conditions, extending in the latter case from the economic to the political. At the same time as she demands freedom for her own trade from any foreign barriers, America has shown no signs of scaling down tariffs, and in the Philippines has erected the preference system which in the British Empire she considers a 'restrictive device'. She is using military as well as economic power in China to ensure an expanding market and a strategic position, and her Pan-American political policy is constantly being rehashed to suit her economic needs there. American policy in the defeated and liberated nations of Europe has been economically directed towards restoring 'good business' elements, politically towards opposing Soviet-backed 'resistance coalitions' which welcome her UNRRA shipments but deny her normal trade opportunities and facilities. The use of the Export-Import Bank is admittedly for the furtherance of American trade. When, at Paris, Byrnes complained of Molotov's lack of appreciation that America was now participating in the affairs of Europe on a scale never promised before, he was making a virtue out of an advantage.

The world should appraise America as she is today without illusions. She is the world's greatest power, and she is faced with economic and spiritual dilemma. If she should decide that her mission, by whatever means, were to make the

world anew, she could probably do it and do it well. The pressures within, which might make her want to, are stronger than they have been before.

There is no need to impute base motives here. America will enter upon no undertaking unless she believes she is doing right—that is the obverse of the Puritan medal. She has a confidence of virtue matched by only one other nation in the world. If America ever decided on a Pax Americana, she would believe that it would be better than any other New Order yet offered.

Those nations of the world whose philosophy is no longer expansionist must count America's need for expansion as a major factor in shaping policy. Some are tied to firmer and closer coalition with America; they should realise that their chosen rôle is hardly likely to be that of a junior partner in stability. Others in an extremity of fear and distaste would turn towards the only other nation with similar confidence and similar strength—the U.S.S.R.—exchanging one expanding nation for another, probably less generous.

Voices in both of the Big Two have often, in recent years, expressed distrust for older, less titanic nations. They have claimed that 'Russia and America can understand each other; they talk the same language.' Though the frequent next step in their argument—that understanding will bring agreement—is as untrue as it is illogical, there is some truth in this. They do speak the same language, because they have philosophies which have much in common. They share an innate pragmatic materialism, and a confidence that their formula is infinitely extensible to the whole world. 'The logical development of communism is world communism; and the logical development of Americanism is world Americanism.' Neither is at present prepared to follow that 'logical development' (the very phrase is revealing). But neither recognises many parallel or alternative standards against which their creeds need constant measurement. America wants 'economic free enterprise' and 'strategic bases' ever farther and farther from her soil; some Soviet sympathisers propound the fearsome doctrine that 'Russia cannot afford to have potential enemies on her frontiers.' Neither has any great belief in more than temporary, unsatisfactory compromise; each seized on Roosevelt's 'unconditional surrender'. From America's 'Get me results, I don't care how', it is not a long step to 'the ends justify the means.' It is a much shorter one back to using the atom bomb to win a war that, in America's own parlance, was in the bag.

# TOWARDS A SOLUTION IN INDONESIA No. 2

# BARBARA WHITTINGHAM-JONES, World Review Correspondent recently returned

WE now come to the story of the negotiations between Holland and the Republic of Java since September 1945. Down to May 1946, the Dutch have published four separate proposals on the structure of post-war Indonesia. These are:

- 1. The Wilhelmina Plan of 6 December 1942, proposing 'Equal partnership within the Commonwealth' for its four components—the Netherlands, Indonesia, Surinam and Curação.
- 2. A Declaration by Dr. van Mook on 6 November 1945, elaborating the conception of 'Indonesia as a partner in the Kingdom', by proposing such innovations as a central government consisting of a democratic representative body, with a substantial majority of Indonesian members, headed by a Governor-General as the representative of the Crown; abolition of the distinction between a Netherlands and an Indonesian civil service; admission of non-Netherlands citizens to the highest posts in all public services; recognition of the Indonesian language; educational reform; and economic rehabilitation.
- 3. A Statement of Policy handed by van Mook on behalf of the Netherlands Government to Shahrir on 10 February 1946, proposing a 'Commonwealth of Indonesia' within the Kingdom composed of territories possessing different degrees of autonomy managed by a representative body containing a substantial Indonesian majority, with a Cabinet, formed in political harmony with the representative body, and a representative of the Crown as Head of the Government Executive.
- 4. A Statement by Professor J. H. A. Logemann, Minister for Overseas Territories, in the Lower House on 2 May, in which recognition was for the first time conceded of 'an autonomous Indonesian Republic' as part of a Federal Commonwealth of Indonesia in those areas where the Republic is exercising its power *de facto*, i.e., in Java and Madura, though specifically excepting Sumatra.

For convenience, I shall subsequently refer to these proposals as Plans I, II, III and IV.

In Java the whole situation got off to a bad start due to the belated decision at Potsdam to allocate this theatre to Britain. Then, when Japan

collapsed, every circumstance malevolently combined to frustrate a smooth take-over, a striking contrast to the situation in Indo-China, where fortune favoured the French in almost every aspect. Thus, whereas France had been liberated a year earlier than Holland, and had had time to formulate her Eastern policy in Paris, the Dutch were still in the first throes of sorting themselves out in Holland when the storm in Java broke. Hence, while the French were able to parachute a team of admirably selected officials into Indo-China to seize the reins, aided by their own ex-prisoners and internees who were enabled to acquire Japanese arms, the Dutch were not allowed to enter Java until after the Allies made their first landings, and in fact did not arrive in any numbers until 12 October. The French were also lucky in the appointment of General Gracey, an ideal man for the job, and sufficiently distant from the Supreme Headquarters at Singapore to ignore orders when it suited him as it not infrequently did. But the choice of General Christison for Java could hardly have been more disastrous alike to Dutch interests, and indeed in the long run to those of the Indonesians also, as well as to the good name of Britain. The damage done in the first two or three weeks by sheer wrong handling has never been repaired, nor lost ground recovered. Trouble began right away, and one unfortunate effect of this was to attract the attention of the international press, whose correspondents descended on Java like a swarm of locusts, an ordeal which Indo-China, having no 'story', escaped. Mostly war correspondents with no experience in covering a political situation, without any previous knowledge of the country to serve as a yardstick, limitations aggravated by a doctrinaire obsession that all revolution everywhere is the pure milk of democracy, the irresponsible 'line' they sold the world that the Dutch had returned as oppressive herrenvolk bent on denying the right of a subject people to become free, had a disastrous influence on public opinion in Britain and America, and even more so in Australia, which in turn led British policy into a morass from which it is not even yet fully extricated.

In considering the narrative of events, the



A rider of Goa, one of the guard of honour which welcomed the Dutch Lieut.-Gov.-General at the Malino Conference in July

proclamation by Admiral Mountbatten as Supreme Allied Commander South-East Asia (SACSEA) on 29 September is of paramount importance as the governing instrument of our subsequent policy. The function of the Allied forces was here set out as 'to accept the Japanese surrender, and to maintain law and order until a lawful Government of the islands was able to function again', and it further added that 'the N.E.I. laws, with which the people were familiar, were to be applied and enforced by officers of the Netherlands Indies Civil Administration (NICA), thereby implicitly recognising the N.E.I. Government as the lawful government. But this declaration was no sooner made than it was undermined. and the whole situation confused by a verbal statement in Singapore a few hours later by General Sir Philip Christison, newly appointed Allied Commander, Netherlands East Indies, the general tenor of which was to say that British and Indian troops would not become involved in internal politics. So far he doubtless spoke to a brief. But his next statement that 'the Indonesian Government would not be expelled and would in fact be expected to continue the civil administration in those areas not occupied by British forces', was in direct conflict with the Mountbatten Proclamation. He continued: 'I intend to see the leaders of the various movements and tell them what we are coming for. Until a change is made in the political structure, they must co-operate.' Saving also that he intended to bring Dutch representatives and Indonesian leaders together at a round table conference 'which the Dutch have steadfastly refused to do hitherto', he added: 'The Dutch must make a statement on the status of the Netherlands East Indies and something must happen at once.' Though quick to deny this presumptuous nonsense directly he saw it reported. the damage was done. The Republicans, headed by two notorious collaborators. Soekarno and Hatta ('America we shall iron out; Britain crack open with a crowbar') not unnaturally interpreted Christison's obiter dicta as implying that Britain had officially recognised their 'Government', dug in their heels and put up their price. This conviction grew when Christison was neither contradicted nor recalled.

The Hague instantly rose on its high heels, and on I October issued a statement refusing to negotiate with Soekarno or 'the henchmen of the enemy'. Van Mook, who arrived in Batavia as Lieutenant-Governor-General on 2 October, quickly sized up the molten situation, but was badly hampered in the first few days by completely inadequate cable connections with The Hague, and subsequently by a fusillade from Holland which, on a rising note of querulous old-maidish peremptoriness, scolded and hectored him, repudiating all his efforts to begin negotiations on the basis of Plan I.

Anglo-Dutch relations thereafter deteriorated rapidly. The Dutch understandably felt that, as an ally, they had been let down; the British, secretly ashamed of vacillations which are a painful example of the temporising diplomacy of Perfidious Albion', to cover their embarrassment took up the attitude that the Dutch would never have reconquered the Indies without the aid of British arms, that fighting the Indonesians was not our war anyway, and that in common gratitude the least they might do was to fix up a quick compromise with the Republic (and on the Republican terms if need be) and thus enable British forces to quit a row which was none of our making and none of our concern. In a confidential letter to his Staff officers, dated I January 1946, Christison gave full rein to his anti-Dutch prejudice. Describing the Dutch troops as 'slovenly in appearance and badly dressed', he went on: 'We think the Dutch suffer from lack of manners and were amazed to find their lack of gratitude . . . We consider them inefficient, unbusinesslike and lacking in discipline, and we often consider them lazy and unwilling to work in the common cause.' In the patronising tone which characterises the whole



The Buffalo Army of extremists, who wear a white uniform

letter he suggested that 'the majority of these unfortunate Dutch people are temporarily mentally sick', and bade his staff 'be more tolerant and show more sympathy and understanding' besides doing 'all in our power to assist them in raising their morale, helping them in their welfare and set them a good example.' Hardly the 'gen' for smoothing Anglo-Dutch relations or the idiom of a British general! This attitude was officially fostered by a handful of doctrinaire Leftists in the Political Warfare Department of AFNEI, who between them made a mint of mischief before they were finally packed off home.

Apart altogether, however, from any question of obligation to an ally which, after all, is to be offset by the merits of the particular case, British action in Java in those crucial first weeks displayed a blithe disregard of three cardinal facts: (1) that traditional British policy has supported the Dutch in the N.E.I. on account of our community of interest in the region of South-East Asia; (2) that a pro-Dutch policy was the declared policy of the present Labour Government as set forth in the Mountbatten Proclamation and subsequently confirmed by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons; (3) that war like peace is indivisible and that our declared policy should be maintained until its declared objects were attained. In this last connection it is not to be forgotten that after Pearl Harbour the Dutch declared war upon Japan before they were themselves attacked, and

even before a declaration of war was made in London and in Washington.

The root of our present blunder lies in the unnecessary frenzy to consummate a revolution and establish a new political structure overnight in the midst of a chaotic military and political situation. When one considers the years we have spent wrangling in India and our lethargy in constitution-making in Burma, such senseless hustle aggravated by the cinematographic tempo of the sensationalist international press, the outcry about the dilatory methods of the Dutch when negotiations had been in progress less than six weeks can only be understood as an early manifestation of post-war neurosis. But the emergence during the first quarter of this year of the hard facts of the situation, alike in Java and Malaya, brought the Government to a more sober frame of mind.

So much for the Anglo-Dutch aspect of the preliminary phase. We come next to the touchpoints between Holland and the Republic. At heart the Dutch all cherish the illusion that, but for the delayin re-occupying Java, plus the Allied blunders in September, they could have got acceptance for the Wilhelmina Plan. Even now they refuse to acknowledge, or are unable to realise, the vital factors which from the first ruled out the possibility of settlement on those terms. These are: (1) the intrinsic force of the nationalist movement; (2) the enduring bitterness engendered by the severity of their Penal Code and

other repressive measures for which a just retribution is now being exacted; (3) the basically anti-Japanese character of Indonesian nationalism; (4) the intensity of century-old hatred of the colonial *Orang Blanda* in Java and Sumatra.

As an opening gambit, the Wilhelmina Plan was broad enough to serve as a basis for discussion; but to present it as a substantial offer was so to underestimate the Indonesian position as to arouse fresh resentment and antagonism. Indonesian reaction to this offer was voiced by Hatta on 18 October in a speech which scored more points against the Dutch than anything else I have read on their side. Describing the Wilhelmina Plan as 'a streamlined version of the old Dutch colonial policy-something far, far less than we already hold', he argued that the Dutch were merely 'permitting us entry into the basement while we have climbed all the way up to the top floor and up to the attic.' Marshalling charges on the lips of Japanese prisoners, as well as of every Indonesian to whom I have spoken, that all the fighting in Indonesia in 1942 was done by Australians, British and Indians (the fact that the N.E.I. Army surrendered at Buitenzorg on 9 March after five days' fighting without casualties, speaks for itself) he asked: 'Why should Indonesia return to her former status as a colony of a foreign nation which did practically nothing to defend her from Japanese aggression, and then did nothing at all to free her from the Japanese?' Van Mook he pictured as having 'fallen victim to the delusion than, because he was born in Java, he was possessed of clairvoyant powers which enabled him to see what was missed by other Dutchmen', whereas in fact he, like the 'old China hand', though in the country, was not of it.

In unavoidable compliance with SACSEA demands, on 6 November van Mook tabled Plan II, though himself opposed to making any further declaration at that stage. In essence merely a longer version of Plan I, it contained nothing new and carried matters no further, thus pouring petrol on the flames. NICA reprisals against Indonesian terrorism were often as savage as indiscriminate, and N.E.I. soldiers were provocatively 'trigger-happy'. The assassination of Brigadier Mallaby on the 8th resulted in a hardening of SACSEA policy, and on the 11th Surabaya was invested by land, sea and air, being finally occupied on the 29th, though not without British forces acting under Christison's command having been at one moment on the point of being driven into the sea. These events had immediate repercussions in Republican circles, and as the result of an internal 'palace revolution', a new Cabinet was formed on the 13th with Shahrir,

now brought in for the first time, as Prime Minister, and Soekarno promoted upstairs as President, an arrangement confirmed by the National Convention on the 27th. Now for the first time a responsible group came into the picture, and the first meeting between van Mook and Shahrir with Christison in the Chair took place on the 17th. If only the Dutch had now come forward with Plan III there is little likelihood it would have been rejected, for the great object of the Republic at that stage was to secure recognition. It was accordingly to explore the possibilities of The Hague agreeing to this line of approach that van Mook returned to Holland in December. Logemann raised no objection to recognition of the right of self-determination, but was unable to bring the government to the same mind.

Matters were in this impasse when van Mook, Schermerhorn and Logemann arrived in London on Boxing Day for the first Anglo-Dutch Government talks on Indonesia at Chequers. The Indonesian question now assumed a new aspect in British policy. The task entrusted to Britain by the Supreme Command of the Allied Powers had hitherto been held to be purely military. At Chequers, however, Britain accepted the responsibility of establishing a degree of security in Tava which would facilitate agreement between the Dutch authorities and the Indonesian nationalists. and, by the decision, announced on 19 January, to appoint Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr (Lord Inverchapel) as Special Envoy to Batavia, Britain was committed to diplomatic intervention. Meanwhile, as a background to these events, the gathering opposition to the Dutch Government's handling of Indonesia broke loose and took the form of a violent personal attack on van Mook, culminating in a resolution passed by the Lower House on the 17th demanding the despatch of a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry which subsequently became the van Poll Commission. Stated to be an inquiry into the facts of the case, its real intention was to investigate van Mook's conduct. Despite these breakers, however, the Government held stubbornly to their course and drew up the first really positive proposals on the Dutch side. But before these were released there was a general clearing of the decks. The return of van Mook to Batavia on the 28th coincided with the announcement of Christison's recall and replacement by Lt.-Gen. Sir Montague Stopford as Allied Commander-in-Chief; the withdrawal of Dening, Political Adviser to Mountbatten, to make way for the Ambassador; and, on the Dutch side, the substitution of Admiral Helfrich as Chief of the Dutch Forces by Lt.-Gen. Spoor, G.O.C.

Netherlands Indies Army. Simultaneously with these events the Indonesian question had also stirred other waters. The Ukrainian complaint to UNO that military operations in Indonesia 'constituted a threat to international peace and security' was decisively rejected by the Security Council on 13 February, after a discussion in which Bevin roared at the Ukrainian delegate: 'I give you the lie that we ever attacked the Indonesian movement.'

On I February, Sir Archibald landed at Kemajoran airfield; and at a formal meeting between the two parties at his house in Gambir on the 10th, van Mook handed the new Dutch proposals (Plan III) to Shahrir. Though smothered in pedantic teutonic verbiage devoid of appeal to the emotional enthusiasm for nationalism and democracy which dominates Indonesian political thought today, this proposal for a Commonwealth of Indonesia, did contain a practical basis for the satisfaction of nationalist aspirations. Tendered three months earlier, it would in all probability have carried the day. But having tasted six months of 'absolute' power and independence, the Republican core at Jogjakarta soon indicated that they were interested in nothing short of complete sovereignty. Informal conversations assiduously fostered by Sir Archibald made little headway until on 2 March Shahrir challenged the intransigent elements in the Republican Cabinet by resigning. A day or so later, commissioned to form a new Government, he returned to Batavia authorised to continue negotiations on the basis of 'full recognition of the Republic'.

On the 13th Shahrir submitted their first written proposals. In these they demanded recognition of the Republic as an independent state whose relations with Holland would subsequently be established by a treaty. With an eye on Viet-Nam, the new republic in Indo-China, discussions now began to advance on the line of recognition of the republic as part of an Indonesian federation under the Crown. Though the Indonesians retreated from this position, by the end of the month the two parties had come sufficiently near each other for the possibility of a final agreement to be in sight. Without in any way committing himself or his Government, van Mook decided that the Indonesian proposals were good enough to merit further consideration at The Hague. They were accordingly embodied in a provisional 'framework of agreement' afterwards known somewhat misleadingly as the 'Inverchapel Agreement'. The formula now arrived at was for recognition of the Republic as a Free State within the Kingdom of the Netherlands. But the negotiations broke



VAN MOOK, the Dutch Lieut.—Gov.—General; SIR ARCHI-BALD CLARK KERR (now British Ambassador to U.S.A.), and LIEUT.—GEN. SIR PHILIP CHRISTISON

down when the Netherlands Government refused to recognise Sumatra as part of the *de facto* Republic (a new demand on the Indonesian side) and insisted that relations between Holland and Indonesia should be based on a protocol instead of a treaty, because the treaty-form is an

attribute of sovereignty.

From these April discussions at St. Hubertushuis and at Chequers, however, there emerged Plan IV. This was the offer to recognise the Republic of Java as part of a Federal Commonwealth which was made by Logemann in a statement to the Lower Chamber on 2 May, when he opened the debate on the van Poll Report. At Jogjakarta, Plan IV was rejected out of hand on the ground that it constituted a 'serious deviation' from the 'Inverchapel Agreement', and two erroneous impressions gained wide currency: (1) that a compromise proposed by Lord Inverchapel was accepted by the Republic and rejected by the Dutch; (2) that van Mook had overstepped his authority and been repudiated by his Government. As to the first, throughout the three-cornered discussions over which he presided, Lord Inverchapel never tabled any proposals on behalf of the British Government; as to the second, the very reason van Mook took the 'framework of agreement' back to Holland was that he had no powers to proceed further independently.

On 17 June Shahrir delivered to van Mook a six-point set of counter-proposals. Briefly these

comprised: (1) immediate recognition of the de facto sovereignty of the Republic in Java and Sumatra; (2) on the basis of that independence the negotiation by treaty of some kind of federal connection between Holland and Indonesia, the ultimate relationship to be decided by plebiscite at the end of three years. It is on these issues that the two parties are still divided.

Turning now to the Parliamentary scene, the strength of the Calvinist opposition was evident in Logemann's argument that the principal objection being 'that the Republic is the exponent of the revolution, will automatically disappear as soon as this organisation as such gives up its revolutionary attitude by recognising the Sovereignty of the Crown.' Watching the scene from the gallery as one stolid burgher after another mounted the rostrum and delivered his solemn tirade, I was chiefly struck by the absence of any real cut-and-thrust in debate. To English eyes politics in Holland have an air of shadow boxing. This is partly due to the system of proportional representation specifically designed to blur every issue and to approach it, not as an affair of black and white, but rather as one of interminable shades of grey; and partly to the pacific Dutch temperament. Where an Englishman relishes a full-blown Parliamentary row as a first-class sporting event, the Dutchman will do anything to avoid a head-on political collision. There is in the States-General no apparatus and no aptitude for a constitutional Opposition resounding from Chamber to press, radio and platform, no extra-Parliamentary pressure organisations worth the name, no heckling in debate, no whips, and, until the full sixty minutes allowed to each of the hundred deputies has expired, no closure. Political disputes therefore seldom resolve themselves into a clear-cut issue on which the Government stands or falls. Rather they are shifting, elusive, incalculable. The present case, however, is to some extent an exception. The Indonesian question has driven a deep single fissure through public opinion in the Netherlands since the revolution. By forcing what in fact, if not in name, amounts to a two-party alignment—the pro-van Mookites v. the anti-van Mookites-Indonesia has wrenched the framework of Holland's political machine out of its true bearing. At the same time the stultifying political set-up at home has, not for the first time, projected itself into the Indies with disastrous consequence.

The decision to debate the van Poll Report was taken in deference to this unusual crystallisation of opposing opinion. Held under the shadow of the approaching general election, it was not for this reason based on a proposed bill

or even motion, an unprecedented procedure in the States-General for which the nearest parallel at Westminster was the Prayer Book debate of 1929. Intended to appease, if not to silence, outside criticism, the debate did usefully ventilate the opposition to any substantial form of independence which throughout the last nine months has weighted government policy at home and sabotaged all negotiations in Batavia. Including Logemann's opening statement, the debate spread over three days and lasted thirteen and a half hours. At the end of the third day the formulation of the van Poll motion recommending 'an autonomous form of government' for Netherlands India 'as a partner in the Kingdom' raised a definite issue, and was eventually carried by a Labour-Catholic vote of forty-five to twentysix Anti-Revolutionary and Liberal. For the chairman of a parliamentary report to father a parliamentary motion virtually rejecting that report would be too Gilbertian a form of procedure to get by at Westminster. But at the Binnenhof van Poll was held to have extricated himself neatly from a false position, and, as one deputy remarked to me in the gallery: 'I speak no longer of the Report van Poll-I speak now of the Report Welter and the Motion van Poll.' On a broad perspective, to have educated public opinion in Holland to the point of willingness to transform a colony into a republic in the brief span of nine months, though too slow for the pressure of events, was nevertheless no small

From this point until the time of writing, direct negotiations hung fire. But a number of events during the intervening four months are likely to influence materially the respective position of the two parties when direct conversations are resumed. The general election held in Holland on 17 May resulted in a gain for the Labour and Communist parties, and a loss for the Anti-Revolutionaries and Christian Historicals. Control of the new Chamber as of the old was left with the Catholic People's Party, one of whose deputies, Dr. L. J. M. Beel, secured the premiership. During the six weeks which elapsed before a new government was formed, a political doldrums descended upon Batavia. But this was followed by an even darker period when the gulf between the two sides visibly widened. On 30 June Batavia was electrified by the news of the kidnapping of Shahrir during the night of the 27th–28th by the Communist leader Tan Malaka, and the assumption of supreme powers by Soekarno. On 4 July the decision to despatch a Commission-General to take charge of negotiations in Batavia was announced from The

Hague. The stock of both Shahrir and van Mook had now dropped steeply and without warning, and the era of their combination seemed ended. Beel's first declaration to the Chamber on the following day also struck a conservative note and was received with much misgiving by all parties in Batavia. While endorsing the official statements of 2 December 1942, and of 10 February 1946, he omitted any reference to that of 2 May. Plan III, he said, embodied 'the framework within which the new Government too is prepared to effect a settlement regarding new constitutional forms.'

The ominous appearance of these first moves by the new Cabinet was, however, partially counteracted by its inclusion of Mr. J. A. Jonkman, a former President of the Volksraad and ex-internee who during twenty years' service in the Indies was noted for his progressive temper, as the new Minister for Overseas Territories. This appointment was welcomed both by Indonesians and also by adherents of van Mook. But for the present there seemed no indication of any attempt to remove the deadlock which paralysed negotiations. On the Indonesian side there loomed the prospect of a savage and imminent uprising; on the Dutch side an equally bloodthirsty campaign

of repression.

The opening of the Malino Conference on 15 July, however, drew blood from the centre of inflammation and appreciably relieved the situation. The result, a unanimous declaration by thirty-nine delegates representing the 12,000,000 people of the 3,000-odd islands of the Dutch Archipelago (all except Java and Sumatra) supporting the creation of an Indonesian federation within the kingdom of the Netherlands, came as a surprise. Though Hatta tried to dismiss Malino as being 'held at the point of the bayonet', the unequivocal demand by even the most backward delegates for local autonomy and the fervour of their nationalism was evidence of unexpectedly strong political consciousness. A great success for Dutch policy, Malino was above all a resounding personal triumph for van Mook. For once allowed to handle the job his own way, his power of leadership found necessary scope, and both by his conduct of discussions in the Council Chamber and his sympathetic contacts with individual delegates, van Mook emerged as a real father of his people. Certainly the result improved his position at The Hague, and also in the estimation of Jogjakarta. Aware that Malino had stolen some of their thunder, the Republic chose the first anniversary of its proclamation on 17 August to

rehabilitate itself in the eyes of the world. Soekarno resigned his emergency powers, ended the six weeks' period of dictatorship, and for the third time commissioned Shahrir to form a Government.

That a settlement will be reached by direct negotiation between the two parties now seems probable, though it may still take several months. But whatever the ultimate terms of settlement. one fact stands out: Java, and to a lesser extent the whole of Indonesia, will have achieved her essential emancipation at a single bound, unequalled by any other example in history. If the nationalist leaders had accepted the Commonwealth Plan of 10 February, they would have got everything they really want and as much as they can at this time digest. Responsible Republicans frankly admit their need of Dutch co-operation, especially in technical matters, to bridge the gap between tutelage and effective independence. Few members of the Republican Cabinet have any administrative experience, lack of which is Shahrir's great handicap. Amir Sharifuddin, Minister of Defence, on the other hand, is a good speaker and an able administrator, having formerly served under the Dutch in their Department of Economic Affairs. He now is clearly the coming man at Jogjakarta, and the combination of Shahrir and Sharifuddin, whose qualities are so complementary, is the ambition of many leading Republican intellectuals.

In Siam, where titular native sovereignty was buttressed by European technical advisers in government, industry and commerce, the more realistic Indonesians see the pattern they themselves would like to follow. In the forthcoming negotiations the chief obstacle the Dutch have to overcome is distrust of their very real intention to bury the old colonial system. In the substantial degree of autonomy guaranteed the relatively more backward countries of the Outer Islands at Malino, they have, however, given real earnest of their new policy. The Commission-General, seen now as analogous to the Cabinet Mission to India, may facilitate negotiations by enabling important decisions to be taken on the spot at Batavia where it is functioning as an outpost of the Cabinet. With ex-premier Schermerhorn as its President, and Minister Jonkman behind it, it would appear that van Mook's policy is still in the ascendant. The Commission-General may in the end prove to be little more than an astute piece of window-dressing to make that policy acceptable to a still conservative Chamber and people.

## HOME RULE FOR MOROCCO?

## THERE IS A NEW STIRRING IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

## NINA EPTON, who has just returned

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, the Sherifian Empire, known as Morocco, or Moghreb el Aqsa (land of the Setting Sun), the westernmost point penetrated by Arab invaders of the eighth century, was several hundred years behind the times, as judged by Western standards. The Sultan was master over only a limited portion of his dominions; nomad bandits scoured the country; Morocco's ancient civilisation was under eclipse—a dangerous state of affairs for a nation whose decline was carefully watched by modern nations with a surplus population and energy. Thus, thirty-four years ago, the Sultan Moulay el Hafid signed the Traité de Protectorat with France, after having called upon her help to free him from the plundering tribes surrounding his capital. But Moulay el Hafid did not abdicate before his own people. I have just seen the last letter he ever wrote as a Monarch. which is carefully preserved in the famous library of Sherif El Kitani, head of the religious confraternity of that name, in Fez. In it the Sultan declared to El Kitani's brother that he could not submit his abdication to the Moroccan people, but he would go to Tangier and surrender to General Lyautey there.

'This treaty,' say the Moroccan nationalists, 'was concluded in very particular circumstances. The Moroccan people were not consulted. On the other hand, the duration of the Treaty was never specified. There is no stipulation as to when it is to be terminated. We want to be masters in our own country again-we want our Sultan Sidi Mohammed to become our real leader, not a mere shadow, as he is under the present régime. We want the Treaty to be revised now. We want our independence, under the ægis of the Western Powers —as agreed to by the international Treaty of Algeciras in 1906. That is to say, we realise that we still need the co-operation, and particularly the economic and technical assistance, of such countries as France, but we want them to work with us, not exclusively in the interests of their own nationals, as is the case now. We do not want to be treated as subordinates in our own country.'

Are the Moroccans being treated as subordinates: Most decidedly, yes: from the top, downwards. The Sultan is maintained in his position of ruler with a certain amount of external paraphernalia. The famous Imperial parasol, the

magnificent Black Guard, accompany him on State occasions, but, apart from his authority as a religious chief, it is the French Resident-General and his Councils who actually govern the country. The local Pachas and Caids serve merely to advise the 'protecting authorities', who make all the decisions. Educational facilities are few; Moroccans have so far not been encouraged by scholarships. etc., to study in French or foreign universities (there is no University in Morocco). The few educated Moroccans have little outlet for their talents. They know that the few posts available to them consist of an inferior rank in the Civil Service as pen-pushers. Several young Moroccans I met are taking advantage of the American offer of University education in the States on condition that they become American citizens. 'I intend to return to my country free to work for its independence,' said one of these young Moroccans. As it is now, my hands are tied. There is no opportunity for me under the present régime.'

I spoke to many of the women too—the mysterious, veiled women of Morocco, whom the Europeans consider so hopelessly backward. Admittedly, they have not caught up with their Western sisters yet-but I venture to prophesy that in ten to fifteen years from now, they won't be very far removed from us, provided they get the chance. I spoke to them 'behind the scenes', for they do not appear in male company in public. Without their veils, they appear far less mysterious and are not afraid to voice their opinions and argue with their husbands, who generally acted as interpreters for me. 'We want our children to be properly educated,' they said. In every household I visited, in every town, it was the same story. 'We want more schools, more educational facilities. Has the English lady seen for herself the misery and plight of our people?' they asked, their large black eyes scanning my face anxiously. 'Does she realise how much we want to progress -independently?' That is the whole point.

'But we have schools—and very few Muslim girls attend them!' say the French. 'You see, they are prejudiced.' Yes, I suppose they are. They want, especially the women, their own schools, under their own people. I met several young Moroccan teachers who wanted to found private schools but they had not been granted the necessary

authority. I myself volunteered to stay in one of the big cities and work among the Muslim women. They were willing to accept me and place all funds at my disposal, but here again the protecting powers intervened and stipulated that I could stay if I did not meddle in politics and have anything to do with the nationalists. 'But there is no Moroccan nation,' I was assured by the protectors. The Moroccans were not united before we came —the Sultan is master over more people now than he ever was. If we were to quit tomorrow, the Berber tribes would descend from the hills, as they used to before we pacified the country, and sack the towns; the country would be in a state of chaos and anarchy. There are not enough progressive elements among the Moroccans capable of holding the reins. They simply could not run the country without us. Do not believe the subversive Arab elements of the towns-they are always trying to cause trouble. They are not real patriots; they are either profiteers or prophets.'

Well, I have met these 'profiteers and prophets' —the leaders of the Nationalist movement. It was not always easy, either. There is no freedom of the press or freedom of association in Morocco. The Nationalists, as they say themselves, 'have to work underground like a clandestine movement.' They try regularly to publish a newspaper and just as regularly it is suspended. Then they go back to monotyped tracts and leaflets, and secret meetings in private houses and in the 'medinas', or walled Arab quarters of the towns, where all plots are hatched. I met the leaders of the two independence parties of French Morocco and of the Spanish zone, and their liaison agents in Tangier and Fez and Rabat, and they all impressed me by their sincerity and will to succeed in spite of personal hardships and sacrifices. Balafrej, the teacher, is just back from his exile in Corsica; Ouazzani, the journalist, was liberated recently after years in Southern Morocco; and Si Allal El Fassi, a young Professor of the Quaraouine University of Fez, has returned home now after nine years' separation from his country and people in equatorial Africa.

These leaders were liberated by the new French Resident-General of Morocco, M. Erik Labonne, who arrived there recently with definite plans for a general reform. But, as he told me himself, 'reforms are never well received by anybody', and indeed M. Labonne has roused most people against him. On the one hand, his plans for the evolution of the country do not please the long-established French colons, or the administrators, or the military (three important regions of Morocco, by the way, are governed by Generals who like to quote Mr. Churchill to the effect that 'they have



not been placed there to liquidate the French Empire'), and, on the other hand, as his plans have not made any mention of the all-important word, 'Independence', the Moroccan nationalists are disappointed. M. Labonne goes too far for some, and not far enough for the others. One of the things he wants to see is a better balance between the industrial and agricultural output of the country, which still possesses great untapped wealth. Monitors are being sent out to teach the 'fellahs' more modern farming methods, instead of merely scratching the surface of the earth, as they have done up to now. New industries are being contemplated. A merchant navy is to be built.

In mediæval Fez, a town of about 150 to 200,000 inhabitants, the General recently appointed in command of the region, General Laparra, means to pave the streets, clean up the dirt of centuries and extend modern amenities to the old town. There is plenty to be done. I saw two perspiring doctors in the one hospital of the old town (which takes in cases from the surrounding countryside too) dealing with outside patients at the rate of ten seconds per head. There is no sanatorium, although tuberculosis is rife in the



Ancient: The Sultan, in whose name the French still rule

overcrowded streets and houses. Occasionally, too, one even sees a leper in the Medina. As for the insane asylum, I was flatly forbidden to visit it, for 'that is one of the black spots we have not yet been able to overcome,' it was carefully explained to me, 'owing to Muslim prejudice.' When I asked the Nationalists about this, they laughed sarcastically and said that 'Muslim prejudice' was invoked all too often to cover up deficiencies of administration. The European part of the town, by the way, here as elsewhere, boasts of fine buildings and a modern, well-equipped hospital.

The food situation is better this year than last, when people died of hunger in the Medinas and wheat had to be imported from abroad. This season's harvest promises to be a rich one, although olives will be scarce—and oil is a vital element in Arab cuisine. Here again I was told that discrimination was made, as far as rations were concerned, between the Europeans and the Arab population. And when materials are distributed from time to time, a European woman will receive about two or three yards of cloth and the Muslim woman half a yard—less than useless, anyway. In addition to the French and other foreigners, there are roughly 200,000 Jews in Morocco. They live

mostly in their 'mellahs', or separate walled quarters, in orthodox fashion, and the older generation keeps to its long, black caftans. They are not sufficient in number to give rise to any trouble with the Arabs, although a certain feeling of latent animosity does seem to exist, and the Arabs do not view too kindly the rich Jewish merchants of Casablanca. On the other hand, the Jews, particularly the younger ones, are more Westernised than the Arabs—the girls, for example, mix freely with passing European troops, a thing unknown to the Muslim women.

There is an active Communist Party in Morocco which has on several occasions asked to become affiliated to one of the Nationalist Parties, only to meet with a firm refusal. The Nationalists claim that they are Moroccans first and foremost, and do not intend to take their instructions from a foreign power. But by adopting a violent chauvinist line, the local Communist press has stolen some of the nationalists' thunder.

The Nationalists seem unanimous in their desire to see the Sultan restored as their actual leader. They aim ultimately at a constitutional monarchy run on Parliamentary lines, but they fully realise that their lack of political experience



Modern: Casablanca, subject of the famous film, and a modern French city

and esprit de corps will make it a slow and painful process.

The Sultan, in the existing state of affairs, has an extremely difficult and delicate rôle as mediator between his people and the ever-present Protecting Power. I saw him a little while ago receiving the traditional homage of his Caids, at the ceremony of the Hedya, which marks the closing of the yearly fast of Ramadan—an impassive, hieratic figure in immaculate white robes, on a superb white horse, advancing slowly and majestically under the shadow of the Imperial Parasol. Most Moroccans agree that he is one of the best Sultans they have ever had. He takes a great interest in education and assists personally at his children's morning classes. His daughters go about unveiled, for the Sultan believes in the emancipation of women. He resists, whenever he can, the encroachments of the protecting authorities and yet, at the same time, he is a loyal supporter of friendship and co-operation with France. In 1939 he issued a declaration appealing to his people to support the Allied cause, and even in the dark days of 1940 and after, Morocco never took advantage of France's precarious position to wrest her independence. She contributed loyally to the war effort, sent her soldiers to Europe,

and she now lives in the hope that the spirit and letter of the Atlantic Charter will be adhered to and that she will be given independence.

This is obviously a difficult problem, but it must be faced soon. The French, in the thirty-four years of their occupation, have accomplished much. They have pacified the country and rendered it secure; they have built roads and communications; they have given many proofs of Western material superiority. On the other hand, owing to their post-war difficulties and the peculiar psychological climate engendered by the German occupation of their country, they are in no mood to relinquish their hold on a country which represents for them still, as Oudinot wrote in 1926, 'pendant la paix, une aide économique—pendant la guerre, une armée.' There are many French administrators who are sincere in their belief that Morocco is not yet mature enough for independence and who fear the possible consequences of further foreign infiltration in their absence. These are the people who view our own policy in India with considerable anxiety, and who are persuaded that in a very few years' time it will be over-ridden by a predatory neighbour. Then there is the attitude of the French colon who is doing well in Morocco, who pays

no taxes, and who considers the country as his own.

Against all this, there is the growing nationalism of a country inspired by the example of India and other ex-colonial territories which are now well on the road to independence—a country which has its own way of life, its own code; where Europeans will always be strangers, whatever they do; where discontent and an unhealthy inferiority complex will continue to take solid root and forever grow new shoots, however much they may be suppressed, until the situation is faced squarely and the natural evolution towards self-determination is taken into account. We can still be friends; in the words of Sherif El Kitani, 'the ultimate aim is fraternity—a state where there will be no protector and no protected'; but there is a long way to go yet. Morocco looks to France, whose culture and traditions she admires. Surely France will not be found wanting.

# THE PLIGHT OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

### I. C. THIMANN

THE educational world is sluggish, conservative and obscure. Few of its outstanding figures are widely known; as few receive public honours. Books on education, as C. E. M. Joad has remarked, are inherently unreadable. The roll of Presidents of the Board of Education (now Ministers of Education) is heavy with mediocrities. Though of fundamental importance to a nation's greatness, and able to lift men, to a higher degree than formerly, from their environment, education is rarely news. A girl without plimsolls is sent home by some dour headmistress; an Oxfordshire chemistry master commits suicide in his own laboratory; a principal and a parent, whose son is to be expelled, resort to fisticuffs in the former's sanctum-such trifles alone have news value. The schools and universities go their unorthodox way, one day absurdly like another. ... What strange circumstances, therefore, can possibly justify our dramatic title?

It is well to be clear what we are discussing. The Grammar Schools, in the present context, are those formerly known as County Schools. They are of late origin, dating mostly from the Education Act of 1902, which empowered the counties and county boroughs to provide or aid secondary education. They should not be confused with the old endowed Grammar Schools of classical traditions, once defined by Dr. Johnson as 'schools in which the learned languages are taught grammatically', though in curriculum they bear the influence of their predecessors. Broadly speaking, they represent the chief avenue of the lower- or middle-class child to the professions.

Briefly, the plight of the grammar schools lies, not in crumbling masonry or degenerate children,

but in the deep dissatisfaction of the teachers. This dissatisfaction is both financial and psychological. At any time of full employment, of course, the secure if modest job appears less enviable; and fixed salaries have less real value as wage-rates increase. But the present anomalies are incredible. One example will suffice. London mulk-bottlers recently struck for a minimum wage equal to the salary of a graduate teacher with four years' training. Such a situation exasperates the teacher who, though grateful to milk-bottlers for their indispensable work, rates his own value to the community somewhat higher, and who is traditionally loath to use a labour shortage to improve his position. And such examples could be multiplied a hundredfold.

On the professional pride of the Grammar School teacher the future excellence of our accountants, doctors, dentists, teachers, bureaucrats, politicians, architects, lawyers and scientists¹ depends. To use a term of not altogether pleasant memory, these are, in the main, the leaders of society. Yet the milk-bottler, the waiter, the plumber, and the fisherman are seemingly rated as high as he. But this is not all. The latest award of the Burnham Committee—on which the Grammar Schools are weakly represented—equates him with less well-qualified members of his own profession—the non-graduates.

An important factor is the decision to raise, on I April next, the leaving age to fifteen—which, in the absence of teachers and buildings, can only be attributed to a desire to get on with the Education Act, at whatever cost. This will

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Barlow Report, stating that no fewer than 90,000 scientists will be required by 1955, is but one aspect of the national hunger for trained, educated men.

greatly increase the number of schools, now christened Modern Schools, that used to cater for leavers at fourteen. Their estimated requirements of staff, mainly non-graduate, are far heavier than those of the Grammar Schools. (To the latter, only about one in eight of the primary school population now proceeds, and it is not proposed to increase this ratio.) By the familiar method of economic persuasion, salaries are to be equal in both types of school, although the graduate's training may last two or three years longer.<sup>1</sup>

Considerable principles are involved, apart from mere sectional grievances: the acquisition of degrees is discouraged, and the education of children to the age of seventeen or eighteen in grammar schools—including preparation for higher examinations—is not considered more responsible than education to fifteen in modern schools. Whatever may be thought of the value of a degree—admittedly, in some cases, the degree course is a poor, examination-conscious affairit surely provides a minimum veneer of learning; and whatever the strain of work in schools with large classes as opposed to life in the more sedate grammar school, this ruling is a definite imposition on study and research (in a profession gasping for outside interests), and also on higher work. How would the legal and medical professions react to this levelling-down of learning and practice?

Financial reasons apart, Grammar School teachers have been allowed to feel that their work is of diminishing importance; that they have been degraded by a social revolution, of which they could have been a spearhead. It seems to them that at the Ministry they fall between two extremes of opinion, one of which is prepared to level down all forms of secondary education, while the other is satisfied to see the Grammar Schools retarded in comparison with Public Schools. They can rarely receive credit for educational experiment so long as they are wedded to the School Certificate. Lastly, the Ministry's emergency training scheme, which aims to turn out teachers, mainly for Modern Schools, in one year, is calculated to depress the status of the profession as a whole. Teachers formerly spent from two to four years in preparing for their job; the effect of the one-year course is, they think, to lower their own professional qualifications. That almost anyone can teach is now a justifiable deduction. Certainly, there are many fine types now coming forward for

are all supermen is to overlook the fact that many are asking up teaching because attractive terms have been offered,<sup>2</sup> or because they see few alternatives. A considerable number of these 'dilutees', in any case, seem likely to drift away after a year or two, since difficult conditions—crowded classes, unsuitable buildings, and separation from families—may daunt all but the most zealous.

It would be tempting to claim that disappointed teachers are leaving the Grammar Schools in large numbers. But that is hardly possible. Most men and women are, at a relatively early age, firmly anchored to their calling, departure from which is often a costly and uncertain business. Severe shortages have undoubtedly developed in certain spheres, notably in science, where Government service is proving a powerful rival; to administration, the British Council, the Colonial Service, Modern Schools (which make fewer demands on the teacher by reason of their freedom from examinations), and the independent or quasi-independent schools, there have also been numerous defections. But before the war, there was unemployment among graduates, and it will be about four years before the slack is taken up; for even though few graduates have qualified during the war, and fewer still take degrees in the near future, in view of the emoluments involved, there are many ex-Service men now training inexpensively, under the Government's Further Education Scheme. Most Grammar School teachers, therefore, cling to their posts, but in a spirit of despondency, and disbelief in educational progress, which bodes ill for the future. Such cynicism, though widely prevalent, is a rare phenomenon in the educational world.

The average Grammar School, like the independent school, leads a composite life. There has always been a welcome determination to educate for leisure as well as for a vocation. To this end, most Grammar Schools teem with sports clubs, debating, scientific, dramatic, choral and musical societies, and the like. Generally under the ægis of some member of the staff, these societies have provided exercise in democracy and responsibility. Some think, of course, that these activities have bulked too largely in the life of the school, and that ability to direct them too often governs the selection of staff. . . . St. Swithin's Grammar School, Rainwell. Wanted, immediately, a young master able to teach Physics and Mathematics to Matriculation standard, with subsidiary Geography. The man appointed should be able to coach hockey, swimming, and archery, and assist with the dramatic and chess

emergency training; though to pretend that they

¹ The graduate actually obtains a fraction more—about £30
per annum—provided he has spent at least three years in
obtaining his degree. A part-time degree is not rewarded at all.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> An entrant with five or six years' war service may, after one year's training, receive more than a graduate who has just completed four years' training.

clubs. He should also possess a good tenor voice, and be able to play the bassoon. (All this, on a salary of £315 p.a., rising by painful instalments to a maximum of £385!)... So might run a typical advertisement which Leonardo Vinci himself would hesitate to answer. But these external activities, which have in the past demanded a staggering amount of overtime, are being less and less indulged in by dissatisfied teachers. In short, there is a Trade Union spirit abroad in the Grammar Schools. Other state schools have tended to limit themselves to mere lessons, and so will they. Here is a further levelling down.

Reference has been made to the School Certificate-that annual strait-waistcoat into which all Grammar School children are forced at the age of fifteen or sixteen. This examination overshadows the pupil's entire existence at school, and children of quite tender age are urged forward, not by the carrot of interest, but by the stick representing failure. It is not to the credit of teachers that they have tolerated the system for so long. Now, however, the Grammar Schools are plunged, like the rest of us, into a kind of preatomic uncertainty, for it is proposed to abolish the School Certificate, substituting an external test at seventeen or eighteen—in the rather dubious hope that the bulk of children will stay at school to take it. It has also been suggested that there might be a new examination at fifteen or sixteen, an internal one, set by the schools themselves despite the obvious temptation to be charitable to one's own candidates; but a sharp outcry has now arisen, among those believing the modern child to be soft, that the external examination should persist. Much of this protestation arises, I feel sure, from conservatism, and fears for security. And, of course, the plight of the Grammar Schools lies also in this: that, should their foundation, the School Certificate, be removed, the teachers, ageing, discontented, and immobile, on the maximum salary, and without incentive,1 may be unequal to the task of devising new studies, whose attractiveness will supply as great a stimulus as does the examination.

The unsatisfactory state of the Grammar Schools is a matter that the Government would do well to heed. Speaking recently in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, himself a Public School product, said:

'I am convinced that if the highest type of secondary education were available for boys and girls from every type of home, according to their ability to train for the highest professions, the Public Schools would lose the race.'

This sentiment, admirable by present-day standards, savours of wanting something for next to nothing; for, with the levelling-down process which we have described, and the shortsighted treatment meted out to teachers in secondary Grammar Schools, the intellectual gulf between the latter and the best Public Schools must widen. Under pre-war conditions, with the greater amenities and higher staff salaries that many independent schools were able to offer, the struggle was an uphill one; now, with bitter and dissatisfied teachers in the State schools, it may well be hopeless. During the war, with a large staff mainly consisting of professional teachers, I was in charge of a vocational training school in one of the Services. As the teachers fell to be released, the Public School men showed themselves glad to go back. The servants of the Local Education Authorities, however, mostly Grammar School men, all refused Class B releases. and, in the main, delayed their return as long as possible. In their minds, the employers represented the inevitable 'they'-bureaucratic, parsimonious, inspiring no loyalty: there is, unhappily, only too much reason to believe this attitude to be general. Yet these are the men and their masters who, between them, will have to reorganise the country's academic education.

In spite of many obstacles, the Grammar Schools have done remarkably good work in a short space of time. True, they have been obsessed by somewhat narrow academic traditions, and have tended to provide passive instruction rather than active education, to measure success by examination results. Yet in the war just ended, their specialised personnel have been heavily drawn upon, and their serving officers, despite the strictures of Colonel Bingham regarding youths spoonfed by the state, have a distinguished record, notably in the Royal Air Force. If, then, it is desired that this state of affairs should continue, and especially that the country should be able to draw on the Grammar Schools for the bulk of its administrators, the Ministry must provide some positive encouragement: firstly, by ensuring that salaries are adequate to allow Grammar Schools to compete (with other professions) for the best graduates; secondly, with large-scale reforms to be planned and executed, by improving the positions of responsibility; thirdly, by encouraging part-time study and research; but, above all, by inviting the cooperation of teachers in framing a new, vital, and up-to-date education.

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The average teacher, on reaching the age of thirty-five, has little hope of advancing his salary or status. Each school has a few 'posts of special responsibility'—for which the reward is a few shillings a week extral

# WILL RADIO DEVELOP A LITERATURE OF ITS OWN?

RICHARD HUGHES, author of A High Wind in Jamaica, etc.

ALREADY once at least a mechanical invention had made a revolution in literature. For before the printing press was invented the writer reached the majority of his public not through their eyes but through their ears. Poetry was sung or recited; prose books, too, were recited or read aloud. Not only primitive communal literatures, such as the Homeric Cycle, the Sagas and the Mabinogion; at a much later stage than that, long after the poet took to composing with stylus or pen in hand instead of drum or lyre, he still wrote not to be read but to be heard. After all, music today is for convenience written as a score-but it is written to be performed, not to be silently conned. In the same way the writing of literature, for many centuries, was designed, first, to relieve the reciter's memory of the enormous accumulation of wares which the early bard had to carry; secondly, to establish a canon of the text; thirdly, to ease dissemination; but it was only a convenience—the ultimate communication was still to the ear of a listener. In classical Rome, for example, public recitation really took the place of book publication today; and even the rich man in his library commonly had his books read aloud to him by a slave.

The lovely illuminated manuscripts of the mediæval monasteries were meant to delight the eye, it is true, but to be looked at rather than to be read—at least, not read in the sense of passing round the monastery from hand to hand. Their text was read aloud in the refectory, or sung in the churches, rather than pored over in the cells.

The language of the Authorised Version of the Bible (as well as the Prayer Book) was so intended. For the effect of the printing press on literary style was profound, but it was not sudden. It was a slow development, culminating only in our own century. Gradually, in the intervening time, poetry acquired a subtler intricacy as the poet found he need no longer rely on the initial aural impact of word added one by one to measured word. By the same token such poetry slowly had to be banished from the stage (in earlier days poetry had seemed the natural mode for the stage, since the poetic was par excellence the mode of utterance aloud).¹

Prose likewise developed a greater elaboration of structure, rolling out interminable periods, gorgeous and majestic to the eye, which on the tongue would have taxed the lungs of Aeolus. In short, there grew up a split in style between the art of the spoken and the read word: between oratory, an art which has extension only in time, and literature, which has extension in space coupled with a time dimension that the reader himself can manipulate at will—if he will.

Even then reading aloud died hard—barely a generation ago. The Victorians had their pennyreadings for the public, until the spread of cheap libraries finally swept them away. In the family circle father or mother read aloud by the evening fireside. With a single oil lamp in the surrounding gloom, only one person could comfortably see to read at a time; in the general glare of electric light that custom also came to an end.

Thus the last echoes of heard literature had died away, but had only just died away, when a second revolutionary invention, wireless broadcasting, set the pendulum swinging again in the opposite direction. The Voice had come back.

It is ironical that the invention of radio came at that period of the history of mankind when contemporary literature was least equipped to make use of it. What a godsend it would have been to Virgil or Horace! How sonorously the amplifiers of the Surrey Side would have thundered the tones of Marlowe! Again, imagine yourself as a contemporary of Bunyan, hearing in the solitude of your chamber the still small voice of Pilgrim's Progress for the first time. Moreover, what magnificent broadcasts Shakespeare would have written (if he were not too busy adapting Shaw's plays for the talkies). But the silent writers of the twentieth century—the Voice was something they had just learned to do without altogether.

For most of the first-class writers of the period were engaged on one of two forms of literature, both of which in spite of their declamatory origins had now become inaudible: story-telling and poetry. Leaving aside lectures and speeches—neither of which was taken very seriously in those days—there had survived only one major form of literature still intended to be spoken aloud: the stage play. That, perhaps, should have been

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In Caxton's day, John Skelton described himself as 'Poet and 'Orator' almost interchangeably.



RICHARD HUGHES

enough; the Theatre should have supplied that one necessary link between the age of the microphone and the ages of the bard and rhapsodist.

Yes: but even the theatre, alas, had suffered a change! There was a time when speech was nine-tenths of the play. Was it a bitter night? Then it was the dramatist's business to freeze your marrow with the words he put into the mouths of his shivering characters (words such as Keats uses about St. Agnes' Eve). Did the wings of a majestic fleet whiten the seas? Did the tramp of armies thunder on a dull and sodden countryside? Was there a tempest and the ship sinking? Or did a roomful of itching, unwashed noblemen simmer in the cookery of a Venetian summer? All this, too, belonged once to the dramatist's art, not the producer's. But the Victorians, the Edwardians and the Georgians had altered that. First came 'stage realism': scenery-forests for all the world like an Academy picture of a forest, snow that fell by the hamperful, the ocean in tanks; three walls of a Mayfair interior straight out of Mayfair, and Irish cabins out of Mayo. The actors could take all that for granted. They did not have, with their own powers, to make the audience see, feel, smell, hear —they did not have to conjure a scene or climate out of the empty air as the Elizabethans did.

Even when the crest of this huge and silly wave had passed, and there was a revolt against scenery of a photographic naturalism, this did not mean that the lost ground went back to the dramatist and the spoken word. It was the age of the producer and the star actor, not of the dramatist; of trick lighting, expressionist staging, the great performer whose pride was to breathe life into such dialogue as lacked it totally. The dramatist's part was considered to be finished when he had put his words on paper; he was not supposed to have the temerity to imagine himself how they should sound (as I found out to my cost when as an undergraduate I had with difficulty got leave to go to London to attend a single rehearsal of the production of my first play, and was sent back to Oxford with a flea in my ear).

Moreover, two other events of importance had combined to depress the prestige of the dramatist. One was the new vogue among highbrows of the silent film (talkies had not come yet). The other was the ballet. Both showed that theatrical art could, in fact, do without speech altogether.

It may seem that I have given too much space, in what is supposed to be a discussion of radio and the future, to bookish literature, the stage and the past. But it is the situation which predetermines the course of a revolution, not the figures who ride it.

Imagine miles of sand in an estuary at low tide. When the flood comes, the water chooses to run, for no apparent reason, in a deep channel it has made near one shore, and on the other side high banks pile up. Next year, again for no apparent reason, the old channel silts up and an altogether different channel is scoured out. It is the relative strength of the flow of tides from the sea and riverwater from the hills which make these changes. If one strongly preponderates, no groins, no dredging will defeat more than momentarily the water's choice. If they are nicely balanced—why, then, a bit of rooted flotsam, a clot of sea wrack even may deflect the current. But the ships which sail on it cannot change it, be sure of that.

Nevertheless, when radio came, there were certain young men with a bent for writing who honestly thought they had the moulding of a new art in their hands. I was only twenty-two when I was given (quite by chance) the opportunity of writing the first play ever written for broadcasting in England or any other country; and twelve hours in which to complete it, incidentally.

Frankly, I over-estimated the importance of the occasion. I saw myself pioneer of a new form of art, something which had never been done before. Perhaps I was deceived by false analogy with the Cinema, where sight and movement without sound certainly seemed to have developed a totally new technique of expression. Surely the radio play—sound without sight—was the cinema's missing half? Something, consequently, potentially just as distinct from older techniques?

It all happened quite casually. I had been dining with Sir Nigel Playfair, then at the height of his fame as manager of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith (home of *The Beggars' Opera* and *Abraham Lincoln*). It was a Friday night. Over coffee he mentioned that he was engaged to put an hour's semi-theatrical entertainment on the air the next Monday evening. He was himself reading a passage from Jane Austen, he said; and one of A. A. Milne's *Punch* dialogues would be read in parts by actors. He had not quite decided on a third item.

'You know, Hughes,' he remarked suddenly, 'I believe what is really wanted for broadcasting is something specially written for the job. A pity there's no time now to get it done; we begin rehearsing after lunch tomorrow.'

'I can do it in the time,' I said, 'and I'd like to

have a try.'

Sir Nigel's eye went small and bland, like the eye of a calculating fish. 'Ten guineas,' he said, 'for all rights.'

'You mayn't like my play when you read it. Let's leave terms till the morning,' I countered.

But I didn't really care about the terms: I was afire with excitement. I was a poet then, and I realised at once that what was needed, if drama were to be played blind (as it were), was the poetic technique of sensory stimulation, using the devices of indirect suggestion, the tricks and feints by which Keats and the Elizabethans make you sweat or shiver or dazzle at will; all this, together with the action, breathing through dialogue: not men talking oblivious of their material surroundings, but talking as if for them (and God knows how rare that is) the visible world really existed.

At the same time I was well aware that the novelty of the medium, so attractive to a young writer, was likely to be a hard obstacle for the listener to get over. Would he ever accept it? All his life he had been seeing plays: how was he to discount the awkward, enforced blindness which made this play invisible to him—played as it were in the dark?

In the dark! That was an idea. I would set my play in the dark; the characters as well as the listeners should be unable to see. An accident in a coal-mine perhaps . . . 'The lights have failed!'—that should be the opening line. A theme not merely suitable for broadcasting but suitable only for broadcasting: one which could not in fact be staged in the ordinary theatre; the emotions of men groping for half an hour in utter blackness!

To complete the illusion the announcer should

ask listeners to turn out their lights, and sit listening in the dark, too.

I went home and wrote all night. I read my play, *Danger*, to Playfair over breakfast, and we went into rehearsal a few hours later.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since then; in another year or two the B.B.C. Drama Department will be eligible for a silver microphone. During that period radio-plays have passed from the stage of a casual experiment to being rated the most popular of all programmes with the British listener—eclipsing, I believe, even Variety. But a new art: Bunk!

Moreover, their time is almost up. Television will soon kill the purely listening play as surely as the talkies killed the silent movie. Nor do I see, in the few years left to these plays, much chance of an Indian Summer such as illumined the last years of the silent film: not at any rate unless the B.B.C. comes to take plays more seriously, and to give them proper time for rehearsal (including adequate microphone time). It is almost useless today for a radio dramatist to attempt to write with any subtlety, or to draw characters not out of the stock-type catalogue: the play will be on the air and off again before the cast have a chance to discover what he is at. Hence, partly, the comparative efficiency of broadcasts of well-known plays; the casts do not have to start quite from scratch in the race to get acquainted with their parts. But even Marlowe's Faustus was recently put on the air so raw that many of the cast seemed hardly to recognise their lines—like children drearily learning to read.

The fundamental trouble is the Corporation's policy that a production must be heard only once (or twice at most). Hence their clamour for more and more scripts, which inevitably lowers the standard accepted: hence the inadequate rehearsing, the lowered standard of production, which breaks the heart of the more ambitious author—and this, too, leads to mediocre scripts. The radiocritic, moreover, is writing in a vacuum: he cannot advise listeners, as the theatre critic can, in time for them to take his advice—'That is a good play, that was', sums up his function!

Even the local cinema in a small town exhibits the films it rents three times or for a whole week; or if you miss a film in one town you can catch up with it in another. Few people really listen to the radio every night. If the B.B.C. put on a quarter the number of new plays, but gave each play four times the number of rehearsals (especially studio rehearsals) and four times the number of performances, then Radio drama might have had a chance of growing out of short pants.

Perhaps the Television play, when it comes, will have better luck.

It is a pity, because the play was the one remaining bridgehead held in literature by sound; its development the most likely chance that broadcasting would be literature. For the rest of the spoken word—apart from pure entertainment: lectures, political speeches-it was a pretty shabby inheritance at the time radio came into it! Moreover, an essential quality of the lecture and political speech is that it is-or at least purports to be-spoken by the author himself. Hence, I suppose, came the unhappy tradition in broadcasting of the personal appearance: that the author of a broadcast should be the man who utters it. On the lecture platform or the hustings there is some sense in it; you can question the man on what he has said. But at the microphone this raison d'être is gone. The custom, then, seems to have no sense in it at all. A Harold Nicolson, who combines the most consummate artistry of the voice with a rich subtlety of mind and verbal expression, is the rarest exception; a far commoner case is that of a certain eminent Foreign Correspondent whose reputation as a broadcaster stood high while a professional announcer was his mouthpiece, until, by some unfortunate mischance, he was enabled to come to the microphone himself. The shoemaker makes the shoe: the ballerina dances in it. We do not expect the shoemaker to get up and dance or the dancer to make her own shoes. I know there are many people, both inside Broadcasting House and outside it, who feel that the standard of broadcasting would be very much improved if the same principle held good here. After all, there is only one British programme which is respected throughout the world, and that is the programme for schools. Is it irrelevant, that this is the only programme in which the 'personal appearance' does not obtain?

But discussion of that programme, excellent though it is, is a rather far cry from the problem of radio and literature.

For the future? Will radio ever develop its own valid literature?

Radio, of course, may go the Hollywood way to fatuity, and produce nothing 'valid' at all. As for Hollywood, let me point an analogy and a contrast. In the Middle Ages painting had one universal patron, the Church. If a painter was to live by his art he must paint religious pictures; he had no freedom of theme. Yet great painting was done that way—because the painters believed with heart and soul in what they were painting. Today the film director and script writer have likewise one universal patron—Finance. As the

mediæval painter was conditioned in his work by the worship of God, so the film man today is conditioned by the worship of Mammon. If he really believed in Mammon that might be all right, in a queer way. But he does not—we none of us do, if we are honest with ourselves; we are brought up to pay lip-service to Mammon, but in any momentous issue we find belief in him has no real roots in us: in the artist least of all.

That is equally the great danger of commercial broadcasting.

Mr. Charles A. Siepmann, I notice, deplores, in a recent book (Radio's Second Chance), the benevolent despotism of the British broadcasting monopoly as 'undemocratic'. Perhaps he is right. But he is equally alive to the dangers of the American system. Perhaps, as he preaches, Frequency Modulation can save us from both. But personally, if I had to choose between worshipping Mammon and worshipping Lord Reith—yes, if the choice were made as dour as that—it would be on Lord Reith's altar that I should offer up the sweet-smelling savour of my sacrifice, the thighs and the fat thereof. . . .

On the other hand, it may be argued, not implausibly, that Radio will be the only literature of the future; that the present age of universal literacy is only a passing phase; that in a generation or two reading and writing will be 'dead', like Greek and Latin: dead for the same reason, that they will no longer be necessary for daily life—with radio, robot loudspeakers, television, telephones, films, dictaphones, calculating machines, and whatever new paraphernalia (such as radio-telephonically-recorded microgramo-phone records) may lie in the womb of time to spare us the acquisition and practice of these troublesome and archaic techniques.

My own belief, and hope, is rather different. I do not believe that will happen, nor do I believe that there is any need, or any room, for a separate radio literature. Writers of genus are too few, for one thing; supply could never catch up with demand, so long as books continue to be written as well. But I do believe that the effect of radio on literature generally will be as profound, if almost as slow, as the effect of the printing press. Sooner or later writers will come once again to write at least as much for the ear as for the eye. Radio would gain by this enormously, since all literature would become fit material for broadcasting. And literature will gain enormously, too, by the discipline of the microphone.

For much too long a time books (like good little boys in the Victorian era) have been Seen and not Heard.



Public execution at Tyburn, relished by many as much as the recent trial of Neville George Clevely Heath

# THE ENGLISH ARE ALSO BRUTAL?

## JOHN DUFFIELD

'WHEN one speaks of the cruelty and brutality which characterises the English character, this judgment is based on utterly impartial sources and on accounts derived from even the most enthusiastic friends of the English nation (the author of this history regards himself as being such an admirer of England and her tradition of freedom).' Thus wrote Dr. Iwan Block. And yet the British in their laws may justly claim to be among the most humane of nations. This is no mere lip-service to an ideal, as is shown by the anger any act of cruelty either to children or animals arouses. If further proof is needed, our comparatively humane treatment of prisoners-ofwar supplies it.

How, then, are we to explain the paradox? Here modern psychology helps us, and it does more, for by this knowledge we may hope to control forces which hitherto have controlled us.

Let us first examine this instinct of cruelty in our ancestors. We have it on Tom Browne's authority (about 200 years ago) that there lived in Holborn an old barrister who 'always gave his clerks the day off on execution days that they might have some fun.' Possibly in those days of low wages and long hours they needed it, but more wholesome 'fun' is conceivable. And Dr. Block tells us that at executions, 'even men of the intellectual eminence of Swift would laugh and shout coarse remarks.' The same author, referring to this inordinate joy in execution, says: 'This depressing state of affairs continued until recently not only in the large cities but in the country as well. At an execution the small town folk would act like a bunch of degenerates and even the best among them would be corrupted by the contagion of brutality. When an execution took place at the little town of Chelmsford, a veritable carnival of

debauchery reigned there. . . Folks came from miles around and the young men and women

organised picnics.'

One cannot wonder that habitués of executions developed, and Dr. Johnson's biographer, James Boswell, was one of these. Not only was Mr. Ackerman, the overseer of Newgate, an esteemed friend, but Boswell had a special black suit for such events which he wore to 'observe the proprieties of the occasion.'

Another execution fan was George Selwyn—a man described as being 'by nature especially kind and generous and fond of children.' Yet when the regicide, Damien, was to be torn apart by horses, Selwyn made a special journey to Paris. When he had elbowed his way to the scaffold he was pushed back by the executioner. But on learning of Sclwyn's special journey from England, the burly beast was so moved that he provided him with a

place on the scaffold.

Several points of psychological interest emerge from these brief descriptions. First, there can be no doubt that the cruel tendencies were wide-spread among the population and that eminent men saw fit to participate. Then there is the reference to 'the best among them being corrupted by the contagion of brutality.' In other words, these executions were an excuse for mass debauchery. For it is only when part of a mob that the normal person will descend to such conduct. History is rife with examples of primal instincts surging forth when men gather into crowds. The phenomenon is unfortunately too well known to need further discussion.

A most important point is the description of George Selwyn as a 'kind and generous man' who was 'fond of children'—an example of ambivalence on which hinges the explanation of much that would otherwise be unintelligible. As Jung especially has shown, there are in the human mind polar opposites—love and hate, or kindness and cruelty, are two of the most prominent. When one pervades consciousness, the other is repressed into the unconscious from which it may emerge with disastrous results. Usually one of the polar opposites is socially taboo; for instance, hatred of close relatives is taboo and is therefore repressed, but we all know with what violence such hatred may at times burst forth.

The more a polar opposite is repressed, the more force it collects, and when it does burst forth, it will do so in a primitive form. Coming as it does from the unconscious, it has a strangeness and an overpowering strength which surprise and shock its possessor. In mobs especially, the veneer of

civilisation is too often discarded and a regression to an unbridled expression of these forces occurs. The logical thinking of the rational mind is replaced by primitive or emotional guides to action. The progress of the race has depended on supplanting this impulsive type of action by reasoned conduct.

These instincts are present in all of us; they are part and parcel of our make-up. What is important is how they find expression, and this has varied in different epochs. Until comparatively recent times the expression has been direct—the Roman Circus, bear-baiting, prize-fighting and public executions. But into the present century only the more emasculated forms have survived—boxing. blood sports and, as a perversion, flagellation. The instinct is, however, not dead; it is only repressed. The most ardent pacifists have been known to show it when expounding the rightful fate of warmongers. A person much opposed to capital punishment was convicted of a savage assault on a policeman outside a prison where an execution was taking place. But this was in the pre-war days. before such events lost their significance in the general Armageddon.

It is likely that the wave of pacifism of the 'thirties led to too severe a repression of the destructive instincts which has its counterpart in the forces of destruction unleashed in the recent

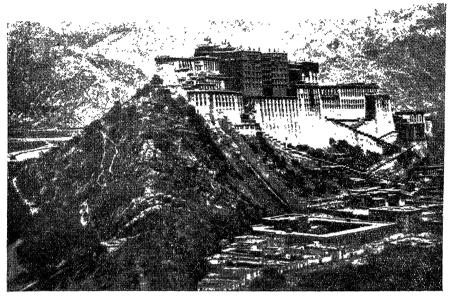
holocaust.

The question which should concern us is not whether such instincts exist, whether they are right or wrong, nice or nasty, but how they can be utilised for Man's welfare rather than for his annihilation. For, if unchecked, it is to Man's annihilation they will surely lead.

The answer lies in *sublimation*—a process whereby these primitive urges are harnessed for the use of Man. The lady who assaulted the constable outside the prison was at least on the right track. She was striving (in her view) for social reform; likewise the pacificists and all the other 'ists'. Some may be unbalanced and even ludicrous in their efforts, yet it is in the direction of social reform that we must look for the useful employment of the aggressive instinct.

As Dr. Block says, this instinct is strong within the English. That is why, when properly employed (sublimated), it has placed them in the van of humane progress. But it was its direct and primitive exhibition which led George Selwyn to make his notorious journey to Paris. If we are not again to bite the dust, our future course is plain. Disease, slums, poverty, unemployment, ignorance—these

are Public Enemy No. 1 for the future.



The Potala, or palace, at Lhasa, the capital

## TIBET:

## With changes in China and India, will it now become 'a modern state'?

## STANLEY WOLFE

ALTHOUGH the war has perforce greatly increased our knowledge of the world, there are still countries which, in our minds, are little more than legends.

Such a country is Tibet. How many of us are aware that this land is over six times the size of Great Britain; that it is the source of the Irrawady and the Salween rivers of Burma, the Indus, Sutlej and Brahmaputra of India, and the Yangtse Kiang and Hoang Ho of China?

A vast plateau, 13,000 feet above sea level and cradled among the highest mountains in the world, Tibet, in the remote past, was settled by nomads of Mongolian stock.

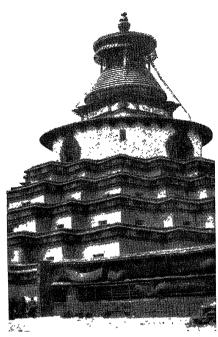
Their early story is merely of a banding together of tribes and the subsequent growth of a nation. A new era began about A.D. 650 when the victorious armies of Tibet overran the Chinese provinces of Szechuan and Kansu. The Chinese Emperor, to obtain peace, was obliged to send an Imperial princess as wife to the Tibetan monarch.

This lady converted the King to the Buddhist

faith, which was adopted as the state religion, superseding the older 'Bon' belief. Though nothing more than devil-worship, this former paganism had a greater appeal to the common people—the devils who brought the blizzard and evil spirits who destroyed their crops by hailstorms being more easily understood than the teachings of the Buddha. Nevertheless, the royal conversion gave Buddhism an impetus which it never lost. Constantly strengthened by the work of Indian disciples, and assuming a form essentially Tibetan, it became the dominant factor in Tibetan culture.

As early as 1270, an Abbot of the Lamaist Church received from the Mongol Emperor of China complete temporal authority in Tibet. This authority was retained until 1350. The Reformed Church grasped the reins of government again in 1640, under the leadership of the ruthless and greatest of the Dalai Lamas, Lobsang Gyatsho.

'Dalai', as the title given to the temporal ruler of Tibet, had existed for some 150 years. An



Golden Temple of the Palkhor Choide Monastery, at Gyantse

Abbot who died towards the end of the fifteenth century was believed to have been reborn in a child, who consequently succeeded him. This theory of reincarnation was gradually adopted to select the Abbots, the third of whom, on a visit to the Mongolian prince, Althan Khan, was given the title 'Dalai'. The word is Mongolian, equivalent to the Tibetan 'Gyatsho', and is translated as 'Ocean of Virtue'.

The fifth Dalai Lama made an indelible impression on the history of Tibet. Shortly after his accession, he proclaimed himself to be the reincarnation of Chenresi, the patron saint of Tibet. An ancient Tibetan legend claims that Chenresi transformed himself into an ape and, allied to a she-demon, became the progenitor of the Tibetan race.

The claim of reincarnation was enforced by the ruthless silencing of all opposition to its validity. One other high Lama was allowed to share this divinity. He was the Dalai Lama's former tutor, who received the title of Panchen Rimpoche—'Precious Gem of Learning'. Thus began a dual leadership, which today is responsible for a schism in the allegiance of the Tibetans.

This period also witnessed a further increase of Chinese influence. The Chinese Emperor at Pekin, in return for an oath of loyalty, presented the Dalai Lama with seals of office which are now the State Seals of Tibet.

During his last years Lobsang Gyatsho appointed a Regent to carry on the administration. To retain his power, the regent successfully concealed the Dalai Lama's subsequent death for sixteen years. The discovery of the secret in 1696 necessitated the creation of a new Dalai Lama, who was arrested and exiled ten years later at the instigation of the Chinese Ambans (resident officials in Tibet). His death shortly afterwards was probably due to poisoning, Chinese complicity in which is almost certain.

Civil war, which followed the assassination of the Regent, brought Chinese troops to restore order. Their arrival coincided with a Tartar invasion, and its defeat brought Tibet still further within the Chinese orbit.

The Chinese had become the real masters in Tibet, for temporal authority was vested in the regent who was merely the tool of the Chinese Ambans. By 1757, Chinese troops had crushed all opposition, and Tibet became practically a province of the Celestial Empire. The Dalai Lamas were now elected by the conquerors, and it was no mere coincidence that, from 1803 until the thirteenth Dalai Lama was elected in 1876, no holder of the title lived beyond his twenty-third year. The Dalai Lama enjoyed the deepest reverence of the Tibetan people and, therefore, was the only person who might conceivably become the centre of a revolt against the Chinese overlords.

The British Government in India made efforts to negotiate with Tibet as long ago as 1774, when Warren Hastings sent an agent to try to establish trade relations. Little success was achieved until, in 1888, continued violations of the frontier by the Tibetans compelled the Government of India to take action. As a result, trading facilities were granted to Indian merchants in 1893. The subsequent failure of Tibet to observe these conditions led to the dispatch of the famous Younghusband Mission in 1904, which secured free trade for British subjects.

On arrival in Lhasa, the Mission discovered that the Dalai Lama had fled to Mongolia. He attempted to return to his country in 1909, but he was forced to flee once more by Chinese plots against his life. And although previously hostile to the British, he accepted an offer of sanctuary made by the Government of India, who placed a house in Darjeeling at his disposal. After three years' stay, his suspicions had given way to a firm friendship.

The Chinese Revolution of 1911 gave the Tibetans a long-awaited opportunity. They



Tulku Lamas, or princes of the Tibetan religion



Costumes for the 'funeral of the old year'

rebelled against Chinese domination, now represented only by garrisons stranded by the struggle at home. His Holiness, the thirteenth Dalai Lama, returned to assume complete temporal control of

an independent Tibet.

The existence of a dual divinity dating from the seventeenth century has resulted in the temporal administration (under the Dalai Lama) always tending to disagreement with the spiritual administration (under the Tashi Lama-Panchen Rimpoche). As the Tashi Lama, regarded as the incarnation of the 'Buddha of Boundless Light', is therefore the spiritual father of the Dalai Lama ('Lord of Mercy with Penetrating Vision'), it is believed by many that the former is spiritually the higher of the two.

An acute disagreement in 1923 forced the Tashi Lama to flee to Mongolia. He was later welcomed by the Chinese Government, who saw in his presence an opportunity to regain influence over

Tibet.

The thirteenth Dalai Lama died at Lhasa in 1933 at the age of sixty. The people desired that the Tashi Lama might return, in order that they should not be deprived of the spiritual presence. The Chinese thereupon insisted that their troops should accompany him on his return. Such a proposal was rejected by Tibet, and His Serenity, the Tashi Lama, took up his residence in Eastern Tibet, a little outside that portion ruled by the Tibetan Government. It was here that he died in

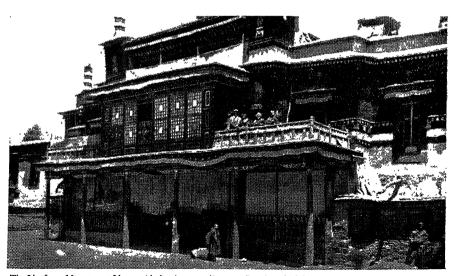
November 1937, and Tibet was left without either a spiritual or temporal ruler.

On July 20, 1939, it was reported in Chungking that, in accordance with tradition, Tibetan monks had discovered the reincarnated Dalai Lama. The discovery was made in the village of Tahersze, in the Eastern province of Koko-Nor. The boy was born at the same hour at which the Dalai Lama had died; was of a 'sweet and amiable disposition', and the priests declared that, beyond all doubt, he showed the signs of possessing the soul of the Dalai Lama. In February 1940 he was enthroned as the temporal ruler of Tibet, and given the names of Jampel Gyatsho.

This selection of the fourteenth Dalai Lama was officially approved by the Chinese Government in Chungking, which theoretically still exercises sovereignty over Tibet. The Chinese authorities were also mainly responsible for the removal of the boy to Lhasa, and it was believed that another effort would be made to restore Chinese influence.

As a result, the first Chinese Mission for many years is now resident in Lhasa. A Tibetan Mission is also established in Koko-Nor, westernmost province of China.

There are, however, signs that, even in remote Tibet, modern ideas are stirring. Owing to political events, there has recently been formed a Tibetan Nationalist Party which is opposed to Lama rule, and is working to transform Tibet into a 'modern state'.



The Lha-Lung Monastery at Lhasa, with the Avatar, or 'incarnate Lama' on the balcony

# CONVERSATION PIECE DOWN SCREW ALLEY

WARREN ARMSTRONG, author of The Red Duster at War, Battle of the Oceans, The Freedom of the Seas and Saltwater Tramp

THE Chief Engineer hooked a long leg over a handrail, plugged an old briar pipe, got it going, blew a cloud of blue, fragrant smoke in the general direction of the engine-room skylights, and said: 'Twice in twenty-five years America has stirred towards sea power, in a big way. And twice in twenty-five years American statesmen have managed to help precipitate a world-wide race for ocean-carrying supremacy—a race that proved suicidal for both Britain and America alike!'

We were homeward-bound from the Americas; we had left New York the week Congress was debating the Bland Bill, which seeks to settle the repeated problem of American surplus wartime merchant tonnage. Two suggestions had been put forward: first, the States should sell that obsolete tonnage 'in the open market' at scrap prices, and no awkward questions asked of buyers. There was big money in this method . . . and a fine disregard for the consequences bound to follow in the wake of such a wholesale deal.

Undoubtedly the U.S. would find eager buyers in Italy, in Greece, in other European countries where bogus operators are waiting, ready to seize the chance to start a second post-war suicidal race for world sea-carrying supremacy—at cut-throat freight rates. If Congress voted for such 'open market' disposal of her obsolete ships, the decision might well mean the crippling of British world tramp shipping for ten years!

Secondly, America could do the only sensible thing, and condemn her 30,000 surplus ships, selling them domestically for conversion into steel plate and re-conversion into marketable products

still in short supply.

But that 'open market' threat is far too real, far too tragic in its implications for seafaring men to ignore; and here, in the engine-room of a British freighter in mid-Atlantic, the Chief Engineer, a craftsman shipbuilder and I were ready to debate the ways and means whereby real peace might be returned to the oceans.

'It might mean a return to those pitiable days of the twenties,' the Chief was saying, 'when twenty thousand British Merchant Service officers and men were without work . . . and thousands of wives and children of seafaring men were without food. And the reaction to that state of affairs in Britain was summed up by a leading British newspaper which said of these civilian seamen: "By reason of their calling they belong to a class apart, and need not therefore ever be represented at any proposed international labour conference"."

The craftsman-shipbuilder said, 'A class apart; so? These men who themselves, or whose fore-bears, explored the world, discovered continents, planted the British flag in almost every corner of the earth, founded an empire, maintained its communications, transported the wealth and products of nations and who, in war and peace alike, saved their fellow-men from need and distress, maybe starvation. A class apart?'

'And I,' I said. 'I was among the 20,000 who, from 1920 onwards, walked the kerbsides of British ports, selling matches, playing mouthorgans to theatre queues, or just standing around, silent, in those other queues—for the dole!'

'Wouldn't have got the dole had you been a captain,' said the craftsman-shipbuilder. 'Because, by some obscure reckoning, captains were not "entitled to the dole within the meaning of the Act.' Like the common man, captains—"Mastersunder-God"—could not wait at the doors of labour exchanges; no, captains were denied that luxury.'

'The luxury of the dole,' said the Chief, 'which, according to the standard dictionary, is "some-

thing given in charity"!'

It was strange, very strange, how those 20,000 of my comrades had walked the streets. Strange how they contrived mostly to look so ship-shape and neatly turned-out. Not so strange how the personal ideals and ambitions of those workless seamen froze and withered and rotted! I lighted a cigarette, waiting for the reaction of my two companions.

'Not so strange, either,' said the Chief, 'how, slump or boom, the bank balances of Big Business

always remained superbly unaffected!'

'Supply and demand, I suppose?' said the craftsman-shipbuilder.

'Aye!' said the Chief. 'Big Business demanded; the seaman supplied!'

I went through the door into the stokehold; the place where I spent many an hour during the war

years. Once again I was mixing with the 'ash-cat' breed of seafaring men . . . men who are

animated by a curious sense of pride.

Coal supplies heat to bring water to the boil, to produce steam; so, in the order of things, releasing pent-up energy which turns the ship's screw. And these 'ash-cats'—the firemen—shovel the coal. Here they were at their grinding task—these half-naked, sweating, dust-caked men whose white eyeballs stared at me, a stranger, from coal-black faces as I walked past the open furnace doors. And I remembered the mute appeal in the eyes of an 'ash-cat' who died in mid-ocean in 1942. He was a Liverpool fireman whose father died workless in 1921, after living through the sea-hell of 1914—18—a captain—and whose grandfather inherited from his father a large, airy sail-loft along the lines of docks at the Mersey port. . .

Often enough, when I had come up the Liverpool River, I had spent an hour or two in that sailloft, among the banks of sweet-smelling canvas, while the old sail-maker and his men worked to a geometrically-true, chalked blueprint, chalking out a new plan for another 'suit', goring the rollcanvas, piecing it, roping the edges, sewing with their heavy, three-sided needles, hammering in their stitches with mallets, 'cringling' the job, then soaking it in a witches' cauldron of boiled oil, red ochre and catachew so that the finished sail

was tanned to prevent mildew.

I had watched that particular sail-loft die a living death . . . the passing of the sailing vessel before the onslaught of the steamship brought about economic changes which condemned this fine art of the sail-maker. It flashed in mind as I walked through that stokehold, and then rejoined the Chief Engineer and the craftsman-shipbuilder on the engine-room gratings.

I mentioned the memory; the Chief said: 'Economic changes? It was "economic change" in the twenties, when America had a great fleet of merchant shipping but lacked seamen; when Britain lacked ships, but had workless seafaring men. And Congress introduced its Seamen's Law, which gave the Right To Quit to any seaman reaching U.S. ports; American shipowners were ready and eager to give deserters from British ships pay and conditions far superior to any obtaining in British ships.

'But what Congress wasn't to know, when it introduced that Law, was that within ten years Germany, Italy and Japan would go flat-out to run America and Britain right off the world's seaways. Neither country could foresee that between 1920 and 1935 Japan alone would help herself to 61 per cent of Britain's Calcutta trade, 80 per cent of our Bombay trade and 79 per cent

of our Australasian-Japan trade. It fetched Britain an unholy wallop. It paved the way for the Pearl Harbour attack!

The craftsman-shipbuilder lighted another cigarette: 'Post-war British ship-designing,' he said, 'has got to produce a scientifically economical tramp steamship which will always closely affect the British housewife, for the simple reason that cost of transport by ship of goods from overseas will thus be cheapened. And ocean transport, giving good accommodation to seamen, is the real key to world recovery!'

'Amen,' said the Chief. 'That's my gospel, too! But how does all that add up against cut-throat competition on the Seven Scas? It happened once before, in 1920 onwards, and it ended in a second world war. If I'm not mistaken, it'll happen

again!'

An assistant engineer interrupted the conversation to report a suspected fracture in a stern plate somewhere in the after-chamber; the Chief excused himself, then invited us to go down Screw Alley with him on a tour of inspection...

We went slowly through the tunnel, where the propellor shaft lay smooth and lively in its bath of oil, driving the freighter across the Atlantic. We reached the after-chamber, made the inspection; the Chief satisfied himself no real damage had been done when the ship swung violently in a cross-sea and struck a submerged object, flotsam of the U-boat attack of still vivid memory to all who served afloat between 1939-45. Then he balanced himself neatly on the handrail running round the after-chamber, and took up the talk where it had been broken into.

'It need not happen again,' said the craftsmanshipbuilder. 'The common spirit, the common spirit of sacrifice between all seafaring men, whose comradeship is a fine and a real thing in a world where values of such quality are in peril of destruction, can cancel out any threat of future cutthroat competition between maritime nations in the peace to come.

'The centuries have been shot through and through with exciting, sometimes tragic, examples of sea law and sea power. And we've come a long, long way since 1287, when any nation that was powerful enough afloat could, if it wished, lay claim to "control of the seas". That sort of thing nowadays has vanished—or it should have vanished—under the pressure of inexorable new facts.'

'Twelve eighty-seven?' I queried.

'Aye!' said the Chief. 'If memory serves me correct, that was the year when the first Admiral was commissioned in the English Navy?'

'Quite correct,' replied the craftsman-shipbuilder. 'And then, in the so-called "spacious



America's threat to merchant seamen? The sort of thing seamen suffer in war. Does peace mean they will be neglected again?

days" of Elizabeth, England, uniting political wisdom with her own interests, led the way, and gave the greatest of all contributions towards settling the whole question of freedom on the world's seas by declaring that no man, no nation, could claim rulership on the oceans. Today, Britain could again unite her own interests—chief of which is admittedly World Peace—with a political wisdom that recognises all the new facts that have come to light through this second world war and give the greatest of all contributions by making authority upon the high seas a joint responsibility of every nation which has truly maritime interests. And such lawful authority, freely accepted among such nations, as by citizens, is Freedom!

The Chief unhooked his long leg from the handrail and moved towards Screw Alley while we followed in his wake. On the engine-room gratings once more he re-lighted his old briar pipe and said: 'The United States has come out of this war with almost four times as many merchant ships as it had in its pre-war fleet. Any amount of those ships can now be considered surplus, obsolete; and obsolete surplus tonnage can cause untold trouble between friends! Before the war every nation

used the excuse that "foreign competition" made difficult any improvement in pay, or conditions, and at times made *reductions* in pay and deterioration of conditions inevitable.'

"But you'll get the "foreign competition" excuse,' said the craftsman-shipbuilder, 'so long as the cheap, wartime standard ships—which are of little interest to responsible British shipowners, who are tied by government regulations to costlier and more efficient specifications—are made available in the "open market" to foreign owners and operators who, in the years between the two world wars, nearly ran the British Merchant Marine off the high seas with ships scrapped by Britain and the Commonwealth as unsuitable or unsafe, and with cast-off war material belonging to the United States. The danger's still there!"

'But all genuine seafaring men know it is!' the Chief protested. 'The real root of the trouble is that the peoples of democratic countries don't know...'

And that is the reason why, when the freighter made port in Britain, I set on record this mid-Atlantic conversation.

# WHERE ARE THE HEADLINES OF YESTERYFAR?

#### COLIN WINTLE

'DRINKS for husband of woman sentenced to death, 2s. 6d.'; 'Sir Austen Chamberlain, taxi, 2s.'; 'Attempt on King's life, late supper, 3s. 6d.'; 'Fred Astaire, taxi to Claridge's and drinks, 8s. 6d.'; 'Northants nudists, car, 25s.'; 'hospi-

tality in village inn, 7s. 6d.

To a stranger these items may seem like the synopsis of the kind of nightmare which beset Gilbert's Lord Chancellor in Iolanthe. They are, in fact, sentences taken at random from a tiny diary-no bigger than a packet of book-matches —which holds between its scarlet morocco covers a skeleton account of many of the trivial events, and most of the important ones, during 1936. For ten long, dramatic years the diary has lain undramatically at the back of my collar-drawer, tucked away snugly between a twenty-years' old calf-love letter and a box of trout flies. In its pages are a journalist's cryptic jottings (the diary was kept chiefly for the practical purpose of recording expenses) which are enough to stir the memory to answer the question: 'Where are the headlines of yesteryear?'

The epoch-making and the ephemeral are perpetual bedfellows in a daily newspaper. What did happen in 1936? Constitutionally, it was a tremendous year, in which 'this Royal Throne of Kings' experienced the reign of no fewer than three of them. Other events, too, will reach the history books (perhaps Germany's repudiation of the Locarno Treaty has slipped your mind?), but side by side with them in my little diary are the one-day wonders which persistent journalists unearth so that an inquisitive public can enjoy vicarious circuses with its breakfast bread.

The year began with Thames floods, and a gale on 9 January took the diary to Hampstead Heath district where, unobligingly, no real damage was found. An item about a taxi driver receiving a large legacy involved taking an eight-shilling taxi in search of the lucky legatee, returning to Fleet Street via a French restaurant off Charing Cross Road, and there fortified by a delightful fivecourse dinner for half-a-crown. Five days later the diary was investigating the suicide of a man in a motor car near Oxford ('payment to man who found body, 5s.; ditto to his brother, 2s. 6d.'), and it was not until Sunday, 19 January, that a page of history began with the words, 'Day off, but

called to office. King believed dying.' That day I remained in the office and wrote a couple of short pieces about the more personal aspects of His Majesty's life.

Next day the King died, just before midnight, and the diary prosaically records that 3s. 6d. was chargeable for a late supper. I was on duty in the evening, and got home at six next morning. In the hours between there was the sombre drama of the repeated broadcast bulletin ("...the King's life is drawing peacefully towards its close'), relieved at times by the purely professional anxiety of keeping open telephone communication with colleagues at Dersingham, near the Norfolk home of the 'Squire of Sandringham'. In the days which followed, up to the funeral on the 28th, the diary recorded various tours in Central London, for example: 'Waited outside Buckingham Palace from 8.40 to 11.55 p.m.; saw King, the Yorks and the Kents. Taxi 4s., phones 6d.'; and, on another day: 'Complete tour of funeral route for stories of all-night queue-ists, taxi 22s. 6d., phones, 10d.

History gave place to sordid triviality for a time after the burial at Windsor. On the very day after the funeral my diary and I found ourselves waiting for half-an-hour on the corner of Oxford Street and Orchard Street, having called too early at the house of a woman I had to interview, and not having been invited by the manservant to wait inside pending the return of his mistress. From a barrow on the corner I bought some roasted chestnuts and retreated out of the cold wind to eat them in the shelter of a doorway. A lovely young girl darted across the road and helped herself to one of my chestnuts with the words: 'May I: Thanks awfully! I'm Pauline.' It was several chestnuts later before I fully realised that she was no mere enthusiastic amateur out for a lark-there was none of the 'dearie' and tarnished glamour about her as she champed chestnuts and chatted away like an excited schoolgirl. Then she explained, with an eager fluency and frank charm which seemed to invite from me an attitude of avuncular approval, that she had had a wonderful time in the past week as there were so many provincial visitors in London 'for the funeral' with ample means and generous hearts. She had earned  $f_{43}$  from them, and what



1936: A colleague gives IROISKY the 'low-down' in Mexico. He was to be murdered there in 1940

with that, and £200 in the Savings Bank, £45 worth of furniture already bought and in store, and the option of a nice little flat—'quite central'—secured, she didn't care if she did no more business that week. Anyway, she had enough now to marry her fiancé and have a month's honeymoon in Torquay.

It was on 6 February that the diary mentions the expenditure of 2s. 6d. on the man who received the inadequate solace of a brandy-anddry-ginger from me a few minutes after his wife had been told by an Old Bailey judge that she would be hanged by the neck until she was dead. The husband will remember that day all his life: I can remember nothing about it except the diary entry, but Aimée McPherson, the next entry, may still be remembered by some. On 11 February, I spoke to her by 'phone from Fleet Street. She was in Los Angeles, and the story was that one of her girl 'angels' had sued her for assault. I got through and heard a bedlam of noiseequalled only by the cacophony of voices when, later in the year, I 'phoned Trotsky, in exile in Oslo, because he was supposed to be planning a coup to overthrow Stalin and seize government in Russia. I cannot imagine why the news editor supposed Trotsky would confide his plans to a newspaper. At all events, about five Russians, including Trotsky, came to the phone: they argued among themselves into my unwilling ear, occasionally interjecting 'pardon, yes-pliss; par-



AIMÉE MOPHERSON, like David, in the lion's den. She died in 1944

don, no-pliss', then lapsing again into Russian. The same day I telephoned P. G. Wodehouse at Le Touquet, by way of a rest cure.

A few weeks later—8 March—I went to a hotel near Victoria Station to find Sir Austen Chamberlain and ask him to comment on the international situation. The diary and I were back again among the events which affect the course of history, for the situation was that, less than three years after Germany withdrew from the League of Nations, Hitler had just repudiated the Locarno Treaty which had been negotiated by Briand, Stresemann and Sir Austen. The 'architect of Locarno' was there, monocle and all, in the hotel lounge. There was, he told me, no comment he could usefully make 'at this juncture'. (I do not remember whether a colleague was sent down to Westerham the same evening to see Mr. Churchill: probably not, for he was not then in fashion as an authority on Germany.) From the august presence of the commoner who became a Knight of the Garter on his return from Locarno, the diary and I finished the month on a less exalted note, thus: Visit to St. Neots for Quads' first outing; to the Savoy to talk to Flandin's daughter; to Oxford to see a vicar whose father is his curate; to a third-floor-back in Paddington to hear the story of a Mrs. G. who stole to feed her child (payment to Mrs. G., £2); to Islington to see an 'old lag' with fifty-one prison convictions ' who had been put on probation instead of being

sent back to prison after his fifty-second offence; and to the 'Swan' at Bedford to dine with a young explorer back from the Amazon while he told me how he had failed in his search for Captain Fawcett and a specimen of the hairy tapir.

Freddie Bartholomew was reaping fame and fortune in U.S.A., and in April his mother left for the States as there was some family dispute about the famous child. A rival journalist smuggled the lady on to the train at Waterloo and kept her in a sort of purdah all the way to Southampton, as he wanted to keep her story exclusive. Eventually I had a word with her-but only at the last minute, in her cabin on the Europa, with bugles blowing to warn visitors to get back to the tender. On the boat-train to the coast, however, I made two friends: Jeff Dickson, fight promoter and amateur photographer, who 'shot' Freddie's mother as she went aboard the liner, then sportingly thrust his roll of film into my pocket; and Mr. Jantzen, of bathing costume fame. When I twitted him about the slickness of getting motorists to publicise his costumes free by merely giving away those streamlined divinggirl transfers for the rear windows of cars, he said his firm made a handsome profit selling the divinggirls to motorists. 'They like the sex-appeal, said Mr. Jantzen, with touching simplicity.

Distressed areas; surrealism; the 'Budget leakage'; the extraordinary argosy of the Girl Pat; a 'Back to Nature' colony of earnest intellectuals who hated being dubbed 'nudists'; a numismatic congress; and the maiden voyage of the Queen Mary are items which figure in the little red diary during the middle part of the year. And in the papers on 22 May, a few hours after the diary said I had failed to get confirmation of a 'war food story', we read: 'Britain is to have a potential Food Dictator in readiness for time of war. He is Sir William Beveridge, Director of the London School of Economics . . . '; and a few days before that, Mr. Eden, replying to a question by Dr. Dalton about Abyssinia, admitted in Parliament that 'the League has failed.' That very week Haile Selassie, having escaped to Jerusalem, expressed the wish to live 'under the British flag'. At this time, in London, Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi was inviting reporters to the Embassy to see him wearing a 'milk suit'-publicity for a new Italian textile process using compressed milk.

King Edward VIII attended a military ceremony in Hyde Park on 16 July, and when riding back to the Palace a pistol was hurled towards him on Constitution Hill, clattering to the ground near his horse's hoofs. My diary reminded me to charge 3s. 6d. for late supper, and I took a series of taxis all over London until, at 2 a.m., I found the Special Constable who (according to the early editions of a rival paper) had saved the King's life. It was just the usual mad search for a 'hero', so beloved by newspapers when they cannot go one better and find a 'heroine'.

The diary's trivia of the autumn concerns many sordid little stories, occasionally relieved by such absurd capers as rushing off to Berkshire to get a story about a man and a girl who had set the district agog by bathing in the Thames 'unclad'. (Even the most prurient of newspapers shirk the straightforward and respectable word 'naked'.) It was not until December that the unimportant again made way for the epoch-making. 'Cat Show, fares, 8d.' appears for 2 December, followed by the words 'King crisis: stayed late.' The next morning I was called in at 6.50 by telephone. and for more than a week after that the diary and I were near Windsor, most of the time keeping vigil outside Fort Belvedere. Before leaving Fleet Street I had two eggs beaten up in milk, costing sixpence, as compensation against the possibility of returning late and lunchless: as it turned out, I was away for nine days and nights, never sleeping more than four hours at a stretch (keeping 'watches' with a colleague) and living almost exclusively on a diet of bacon and eggs. Day and night one of us was in a car-warmed up at intervals-near 'the Fort'. The field headquarters of most of the other journalists (and there were dozens of them, of various nationalities, for the first few days) was at the 'Wheatsheaf', Virginia Water, a mile away from my own little bacon-and-eggs rendezvous. The Americans talked; the Asiatics smiled through clenched teeth; the Europeans shrugged their shoulders and waved their hands—and the British stolidly drank beer and refused to be drawn into making constitutional speculations or giving partisan opinions. One of the younger reporters was a peer, and a youthful waitress was so overcome when she discovered that she had unwittingly been treating him with but the lesser measure of respect allotted to commoners, that she was heard to call an order through the buttery--- 'A Scotch-and-soda for a gentleman and a pint of beer for our lord.'

The Abdication already belongs to history, and to a chapter which none would wish to reread in detail barely a decade after the event. The diary, being primarily a memorandum of expenses, shows virgin pages for those days of crisis. Nothing is recorded until 13 December when, back in London, I was on the late turn of duty, from 8.30 p.m. until 2.30 a.m. The entry was confined to the two words: 'Dull evening'.

# IS IT HEREDITY OR ENVIRONMENT?

#### An Ape brought up as a Child!

#### J. S. BARWELL

LESS than a hundred years ago, every educated European would have accepted as self-evident the belief that the superior civilisation of the white race was due to their higher mental and moral endowments compared with the coloured peoples. Two thousand years before that the Romans as confidently assumed that they were innately superior to the Britons they conquered and ruled.

When, however, in the last century primitive races progressed from savagery and cannibalism to modern civilisation, this view of innate differences became very much suspect. In 1936, Darwin found the cannibal Maoris of New Zealand 'savage, filthily dirty and offensive'. In 1946, a descendant of these, a Professor of Anthropology at Yale, was knighted for his service to science, and still earlier, a Maori had acted as Prime Minister of New Zealand. Japan in a hundred years moved from barbaric feudalism to the status of a first-class power.

As a result of such happenings, psychologists and sociologists now place much more emphasis on social heredity—the customs, beliefs, tradition, techniques and language that the individual unconsciously absorbs from the society into which he is born. In fact, the pendulum has swung so far that some authorities now maintain that there are practically no hereditary differences in mental endowment of individuals of different races. Certainly the application of numerous kinds of mental tests has failed to prove any substantial racial differences.

One means of studying the relative importance of nature and nurture, of heredity and environment, would be to take a baby chimpanzee, the animal nearest humankind in the chemistry of the body, the nervous system, and in the structure of the brain, and to bring it up in the same environment as that of the human baby. Professor W. N. R. Kellogg, an American psychologist, and his wife tried this experiment in 1931-2. They procured a seven-and-a-half-month-old female chimpanzee, and for nine months reared it with their son, who was two and a half months older. The animal was fed with a bottle, clothed, bathed, fondled, and given careful human treatment in every phase of its daily existence. They decided it would be placed in a perambulator and wheeled. It was to be induced at the proper

time to walk upright as the human child is assisted in this process. It was to be taught to eat with a spoon as soon as it was able to feed itself. Throughout its upbringing its mistakes would be gently and persistently corrected as are the mistakes of a child. It would be made a thoroughly humanised member of the family of the experimenters, who would serve in the respective capacities of adopted 'father' and 'mother'. At no time was it to be treated as a pet and not a human being. Psychological tests were to be applied to both the ape and the child during the process of their development.

At the start of the experiment the ape was four inches shorter than the boy, and her weight ten pounds to the boy's nineteen. The ape's legs were shorter, but her arms were much longer. Her muscular and skeletonal development were comparable with those of a child twice her age. When she was twelve months old 'she possessed the learning and mental capacity of a year-old child, the agility of a four-year-old, and strength which in some ways probably surpassed that of an eight-year-old.' In spite of her superior strength, she was never known to employ it except when she was afraid, and then only in the attempt to escape from the special object of fear towards the protection of those who cared for her.

The ape was much more active than the child, but there was less variation in the expenditure of her energy. The child was prone to spurts of violent movement, followed by periods of relative quiet. The ape was not. Fatigue in the boy was indicated by his increased irritability before being put to bed; when the ape was tired she merely lay down on the floor or crept into the lap of her foster parents. Also, compared with the child, she seemed to recover from her exhaustion with astonishing quickness. She was more inclined to sleep after each meal or when there was nothing to stimulate her. She regularly went to sleep when taken for a car ride until she was old enough to stand up and stare at the passing objects seen through the window; inaction tended to induce in her boredom and sleep. The ape was deficient in finer muscular co-ordinated finger movements. She could pick up a small object on the floor more easily with her lips than with her hands. When she could walk only on all fours, her method of carrying anything was in her mouth. Later she would often pick up with her lips what she could not grasp with her fingers, and then transfer it to her hand. Her development to the human walk is interesting. At seven and a half months she could get about in rather an uncertain manner on all fours; at eight and a half months she increased the speed of her movements by a kind of trot; and at nine months she developed a gallop in which the two front limbs were advanced almost simultaneously, the two rear ones being then brought up. The next step was for her to hold on to each trouser leg of her male guardian, and, peeping between his legs, walk with him as he advanced. Soon she was able to walk erect by herself, and by the time she was a year old, the erect posture predominated in her locomotion. By her thirteenth month she could run and make a bipedal jump. Her stages in the development of a complete human walk then follow closely that of a normal child, except that in the ape the maturation was faster. The influence of social heredity, however, becomes obvious when we remember that, had she been reared in chimpanzee society, she would not have evolved the erect posture at all.

The play of the ape, too, was in many respects similar to that of a human child, and that was not through her boy companion setting the example, for, owing to her greater strength and earlier developed speed of locomotion, she was generally the leader.

Like a child, she delighted in dropping objects from her chair to have them handed back to her, and she played with her feet. She delighted in dragging a blanket or garment after her, moving usually in a wide circle and glancing back at the train with a playful smile. When the moisture of her breath condensed on the window pane, with

her index finger she made marks on it, comparable

with a child's early scribbling.

In bed she developed a kind of peep-bo play, alternately pulling the sheets over her head and then uncovering herself to look around. She liked being chased by the child or friendly adults, and when trapped behind some piece of furniture would peep out from behind the obstacle and peer at the pursuer. If he showed signs of pursuing, she would move quickly to the opposite corner and renew the game. 'This back and forth, corner to corner procedure came eventually to amount to a sort of peek-a-boo in which the pursuer was trying to surprise the pursued by catching her face to face while she was trying to prevent such a climax.' When the boy adopted such play, he would look from behind the piece of furniture with the exclamation 'Bah'! Exercise

and romping were almost continuous when the two were together, but as soon as either was distantly removed, the other would at once become quiet and relatively inactive.

In experiments on visual acuity it was found that the ape disliked strong illumination of any kind, and was superior to the child in perceiving movement and small things in motion. Like the child, she was fond of looking at picture books, particularly if the objects delineated were coloured or in round or symmetrical outline. She tried to pick up the objects depicted and put her lips to the picture of a type of biscuit of which she was fond. Her sense of hearing was extremely acute, particularly for weak or faint sounds. Her reaction to any startling stimuli-a noise, for instance-was much quicker than that of the child. She showed a stronger dislike of an unpleasant odour held before her nose than did the child. She employed olfactory stimuli for the identification of objects and individuals. During the first few months of her captivity she had become so much attached to the Professor that she showed signs of distress when he was out of her sight. If, however, he left her his coat or trousers, with the familiar scent, she would contentedly play with these or drag them around till his return.

It was found, too, that the child remembered words and commands much longer than the ape did, while the latter possessed a much better memory for movements. For example, in a controlled experiment to see how long they could remember the direction their companion had gone in order to find him, the child was accurate up to a delay of five minutes, but the ape was right seven times out of ten for an interval of half an hour. This predominance of kinæsthetic memory, incidentally, is the reason why animals so readily find their way about.

Numerous investigations have proved that the

baby's first fear reactions are produced by (1) lack of support and (2) a loud noise. Later there appears (3) a fear of the unusual or mysterious. The ape likewise expressed these fears. 'While more agile than the child, she was at the same time more cautious and seemed to avoid objects, even in her climbing, until she had become quite familiar with them. When we appear attired in a pair of blue trousers which the ape has never seen before, she avoids us meticulously, and cries as she does so. It then develops that she will come to us if we stoop over so that she can grasp us above the waistline, but that she will not touch the offending garment.' In the same way a young child will often become alarmed if its nurse or mother appear in unfamiliar garments.

The ape was more ticklish than the child, and delighted in being tickled by a famuliar person. At the age of eight months, during such play she developed a kind of unvocalised laugh, which a few months later became fully vocalised. She later produced the same type of laughter when swung in the air, and, still later, in the exciting moments of chasing play between her and the child.

The ape appeared to be more dependent than the child. She was uneasy unless within sight or call of some friend, guardian or protector. Whether indoors or without, she was never far from someone she knew. 'If left in the house with a stranger, she seemed, at least during the first several months, to be caught between the horns of a terrible dilemma. On the one hand she would not permit herself to be touched or to get too close to the unknown individual, and on the other hand she apparently did not dare to be left without his protection. The result was that if he should move from room to room she would tag along at a respectable distance, crying or "00-00ing" miserably as she went.' Her strong affection for her 'father', the Professor, would make her attack her lesser friends if he pretended to do so, or if they feigned an attack on him.

Once, at fourteen months, when her 'father' had placed her on a small chair, telling her to 'stay there' while he was writing some distance away, she whimpered to be near him. She made several tentative beginnings to come down from the chair but each time he checked her she moved back. At last she got down, moved the chair near him and sat on it, thus both obeying his command and gaining her wish to be near him—surely a

sign of intelligence!

Though common belief regards monkeys as very imitative, this ape exhibited very little imitative behaviour compared with the boy, who mimicked his father's walk as well as that of the ape, her mannerisms and barks. Though she possessed all the physiological apparatus for so doing, the ape could not be persuaded to attempt human vocalisation of any kind. Attempts were made to teach her to do so, but they were a complete failure. This, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that the ape's memory for words as signs was much less developed than that of the child, and that she possessed less power of concentration. The boy, too, showed far more curiosity in examining and manipulating his toys.

What has been learned from the experiment: The basic emotions of the ape and the child were not fundamentally different, and both were



Reactions to blocks are similar. Each examines, throws, and puts in mouth. Differences only appear in later months

capable of reasoning in suitable circumstances. Social heredity triumphed sometimes, notably in the ape's adoption of the erect posture, but at other times, particularly in the matter of speech development, it was powerless. We must remember, also, that had they been kept together for a few years instead of months, the difference between the mental capacities of the two would have increased. The ape in maturity would have had the mentality of a child of about four years, while the boy would have developed that of a normal adult. Though the instinctive endowments of both were to a great extent pliable and adaptable to the environment, the child's greater curiosity and urge to experimentation meant that, by selection, he could make his own environment to a much greater extent than the ape.

There are obvious obstacles to reversing the experiment—bringing up a human baby in a chimpanzee society—but nature has provided us with something analogous. Although we are sceptical of the Romulus and Remus legend, there exist a number of authentic cases of children having been adopted by wolves. All modern examples come from India, where wolf dens are still commonly found on the outskirts of villages. If a baby seized and carried to a wolves' den snuggled against a she-wolf, she would allow it to suck, and once, by contact, it had acquired the right smell, it would be accepted as a cub. Further, unlike most carnivorous animals, the wolf possesses a smooth tongue which, in licking a child, would not rasp its skin.

### SCIENCE DOUBLE SPREAD

This new series, unlike much 'Popular Science', does not repeat the false assumption that Science is magical or miraculous. But it shows the effects of the latest developments upon everyday life

#### (1) IMPLICATIONS OF THE ATOM BOMB

DR. E. H. S. BURHOP, physicist, a member of the British team working on the Atomic energy project in America

THE atomic bomb is not just a super block-buster. It is something incomparably more destructive than any previously conceived weapon. One bomb, weighing—it has been authoritatively stated—between twenty and sixty pounds, caused 300,000 casualties in Hiroshima, 90,000 being fatal. Six months after the explosion, 14,000 bodies had not been found. The Report, recently issued by the British Commission, that investigated the atomic bomb damage in Japan, estimated that on a British city a bomb like that dropped on Nagasaki would probably kill about 50,000. And it is almost certain that bigger and more destructive bombs will be developed.

We can now reconstruct what happened in Hiroshima when the bomb exploded. The initial blast wave lasted a fraction of a second, and was followed by a great wind, a super-hurricane in fact, with air velocities between 500 and 1,000 miles an hour, blowing out from the centre of the explosion and lasting for about a second. These blast effects demolished brick and wooden buildings out to nearly half a mile, and damaged them beyond repair out to about a mile. Wellconstructed steel frame buildings more than a quarter of a mile from the centre of the explosion remained standing, but the blast wind swept through their interior, hurling the furniture about and causing many casualties to people inside as far as a mile from the centre.

People caught in the open air within several hundred yards of the bomb were charred black. Further away, their clothing caught fire, while more than a mile away severe sunburn resulted.

Most people caught inside buildings within half a mile were killed by falling débris, but those who escaped death in this way died later. They died a terrible lingering death from the effects of gamma rays (like those given off by radium, but much more intense) which were emitted at the time of the bomb explosion. Many of these appeared uninjured at first. But the gamma rays, unseen, had penetrated their flesh and bone. Their blood lost the power of coagulating. It oozed through the unbroken skin and into the cavities of their bodies. The white corpuscles that fight infection had been destroyed,

so that minor scratches became fatally infected. We could continue for a long time describing the horrors of atomic bombardment, but in this article we want rather to examine how the bomb

#### IS THERE NO DEFENCE?

affects ourselves and our future.

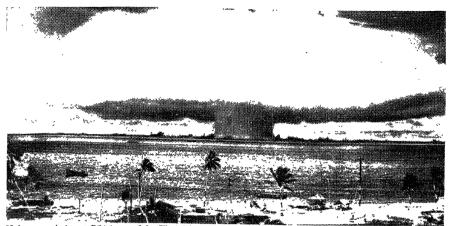
It can be stated quite categorically that there is no specific defence against an atomic bomb and none is likely. In this respect atomic bombs are in precisely the same position as ordinary bombs. If they are delivered by aeroplane a certain number may be shot down before reaching their objective, but many will get through. If they are sent over large distances by radio-controlled rockets, the accuracy of such rocket fire may not be great, but many will reach their targets.

Alternatively, they may be brought into a country and planted secretly by enemy agents. Their small size makes this a practicable method, but it is probably more suited to the individual and specific act of sabotage than to the large-scale decisive atomic attack.

There is, however, one important means of passive defence available to a country threatened by an atomic war—dispersal of towns and industries. We have seen that the casualties produced by a single bomb run into several hundred thousands. If, however, the industrial effort of a nation is carried on by a large number of small communities, each containing not more than 40,000 or 50,000 people, a great part of the potential destructive effect of a bomb falling on such a town will be wasted.

The possibility of alleviating the effects of atomic bombardment by means of dispersion implies that, of all major powers, that best placed to survive an atomic war is the Soviet Union, since it has the largest territory over which to disperse, and has, in fact, already carried out a considerable dispersion of industry owing to the wartime necessity of the evacuation of a large part of industry of its western regions to Siberia. Furthermore, in rebuilding the industry of its war-damaged areas, the principle of the small industrial town could well be applied.

On the other hand, on account of the great



Under-sea explosion at Bikini on 25 July. The 'Arkansas' was sunk. Was it carried up the spout (centre of picture), and plunged back?

concentration of population and industries in cities, and the limited area available for dispersal. Great Britain is the most vulnerable of all the great powers to an atomic attack. Probably about one hundred bombs accurately placed could cripple British industry, destroy her transport system, and kill or seriously injure about half her population. There seems little to prevent quite a number of other nations building up a stock-pile of atomic bombs of about this size. There are no very deep secrets remaining about its manufacture. The scale of the industrial effort required is large, but by no means out of the question. The necessary raw materials are scattered all over the world and are unlikely to be cornered by any one power or group of powers. In an atomic war there is a tremendous advantage to be gained by getting in the first blow. Never before have the odds been so weighted in favour of the offence. Never has the defence been at such a disadvantage. The advantage in favour of the aggressor may well appear so great that an otherwise peace-loving nation may be driven to attack its supposed enemy with atomic weapons in order to forestall its own destruction. Under these conditions it is clear that we cannot allow an armaments race in atomic weapons to develop.

There has been a great deal of confusion about the place of the atom bomb in relation to UNO. Many people take the view that the atom bomb is an ideal police weapon for use by the United Nations against a disturber of the peace. But the atom bomb is essentially a weapon of mass terror for use primarily against the civilian population. How could UNO in the name of international morality use, as a means of dealing

with an erring government, a weapon whose chief function will be the mass destruction of the people of the country that has offended: Action envisaged under the United Nations Charter can be carried out much more effectively using more normal weapons directed against the armed forces and government of the offending country.

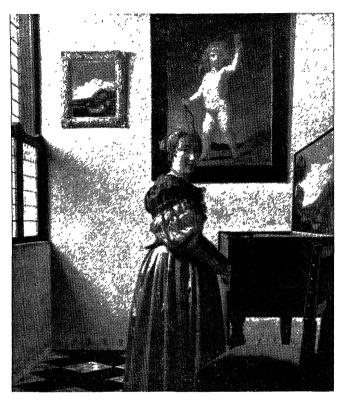
The truth is that the atom bomb is a weapon ideally suited for the use of the few against the many. It is the weapon par excellence of the coup d'état. It seems possible that a few hundred men in control of the production plants and stock-piles of atom bombs could, by sheer threat of terror, dominate a whole country. The production of the material from which it is made must be brought under international control. It is clear that the atom bombis an instrument of aggression. It has no place in the armoury of any peace-loving nation, nor in that of UNO. If the dangerous drift in international relations is to be halted, the nations must agree to outlaw the atom bomb. Existing stocks must be destroyed. Great difficulties stand in the way of bringing into force an effective international control system of atomic energy. But the consequences of failure to agree to international control are also great—nothing less, in fact, than the elimination of civilised man from the world.

The Atomic Energy Commission of UNO is at present discussing proposals for the international control of atomic energy and the outlawing of atomic weapons. The difference in point of view between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. still remains considerable, but the task of reconciling these points of view should not be beyond the powers of true world statesmanship.

### CONTRASTS & COMPARISONS

#### NUMBER NINE

QUALITY IN ART.



JAN VERMEER (1632-1675)

Lady Standing at the Virginals

(By courtesy of the National Gallery)

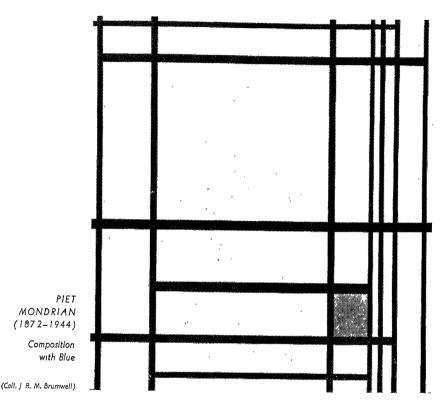
JAN VERMEER, the most exquisite of the genre painters of the Dutch School, was born in Delft in 1632. Here, living in comparative obscurity, he spent the whole of his life, the uneventfulness of which is reflected not only in the quietness of the domestic interiors and street scenes which he elected to paint, but also in the serene and unhurried manner of his approach. Yet, contrary to what one would suppose, it is probable that it was owing to its very 'inevitability' that his work was accepted without comment and remained unknown until the middle of the nineteenth century when its essential quality was recognised for the first time. For, unremarkable though his choice of subject may be, his method of handling is unique, as may be seen in the precision of his spacing, the harmony of his colour, the luminosity

of his textures and the atmosphere of air and light by which his figures are surroundedvirtues which betoken a painter of singular perfection and consummate skill. Thus, in this example, the effect of sunlight by which the room is suffused, the subtlety of the shadows, the 'felt' distance between the wall (with its typical blue Delft skirting tiles), and the lady at the virginals, and that again between the folds of her white satin dress and the blue-seated chair in the foreground, are realised with 'a rightness of artistic perception' which confirms the observation of a French critic that, without that element which he designates as probity, that is to say, without an almost ethical appreciation of values, the art of the genre painters of the Dutch School would be meaningless.

# BETWEEN OLD & NEW MASTERS

A STUDY IN ABSTRACTION

E. H. RAMSDEN



AT first sight it might seem that, in his renunciation of all figurative form, Piet Mondrian, the most celebrated Dutch painter of modern times, had abrogated, also, precisely those principles which have hitherto sufficed to make the art of Holland memorable. To proceed on this assumption, would however, betray a wholly superficial acquaintance with his work, which on closer study is seen not only to belong incontrovertibly to the same tradition as that of his predecessors (despite the fact that he spent the greater part of his working life in Paris), but also to carry those principles to their logical and ultimate conclusion. Since, as already stated, it is not so much the matter as the manner of his achievement that is fundamental to the art of Vermeer-his sense of

space, his eye for colour and his understanding of the inter-relationships of form, faculties which must finally be recognised as purely abstract in their implication. When, therefore, as one of the leaders of the Stijl movement which was founded in Holland in 1917, Mondrian abandoned every form but the black rectangle on a white ground, and every colour but the three primaries-red, yellow and blue-he still retained the means of expressing every variation relevant to his purpose, namely, the creation of dynamic equilibrium through a use of pure plastics alone, while at the same time preserving in its most austere and absolute form that integrity upon which the significance of the art of the Dutch masters depends.



#### THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT

YESTERDAY, Mr. McKinley was elected President of the United States after the greatest poll ever taken in the history of the world. The full details of the polling have not yet come to hand, but sufficient is known to make it clear that McKinley has been elected, and that by a smashing majority.

The millionaires have triumphed with a vengeance, and they have done so because they used the machine to manipulate the million-headed electorate. Money and organisation, however, by themselves might have failed to secure the overwhelming victory which has rewarded the efforts of the Republicans. The real secret of their overwhelming poll must be sought in the deeply ingrained Conservatism of the American people, their constitutional disinclination to venture into new paths, the effective methods by which the inherent absurdity and material risks of the free silver scheme were brought home to the common sense of the people, and lastly, to the moral enthusiasm which was roused by an appeal to the sentiment of national unity and of common honesty. If Bryan's platform had been as good in every plank as were the best of its proposals, he would still have been defeated, although not by so overwhelming a majority. As it was, all the excellent and liberal proposals which he advocated were hopelessly handicapped by their association with the demand which could be plausibly represented as a repudiation of fifty per cent of all debts.

#### A NETWORK OF ALLIANCES

It is curious to notice how many agreements, secret and otherwise, either exist or have existed quite recently in Europe. To begin with, there is the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy. There is the Franco-Russian Alliance. There is an Italian-Russian treaty. Then there was until 1890 a secret agreement between Russia and Germany, by which each agreed to observe reciprocal neutrality in case they were attacked by any other Power. There is besides these the Anglo-Turkish Convention, by virtue of which, as long as we continue in occupation of Cyprus, we are bound to defend the Sultan against any Russian attack upon his eastern frontier. There is

also an old treaty between England, Austria and France, entered into on the eve of the Crimean War, guaranteeing the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

#### LORD ROSEBERY'S DELIVERANCE

It is the existence of such agreements, together with a mass of other understandings, not yet revealed even by the indiscretions of Friedrichsruh, which led Lord Rosebery to speak as strongly as he did at Edinburgh, in opposition to the proposal that England should, single-handed, endeavour to force the Dardanelles and coerce the Sultan.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S POLICY

LORD ROSEBERY'S speech was described by the Daily Chronicle with a licentiousness of misrepresentation happily rare in the English press, as an attack on Mr. Gladstone. The description was so monstrous, that in order to give it any colour, the report of the Chronicle's own representative at Edinburgh was mutilated so as to make his description accord with the editorial calumny. His speech was in no sense an attack upon Mr. Gladstone, but it was a very effective demolition of Mr. Gladstone's policy.

The fact is, Mr. Gladstone's policy on the Eastern Question has been useful and right in so far as it has helped to bring this country into line with Russia. The moment Mr. Gladstone's policy tended to antagonise England and Russia, it became powerless for good, and Lord Rosebery performed a public service by setting forth with unexampled vigour and emphasis the perils to which Mr. Gladstone's policy would have exposed us.



[Rosebery cannot stand Gladstone's anti-Turkish policy on behalf of the Americans] Kladderadatsch

#### LEWIS MUMFORD'S

# THE CONDITION OF MAN

# REVIEWED BY HUNTER DIACK

THERE was a time when life had a certain simplicity which we can now only envy. People did things because they wanted to do them, because they had to do them, or because they were the right things to do. They had little doubt about what were the right things to do—if they had any doubts at all, moral interpreters, from Moses to the parish priest, were ready with the answer. Perhaps that simplicity was more apparent than real; but at any rate men and women of pre-Freudian days had the advantage of living in a world where the subconscious really was subconscious, and no one was troubled by the thought that his emotions and actions were determined, not as he thought by his reason, but by a primitive subliminal force inside him.

It is one of Mr. Lewis Mumford's achievements to have endowed the past with a sub-conscious mind—with an ego, a super-ego, a sense of guilt, and all those other mental and emotional attributes which make life so complicated.

The technique of psycho-analysis in the individual life is to unbury the past and so dissipate destructive, subliminal tensions. Mr. Mumford thinks that the same principle applies to human communities. 'People whose course of life has reached a crisis,' he writes, 'must confront their collective past as fully as a neurotic patient must unbury his personal life: long-forgotten traumas in history may have a disastrous effect upon millions who are unaware of them.'

There is no way of finding out whether this analogy between individual and social psycho-



LEWIS MUMFORD, born 1895, wrote The Culture of Cities in 1938. An American, he is a stern critic of the American Way of Life. Has just written Programme for Survival

analysis is a true one. Indeed, the basic assumptions of psycho-analysis are themselves not necessarily true in any kind of absolute sense; the most one can say about them is that very often the technique based upon them works. But Mr. Mumford's hypothesis demands a very high degree of insight, an extraordinary persistence of intellectual effort, a sense of responsibility for things remote from the person, and a great breadth of imaginative conception; and it demands the existence of these qualities on a very widespread scale. But there is little evidence that those conditions can be satisfied within any reasonable space of time. So, while The Condition of Man excites us by the vastness of the spiritual and intellectual panorama which it unfolds, it also somewhat depresses us by its demonstration of the complexity of life and of the persistence of those forces which prevent the full integration of human personalities.

Although this volume has been described as a history of western civilisation, it is as different from an orthodox history book as Wells's Outline of History was from the history books of his day. Wells's Outline was the logical result of the acceptance of the theory of evolution, and The Condition of Man bears a similar relationship to the theories of Freud. Both Wells and Mumford are highly critical of orthodox history: Wells because of its emphasis on nations and on

events and personalities of little social significance; Mumford because of its superficiality. 'So far from being overwhelmed by the accumulations of history, he writes, 'the fact is that mankind has never consciously carried enough of its past along with it. Hence a tendency to stereotype a few sorry moments of the past instead of perpetually re-thinking it, re-valuating it, and reliving it in the mind. It is only by this act of deliberately recapturing the past that one can escape its unconscious influence.' He is interested not in the national and international framework which occupied so much of Wells's attention, but in the development of the human personality within the changing framework of western civilisation.

A civilisation is to be judged not by its Boulder Dams or its Gloster Meteors, but by its human beings, and the test of the social structure is not its efficiency in producing material wealth, but the extent to which it allows the full development of human personalities. Mr. Mumford uses the phrase 'the organic person' to indicate the kind of human being who may properly be called civilised and upon whom indeed, in his view, civilisation itself ultimately depends. The 'organic person' is one who is fully integrated and well balanced. He not only reacts as a complete person to every part of his environment, but acts upon his environment with an inner dynamic force. No one part of his mind is shut off from the other. At every moment of his life the whole of his personality is in play, or at least at ready call. He sees life not as a compartmented affair but as a unified whole. Reason, perception, imagination and emotion work in balance and harmony, freely spontaneous.

Such a full integration of the personality is seldom met with. Indeed, Mr. Mumford almost goes so far as to say it has happened only once in human history, in the case of his hero, Patrick Geddes. But this is surely staking a very large claim. Of all the personalities of the past one can explore only those who have in one way or another made their mark in history, and it is not at all certain that the fully integrated and well-balanced man is the kind of man who does make his mark upon history. Europe today is only too well aware of the melancholy truth that the ill-balanced personality is more likely than his opposite to impose his will and his particular view of things upon his fellow-men.

Examining the causes which led to the fall of previous civilisations, Mr. Mumford makes it clear that in his view the essential cause has always been a neglect in one way or another of the human personality. Even Greek civilisation in

which there was 'an organic sense of the person' was founded upon slavery, and this meant that for a large section of the community there was no opportunity for a free development of the personality. To an even greater extent Roman civilisation was founded on slavery, and the Romans themselves were enslaved by their huge imperial machine. Christ asserted the absolute importance of human personality; but this essential part of his teaching was lost when the Church became so highly organised that political power was regarded as more sacred than the human individual.

Out of the organisation of the Church, too. developed modern capitalism which, with its emphasis on great accumulations of material wealth, is an even greater enemy of the full development of personality. The first capitalists were in the great monasteries of the Middle Ages. The Church became more interested in worldly wealth than in spiritual power; and the capitalist personality which developed was the very antithesis of the early Christian who sought to love his neighbour as himself. The other doctrines of meekness and humility served not to dethrone the mighty but to bind in chains

a growing proletariat.

Protestantism, he believes, came originally as a revolt against the dominance of money and power; but it is one of the ironies of history that those who successfully rebel very often become guilty of the crimes they have rebelled against. The Protestant saw moral good in the pursuit of humble, necessary tasks; drudgery was a valuable modification of the flesh, but it also brought material profits. Those who rebelled against Mammon ended up in the worship of him. Jacob Fugger II, who left a monastery to attend to his business enterprises, has his counterpart in the strictly Protestant John D. Rockefeller I. Along with the development of capitalism came the gradual mechanisation of life. There were revolts against the encroachments of the machine. Tintoretto and Michelangelo, Rabelais and Shakespeare, Montaigne and Rubens are some of the names associated with the first great 'insurgence of life'. Rousseau, according to Mr. Mumford, is the greatest figure of the later

But the progress of the machine continued, and with the increasing mechanisation of life came cultural death, or at the very least disease. In Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain, which has a sanatorium for its setting, Mr. Mumford finds a symbol of the twentieth century . . . 'disease has counterfeited life: disease has reorganised science, art, love for its own purposes;

and death has now become the main goal of our living, lovingly circumvented, profitably elaborated, but no less inexorably perverting every hour of life. War alone can bring awakening; can renew the sense of self-direction and responsibility that a healthy personality always carries with it. . . . Here, then, is the modern world, with its over-charges of empty stimuli, its perpetual miscarriage of technique, its materialistic repletion, its costly ritual of conspicuous waste, its highly organised purposelessness; here is a veritable clinical picture of the cultural disease from which the world suffers.'

In the midst of all this barbarism and dissolution, Mr. Mumford turns to one man as the symbol of regeneration, a man obscure in his lifetime, hardly better known today, a dozen years after his death, but one 'who incarnated the organic and made an orderly constellation of its vitalities.' This is Patrick Geddes, the Scottish biologist, who spent a lifetime spreading the gospel that towns, cities, and regions should be planned in such a way that the external environment should have an integrating influence upon the individual. Mr. Mumford goes so far as to say that in the personality of Geddes a new mutation of the human being appeared; that he was the type of man upon whom the future of civilisation depends.

There are many people who find Mr. Mumford's style irritating. He has a preference for a

number of words which only Patrick Geddes and he use in that particular way. There is a curious mixture of erudition and a kind of jargon which is current in American academic circles. He is not incapable of forgetting that truth may slip through the two halves of an analogy. He is inclined to bend history a little so as to bring it in line with his theories. Often an assertion seems to fall upon a page out of thin air. But with all these faults, because of the weight it brings to a new assertion of the absolute importance of human personality, this book seems to me to be one of the most significant of recent years.

The question of historical truth is not of much concern nowadays. Any interpretation of the past is at best only a rough approximation to the truth. The test of the book is whether its study enriches the present or gives guidance for the future. We may be approaching the end of the mind's tether, and if we are to look anywhere for guidance, it is to the past we must turn-for there is nowhere else: the future does not exist and the present is already past. Whether Mr. Mumford's interpretation of the past will be of importance to the future depends on the extent to which his ideas are incorporated in the general fabric of thought. That process took place with Wells, and, despite his limitations of style, Mr. Mumford, it seems to me, is also one of the prophets.

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

### THE MAHAVAMSA

#### REVIEWED BY BRUCE BAIN

PALI is not, as yet, on the Berlitz programme, and the great Pali scriptures are known, in the original, to a few scholars only, but unnecessary scruples on the validity of translations should not deter the Western reader from explorations which will bring rich rewards. It is true that Cary is no substitute for Dante; that Scott-Moncrieff's skill cannot recreate Proust, and that Goethe anglicised is Goethe pruned of greatness, but we cannot afford to learn Pali, nor can we yet afford to ignore such monuments of human experience as the Upanishads. Reading the translations of scholars of integrity such as Rhys

<sup>1</sup> Translated and edited by Dr. W. Geiger. Humphrey Milford, published for the Pali Text Society, 1934.

Davies, a new field of imagination is opened for us, and among these works, unknown to English readers but deserving a wider audience, is *The Mahavamsa*, or Great Chronicle, the sixth-century record of Sinhalese history.

The Mahavamsa describes with exuberant devotion the golden age of Sinhalese history. It pictures that great ecclesiastical civilisation of Ceylon, or Lanka as it is known by the inhabitants, which centred around the great city of Anuradhapura in the first centuries of the Christian era. Anuradhapura is now in ruins among the jungle; but two thousand years ago it was a city of five-and-a-half millions among richly fertile fields, a centre of Buddhism, rich

in palaces and gem-studded shrines. In The Maĥavamsa fable and fact are interwoven; myth and moral decorate the vivid narrative, which transcends history and yet lives fully beyond the fact in the spirit of the past. It is the testament of the foundation of a religion and of a society, and it is a triumphant statement. There is none of that twilit poetry that Nietzsche admired in Buddhism. Here, under the garish sun, past paddy-field and under palm-tree, in pomp and pageantry, pass the kings and queens, praising the Prince of the World and affirming life. Each chapter, it is true, closes conventionally with a ready moral, and recommends the fear of death and rejection of the world, but the princes of Lanka clasp the gilded shackles of reality, and the chronicler himself delights in the great palaces, the ivory thrones, the emeralds and the sapphires, the great feasts, the scents of lotus and jasmine. It is a record of pride, not of humility, full of living characters, not the stuffed puppets of proselytisers. Thus, although it is not a Sinhalese chronicle in the way that Holinshed, for instance, is an English chronicle, for its allegiances are broadly Buddhist rather than specifically Sinhalese, The Mahavamsa has played a considerable part in the rebirth of Sinhalese national feeling. The stories of the Vijaya kings are part of the curriculum in the schools of modern Lanka. They link the Sinhalese with the past, and give him, through the long interregnum and foreign conquest, a sense of continuity. The continuity, indeed, can be traced in the scene. In England we may gape at Stonehenge or Glastonbury: we look in vain for the Druids or Joseph's saved tree. In Lanka the bhikkhus in their yellow robes, shaven-headed, walk the streets as they have walked for over two thousand years, and still in Anuradhapura you may visit the great 'bo-tree', grown from a branch of that tree under which Gautama Buddha gained 'bodhi' (enlightenment) five hundred years before Christ. (The fascinating and miraculous story of the arrival of that branch, with the attendant wonders, is recorded in The Mahavamsa.) Moreover, though this is a fact which cannot here be illustrated, the states of mind as well as the stage properties remain.

The Mahavamsa was first translated in 1837 by George Turnour. Only two copies were known to exist, and the chronicle was greatly neglected, as were, indeed, Pali studies in general. Even at the end of the last century, when Dr. Geiger was preparing his edition, there were no copies in Sinhalese, and two texts in Burmese were sent from Mandalay. Dr. Geiger's translation is mercifully a literal one: we are spared Lights of

Asia, and Wardour Street verse! 'Compiled for the serene joy and emotion of the pious', as we are reminded in each chapter, The Mahavamsa covers a period of approximately seven hundred years, from the time of Gautama Buddha to A.D. 300. Pure religious devotion is mixed with casuistry and the Borgia-like pedigree of a royal line. Secular and sacred are indistinct, and we watch the gradual compromises of Buddhism, in pageantry and display, twined with ritual and myth, spreading through the Island of the Blessed. The story begins with Buddha's first (mythical) visit to Ceylon. One evening, after his evening meal, he set out 'to win Lanka for the faith', and shocked the Yakkhas, the supernatural inhabitants, with rain, storm and miracles. From that time we are deafened by thunder, shaken by earthquakes, cudgelled by miracles as the faith spreads, but the excess rarely bores, for the whole epic is pitched in a constant key of exaggeration infused by poetry, and withal is clarified with everyday detail. When a king goes out hunting, he has 40,000 retainers. Demons are converted in batches of 170,000; the power of the order must be backed with fact and super-fact. When the 'light of the world' was extinguished, that is, when Gautama Buddha died, 700,000 leading bhikkhus alone were present.

We follow the story through the Buddhist Councils, and the life of Asoka, the first Buddhist Emperor of India. 'A hundred glorious sons and one bad Bindusara; Asoka stood high above them all in valour, splendour, might and wondrous powers. He, when he had slain his ninetynine brothers born of different mothers, won the undivided sovereignty over all Jambodipa (i.e. India).' At his consecration all creation assisted. Parrots from the North brought daily 90,000 wagon-loads of rice, which mice converted into grains for the meals of Asoka and his family. 'Perpetually did honey-bees prepare honey for him, and in the forges bears swung the hammers.' When he was converted, he ordered the kings of the World to build a temple for each of the 84,000 sections of the dharma, or Buddhist law, and from 84,000 cities came news on the same day that the temples were finished. We learn to live in the dimension of miracle, until the supernatural blends with the natural, and the world becomes one magnificent possibility. There is grim humour, too, as in the story of the king who was a practical joker. One of his palace watchmen was almost his double, and to amuse himself, the king dressed him in his robes, and as a watchman roared with laughter to see his ministers honouring the impostor. This went on for some time, till one day the watchman on the throne said: 'Why does this guard laugh in my presence?' and had the real king executed. The story of the Sinhalese dynasty is rich in fantasy and sexual myth; sprung from the twin incestuous offspring of a lion and a royal princess, a line of parricides and murderers interrupted by saints and devout Buddhists. One of the most delightful tales is of the Tamil king Elara, who had a passion for justice. 'At the head of his bed he had a bell hung up, with a long rope, so that those who desired a judgment at night might ring it.' A cow woke him one night, 'dragging at the bell in bitterness of heart', for her calf had been killed

by a wheel of his son's chariot. The king accordingly had his son's head severed by the same wheel of his own chariot!

Quotation does scant justice to this work, in which there is such a vast wealth of piety, pageantry, and humour. It is a tale with the amplitude of the dreaming imagination, the consummations of a cosmic desire, a poetry of faith that kindles the rambling drama played to a universal audience. Here is painted the tapestry of an alien history, the exaltations of a great creed, the faith of a society that, like all healthy societies, was building.

### NEW BOOKS

#### ECONOMIC REBIRTH

By R. G. Hawtrey. Longmans Green. 5s. The author, whose previous books on banking and money have received much praise, here gives an analysis of our most urgent problems of economic and social reconstruction. He does so with skill and judgment. The sections on postwar priorities, on controls, on 'a forced loan', on prices and wages, on co-operation of workpeople and the subsidies to the cost of living deserve particular attention. One can heartily agree with the author's contention that an attempt to maintain the standard of living by increasing money wages would reduce the wealth-value of money, and leave real wages where they were. Where Mr. Hawtrey tries to arrive at his own specific recommendations, agreement must be modified. His opinions about controls are well justified, but one of his principal suggestions that a great part of the detailed controls could be superseded by a Government monopoly of the wholesale trade is unfortunate. Nationalisation may be realisable where an industry or trade no longer demands individuality, personal initiative and incentive. The wholesale trade is the last of that kind, and it is particularly surprising that Mr. Hawtrey has chosen an example of the textile wholesale trade to support his suggestion. It would be disastrous to replace in trades like this, by a staff of civil servants, the necessary flexibility and adaptability to difficult positions, which require the proper estimates of trade trends at home and abroad and a flair for fashion and consumers' demand. The author wishes to explain economic rebirth 'in straightforward language'. But brevity and freedom from 'economic technicality' may involve the danger of over-simplification, and the author in his otherwise excellent book has not altogether escaped this risk. HERMANN LEVY

#### THE OUTLOOK OF SCIENCE

By R. L. Worrall. Staples Press. 12s. 6d.

It would appear that the first printing of this work enjoyed a reception which has encouraged the publishers to produce a second edition but I suspect it is unlikely that it will do more than satiate the already satisfied. A new introduction has been written and the chapter on Modern Physics extended to cover changes since 1933, while the section on Space and Time has received a nod of approval from Professor Einstein himself.

To those fresh to the conflict between the ardent supporters of Dialectic Materialism and its opponents, much of this book, in spite of the well-selected quotations from eminent authorities, will remain dialectics indeed. It is perhaps unfortunate that the author is so bigoted in his political beliefs: the point is made more than once that for him there is only one system of Government under which 'Science will become deeply rooted in the masses and a secure defence of the peoples of the world . . . ' Undiscerning readers might think that the whole of his outlook was equally one-sided, which would be a pity; warnings regarding the political control of scientists should not be allowed to go unheeded.

Naturally the author is more at home in the passages dealing directly with the medical sciences—who would have a surgeon otherwise?—and the treatment throughout has, perhaps, a slightly physiological bias. This is not to say that the chapters devoted to physics are not extremely competent. There is a remarkable broadness of vision and the pages are here and there enlivened by a dusting of acid humour.

KENNETH G. MYER

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# **Palestine**

THROUGH THE FOG OF PROPAGANDA

bу

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If ever a country had its history written in its stones, it is Syria. Romantic and impressive ruins from all ages lie scattered in every quarter of the land, monumental relics of civilisations that have come and gone. Sub-titling his book An Historical Appreciation, Mr. Fedden has based his theme on these ruined cities and castles, relating them to their background and 'attempting to answer the questions which normally arise in the minds of the inquisitive traveller when faced with the ruins of places such as Ruad, Baalbeck, the Oasis of Resafa and the castles of the Crusaders.' It is not, therefore, to be approached as an all-embracing survey of a country which has been regarded from ancient times as a repository of the curious and strange (though I, for one, would welcome a further volume dealing more specifically with this tantalising aspect of Syria); nor is it just another 'travel book' (though the author did much journeying before he wrote it). But taken for what it is, an historical appreciation, it is a fascinating and useful piece of writing.

Beginning with the Phœnician coast, whose Tyre and Sidon must surely be two of the most familiar place-names in history (though many of us would be hard put to say much about their past), Mr. Fedden tackles his theme more or less chronologically, using the ruins of Baalbeck, Palmyra, Halibeyah, Resafa, Kalat Seman, Raqqa, Kasrel-Heir and others as eminences from which to survey the various civilisations—Græco-Roman, Byzantine, Umayyad, Turkish—of which they were once vital parts.

For me, the most interesting chapter is that dealing with the immense and solid forts raised by the Crusaders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: the description, in words and pictures, of Krak, 'perhaps the best preserved and most wholly admirable castle in the world' (T. E. Lawrence), leaves one with a profound sense of awe at the building achievements of those long-dead soldiers of the Cross.

Mr. Fedden deals mainly with the past; nevertheless from the book one can piece together a revealing picture of present-day Syria and its problems (though some of these have been resolved since he wrote). His remarks on the harm done by the separating from historical Syria of Palestine and Transjordan are very pertinent just now.

The book's value is enhanced by a number of very fine photographs.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

## WHAT CONGRESS AND GANDHI HAVE DONE TO THE UNTOUCHABLES

By Dr. Ambedkar. *Thacker*. Bombay. Rs. 12.8.

Many Indians are so obsessed with the minutiae of their domestic politics that it never occurs to them that others may not share this strange devotion. This makes them bad advocates. In presenting a case they tend to be verbose, repetitious, too ready to drag in all kinds of subsidiary matter. Take, for example, this work by Dr. Ambedkar, the well-known leader of the Untouchables. Nearly a quarter of its 400 pages is taken up by sixteen appendices, and, in the body of the work proper, so to speak, there is much too much quotation from wearisome official documents, private correspondence, and the rest.

This is a pity, as Dr. Ambedkar really has something to say—that the cause of the Untouchables has been side-tracked by Congress; in particular that it has been sabotaged by Gandhi, who so often poses as their heaven-sent champion.

If the reader has both the patience and the interest to sort it all out he will find that the author has a strong case. Since, however, he feels so deeply about the matter, it would have been better if he had written a real book instead of presenting us, as he has done here, with a mass of ill-arranged material and excruciating prose of the 'Excuse, please' Anglo-Indian variety. If the materials were properly used, some sense of proportion brought into play, the book cut down to at least half its present length, and some style attempted—we would have a notable addition to polemical literature.

It may be objected that a political writer in a hurry, dealing with a pressing social problem, has no need to employ literary artifice; no time to attempt 'fine writing' I vigorously disagree. I take it that a political writer seeks to bring round as many people as possible within a short period of time to a certain point of view, which point of view, when accepted, calls for a specific line of action. This means that the reader's interest must be sustained throughout: no dull passages; no side-issues dealt with at any great length—nothing at all, in fact, which does not reinforce or illustrate the main thesis.

If Dr. Ambedkar cannot find the time to rewrite his book, he should see to it that some devoted disciple does—preferably one who has heard of Cobbett or Robert Blatchford.



'I'll tell you one thing—Henry James wasn't worth a forty-seven-cent fine' NEW YORKER

#### FRENCH PERSONALITIES AND PROBLEMS By D. W. Brogan. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

It was, I believe, Arthur Koestler who coined the phrase 'the French 'flu'-in an essay denouncing the excessive francophilia of English intellectuals. He was, of course, justified in condemning that extravagant and uncritical worship of everything French, but he was too sweeping in his condemnation: it would extend, presumably, to men like Professor Brogan, who is undoubtedly addicted to the disease, admitting unashamedly to being one of those 'who, like all civilised men, have two countries, their own and France.' But there is nothing uncritical about Professor Brogan's devotion to France. It is based, unlike that of most British francophiles, on a deep knowledge and understanding of the countryits people, its history and institutions, its literature, art and culture. He is neither blind to French vices nor oblivious of French follies and crimesand his attachment is none the less fervent for that.

Those who have read his remarkable book, The Development of Modern France, will remember with what vast erudition and profound insight he surveyed the history of the Third Republic. The same qualities characterise this volume—a collection of essays published over the past ten years, and covering a wide variety of subjects directly or indirectly connected with France. Whether he is assessing the literary merits of Dumas père (whom, by the way, he regards as the embodiment of an important and neglected aspect of French character and French history) or evaluating Proust's contribution to social history;

whether analysing the pernicious doctrines of Charles Maurras or appraising the Gaullist movement; whether examining the causes of the 1940 disaster or discussing such abstractions as Power and Nationalism, Professor Brogan is equally at home. He carries his learning with a nonchalant ease, and since he is a brilliant writer, with a lucid, elegant style and a sharp though unobtrusive wit, he is never dull.

Most of these essays were written during the years of occupation, and it is astonishing, in view of the confusions and uncertainties surrounding the French situation after June 1940-when most Englishmen and not a few Frenchmen despaired of France-how firm and persistent was his confidence in the fundamental virtue (in the Latin sense) and integrity of the French people. 'The Pétain Government,' he writes in July 1940. 'will try to turn French anger and French shame against us. It will, at first, have some success. But its success is bound to be limited . . . The vision that may haunt some French minds of France as a willing partner in a Fascist Europe is baseless. Fascism needs some spiritual food, it needs the psychological support of patriotism. What can the Pétain Government do to supply that need? Against it speaks the most varied patriotic tradition in Europe.'

This last point is an important one. The Revolution cut such a deep rift in French history that one tends unconsciously to consider that history as though it related to two different nations. Indeed, there are many Frenchmen for whom 1789 marks the beginning of their world, and as many more who regard everything that has happened since as a grotesque aberration. But there is a continuity in French tradition which transcends even the Revolution, and St. Louis, St. Joan and Richelieu are as much a part of it as Danton, Gambetta and Clemenceau.

If there is any criticism to be made of Professor Brogan's judgments on recent French history, it is that he is inclined to underestimate the moral havoc wrought by Vichy. 'France,' he says, writing in 1943, 'will emerge purified by her sufferings.' This is only half true: the legacy of the occupation could hardly have been an unmixed blessing, and moral as well as intellectual confusion is one of the most distressing features of contemporary France—though it need not be exaggerated.

It is to be hoped that Professor Brogan will supplement his earlier masterpiece with a full account of the death of the Third Republic and the birth of the Fourth. Meanwhile, these interim studies can be warmly and gratefully welcomed.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

#### FRANCE BETWEEN THE REPUBLICS

By Dorothy M. Pickles. Contact Publications. 10s. The history of France during the second world war will be a fertile field of research for the historian of the future. The causes of the collapse; the tortuous ramifications of the Vichy administration, with its endless intrigues and treacherous rivalries; the strange and insidious power of the Pétain mystique; the growth of the Resistance; the position of de Gaulle; the North African episode—these and many other questions will be analysed and debated ad nauseam.

The author of France between the Republics has not attempted to probe deeply into all this. She has confined herself, wisely in view of the close proximity of the events of which she writes, to giving a brief factual outline of the political, social and economic life of France throughout the occupation and the first year of liberation. While making due allowance for this deliberate limitation of scope, one may nevertheless legitimately criticise the bald and superficial treatment of some of the most important aspects of the story. Particularly weak in this respect is the chapter on 'Resistant France', which is full of such trite generalisations as: 'Typically, resistance in France started among the workers and intellectuals'-a somewhat questionable assertion, in any case. However, it is likely to be a long time before anyone is able to penetrate the fog of myth and cant which obscures the true story of the resistance. On most other questions the author is accurate, knowledgeable and objective. Her rather colourless academic style conceals a singular warmth of sympathy and understanding for the French people, and her book can be recommended both to the student of French affairs and to the general reader. TERENCE KILMARTIN

#### THE YEAR OF STALINGRAD

By Alexander Werth. Hamish Hamilton. 15s. Since they have rejected God, the necessity of belief impels Communists everywhere to accept with blind obedience and alacrity the very latest propaganda 'lines' emanating from the Holy City where reigns the benign Stalin, half-deity, half-Santa Claus. They have a weakness for fantasy which amazes one nurtured in the cynicism of the Faith. One of their favourite legends concerns Press Lords, the Cyclops of the Modern World, who are all in a wicked conspiracy to suppress all news 'favourable to Russia' or likely to knock 'vested interests'. Here comes the pièce de résistance to our lively tableau another book by Alexander Werth, our best informed correspondent on Soviet life.

Mr. Werth has provided us with more than a

chronological account of Russia's battle for survival during the autumn and winter of 1942–43. He not only recaptures the near-past and the headlines of yesterday, but goes behind mere facts. He interprets them fairly, dispassionately, with sympathy and insight. He explains why the Red Army got rid of bungling political Commissars and replaced them with real soldiers; Russian reactions to Hess landing in Britain; what the Russians thought of this country and of the United States. More important, perhaps, is his study of Russian propaganda methods during the war.

Here we have the ideal reporter eager to tell of events as they presented themselves. He is especially good at reporting conversations. His early chapters describing a journey from this country to Moscow under hazardous, wartime conditions, are rich in thumb-nail character sketches which make it quite clear that Mr. Werth can, whenever he feels tired of his international roamings, settle down and make a second reputation for himself as a novelist.

It is obvious that Mr. Werth has a great admiration for the Russians, and he is more concerned in interpreting their views than they are in expressing their own. One thing stands out from all the recorded conversations. The Russians, even highly placed ones, are so dosed with propaganda that they tend to look at the world in a one-eyed way. Take the Second Front agitation, for example, about which there is a great deal in this book. No one in Russia appears to have had any true conception of what Britain was doing; they were deliberately kept in the dark. There is much harping on Munich, but little is said about the early days of the war when the Soviets were allied to Germany, when our own war effort was seriously undermined by the activities of Communist 'cells' in British war factories. It is grimly ironical that many factory workers, who, gulled by Communist propaganda, short-changed 'the first of the few' in the early days of the war with their 'go slow' policy, began to 'talk tough' about a Second Front and trek dutifully to Trafalgar Square on Sunday afternoons as soon as the Russians inadvertently found themselves at war with Germany. Someone should have explained this to the Russians. A great deal of trouble at the Peace Conference is doubtless due to the Russians beling allowed unchallenged to belittle Britain's war effort and foster the notion that they were winning the war all on their own.

As a record of Russia's great struggle, however, this book is invaluable. It is, too, extremely readable. The only serious fault with the book as a whole is that the print is very small, the margins too narrow.

AUBREY NOAKES

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#### WHILE FOLLOWING THE PLOUGH

By John Stewart Collis. Cape. 9s. 6d. Good books about the land are scarce. Farming folk are usually inarticulate men, too busy and too close to their subject to write about it, while

too close to their subject to write about it, while outsiders are inevitably self-conscious, either starry-eyed or tense. Mr. Collis, a writer who worked as a farm-labourer during the war, gets the best of both worlds, which is perhaps the key

to his extremely readable book.

Although the farm-labourer's life is arduous, Mr. Collis still found time to reflect and observe. His approach is unpretentious and good-humoured. Nothing momentous happens from day to day, but the impression which the diary makes is cumulative. The quietly-told story reflects the rhythm of work on the land; there is a harmonious balance between thinking and doing, and the job comes first. Familiar things are described in a vivid way and the author has a quick eye for character. There is a memorable and amusing portrait of his employer, a man of relentless energy and drive who does his share of every job and demands the last ounce from his men. He dominates the book and our trepidation at his frequent appearance matches that of the men themselves. This portrait and the men's reaction are beautifully done.

The best test of a book of this kind is how an expert would regard it. My host, a farmer who scarcely reads a book a year, read While Following the Plough in two sittings and his verdict of high approval would make a suitable blurb for the reprint which will surely be called for. That, it seems to me, is a more worth-while recommendation than easy praise from a reviewer.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

### THE TROLLOPES: THE CHRONICLE OF A WRITING FAMILY

By Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins. Secker & Warburg. 18s.

In 1827, the fortunes of the Trollope family were at a very low ebb. Thomas Anthony Trollope, the head of the family, had little idea of how best to spend money and less idea of how to earn it. For ten years they had been living beyond their income. Frances Trollope, his wife, decided that she herself would supplement the family income. She conceived the fantastic scheme of going to America to look over the commercial possibilities of the Western States. She thought of opening a bazaar in a frontier city. So she went to America with one of her sons and two of her daughters. Her husband followed a year later, but stayed for only a short time. In Cincinnati, Frances Trollope had built her bazaar, a spacious

building with a Saracenic façade, a dome surmounted by a spire, and an immense display of Gothic windows. Before it was quite finished, she fell ill; the bazaar was sold at a sheriff's auction; ten thousand dollars' worth of goods brought from England were disposed of in small lots. In the general débâcle the Trollopes lost all their personal property. At the age of fifty, Frances Trollope was ill, penniless, among people who disliked her, yet with a family to support. In circumstances that would have brought most people to despair, this woman began a writing career. She set down her opinions about America. The book, The Domestic Manners of the Americans, appeared in 1832. The Quarterly published forty pages of excerpts from it; and Frances Trollope's literary fortune was well on the way to being established. From then on she wrote novels and travel books with that dogged persistence for which her son, Anthony, later became notorious and then famous. She travelled frequently in Europe; she established a villa in Florence, which became a centre of culture in one of Italy's cultural centres; she crossed the Alps in a sled when she was old. Three-volume novels continued to come from her pen until she was seventy-six.

In spite of Anthony Trollope's greater fame, his mother is the dominating character in this book. It was a very extraordinary woman who in 1927 would think of building a showy department store in Cincinnati; beside her bizarre career Anthony's steady climb up the ladders of literature and the Post-Office make dullish reading.

The head of the family occupied his declining years in compiling an interminable ecclesiastical encyclopædia. Thomas, who even as a grownman was dependent on his mother, published *The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici*, his first important work, at the age of forty-seven.

There is so much character in this book that it is of absorbing interest throughout and it is difficult to say where it is most successful. I am inclined to think that the authors have best succeeded where they have dealt with the relations between Frances Trollope and her two sons. The fact that Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins are mother and son is no doubt in part responsible for this particular excellence.

With such a remarkable vein of character to work on, the authors could hardly have been dull; but on this crowded stage it would have been easy for them to have had the characters stumbling over one another. This never happens; all goes as smoothly as the Trollope pen; and it does the scholarship of the work no discredit to say that in the end the whole thing reads like a good, even-paced novel.

HUNTER DIACK



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#### Forecast of Armageddon

The atomic bomb has set a problem to mankind which must be solved if any tolerable existence is to be possible for the human race. The problem is that of abolishing large-scale war, not at some distant future date, but quickly, before there has been time for another vast conflict to break out.

If the next great war were to occur within the next two or three years, it would probably lead to a quick victory for the United States and its allies, since no other Power would have atomic bombs. But if there is no war in the near future, there will have been time for Russia to manufacture atomic bombs-and not only Russia, but many other nations, great and small. It must be assumed that bombs will soon become much cheaper and much more destructive than those dropped on the Japanese. In addition to bombs, there is the possibility of spraying large regions with radioactive substances which will exterminate all life in their neighbourhood. Given a little carelessness, life on this planet may be made impossible.

It is to be expected that, if war comes, it will begin with a surprise attack in the style of Pearl Harbour. The aggressor will hope for a knock-out blow so severe as to make retaliation impossible. If Great Britain were the target, it is probable that this hope would be realised, for Great Britain is peculiarly vulnerable to atomic attack, owing to the smallness of its area and the density of its population. It is to be expected that during the first day or two, London, Glasgow, and all the major centres of population will be wiped out; industrial production will be paralysed, and about half the inhabitants will perish. To carry on the war after such a blow would be totally impossible.

The situation will be slightly less catastrophic, though still appalling, if the attack is directed against the United States. In the first twenty-four hours, New York, Washington, Chicago, and all the main centres of population will cease to exist; President and Congress will have undergone a diabolic alchemy, and a considerable percentage of the inhabitants of the United States, including most of those who are important in industry, will perish. The bombs will be borne by rockets, and it will be a matter of guess-work to infer what government is responsible. Some

of the survivors will clamour for peace at any price, while others will proclaim that they would rather die than submit to so foul a blow. If the nation's store of atomic bombs has been successfully safeguarded, probably the resisters will prevail; there will be fierce revenge, many nations will be drawn in, and destruction will continue until disorganisation makes the further manufacture of atomic bombs impossible. If one side succeeds first in this aim, it may consider that it has won a victory, but it will be a 'victory' far more disastrous to the 'victor' than any defeat known to history.

Let us consider for a moment what will be involved in the meantime in safeguarding atomic bombs and rockets. It will be necessary to keep their location secret, which will mean virtually a prison camp for those who work in connection with them. It will involve a constant suspicion of treachery, leading to a prohibition of foreign travel for all but the most highly-trusted public servants, as already in Russia. It will involve a complete cessation of freedom for all scientific workers whose activities have any bearing on the warlike utilisation of atomic energy. It will require apparatus and crews always ready, day and night, to retaliate upon whomever is considered the most probable enemy, as soon as there is any report of an atomic bomb being dropped. These crews must be told that in a crisis they are not to wait for orders, since the statesmen and higher command will probably be wiped out. In the atmosphere of mutual suspicion thus generated, diplomats will meet to discuss such important questions as who is to have the oil of Persia or the tin of Malaya; as they talk, they will be wondering which side will get in first with its Pearl Harbour. Sooner or later, nerves will give way, and the explosion will occur.

BERTRAND RUSSELL in Polemic

#### The Real Imperialists

...Few words in the English language have been so frequently misused as the world 'imperialism'.

Strictly, 'imperialism' merely means 'the rule of an emperor'. In reality, it is used to describe any action taken by a foreign State which is not advantageous to one's own State. In the sense that every country puts its own interests first, every

country is imperialistic, and we should be crying for the moon if we expected anything else.

The word 'imperialism', as it is commonly used in 1946, has become almost meaningless, but for all practical purposes it can be defined as 'national expansion by territorial, economic or political means'. If that definition be accepted, we would suggest that no countries are more imperialistic today than the two big powers which condemn the word 'imperialism'. Nowhere is 'imperialism' more strenuously attacked than in the United States and the Soviet Union, and yet no two countries are more deliberately and consciously engaged in a process of expansion.

The technique of expansion differs. In both cases it is partly territorial, but in the case of the United States the emphasis is economic, and in the case of the Soviet Union, political.

The clash of the two imperialisms is clearly demonstrated in China. Officially China is recognised as one of the Big Five, yet Russia is treating China like a third-rate Balkan State and the U.S. is treating China like a third-rate Latin American State. Soviet troops are firmly entrenched in Port Arthur, Dairen and along the railways of Manchuria, by agreement with the Chinese Government. Marines, also by agreement with the Chinese Government, are wandering about China with the ostensible purpose of disarming the Japanese Army which surrendered unconditionally more than a year ago.

Korea is also occupied jointly by Soviet and troops—at least, jointly in the sense that they are both there, but not in the sense that there is any co-operation. Any rational human being would treat the *world* as an economic unit, but the Big Powers, in Korea as in Germany, are incapable of treating even one country as an economic unit. Korea is arbitrarily divided into two occupation zones along the thirty-eighth parallel, the Russians occupying the industrial North and the Americans the agricultural South.

To all intents and purposes Russia has annexed the whole of Sakhalin and the Kuriles. Similarly, the United States has annexed the Ryukyus, Izus, Bonins, Carolines, Marshalls and Marianas, not to mention Japan (despite the pretence of an Allied Commission). In addition, the United States Navy Department, with the support of President Truman, is demanding 'full title' to certain other Pacific Islands, including Guadalcanal and Manus (Australian mandates), Noumea (French colony), and Esperito Santo (Anglo-French condominium). It looks as if the United States will add substantially to its own Pacific colonies of Hawaii, Guam and the Samoan Islands. The recent attainment of 'independence' by the

Philippines is, we believe, quite illusory. The Pacific Ocean may become an American lake.

United States interest is by no means confined to the Pacific. In the Caribbean and the Atlantic, the United States Navy is seeking fresh bases in addition to those already established in her colonies of Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the Canal Zone and those in nominally independent countries like Cuba. The Navy Department is being urged to demand 'full title' to the Caribbean and Atlantic bases loaned to the United States during the war as well as to other bases in Greenland, Iceland and North Africa. The way the U.S. Navy is gallivanting around the Mediterranean is (we are told) 'nobody's damn business'.

American economic imperialism was formerly directed towards Latin and South America where 'dollar diplomacy' is a familiar menace. American business interests, with the support of United States marines, could literally make or break governments in parts of the American Continent. The Monroe Doctrine was used as an excuse for, rather than a restriction of, imperialism. There are indications that American economic imperialism will in future extend beyond the borders of the American Continent...

But Russian imperialism is basically political and follows a familiar pattern. It is most intense in her neighbouring countries. But it is not confined to these countries, and can be seen, for instance, in Greece, Italy and France.

The technique is for a small but highly organised Communist Party in each country to urge the unity of all Left-Wing, anti-Fascist elements. The formation of a united political front is followed by a Coalition Government in which the Communists have a number of important Cabinet posts. The holders of these posts then use their official position to eliminate their political opponents. Eventually, completely Communist Governments will be formed, with strong ties with Moscow.

The process has reached various stages in different countries. It is virtually complete in Yugoslavia, well advanced in Poland, and making good progress in Persia.

We do not deny that the Russians may be genuinely convinced that all this is for the good of mankind. That is not the point. Sincerity is no excuse for folly. But we do say that this form of imperialism, like American economic imperialism (of which the average American is probably unaware), seriously increases the dangers of a third world war from which mankind may never recover.

National News-Letter

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LE CANARD ENCHAÎNE

#### Communist Methods in China

CROW VILLAGE is in Communist-held territory in China. It is a few miles south-west of Kalgan, in the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Border Region, in north-east China. The Communists took it over last August, just after the Japanese surrender. I recently spent a few days there and had an unhampered, leisurely chance to see what is going on. None of the inquiries I made in Crow Village was supervised by Communists. The freedom with which I was permitted to poke around has made me think that the Russians, who are older at their game than the Chinese Communists, have a little to learn from their younger comrades about that bourgeois, but not altogether useless, pastime known to us as public relations.

Along with eleven other villages, Crow Village was placed by the Communists in the Eighth District of the Kalgan hsien, or municipal area. The first visitation of Communists to Crow Village came in the form of the District cadre—a dozen men trained as organisers in older Communist regions. They were dressed either in blue cotton uniforms or in the characteristic clothes of Old Hundred Names, as the Chinese call their poor people. The cadre at once set up a farmers' union and a labour union, drawing mostly on younger farmers and 'small buy-sell men', or itinerant venders, for membership. In a number of meetings of these unions, the cadre planned its first major operation, the campaign known as Clearing the Accounts. One afternoon a few days later, everyone in the village was told to assemble in the courtyard of the largest temple. The landlords had a fair idea of what was coming, but they all showed up. A cadre member presided over the meeting. He announced that the purpose of the

assembly was to reckon all the wrongs committed in recent years by the landlords and to assess levies in payment for those misdeeds. This announcement went over extremely well, of course, with Old Hundred Names, who began to sing out accusations. A former farm coolie and vegetable hawker named Chang, who was particularly vocal throughout the session, was the first to speak. He shouted that when the Japanese had laid a labour assessment on the village (they had required as much as twenty days a month of every able-bodied man, for the construction of public works), the landlords had not gone but had sent their tenants instead. All through the meeting Chang, though he had never been a tenant farmer himself, thought of other grievances.

The men against whom the villagers had grudges were Crow Village's nine big landlords and former Japanese puppets, mostly from the rich Hsi and Yang clans. A fair degree of mob excitement showed itself after a while, but the cadre kept the meeting in hand. The complaints boiled down to three: the labour-dodging that Chang had mentioned; the landlords' habit of passing on the heavy taxes and the electric-power costs on the radios they owned to the village as a whole; and the construction, at the community's expense, of a kind of fortified bedroom in the crenellated tower, to which the nine landlords retired on nights when bandits were around. while the farmers stayed up to patrol the town. By popular demand, the landlords were fined, altogether, fourteen million Japanese puppet dollars—then worth about \$3,500—for these malpractices. This may not sound like much by American standards, but for the nine landlords of Crow Village it was bad news. The chairman of the meeting asked when the sum should be paid, and the crowd shouted, 'In five days! . . . Three days! . . . Tomorrow!'

The chairman then named a committee for further consideration of the account-clearing and proposed that the assemblage elect, from among Old Hundred Names, a new village head. The community had had the same headman—one of the nine landlords—for twenty years, and for the past eight he had been extremely friendly with the Japanese. Chang, mainly because he had made himself so audible in the account-clearing session, was elected, by voice vote. I suspect that the cadre—and the village—has since come to regret this choice, for Chang, despite his shouting that day, is no leader. He is a symbol, perhaps, of turnover, but he has no conspicuous abilities.

The account-clearing committee met the next day, reduced the assessment to three million Japanese puppet dollars, and gave the landlords two weeks to pay. All of them paid up on time, and the money was doled out to the villagers.

Next came the most important item on the Communists' whole programme—the reduction of rents. For many years, both before the war and under the Japanese, the average rent for land was fifty per cent of the crop it produced. The Communists reduced the rents a flat twenty-five per cent of the amount previously charged, and, depending on how oppressive they considered that a particular landlord had been, they also made the reduction retroactive for anywhere between one and six years—mostly two. This meant that the landlords had to hurry around and buy millet or sorghum or corn equal to a quarter of the rent they had received for a year or more and give it to their tenants.

Farmers' taxes in China are also paid in kind, usually shortly after the harvest. The Communists had about a month before harvest time in which to make their assessments. Under the Japanese, the tax rate had been sixty kilograms of millet per mow (about a quarter of an acre) and it did not matter whether the land was irrigable or dry or how much or how little land the farmer owner. The Communists introduced what they called the Reasonable-Burden Tax. . . . In general, the most a small farmer (thirty mow or less) had to pay was about seven per cent of his crop, white a big landlord had

to pay up to fifty per cent of his.

The agricultural programme the Communists have undertaken in Crow Village is not particularly radical, but it seemed quite impressive to me, as I had spent a lot of time in a comparable village in Central Government territory, where the Kuomintang was doing nothing to improve farming methods or to educate the farmers, who still controlled pests by literally kowtowing to their ancestors, timed their ploughing and planting by a superstition-filled almanac called The Yellow Calendar, and put more faith in Chinese geomancy than in fertilisers. In the Kuomintang village, the only contact the farmers had with their government was the payment, every few days, of levies-straw, wood, corn, money, materials for fortifications, labour. The agricultural programme for Crow Village, though limited, is at least a programme. Four things are being done. First of all, the exchange of labour and tools, which Chinese farmers have long been obliged by circumstances to practise haphazardly anyway, is being organised in a fairly scientific way. A family with four energetic men but no animals, and another with an aged family head, two women, and a donkey exchange their surpluses at a rate the cadre has set: one day's donkey

power equals one-and-a-half day's manpower. The use of implements, such as water wheels, can be swapped for specialised labour, such as help in sowing seed. Second, the farmers are being persuaded to improve their irrigation facilities. Third, the cadre has been educating the farmers in methods of cultivation. One farmer told me he had just learned that although millet and potatoes are harder to raise than corn, these crops are much more profitable. The cadre has told the villagers that the control of locusts, rice worms, and grubs is something they should not leave to their ancestors' spirits. A solution of lime and nicotinic acid, which the peasants call 'white water', has been distributed, and the cadre hopes soon to get some arsenic trioxide. Since there is not enough white water to go round, big teams of children have been organised to go out into the fields and pick pests off the plants and dig them up out of the ground. Fourth, there have been some efforts to induce the farmers to select their seed with more care and to use new and improved varieties. Small amounts of two kinds of seed for a drought-resistant millet developed at the Yenching University agricultural laboratory in Peiping have been handed out. . . .

The Communists' three principal economic devices for achieving a redistribution—Clearing the Accounts, rent reduction, and the slidingscale tax-accomplish the job without violence and without anyone's seeing quite how it works. Like Mr. Hsi, the other landlords have had to get rid of land in order to clear their accounts. They now receive much less rent than they used to, and when tax time comes round this year, they will have to lease some more land to pay up. On the other hand, almost every small farmer I talked with had picked up between two and ten mow of land this year. And so, although it may be more comforting to speak of the Chinese Communists as simply agrarian reformers, I think it is a mistake. They are Communists, all right. Like all Chinese, they work slowly, patiently, and with a relative abhorrence (though not necessarily a fear) of bloodshed. The fact that they have very little, if any, mechanical connection with Moscow does not make them any the less Communists ideologically. If they had decided to be anything else, I am sure they would have changed their name.

Like the Russians, the Chinese Communists do most of their governing through committees. There are in this area three elective levels—the village committee, the Hsien Congress, and the Border Region Congress—as well as a number of appointed committees, such as the District cadre, the Border Region Cabinet, and the central

committee of the Party. The appointive groups do the really important work. Under the Kuomintang, villages are still administratively organised in the old, paternalistic way: the village head dictates to heads of hundred-family units, who pass on orders to heads of ten-family units, who in turn direct the heads of the families in their group. This system, itself somewhat family-like, has many advantages for China, but it has a great weakness in that it lends itself admirably to corruption. The Chinese Communists have been able to eliminate almost all corruption in their areas, and that has been a tremendous accomplishment. The committee system has helped. In Crow Village, the seven members of the village committee are so busy watching one another that they have neither the time nor the opportunity for any dirty work. A special precaution has been taken on money matters: the committee has both a 'treasurer' and an 'accountant'; they are, actually, mutual auditors.

In spite of the committee system, the villagers are learning at least a little something about the processes of representative government. They have already had one election, which was to choose delegates to the Hsien Congress. At a mass meeting, which was guided by the cadre, they chose a nominating committee. This selected the candidates. All men and women over eighteen were qualified to vote—not just family heads, who had traditionally managed things. The vote was by written ballot, and illiterates were allowed to choose the people who would write for them. Crow Village elected two delegates named Yang and Chow.

JOHN HERSEY in the New Yorker

#### New Trends in the Lebanon

Any visitor to the Lebanon is left wondering to what extent that small, prosperous, commercialised strip of coast, with its largely Christian population, will find a comfortable niche in the Moslem Arab League to which it belongs. For the Lebanese, just like their forerunners, the Phœnicians, are forced by sheer geography to look westwards. They cannot see over the high mountains that separate them from Damascus and the desert. The journey thither, though so short as the crow flies, takes them eleven hours by rack and pinion railway. Does their future lie in the link to the East with Islam or in links to the West with Europe? . . .

The French religiously avoid overt interference in the affairs of the Lebanon. They have steadilywithdrawn their old colonial officials with their record of intrigue and anti-British manœuvres. Instead, they are sending out new, young men with charm and social graces, adept at the arts and at what passes as French culture, from flirtation to Proust. They are concentrating on the more pleasant sides of Beirur's social life and patiently awaiting the dividends.

But this is not the only iron the French keep in the Lebanese fire. Once they had overcome the shock of the Lebanon's 'desertion'-for that is how they saw it—they have shown a great deal more aptitude for the situation than is generally granted them. Perhaps the best example of this was the generous and calculating policy adopted by the French when they devalued the franc. The Lebanese currency (the Syrian pound) is linked to the franc. The French, therefore, might easily have turned round and said to the Lebanon: 'You thought you were independent. Well, here goes your currency down the sink with ours.' Instead, they agreed to increase the cover for each Syrian pound from twenty to fifty francs and so maintain the value and stability of the Lebanese currency at the expense of the French taxpayer. They even maintained the free convertibility of the Lebanese currency, providing dollars and sterling from their own limited supply. The Lebanon could get all it wanted-and it can still get almost all. But now the Lebanese are worried lest this policy comes to a sudden end.

One gains, therefore, the impression that the presence of the French in the Lebanon is still marked, although the troops have almost all left. The French spirit, language and schools still permeate the country—in striking contrast to Syria, where they have vanished almost without trace. . . .

Thus, both culturally and economically, the French are by no means on their last legs in the Levant—and their policy seems far more supple and less elephantine than it was in the unhappy years of their Mandate. But a change may come soon. The Lebanon seems to be gradually dividing itself into two camps. One looks inland to Syria and the Arab states. The other emphasises the special Christian culture and independence of the Lebanon. While maintaining friendly collaboration with the Arab League, it stresses the objection to being absorbed into any Arab federation. Considerable significance is attached in the Lebanon to the fact that the leader of this second movement, Dr. Emile Edde, the ex-President, together with some prominent newspaper owners supporting him, is at present in France. At the same time a powerful, mainly Christian, youth movement known as the Falange and led by an able young pharmacist, Emile Gemayel, has developed into a militant organisation prepared

to fight to maintain Lebanese independence against pan-Arabism and also against the growth of the Communists....

Almost as powerful as the Falange, and if anything more militant, is a parallel Moslem Youth Movement known as the Nadshar, led by an eloquent lawyer, Dr. Anis Srighar. The Nadshar believes fanatically in the union with Syria, though strongly opposed to the Greater Syria plans attributed to King Abdullah of Transjordan. Îts members are Arabs before all else, and they accuse the Falange of parochial narrow-mindedness. They have 15,000 members trained along military lines though with few arms. But they mean to press their cause vigorously. Yet among the most powerful Lebanese, even among those who participated in the creation of the Arab League, there is at present a strong disinclination against going too far in the Arab link-up-and these powerful financial and business circles may turn the tide against the Moslem bloc. But a country like the Lebanon cannot be independent without some powerful protection. If not the Arab states—then what? This is evidently what the French, and also perhaps the Russians, are waiting for.

Russian influence in the Lebanon appears to be more feared than real. There is a link between the Orthodox Church in Russia and the Orthodox Christian Community of Beirut; the local patriarch knows Moscow and speaks Russian. There is also a compact and active Communist Party which successfully works on the fruitful ground of social discontent. To counter this, Anti-Communist unions have been formed under the ægis of Henri Pharaon, a former Foreign Secretary, banker and the strong man of the Lebanon. With these the working-class movement has been divided into what are in effect communist and company unions, and so one more cross-current has been added to the many.

Economist

#### Palestine: The Legacy of War

The shameful wastage of wild life in Palestine of its birds, beasts, and trees in particular, is one of the outcomes of the Second World War which will cause lasting concern long after the disputes of races and religions have died out or been lived down. It is something the average Englishman has not yet found time to consider. . . .

One by one the country's most interesting mammals have followed the lion of David and the elephant, whose remains have lately been ploughed up from the soil of Haifa Bay, into extermination. Forty years ago this was a land

literally teeming with some of the most interesting creatures of all kinds. Even before the recent war, one could travel from Jerusalem through the Judean wilderness to the Dead Sea and Jericho and watch the Nubian ibex and the red gazelle outlined on the hill-tops. All that one can expect to see today is the outline of a Bedouin's goat or sheep upon the hills. Owing to the excessive wartime shooting, there are now probably not more than a score of ibex in the whole of the Dead Sea area, and maybe not even that number in all Palestine.

The Quarterly Review

#### The Cattalo

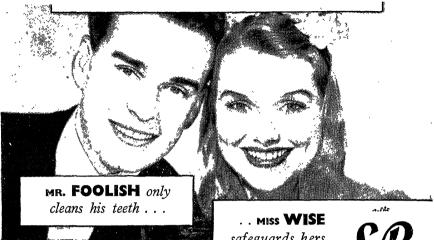
CANADIAN cattlemen wanted a new breed that could withstand blizzards and sub-zero winters. The Dominion Experimental Farm at Wainwright, Alberta, tried crossbreeding buffalo and cattle. First they bred a buffalo bull with a domestic cow. The calf's large head and shoulders killed three out of four cows at birth. Then they crossed domestic bulls with buffalo cows. Normal births ensued, but the first hybrids were sterile. The experimenters persisted, trying crosses of buffalo with different cattle breeds—Aberdeen Angus, Shorthorn, Hereford.

It took twenty-five years to produce a strain that was not sterile and had lost the buffalo hump. But this spring seventy-five sturdy cattalo calves browsed in a special enclosure at the Farm. In weather which would freeze cattle to death, the cattalo survives. Bred strictly for beef, not milk, it weighs up to one and a half times as much as the average steer. Last year cattalo meat was sold on the public markets and nobody knew the difference. Soon the first cattalo will begin populating the prairie corrals.



'A little concession on Trieste and we'll give you Bikini Island' FRANCE

### A handsome pair of smiles, BUT-



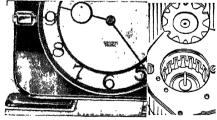
S OFT modern food makes gums flabby, endangers teeth. So don't be misled because teeth look good—see a dentist regularly, and use S.R. Toothpaste. Sodium ricinoleate in S.R. strengthens flabby gums, wards off dangerous germs. And S.R. keeps teeth sparkling clean.

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This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it - Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

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#### Planning for the Post-Atomic World

Two hundred men, women and children sweated away last week to convert an isolated Colorado canyon into an atomic foxhole. They hurried to finish roads, houses, power plant, workshop and administration building before atom bombs rained down to wipe out civilisation. Dr. Doreal had said it would be 'soon, probably sooner'. When the radioactive dust had settled at last, they—the Brotherhood of the White Temple—would emerge from their hide-out, help set civilisation going again.

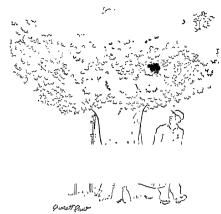
Dr. Doreal is a chubby, bald little man with glittery eyes who turned up seventeen years ago in Denver, Colorado, and incorporated a new church: the Brotherhood of the White Temple. He said he was part Choctaw, born on an Oklahoma reservation and that, after serving in the Signal Corps during World War I, he had gone to Tibet and been received into the inner circle of the Royal Order of Shamballa Priests.

To goggle-eyed followers he told still more: about the subterranean Great White Lodge, seventy-five miles beneath the Forbidden City of Lhasa, and reached by a 'gravity-neutralising' elevator, where a twelve-man Supreme Council met in a white-metal hall to plan world strategy. 'Archbishop' Doreal assured brotherhood members that he kept in constant touch with the council by sending his soul back to Tibet by 'astral projection'.

Under the leadership of Dr. Doreal and his astral remote control, Denver's Brotherhood of the White Temple prospered. By 1942 it had acquired an imposing downtown mansion. Here, pink-cheeked Prophet Doreal, garbed in a gold-trimmed robe of purple silk, addressed his followers from a throne that had once belonged to Mexico's Emperor Maximilian.

Men and women came to hear Doreal talk of 'one-ment with the universal mind' or 'full illumination', and to be bound together by the 'thaumaturgic power that was exercised by Christ and his disciples.' Members of any faith were welcome; were not required to abandon their previous beliefs or their minor vices. Leader Doreal supplied them with his own interpretations of the Gospels.

But as to the religions with which the brother-hood would lead the post-atomic world, 'Archbishop' Doreal took care last week to be as misty as the distant Himalayas. Said he: 'Our foundation is Christian, but our interpretation differs from that of the orthodox groups. . . We're reasonable people, not fanatics.' His most explicit expression of faith: 'I am a Republican.'



"Couldn't you make a little less noise? My husband is trying to sleep" NEW YORKER

#### 'Ware Poles

THE failure of the Vale of Leven Gas Company to get ahead with the street lighting scheme was discussed. Treasurer Rose has been and is most energetic to see that Inveraray is not left in the dark this coming winter, particularly with so many Polish soldiers stationed in the place.

Ōban Times

#### Life Begins at 140

Chubby girls are preferred as hostesses at veterans' hospitals because, as has been determined scientifically, their friendly personalities and eventempered dispositions do the most good to ill G.I.s. It should be added that they do not do any actual harm to anybody.

Slender girls can be svelte. They can be sinuous. They can be slinky. A number who tantalises the scales at 100 to 110 pounds is all right to look at in fashion shows or pass the time of day with. But they can never be as cute, as curveful or as cuddly as chubby girls. There at around 140 to 150 on the scales will be found the sort of feminine companion to sit down and drink beer with, and discuss the weightier affairs of life.

Gentlemen sometimes fall for the slender type, it is true. But can anyone deny that it is the chubby beauty they really plump for?

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

#### Life Sentence

'QUITE a number of young officers who have been demobilised want to wear bowler hats to show that they were young officers. It may be that the bowler hat is getting to the top of the tree,' said Mr. R. Weatherall, a master of Eton College.

Evening Standard



"And now, just before the next depression, I want you to take all my money out of stocks and buy bonds"

NEW YORKER

#### Anatomy of the Hangover

A CHEMIST named W. B. Casterline, of Chicago, has now stated that there are only six kinds of hangovers and that he can cure them all.

Casterline lists the various mornings-after as the Broken Compass Hangover, the Sewing Machine Hangover, the Gremlin Boogie, the Comet Handicap, the Cement Mixer, and the Atomic Hangover.

The cure calls for four tablets, a punishing diet, and strange exercises. Better not drink.

And another comfort dispenser, writer Robert Ruark, has gained popularity by proving, at least to his own satisfaction, that women prefer ugly men.

Extracts from the Ruark thesis: 'Mr. America 1946 has a busted nose, bat-ears, two chins, porcupine hair, a mouth like Joe E. Brown's, an unsightly bulge around the belt, and a sway back.

Or else he weighs 97 pounds, uses both hands to lift his tooth-brush, and stays off the street when the wind is blowing.

'The two most heavily-endowed gentlemen in the land today are a snub-nosed, freckled milk drinker named Van Johnson and a fugitive from a transfusion, Frank Sinatra—a weedy youth whose bowtie causes him to sway in the middle.'

In other words, get ugly and get your girl.

The town has also been titillated by new mankilling discoveries—a sure-fire freckle remover, an all-time permanent hair-waving system, indelible kiss-improving lipstick, and Cellophane lingerie.

DON IDDON in Daily Mail

#### Surely Incidental

THAT little country, Britain, went to war because it, and its Fascist reactionary leaders, love war and thrive on war. The attack on Hitlerite Germany was purely incidental.

Moscow Radio

#### Corsets and Bosoms

America was becoming 'very colour-conscious' in its foundation garments, Mr. Arthy said—'and this has the effect of making Madam more corset-conscious, too, because she buys several corsets in different colours.' Pantees were extremely popular, and American women had reached the 'dizzy limit' in bust-consciousness; they could not accentuate the bust-line any further. His own view, however, for the Australian and British brassière trade was that the 'sweater girl' style would never get such a hold, but he was sure a moulded line would continue to be followed, and that women would never go back to a flattened bust-line again.

Corsetry & Underwear Journal

#### Wanted: Venom

An advertiser in an East African newspaper offers to buy puff adders in any quantity—alive. Behind this strange-sounding request for unlimited supplies of one of the world's most deadly reptiles is the fact that puff adder farms are maintained in order to extract the venom for medicinal purposes—to make a drug which stops hæmorrhage. Near the Kenya border of Tanganyika a puff adder farm is run by a British woman who 'milks' the reptiles' poison glands and exports the venom to manufacturers of the drug. Experts make light of this dangerous work, which entails making the adder angry in order to extract the full load of its venom!

#### The Greedy Butcher

THE little town of Messac, in the Ille-et-Vilame, no longer has a butcher.... The latter, relying on the strength of his monopoly, went on strike on the pretext that with controlled prices he could hardly make a living.

So the Mayor requisitioned his establishment, hired the necessary personnel, bought a pig, had it slaughtered, and sold the meat at the controlled price.

Having paid the workers at the union rates, and discharged all the incidental expenses, he found that he had 800 francs clear profit, which he paid to the idle butcher as the price of requisitioning his shop. . . . Le Populaire

#### How's That Again? Department

'CHURCHILL has tried to organise the crusade against the U.S.S.R. before, and I have my doubt that he will succeed. But if he does he is sure to fail.'

STALIN quoted by Chicago Sun

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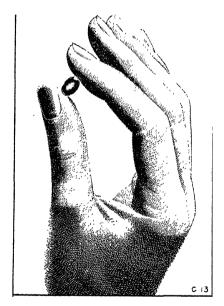
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#### WORLD REVIEW

## - TAKE UP PELMANISM For Courage and Clear-Thinking

#### The Grasshopper Mind

YOU know the man with a 'Grasshopper Mind' as well as you know yourself. His mind nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

At home in the evening he tunes in the wireless—gets tired of it—then glances through a magazine—can't get interested. Finally, unable to concentrate on anything, he either goes to the pictures or falls asleep in his chair. At the office he always takes up the easiest thing first, puts it down when it gets hard, and starts something else. Jumps from one thing to another all the time.

There are thousands of these people with Grasshopper Minds' in the world. In fact, they are the very people who do the world's most tiresome tasks—and get but a pittance for their work. They do the world's clerical work, and the routine drudgery. Day after day, year after year—endlessly—they hang on to the jobs that are smallest salaried, longest houred, least interesting, and poorest futured!

#### What is Holding You Back?

If you have a 'Grasshopper Mind' you know that this is true. And you know why it is true. Even the blazing sun can't burn a hole in a piece of tissue paper unless its rays are focused and concentrated on one spot! A mind that balks at sticking to one thing for more than a few minutes surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your years of life!

The tragedy of it all is this: You know that you have within you the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life! What is wrong? What's holding you back? Just one fact—one scientific fact. That is all. Because, as Science says, you are using only one-tenth of your real brain-power!

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What can you do about it? That is the question you are asking yourself. Here is the answer.

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Forgetfulness Mind-Wandering
Procrastination Inferiority Complex

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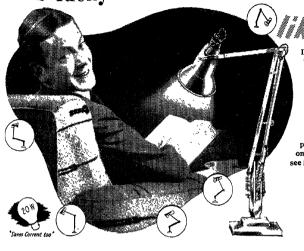
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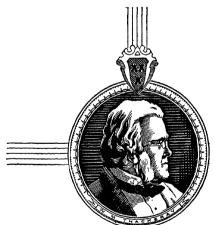
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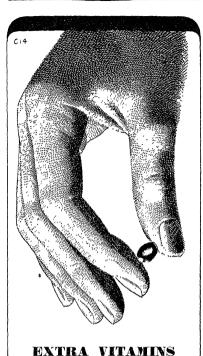
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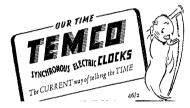
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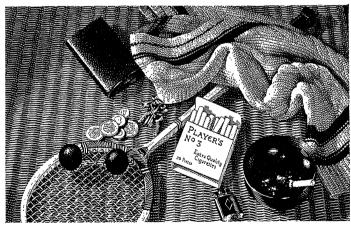
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### THINKING ALOUD

#### **EDWARD HULTON**

#### COAL COMFORT!

It's coal or coalition! There have for some weeks now been persistent rumours that Labour Ministers have been in negotiation with Conservative leaders, with a view to fixing up some form of Coalition Government.

The Conservatives have, of course, been talking in this way for some time. But I personally was very much inclined to put this talk down to mere Conservative wishful thinking, since, without coalition, it is not evident how the Conservatives can ever get back within a measurable space of time. It is, moreover, certain that very few citizens in any walk of life feel at present any enthusiasm for voting 'the straight Tory ticket'. 'A Coalition of forces to save the nation' put that way, people would feel very different. Especially as there do exist, rightly or wrongly, large numbers of people who remain unconvinced of the merit of political parties, as such, and would like to see a get-together for its own sake. Be that as it may, the position seems changed at the time of writing. There is little doubt that some Labour leaders have been thinking anxiously as to the advisability of forming such a coalition before 'H.M.S. Britannia' sinks with all hands.

It has even been rumoured that the negotiations reached an advanced stage some weeks ago, when certain of the relevant letters were shown to T.U.C. leaders at an inconvenient moment by an eminent person, thus quashing all further discussion for the nonce.

At first sight, the idea of coalition seems unlikely. For the Labour Administration continues to enjoy the almost undiminished confidence of the electors,

as the Borough elections went some way to show. Sovietland is, in fact, the only difficulty which springs to the eye. There exist, however, far more perils than may appear upon the surface. The electors are satisfied with the Government, because they do not yet realise the dangerous situation of British industry and trade. They still subsist in a fool's paradise—or rather a Socialist prophet's paradise to come. 'Rationing and shortages are unpleasant. But they will soon all be over, and we shall enter the Promised Land in a year or so, and the Promised Land will flow with milk (and beer), and honey (and steaks).'

#### BRITISH TRADE MENACED

THE underlying facts, which do not actually lie so very far under the surface, and which are easy to discover after the minimum of research, happen to be otherwise. Far be it from me to prophesy that this country is permanently (or even temporarily) doomed. It must be the heartfelt wish of every citizen, of every political complexion, from motives of self-interest as well as from natural patriotism and love of country, to wish the opposite. Certainly no party, faction, business interest, or individual stands to gain by British ruin.

Yet the position is grim. There is, of course, first the unabated aggressiveness of Soviet policy, and the possibility of war, in which war atom bombs and other scientific improvements may be thrown about. Yet I doubt if this is really the most troublesome, or really the most immediate, peril in the minds of Labour ministers. Because, although there has been a fair schimozzle with Zilliacus, and other 'fellow travellers', both in the





Ernest Bevin's two able young assistants. (Left) HECTOR MONEIL, former Glasgow journalist, now Minister of State. (Right) MAJOR CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, only 33, new Under-Secretary at Foreign Office. 'Fellow Travellers' have made a disgraceful attack upon the Foreign Secretary

Parliamentary Party and in the rank and file of the T.U.C. at Brighton and elsewhere, yet Ernie and Hector have remained seated pretty firmly in the saddle; and the difference has been largely between those in office and in the know, and those not so placed.

The mere process of acquainting more and more of the rank and file with the true facts of life, especially as they apply to present-day international affairs. must have its effect on sensible British working men; leaving behind only a hard core, or rather a species of 'soft corn', of masochistic sentimentalists. Also, H.M. Government is supported, though it is sometimes temporarily embarrassed, in its foreign policy by the pretty solid support of all other parties. Indeed, it is an ancient maxim that in days of peril from abroad this country is safest with a Left Wing administration; if only because such a government can always get the backing of the other Parties. Therefore if war, which Heaven forfend! ever

came with Sovietland, I do not think that the Government would lack adequate support. I do not seriously believe that there would be any question of the people being 'not willing to fight'. And I do not really consider that 'on the night' the number of Fifth Columnists would be found to be unduly large.

What I suspect is worrying Ministers far more is the immediate future of British industry and British trade; and Mr. Attlee, during the first 'normal' festivities of the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House, found it necessary to strike a new note of pessimism during the party.

Ministerial policy at the moment takes almost the sole form of exhorting the people to labour harder, accompanied by suitable, or unsuitable, posters carrying this unwelcome message. The fact happens to be, however, that, as the *Economist* points out, the people, after their efforts during the war, and the many exhortations issued during that

time, are completely sated with admonitions of this description.

#### THE COAL FAILURE

ACTUALLY there are three basic troubles in this country, as opposed to mere superficialities and symptoms. These are, the shortage of manpower; the shortage of fuel; and the shortage of United States dollars. Neither will the shortage of manpower now be much relieved by demobilisation from the armed forces. As far as fuel is concerned, it has now become all too hideously clear that the Government has no policy which can increase the supply of coal this winter, or next.

It is a little shocking that after having shrieked for half a century or more that they should get possession of the coalfields, after the lapse of a few months the Government is now turning aside, and suggesting that coal is not so important after all, and that industry should be converted to the use of oil. One is reminded of the late Queen Marie Antoinette, when she was alleged to have stated that, since the people could not get bread, they should eat cake.

The American Loan is getting rapidly eaten up. It was, as I have always said, a weak blunder. Because, for all our independent struttings, it has placed us under the control of American economists, if these persons can be dignified by such a name. And if the United States is soon going into another slump, or 'recess', as they so elegantly term it, our much-vaunted export drive may be halted, even before it has gone half way.

The National Income may soon be too small to support the new Social Services, plus plans of reconstruction. Even the existing standard of living is gravely threatened. If the export drive fails, it will soon become impossible to import a wide range of raw materials, and foods, from abroad.

It is no use nursing further plans of 'taxing the rich'. Apart from the very doubtful value of further discouraging the leaders of industry at such an awkward moment, the further amount which would be raised would now be negligible, for the recipients, if not quite for the 'donors'.

The sole remaining hope, of course, is to increase production—to increase the productivity of each worker. The real trouble is that, with the present Government, there exists neither the inducement to work hard nor the penalty for working badly, for either employer or employee. Employers are not encouraged either by the present weight of taxation or by the pettifogging filling-up of forms. And the race of energetic middle-class business men, who were wound up to work regardless of reward, is rapidly dying out. So that the position will get gradually worse.

Neither is Nationalisation any remedy for this. Whatever its ethical merits, it



EMANUEL SHINWELL, the new Marie Antoinette! Since there is now less coal than ever, the Government says, 'Use oil!'

is highly unlikely, for many years at any rate, to make British industry more efficient, more cheap, or more adventurous.

#### EVIL OF CLOSED SHOP

THE workers, for their part, suffer from a most foolish wage system, or rather lack of system. As things are, minimum guarantees are so high that there is little urge to earn more. Once more, the present system of P.A.Y.E. achieves the same undesirable result. Incidentally, it is considered that Dr. Dalton's increases in the Surtax lost him much more Revenue than he gained.

Again, productivity is held back by trade union restrictions which forbid the use of the modern mechanisation which we must possess in order to be saved. Of course, where modern machinery of this type is installed employers must be made to share the new benefits with the workers

Finally, the 'closed shop', known as 'monopoly' when applied to employers, especially press proprietors, is certain death to British industry's chance of survival. Both restrictive, price-fixing Employers' Associations and monopolistic Unions are poison ivy. The Government of the day must summon up the courage to damn and blast them all!

Another odd thing about present-day Government controls (very many of which are absolutely necessary—and the American Republican Party threaten to go quite mad) is that the splendid system achieved, after ghastly growing pains, during the war, when Britain became perhaps the most efficient industrial country, seems in the first years of peace to have literally disintegrated. What I mean is that during the war it was, at long last, arranged that one Government Department should be designated as responsible for each activity; and

its consent carried with it the consent of all the others. Why have we gone back now to the old game of overlapping: Or sometimes 'not lapping' at all? Why the farce of the 'building drive', where there are at least eight 'drivers'?

At this moment of industrial danger we are unfortunately faced with one of the paradoxes which exist in the Socialist case. For Socialism is, through Nationalisation, supposed to spell greater efficiency. Yet it carries within itself, subconsciously at least, the belief that factories and plants, like country mansions, are the mere toys of the wealthy classes. Thus the peevishness of contemporary cooks and domestic workers has been carried into the industrial field Will it be possible to tell the British worker now that Peace, though it may not mean blood or tears, does mean sweat, if this country is going to compete with the best which America, and other foreign countries, including no doubt Japan, in respect of cotton goods, can deliver? Moreover, is it possible for the message to be given by a Government consisting solely of Labour Ministers? There lies the main problem for today.

There can now be little doubt that one of the important factors in lack of incentive is the extremist export policy of which Sir Stafford Cripps is the champion. Exports there certainly must be. Yet a psychologist would have realised that the first thing was to give the people something of the fruits of their victory. In this respect the Government has suffered from a woeful lack of imagination. From a strictly economic point of view no doubt the present export policy has been justified, and the Economist supports it. In this case I must disagree with this admirable journal. Once again, with all his ability and well-meaningness, it is permissible to wonder if it is really sensible to have a vegetarian teetotaller in charge of a

country which won supremacy by cating beef.

The Economist has also recently said that we could spare more of our rations for Germany! Again I am afraid, No! My sympathy for the Germans is great, and the Economist's German policy is proving to have been right in general, though perhaps it did not go quite far enough. For example, is it really necessary to occupy Germany at all: Yet to reduce our rations further? Enough said about such a patently idiotic idea.

#### THE ZIONIST TERRORISTS

THE Zionist frenzy is growing apace. Now the Irgun Zvai Leumi and the Stern gang are threatening London. This is a bitter position for the decent type of Jew, who is likely in the end to suffer from unfortunate repercussions of these outrages. If a British woman or child is murdered, it is difficult to conceive what will become of the Jewish community in this country. Now is the very last moment for all good Jews, whether in Palestine, in Britain or in other parts of the world, to come to the aid of order and decency. It is no good Dr. Weizmann and his colleagues in the Jewish Agency saying that they deplore murder. They have got to stop it. Likewise prominent Jewish citizens in Britain, like Mr. Israel Sief, must at once head a Jewish Special Constabulary to put down outrage and murder here. It is time for action.

#### 'DEMOCRACY?'

ANOTHER Russian anecdote which is going about, and which is illustrative of the differences between Soviet and civilised attitudes to life. At Paris, Byrnes of U.S.A. is supposed to have called upon Molotov of U.S.S.R. to clear up the many misunderstandings about the blessed word 'democracy'. Byrnes explained, 'When I get back to the United States, I shall probably have dinner at my club;

and when I am talking to a few friends over a glass of wine, I shall probably have no hesitation in saying that I think that Harry Truman is an incompetent bungler.' 'Yes,' replied Molotov, 'I can see no difference! When I get back to the U.S.S.R., I shall be driven to the Kremlin to talk with M. Stalin, and the first thing that I shall say to him is that I think that President Truman is an incompetent bungler.' As we say in Grand Opera circles, Se non e Verdi, e ben Traviata!

#### **'WOMEN'S INTERESTS?'**

How very odd women writers are in the superior Sunday prints. People like Alison Settle devote columns in the Observer to stuff which could not possibly be of any interest to any woman born, least of all to any reader of the Observer. What possible significance can readers of that journal attach to the conditions of service amongst Post Office Telephone workers, a group whom I suspect that they cordially detest? There is also an



The wealthy ISRAEL SIEF. Heading the new Jewish Anti-Terrorist Constabulary

excruciating series of the most boring and fatuous details of the position of the shoe trade. This seems to have been a 'handout', as the same stuff appeared also in the Sunday Times.

\* \* \*

The police force is failing utterly; and this is the moment that the 'officers' have selected for asking for increased pay. The farce of the robbing of the Windsors was only surpassed by the greater farce at St. James's Palace. It is a wonder that we bother to pay the police rate at all. 'Officers' would be well advised to devote less of their valuable time to poker players and other criminals of that description; and to spend less time on teaching children how to cross the :oad, a service which should be performed by school-teachers and parents. The British police are certainly no longer wonderful.

#### NASHING

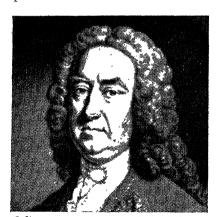
I was startled during the weekend when I opened a copy of *Interiors*, a wellgot-up U.S. illustrated journal on household interiors and industrial design, for September 1946, price 50 cents, telephone number Vanderbilt (N.Y.) 6-2954; printed on the thickest and choicest of

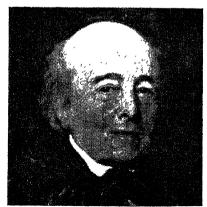
art paper; 152 pages, of which 90 are ads. A large article was devoted by Francis de N. Schroeder, contributor, to our old friend Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street, plus a picture proving how very pretty she was in her youth, when she was a cook, complete with a chef's cap and tasting ladle.

The preliminary blurb ends, 'Later we will tell you about Beau Nash, a dancing master and great friend of Royalty, who was responsible for the style that we now call Regency, by attracting the greatest architects and furniture designers in England to the city of Bath'.

Gay amusement turned to cold horror when, consulting the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, also now published since 1899 in U.S.A., I discovered that there is no mention of the great architect Nash, though plenty about Nashville, Kentucky.

For the benefit of editors, and readers, of *Interiors*, Richard Nash, who flourished from 1674 until 1762, known as 'Beau Nash', was a semi-Welsh gentleman who became master of ceremonies at Bath, Eng., in 1705, where he reigned until 1745. He certainly 'made' Bath, and had a great influence even upon its architecture—which is not 'Regency' (either British or French). He





(Left) BEAU NASH, 1674–1762, the 'King' of Bath. Not to be confused with (right) JOHN NASH, the architect, 1752–1835, who laid out Regent's Park



Marble Arch, when it was in front of Buckingham Palace

must have been one of the first people to refuse a knighthood—because it was not accompanied by a pension. His reign was splendid, owing to his great, if somewhat over-magnificent, taste. He reduced raucous gentlemen to order, by making them wear pumps (after the Pump Room at Bath)—Court shoes for ladies are, I believe, still called pumps in America instead of outdoor boots in the drawing room. He also dealt firmly with cheeky taxi drivers (or rather sedanchairman), and even constituted himself a local rent tribunal. He was finally ruined by the hypocritical act abolishing gambling, passed in 1745.

The great architect Nash, 1752–1835, built much of what is most pleasant in London. He laid out Regent's Park, and designed some of the terraces blitzed by Hitler, and now menaced by more domestic breeds of barbarians and vandals. This work he accomplished in 1811. He also proceeded to plan Regent Street, between the Regent's palace of Carlton House and the Regent's Park. He repaired and enlarged Buckingham House, as it was then called, from which his Marble Arch was for some reason moved to Great Cumberland Gate in 1851. He likewise designed the Haymarket Theatre and the United Services Club, amongst many

other fascinating works. The Dictionary of National Biography for 1906 (the Philistine year in which I was born) opines, 'his style lacked grandeur, and great monotony was produced by his persistent use of stucco

I am ringing up the Georgian Group (which, of course, also deals with Regency) about the omission in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the disturbing state of education in the United States.

#### FUTURE OF INDONESIA?

From Col. CHARLES J. PALSTRA, O.B.E., former Paymaster-General, Netherlands Forces; Financial Adviser to Netherlands Ministry of War; and head of Mutual Aid and Lease-Lend Organisation for Netherlands Empire. Now London representative of 'Indie in Nood'

SIR.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the very interesting, ably written articles on the Indonesian problem by Miss Barbara Whittingham-Jones, published in the October and November issues of *World Review*. A warm tribute is due to the writer for the conscientiousness with which she has gathered the great amount of information of which her articles bear witness.

If I am allowed to make a few remarks on the subject, these will certainly have no bearing on the substance of the information which Miss Whittingham-Jones has supplied in her articles. However, I am afraid that the fact that events have in several instances not been stated in the chronological order in which they took place, might lead the less informed reader to draw wrong conclusions.

As an example, I may mention that the important statement made by H.M. Queen Wilhelmina, in her speech of 7 December 1942, certainly constitutes one of the most important facets of the 'Background to the Indonesian Problem'. However, no mention was made of this step of the utmost importance in the first article which appeared on the subject.

Furthermore, Î feel sure that only the necessary limits of space account for the fact that comparatively little prominence is given to the Wilhelmina Plan, and this only in the second article. The far-reaching principles, laid down in this important pronouncement, give an indication of the realistic view the Dutch government in force at the time it was made, and the Dutch people generally, took of the development of the Indonesian part of the Dutch Empire, and of their projects to further the political and administrative independence of Indonesia, within the framework of the empire. It has since then appeared that later governments have in some ways departed from the principles laid down in

the Queen's broadcast. How important the present government, however, considers the 'Wilhelmina Plan' to be, may be deduced from the fact that the Dutch division, recently sent out to the Indies, was officially given the name '7th December-Division', thus commemorating the date on which Queen Wilhelmina made her famous broadcast, the spirit of which is still the guiding thought behind Dutch measures to solve the Indonesian problem.

In judging the conduct of Lt.-General SIP Philip Christison, one should bear in mind that this army commander was assisted by Dutch experts and advisers, including Dr. van Mook, and it is important to remember that these advisers as N.E.F.I.S. (Netherlands East Indies Field Intelligence Service) were under the control of the now Lieut. Governor-General throughout the war, and were directed by him

In conclusion I would like to state that the association 'Indie in Nood—Geen Uur te Verliezen', which was mentioned in the first article on the subject, was established in January of this year, i.e., six months after the defeat of Japan, when—as Miss Whittingham-Jones rightly describes—the greatest possible number of mistakes were being made by the greatest possible number of people.

This state of affairs cost numerous lives and caused the greatest hardship to countless innocent people. The alarm which a great number of Dutch people—especially those, who had spent an important part of their lives in the Indies—felt on this account resulted in support being given to the association by some 20,000 adherents from all over the country. 'Indie in Nood' is backed, not so much by the representatives of vested interests, but mainly by people belonging to the middle-class. This in itself is already sufficient to refute the idea that the association is purely imperialistic.

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS Monthly Comments (XVII)

#### SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

This has been an autumn of elections—midterm elections in the United States, in France the first elections under the new Constitution, municipal elections in Germany and Italy.

It is easy to be owlish wise, particularly within a few days of the event. But on the whole nothing unexpected has happened—save perhaps in France—and even the French elections fall, on analysis, into a general European pattern.

The American elections are another matter, might have been fought upon another planet. For, however much Americans may fear Russia, the general ideological struggle does not yet

directly affect their politics.

Of course, in one way, you may hold that it has always been present in them—by implication. The Federalist Party, that grew one hundred and fifty years ago around the personality of Alexander Hamilton, and whose descendants are the democrats of today, has always stood for a powerful central authority. The Republicans, under the inspiration of Thomas Jefferson, have always stood for State and individual rights against the interference of Washington. But both great parties exist on an assumption of prosperity and an expanding economy. Neither of them has been born of social grievances, nor is particularly concerned with the unequal distribution of wealth. The Horatio Alger hero is still the American ideal. The unpropertied classes still regard the rich man with admiration, are as yet but vaguely stirred by any ambition to destroy him. America, in short, still belongs politically to the last century. Senator La Follette's recent apostasy, after two generations of attempted Socialism, shows us how far off is the birth of a genuine American Labour Party.

In these circumstances, how can the gulf between the two great parties be very wide: The panic of 1929-33 would probably have forced whomever was in power to adopt some form of New Deal. 'The Devil was sick...' No doubt, too, the personality of Roosevelt, one of the great Liberal reformers of our time, counted for much

in the matter.

The fact is, Socialist, or at least Radical, policies were adopted by a great man in a great crisis, with no solid body of Radical opinion behind him, but only a flock of frightened sheep. The crisis and the great man alike have disappeared. The Horatio Alger world of material success and

easy money has come back. True, every American talks of another slump as a foregone conclusion, but I suspect he regards it as a contingency no less remote than his own inevitable death. Meanwhile there is much hay to be made under a shining sun. What reason then for the New Deal to continue, except the enthusiasm of that unfashionable group of Left-Wing Democrats led by Mr. Wallace—the section of the party which has been most severely mauled in the elections?

#### 'UNFETTERED ENTERPRISE'

The Republican victory was, then, a victory for unfettered enterprise against planning. America, in short, has decided—rather as did China in the sixteenth century—on an attempt to arrest her social development in the middle of a rapidly changing world. It will be interesting to see how the experiment goes. It may also be profitable to consider how it may affect, and how much it may cost, other countries.

It was the dream of Mr. Churchill, and of many like him, that the 'two great Anglo-Saxon democracies' in permanent harmony should



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has recently given up his Socialism

dominate the world and preserve its peace. But long before the war had ended, it became perfectly obvious to the most casual observer that our two countries were sailing on economic courses widely divergent. The victory last year of the British Labour Party filled the American business world with misgiving, and strengthened opposition to the Loan. There might well have occurred a great drift apart in our foreign policies—but for one factor, the indiscretions of Soviet Russia. It is the Russians who at present are the cement in the structure of Anglo-American unity. The Republican victory is bound to increase the strain on that structure, however much we may talk of a bi-partite foreign policy; for rival philosophies inspire us. But so long as Russian imperialism threatens our two systems, the State Department and the Foreign Office will no doubt remain on cordial terms. Should Russian pressure suddenly relax, should Monsieur Stalin's Sybilline utterances of the past few weeks really presage a change in Soviet policy, then, very possibly, the Anglo-American partnership may dissolve.

I do not wish, however, to suggest that the foreign policy of the United States will then be committed into the hands of the Chicago Tribune and the noisier anti-British elements in the Republican Party. I only wish to remind the readers of World Review that in the present temper of American opinion, and with powerful Jewish forces whipping up emotions over Palestine, we can no longer perhaps count upon American friendship as the basis of our foreign policy.

As far as the needy Continent of Europe is concerned, the Republican victory merely confirms a tendency already unfortunate. The American people had determined upon the abolition of price controls. Several months ago, food prices began to rise. This rise, plus American shipping strikes, inevitably decreases the volume of American food for Europe. Nor does America's rejection of Sir John Boyd Orr's 'World Food Board' help matters.

#### ANOTHER SLUMP FATAL!

There is one more point to be considered in connection with the American elections. Bretton Woods and the terms of the Loan have tied us fairly tightly to the American economy, for all our philosophic divergencies. The consequences of another slump in Western Europe would, I believe, be absolutely fatal to our civilisation. The only way we can defend ourselves against totalitarianism—whether Communist or neo-Fascist does not matter much—is by proving to the world that our own relatively Liberal system does

work. If it breaks down again, we will not be given another chance—and the war might as well never have been fought. It behoves us, therefore, to watch the American scene with unrelenting vigilance, and to do everything in our power to buttress our economy against any shocks that may come from the West.

#### COMMUNIST DANGER IN EUROPE

Now for the European elections. Very soon after the 'liberation' it became clear that the various Continental Communist Parties, outside Russian Europe, enjoyed a strength in almost direct proportion to the remoteness of the Russian armies. The lands on the new Russian frontier—Austria and Western Germany and Greece first felt the anti-Communist revulsion: Italy followed suit, then Belgium; last June it seemed as if France were going the same way.

The contrary seems to have happened in the recent French elections. However much we may talk of abstentions (some eighteen per cent of the electorate) and of dissensions on the Right, the fact remains that the Communist vote is up by half a million on last June, and that the Party is now the strongest in France for the next five years. The trouble, of course, comes in a large measure from the Black Market, with its gross social inequalities that Monsieur Bidault's M.R.P. has never tackled with proper courage: from the intervention of General de Gaulle; and from the divided counsels of the French Socialist Party. Meanwhile the happy tendency of recent Assemblies to split themselves into three main parties has been arrested. It looks as if the Fourth Republic will know as many factions and political combinations as delicate and ingenious as ever poisoned the declining years of the Third Republic.

If there be any other trend, apart from a factional, in the French elections, it is towards a concentration of power on the extreme Left and the extreme Right. The Union Gaulliste and the Conservative factions have, in their way, done quite as well as the Communists. France, it would seem, has no use for moderation at the moment; and one is driven to wonder whether the stage is not being cleared for a final struggle between General de Gaulle and the Communists. There is less talk than there was a few months ago of civil war or a further devaluation of the franc. But the gulf between the middle classes and the workers is widening, just as it widened one hundred years ago, before the rising of 1848. Moreover, nowadays the countryside is no longer solidly Conservative. We cannot therefore dismiss the



A Parisian, with the inevitable (?) bread, votes on 10 November

possibility of a violent Left-Wing phase in France, with consequent embarrassment even to a Socialist Government of these islands: or, alternatively, of a France being seriously distracted by a struggle for power between Left and Right. In any case, the prospects for anything like a solid and close arrangement between our two countries have not been improved by the election results. Our one crumb of comfort is the new Anglo-French economic agreement.

In Italy, the municipal elections were significant largely for the extraordinary apathy of the electorate. Here lies one of the greatest dangers to free systems. The Communists are blessed with a positive faith, however monstrous. The anti-Communists are tired and disillusioned. Only the close proximity of the Russians—as in Germany—can stir them to action; and even here the victory of the moderate parties at the recent polls may not be a matter for very lengthy rejoicing. For it has almost coincided with the calamity long foreseen in these pages—the almost complete collapse of the victualling machinery for the British Zone.

There is talk of respites, of slight improvements in the situation. The fact remains, our German subjects are not getting enough food even to exist, let alone to begin the work of reconstruction; and there seems very little to be said for the British military administration as a whole. No doubt it is less brutal than the Russian, less interested and venial than the American. But it is almost certainly not of the quality we have a right to expect. It is very unfortunate that administration cannot be taken out of the hands of the soldiers, who with very rare exceptions have but one idea of government—a bureaucracy of the most terrifying complexity.

In Greece the recent changes in the Tsaldaris Government suggest that King George may be one stage nearer the 'broad-bottomed' administration of which all moderate Greeks are said to dream. In Egypt, Sidky Pasha is supposed to be compiling a vast memorandum to prove what a burning patriot he has been in his negotiations with the British. In Persia fresh troubles among the Kurds suggest further damage to a Central Government already far too decrepit. In China, 'Cease-Fires', conferences, civil wars and 'Cease-Fires' again whirl in a wicked spiral across the dusty fields. In East Bengal poverty-stricken peasant murders poverty-stricken peasant for reasons that neither understands.

Never has history seemed more of a 'tale told by an idiot' than in this sombre autumn of 1946.

## THE FUTURE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

RT. HON. R. A. BUTLER, P.C., M.P.,

Minister of Education 1941–1945. One of the chief brains of the 'Shadow Cabinet'

THE purpose of this article is to answer two questions:

Will the Conservative Party be returned to

What will the Party do when it is returned to Power?

The answer to the first question is, of course, 'Yes'. We intend to prove ourselves worthy of the free choice of the public of this country, to form the next Government. Naturally, the Socialists encourage the view that the defeat of the Conservative Party in 1945 is decisive, and one from which there was no recovery. Some Socialist leaders have talked as if all that remained is to shovel more earth on to the coffin. A few of them believe it even now. They forget that a great political Party, like a well-disciplined army, can quickly recover from disaster. Three years elapsed between Dunkirk and El Alamein, and the British Army that retreated out of Burma in 1942 was well on the way to final triumph two years later. Socialists are apt to forget, too, their own recovery after the much greater landslide of 1931.

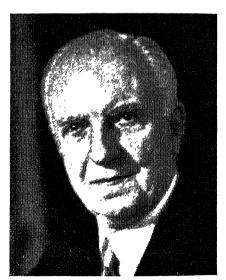
As the months go by, our opponents are realising that we are not so dead as they had professed to believe. The spirit and temper of the recent Blackpool Conference has convinced all impartial observers that the vitality of the Party is greater than ever.

Moreover, if we think back a little, it will be recalled that this defeat in 1945 was not the first occasion on which our Party has been apparently engulfed, and that past predictions of our political demise have been completely falsified by events. Dr. Dalton, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said airily in a recent speech that no one wants us back, but I think the Chancellor was whistling to keep up the spirit of his supporters. In his heart he knows full well that such views are like the report of the death of Mark Twain-greatly exaggerated! After the 1906 election the same sort of thing was said, and, to go further back, one recalls the confident prophecy of Sir William Harcourt, the Liberal leader, who in the 'eighties assured his friends that never again would the Tories get a majority in the Commons. Unfortunately for Sir William's reputation as a

prophet, the Tories were returned to power within twelve months. Only the very young, or the very naïve, will seriously maintain that a Party with its roots so deep in history, and with its proud record of social reform, can be crippled for long.

Another type of propagandist, with a longer memory, is fond of contending that, while the ultimate return to power of the Conservative Party is inevitable, it will not take place at the next General Election. These people point to the experience of the Conservatives after 1906, and that of the Socialists after 1931, as evidence of their contention. They say the Conservatives will undoubtedly pull down the Socialists' majority at the next Election, but the Socialists will still have a sufficient preponderance to enable them to carry on.

I do not agree with that argument. The speeding-up which is so characteristic of modern life also applies to political thinking.



LORD WOOLTON managed to make rationing popular during the war. Now, as Party Chairman, he is an undoubted asset to the Tories



HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P., who once called Tory Front Bench 'extinct volcanoes'. Long a progressive theorist, as Minister in the Mediterranean during the war, he showed his administrative ability

#### ARE PROMISES A BOOMERANG?

I am certain that the lavish promises made by our opponents will act as a boomerang, and that the increasing tendency in the ranks of the Socialist Party, and among the Left Wing trade unionists, towards the abuse of power has not passed unobserved by the electorate. Citizens are awakening to the fact that the Socialists, whatever the intentions of moderate leaders, will be unable to halt the drift towards totalitarianism. The Party is more and more drifting towards a belief in power for power's sake. The Conservative Party alone can arrest this process.

The unhappy misrepresentations of Conservative policy before the war—misrepresentations which went almost unchecked during the six years of struggle—are now being corrected.

Another factor which I firmly believe will play a part in bringing about a rapid change in the mood of the electorate is the formation of the Conservative political centres, at which Conservatives—or indeed those interested in politics generally—are obtaining far better information of events, and of results flowing from them, than was the case between the wars. The formation of a corps d'élite of Conservatives—particularly young Conservatives—who are firmly grounded in the reasons for their faith, is going to be of the utmost value.

During the war the Army Education Staffs, emulating the Cromwellian method, strove to make the soldier know why he fought. In the end, every private soldier not only knew why he was called upon to leave home and comfort for the African desert and the Burma forests, but he also understood his own part in every battle. We Conservatives are doing the same thing for our own people, and we believe that all our rank and file, armed with this knowledge, will become propagandists for their faith.

Yet another influence which will help to bring about a rapid revival in our favour is the fact that people are recovering from the mental weariness which followed an exhausting war. Under our present rulers, it is true, peace is almost as trying as war; nevertheless, people are more alert and their feeling of independence and individuality is returning. At the time of the election many were so tired of struggle that they surrendered to a Party which promised the State would be fairy godmother to everyone. They looked forward to a period in which the fairy godmother would make life infinitely easier and more pleasant. That mood has gone; the fairy godmother has proved to be an interfering old hag, as unpleasant as the witches in Macbeth. The natural love of freedom and detestation of control for control's sake is asserting itself again.

Many who have hitherto been content to ignore politics, and murmur 'A plague on both your houses', are now realising for the first time that there is a fundamental difference between the Socialists and the Conservatives which they

can no longer afford to ignore.

We Conservatives do not forget that the nine millions who voted for us in 1945 were drawn from all classes of the community; nearly half of them were people who earned less than £5 a week. We were glad at Blackpool to hear the voice of Youth, confident but not strident. In some quarters among our opponents it is sought to show that Youth in our movement is a rebellious force that is ignored by the older generation. That view is a false one. The vitality of our Youth, coupled with the wisdom and experience of their elders, makes a combination that will take us back to power, and help us to transform this drab and gloomy England into a Merrie England.

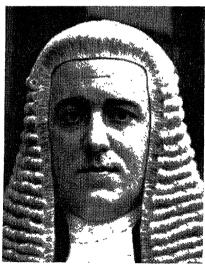
That brings me to the second part of this article: what will the Conservatives do when

they are returned to power?

I had the honour to be the chairman of an Advisory Committee on Policy and Political Education which presented a Report to the Blackpool Conference. The approach of that Committee to these problems was the right one.

We realised the anxiety of the public to know of the Party's policy in greater detail, but we were determined to avoid the error of our opponents who at the Election-and since-produced specious and ill-considered proposals, I wonder if the electorate realised the full import of the confession made at the Labour Party Conference at Bournemouth by Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel and Power. He said, 'Little attention has been paid to the extremely difficult technical and administrative problems which the carrying out of nationalisation involves. We stated our principles when power appeared to be remote. But now that we have gained power, we recognise our limitations and shortcomings in the field of preparation. There has been, I regret to say, very little guidance on details, and so we have had to improvise in the light of existing circumstances.

Since Mr. Shinwell made that astonishing admission, the public has been made aware that, so far as the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry is concerned, the Government does not even know how much of the industry they think suitable for nationalisation. How, then, can we be expected to frame a detailed reply at the moment? We have committees of experts examining all the nationalisation proposals separately, for it is the intention of the Party to examine each industry as a distinct entity. We shall not undo merely for the sake of undoing; our approach will be practical rather than doc-



SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, M.P., Attorney-General in Caretaker Government. Outstanding success at Nuremberg. Tough and hard-working Scot. Future Prime Minister?



PETER THORNEYCROFT, M.P., ex-Chairman Tor, Reform Group. Young, energetic, and a master of facts

trinaire. We have to bear in mind the importance of continuity in public policy.

#### THE CONSTRUCTIVE ALTERNATIVE

It will be our aim to rescue industry as a whole from the uncertainties which have arisen from the undefined and almost boundless powers of interference assumed by the present Government. A Conservative Government would seek to remove the chains which bind industries, in some cases by reasonable modifications and in others by repeal, in the latter case only where the results show clearly that permanent harm is being done to the country's commerce.

We regard the State as a trustee for the community, and a balancing force between different interests. Against the Authoritarian State and irresponsible public boards we put the Democratic State and responsible enterprise, animated by a live social conscience. Today, unhappily, we are suffering from the worst of both worlds. The State threatens private enterprise with extinction, and then cajoles those who still enjoy a measure of personal initiative to come to the aid of the all-devouring State. We are not foolish enough to say that we can go back to the go-as-you-please economics of the nineteenth century, nor do we intend to continue the strait-jacket economics of the Socialists.

Our attitude broadly is that there must be a balance between the State and the individual, central government and local government, the interests of town and country and between the proportion of a nation's earnings seized by the State and the proportion that remains for industry and the individual. Today the scales are being tipped far too heavily on the side of the State, and Conservatives will restore the balance.

While details of an official Conservative programme on which an Election can be fought must wait until nearer the time, it is possible to summarise some main aspects of our home policy in sufficiently clear terms as to answer adequately those critics who declare no such policy exists.

Industry and Commerce. We make no apology for the profit motive. A profit fairly earned is as right as a wage or salary fairly earned. The Socialist theory that the profit motive is immoral was answered two thousand years ago in the Biblical parable of the ten talents, where we are told that the unprofitable servant is cast into the outer darkness. We believe that human nature will give of its best only if full incentive is given to the creative impulse, and if reward follows the performance of good work.

Recently the Conservative Research Department, working under the auspices of the Advisory Committee of which I am Chairman, produced a report on profit-sharing and co-partmership in industry. Mr. Churchill said at Blackpool: We seek as far as possible to make the status of the wage-earner that of a partner rather than that of an irresponsible employee. It is in the interest



DAVID ECCLES, M.P., has good business experience. Opposes abolition of small trader. Recently made constructive speech on Agriculture



CAPTAIN A. E. MARPLES, young Member for Wallasey. Son of a Socialist. A successful builder by trade, he has become a Conservative by conviction

of the wage-earner to have many other alternatives open to him than service under one all-powerful employer called the State.'

#### ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY

The key to economic democracy lies, not in remote control of industry through nationalisation, but in giving an intimate opportunity to the worker to be associated closely with enterprise, to understand it, to be able to obtain a fair share of the rewards, and to be able to live a full life within the undertaking to which he has devoted the labour of his hands. It follows, then, that we regard a strong and responsible trade union movement as an indispensable part of our industrial democracy, but the 'closed shop' idea and the forcing of workers into a Union we look upon as a new form of tyranny. Every Government should have a general economic policy, and the partners in industry should be told by the Government the code of rules under which they can function, but when that is achieved the partners should be allowed to get on with the job with the minimum of State interference.

In our Election programme of 1945 we included a proposal for a tribunal before which certain monopolistic abuses should be brought if they were prejudicial, for example, to the maintenance of full employment, or injured the interests of the consumer. In office we should maintain this proposal and supplement it by drafting a suitable code.

Property. We believe in a property-owning democracy, and that is one of the several reasons why Conservatives are opposed to Mr. Bevan's housing plan. We want to see a nation of houseowners, whereas Mr. Bevan prefers a race of council-house tenants. Nothing is more unjust than to regard the owner of property as having 'vested interests' and we advocate the distribution of ownership over the greatest possible number of individuals. We are against State capitalism, and in favour of individual capitalism, spread as widely as possible. We welcome all schemes that enable the worker to own his home and to participate in the ownership of industry, just as we desire to see more tenant farmers become owner-occupiers.

Employment. We intend that a high and stable level of employment shall be maintained, combined with fair standards of wages. Difficulties lie ahead as the competitive power of other nations increases. Yet we believe that modern developments of science and technology will ensure that the standard of living can be raised by greater efficiency and work of the highest quality, so that Britain can compete in the markets of the world. All this can be achieved only by maximum production, and for that reason we approve of schemes giving workers a direct incentive to increase their output.

Social Reform. The measures of social reform, security and education put into operation or projected by the present Government are the fruit of the Churchill Government, and we would continue along these lines, ensuring that new services develop naturally out of the old, and avoiding sudden breaks with tradition and practice which create bitterness and resentment. For instance, so far as the Health Service is concerned, we would make it possible for the doctor to remain the servant of the patient and not become a State official—we would save the Voluntary Hospitals.

The two great Education Acts of the present century both bear the Conservative stamp, and we should build on these structures, putting the

emphasis on quality.

Agriculture. We must ensure a fair and lasting policy for ensuring good prices for agricultural products, so that a proper and dignified level of wages may be paid to the most skilled of all professions, the Farm Worker. We should extend research, education and afforestation, and improve facilities for electricity, water and sanitation. Also we should pay especial attention to rural housing, a matter which Mr. Bevan has neglected. We should endeavour to balance the different interests of town and country,

for unless such amenutes as light, water, electricity and good housing are shared between town and country, Britons will continue to flock to the towns.

Taxation. Both taxation and national expenditure must be curtailed. Much could be done in the latter direction by ridding the State of duties better carried out by individual enterprise. The number of State officials might well be reduced without loss of efficiency—the personnel regarded as redundant would easily be absorbed into civil life. At present, as fast as temporary civil servants are released from the Service Departments they are taken into other State Departments, and the unhealthy fact is that the number of Civil Servants exceeds either the number of miners or agricultural workers.

We should have to take drastic steps to avoid inflation, particularly as we dislike seeing the savings of the thrifty dwindle. Two essential steps would be taken to ensure that national expenditure does not exceed the yield of taxation and to produce goods in sufficient quantity for the public to buy in the home market. A Socialist junior Minister recently complained that British people go to Switzerland and buy British goods exported to that country. It does not require much thought to see how this could be avoided.

I cannot imagine that there is much doubt in the public mind about our future policy in Foreign Affairs. We are wholeheartedly in support of the United Nations, and we believe that we must maintain adequate armed forces, both to defend our Commonwealth and Imperial interests and to carry out our world-wide commitments.

No successful attempt can be made at present to define policy in all its aspects, but the above may help as a guide. What is vital is that we are inspired by the spirit of a 'Come Back'. No one present at Blackpool could have failed to be impressed by the upsurge of vitality in that greatest in point of numbers—of all Party Conferences. The 'dead and coffined' Conservative Party was patently very much alive, young in mind and fact, and forward looking. We are under no illusions about the hard work, the delving down into the foundations of our political and industrial life which has to be done if the renascence of Blackpool is to be maintained. The age of dilettante politics is gone—dead as the Dodo, and the influence of the Dukeries. We are today engaged in hammering out a new industrial Charter, a new approach to the relationship between State and individual, and between Government, employer and employee. Our new Conservative Party is on the move: our new Tory democracy is stirring. In the time ahead the world will see which way we are going.

#### NUREMBERG IN HISTORY

### JOHN MAUDE, son of Cyril Maude, the actor, and eminent K.C. Conservative M.P. for Exeter

The school-children of the future, both in Great Britain and the rest of the world, will undoubtedly find something in their history books about the Great Trial at Nuremberg. What will they find that the historians have considered worthy of record for mankind?

This is a question which it will be well to try to answer now, in order to avoid missing the implication of the present. The philosopher, Santayana, has warned us that 'those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.'

It seems hardly likely that the grim record of the execution of the leading criminals will be hailed as a complete deterrent to potential makers of war. To assess the relationship of Punishment to Crime is infinitely difficult, and those who have not given careful thought to the problem are always falling into the error of thinking, and vociferously asserting, that fearful punishment meted out to evil-doers is a sure and sound way of protecting humanity.

Within the last few weeks we have been able to read, in certain newspapers, the ghastly details of the scenes upon the scaffolds. Indeed, certain newspapers have gone further, and it has been possible to recoil in horror from a detailed account of the American hangman's reactions to the prospect of carrying out the executions, and his pleasure in performing this most loathsome of human tasks. Such things are likely to revolt the ordinary Britisher who is inclined to be interested in just trials and just condemnations, but not in revolting details of judicial execution.

#### DEATH NO DETERRENT

If anyone is inclined to think that a gruesome death of a murderer is a sovereign preventive of similar happenings, it is useful to remember the case of Robespierre who had hundreds of ghastly executions as part of his beastly record, and who died upon the scaffold in his turn. The facts of his execution are well known and should have been familiar to the Nazi murderers; the following quotation is from Sir Archibald Alison's History of Europe. 'They were bound by ropes to the benches of the car in which they were seated, and the rolling of the vehicle during the long passage, which was through the most populous quarters of Paris, produced such pain in their wounds that they sometimes screamed aloud . . . Robespierre's forehead, one eye, and

part of the check, were alone seen above the bandage which held up the broken jaw . . . When lifted up to be tied to the fatal plank, the executioner tore the bandage from his face; the lower jaw fell upon his breast, and he uttered a yell which filled every heart with horror. For some minutes the frightful figure was held up, fixed to the board, to the mulutude; he was then placed under the axe, and the last sounds which reached his ears were the exulting shouts, which were prolonged for some minutes after his death.' And yet these Germans have surpassed the record of Robespierre, and were guilty of almost countless murders of indescribable horror and pain.

Although trial, condemnation and execution may have some deterrent effect upon those who come after, and although all these things are of some satisfaction to the present inhabitants of the civilised world, it would be the utmost folly not or realise that, in the future, war and all its ghastly murders may well be thought worth the risk by those who believe that they will be the victors and not the vanquished.

If there be many of those who believe that



The Prosecutors: (1) Photo by Karsh of Ottawa of Associate Justice JACKSON, pictured in traditional style of U.S. Supreme Court

these just and sordid deaths were likely to frighten possible followers of the Nazi butchers, it must have come as a shock to such people that the wretches were allowed to make scaffold speeches and to have them published to Germany and the world. The future historian may well condemn in the strongest possible terms the fact that the valuable privileges of patriotic speeches in the face of death were handed out so that German apologists can use them to build up a legend and to put the murderers in a false light of national heroism.

It is not conceivable that the historian will fail to point the finger of scorn at those who allowed Keitel to declaim 'I follow my sons. All for Germany', and at those who permitted a record of Frick spitting and shouting, 'Long live eternal Germany!' There will be many Germans who will feel emotionally touched by the account of General Jodl quietly saying, 'I salute you, my Germany.' Goering fully realised the importance of the history books, and although he may have unwisely, from such a point of view, taken the course of suicide, yet he was shrewd enough to exclaim to the American psychologist, 'The death sentence, that doesn't mean a thing to me—but my reputation in history means a lot!'

It is greatly to be feared that one day the history books may show that the memory of twelve million murders in cold blood, for those are the facts, were forgotten by the German people and condoned by them for emotional love of the men of power and fanatical worship of the Reich.

That the Nazis deserved death, and even worse than death, the future citizens of the world will agree, but they may also see more clearly than we do that causes which appear to be full of glittering promise, coupled with the herd instinct at its worst, are calculated to triumph over the warnings which may be found in written or pictorial records of the trial and hanging of a comparatively small group of men.

#### COLLABORATION OF FOUR POWERS

There are several matters of profound importance, however, which the historians are likely to note with approval. It is a remarkable achievement that the representatives of Great Britam, the United States, the Soviet Union, and France who were charged with prosecuting the Germans at Nuremberg, in spite of their four different systems of law and the rigidity of thought which is probably the inevitable result of a long legal career, were able to work in amity so that they produced an instrument of international justice which gained world-wide approval, and which worked smoothly. It is probable that to some extent, and the point should not be exaggerated, the cause of international co-operation in other



(2) Lieutenant-General of Justice RUDENKO



(3) Typical-looking French lawyer—FRANÇOIS DE MENTHON. He was actually one of the founders of the underground movement, 'Combat'

matters was helped by the collaboration and joint experiences of the legal representatives of the Great Powers.

It is also of profound significance for the future that the records of Naremberg will be found to contain proof, positive and clear beyond all dispute, of the guilt of the prisoners. Hardly any of the documents which were used by the prosecution-not six out of many thousands-were challenged on the grounds of genuineness.

The Tribunal itself not only commanded respect by its conduct of the trial, but it also achieved the complete and declared confidence of the lawyers who appeared for the defence. This is a very great and noble historical fact in the history of Justice. No complaint can be made in the future of lack of fairness or opportunity to state the case for the defence of each one of the defendants, nor can it be said that matters were unnecessarily protracted or hurried.

The presiding Judge, Lord Justice Lawrence, is an Englishman and of that fact, and for all that he has done to maintain our reputation for fairmindedness and love of truth, Great Britain is

grateful and full of admiration.

It is very rarely that a long criminal trial comes to an end without some development of an unexpected kind which is often of great interest. Witnesses may produce material which sheds an entirely new light on some aspect of the matter



(4) Last but not least, Britain's youthful-looking HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

under inquiry; documents may be found to bear an entirely different interpretation in the light of freshly revealed circumstances; all advocates will remember many such instances. This trial at Nuremberg produced an amazing development. Gradually it became clearer and clearer that the object aimed at by the Nazis was not merely cruelty and murder perpetrated against thousands, hundreds of thousands, or millions of Jews, Poles, Czechs and others, but that it was the destruction of whole peoples, utterly and remorselessly. The future historian will draw largely upon the records of Nuremberg to teach future generations this appalling fact which was so clearly demonstrated although well nigh beyond belief.

It cannot be supposed that, after the passage of a century or even less, the names of those who laboured both for the prosecution and the defence will be frequently recorded or even remembered; nevertheless it is within the knowledge of all Judges and all members of the Bar that often the Bench owes much in respect of the wisdom of its decisions to the individual skill and integrity of those who appear as advocates before a tribunal. There is every reason for us, in this country, to feel sure that much hard and intricate work was admirably done by those who represented the British at Nuremberg. This fact may appear at first to have little historical implication. but the traditions of the Bar in this island have been brought into high repute throughout the world by the example of those who have gone before us, and the British lawyers at Nuremberg have maintained and extended that fine reputation in a world court of the highest importance in the history of law.

#### WAS IT LEGAL?

While this article was being written, there appeared in various newspapers in this country letters from persons who were questioning the 'legality' of the proceedings at Nuremberg. Such a trial had never taken place before, and to some it appeared that there was no sort of question of 'law' but an arbitrary assumption that such a law existed whereas its existence could not be shown. It has been argued quite sincerely that the whole proceedings were really, if the honest truth be acknowledged, quite 'illegal'. It is in truth a point upon which the technical experts may honestly disagree, but as the years pass by, it is certain in the writer's humble opinion that the trial at Nuremberg will come to be considered as having been a great landmark in International Law. The virtual death of the League of Nations or the absence of any kind of appropriate International Criminal Statute is not

to be allowed to make 'a tale told by an idiot' of the historical and pre-war renunciations of war as an instrument of policy and the declarations by the nations that aggressive war was a crime. Students of the growth of the Common Law of England may find something similar in this new growth of what may perhaps be called the Common Law of the world, our so-called International Law. The man-in-the-street would have been astonished and indignant if it had been said that the declarations of the nations since the last world war were of no account and he would, in the judgment of History, have been entirely right.

It is an achievement of the very highest order that the peoples of this world, through the Court at Nuremberg, have been able to see responsibility for these ghastly murders of astronomical dimensions fixed for all time upon individuals who in the bad old days would have escaped scot free from punishment for aggressive war, unless St. Helena or an even more comfortable exile were to be suggested to a bleeding humanity as proper punishment. Proof has been given to the world that it was those wicked men

who were condemned at Nuremberg who were the authors of the world's most ghastly aggressive war, and for what it is worth a new deterrent has been established.

That is the very least that could be done, but the value of the trial in the preventing of wars is quite impossible of accurate calculation. It is, on the one hand, by no means negligible, while on the other hand the present murmurs and threats of war, which are so terribly disturbing, tend to make the history of Nuremberg appear of small significance.

Many men and women think and dare to say that the trial at Nuremberg will soon be forgotten and that there is only one valuable lesson to be learnt from the dreadful record of the evidence. It is this: Prevention of war is not only better than cure. It is now essential; and fear of death by hanging does not ensure prevention of aggressive wars. We must see to it that there are not only World Courts, but something in the nature of a World Parliament, with power to keep the peace! That is the real implication of the Records of Nuremberg.

#### THE RED RIBBON

AND Ribbentrop, when he died, was a holder of the Soviet's highest order, the Order of Lenin, awarded to him for signing the aggressors' alliance with one of his judges.

Tidings

#### WHAT PRICE DEFEAT?

When a newsman asked General Eisenhower whether he believed he would have been hanged by the Germans, had the war gone the other way, Eisenhower answered smilingly: 'Such thoughts you have!' A literary wag last week put such thoughts into a political fantasy. Excerpts:

'On October 16, 1946, eleven top U.S. war criminals were hanged in the yard of Moyamensing Prison in Philadelphia. According to the six German, Japanese and Italian newsmen present, all met their fate calmly except J. Edgar Hoover, who was drunk and disorderly.

'The eleven men, convicted on one or both counts of waging aggressive defensive war, or spreading equalitarian doctrines, included Bernard Baruch, close collaborator of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, General George C. Marshall, former chief of staff; Henry A. Wallace, former Vice President and vicious fascist-baiter; General Alexander A. Vandegrift, former commander of the notorious Marine Corps; Charles A. Beard, democratic philosopher; Ezequiel Padilla, Trojan horse of the Mexican Anschluss.'

Time.

### FIFTH COLUMN IN OUR MIDST

#### ELMA DANGERFIELD

The earliest 'fifth column' in recorded history is undoubtedly that of the Trojan Horse within the gates of Troy. But the modern designation of such 'partisans' was made by no less a Fascist than General Franco himself in 1936, when he is reputed to have said 'four columns are marching on Madrid, but the fifth is within.'

#### **GERMAN BRIDES?**

One of the most potentially dangerous types of 'fifth columnist' for the future may be the large number of prospective German brides which our men in the Occupation Forces in Germany are said to be acquiring. It has been officially stated that one in three of every British soldier in Germany and Austria has applied for marriage papers. Yet the possible consequences of this appears to have been completely overlooked, both officially and by the public in general. It seems strange when there were originally such stringent official rulings about 'non-fraternisation' at the beginning of the Occupation that now, only a year later, we should accept without a murmur the introduction of some thousands of young Nazi girls into our homes. It may be contended that they have to prove their non-Nazi associations and tendencies, but after a whole people was regimented as were the Germans (particularly the younger generation), it is surely impossible to pretend that all these young German brides were anti-Hitler, and will now become pro-British. Is it not more likely that they will infiltrate their ideas into the receptive minds of their husbands, who no doubt placate their own consciences by convincing themselves that they are healing the wounds of the poor suffering Germans, and helping to build a future peace, cemented with a fusion of British-German blood? Yet it has been proved time and again that blood is thicker than water; and it will be interesting to see how the children of these marriages will be brought up, and how they will be instructed by their mothers about the late war-even more illuminating to see how they will behave in the next twenty-five years if there is ever any resurrection of the Pan-German menace.

#### THE COMMUNIST DANGER

Nevertheless, the most actual, and active, 'fifth columnists' in our country today are not the protagonists of our defeated enemies, but the

sympathisers and adherents of one of our chief Allies! It has been said that the British by nature are more patriotic about other countries than they are about their own—and it is certainly so today. I scarcely know an Englishman, a Scot or Welshman, who would eulogise about his own country to such a lyrical degree as one has heard them do of late about pretty well every country in the world—except America. That is a curious phenomenon-possibly accounted for by our closer blood-relationship to Americans than to any other peoples, which results in our innate modesty of patriotism when speaking about ourselves or our co-laterals, notwithstanding our fulsome praise of countries, races, and ideologies of which most of us know little or nothing. Possibly it is an inferiority complex, or an apologia for our weather—which it is said has driven the large number of Scots abroad who are to be found in the four corners of the earth—or for our present modest standard of living, which we accept uncomplainingly, while every other nation is bitterly decrying its impoverished standard of living, and demanding that we aid and assist them, when in reality we could well do with a little assistance and a few 'home comforts' ourselves.

Be that again as it may, there is no doubt that the most eloquent and effective speakers in this country are today not appealing for the improvement of the standard of living of our own people, or supporting the Government in its efforts to raise the general wellbeing of the nation and the Empire, but precisely for the whole lowering of our life to the level of a Communist-totalitarian régime, and the disintegration and disruption of the entire Commonwealth.

I attended one of these meetings the other night—meetings which to my knowledge are taking place all over the country—in which this country and Government (and in fact our whole Dominion and Colonial system of Empire) was held up to scorn and derision by a virulent and impassioned speaker, who extolled the virtues of all other 'democratic' states (always excepting 'capitalistic' America, and other 'Fascist' countries), particularly eulogising the unsullied virtues of Soviet Russia, and the genuine 'socialist democratic' Governments now in power in the countries on her western borders. Although the lecturer spoke in perfect English (with even an Oxford accent), it

was difficult to realise for what country he was speaking, or what was his real nationality. In fact, it was hard to believe that he was not a Russian himself, very properly extolling the virtues of his own country. Frankly, it would have been somewhat of a relief had it been so, for one has so rarely the opportunity today of hearing a foreigner abroad praising his own land. We have grown accustomed—and hardened, perhaps—to unfortunate Poles, Yugoslavs, Balts, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Rumanians castigating their present Governments' Communistic régimes, which make it impossible for them to return, so that it would have been refreshing to have heard a genuine Russian assuring us that Utopia existed east of the Elbe.

Unfortunately this was not the case. Here was obviously a Briton who spoke of this country's foreign policy as though it was something of which to be ashamed. He said that, unless we changed it and made it part of that world-wide 'democratic' policy now sponsored by the Soviet Union and her 'friendly' Governments, we should have nothing but continuous troubles, such as we have been witnessing in Greece, Persia, and Indonesia.

#### GREECE IS THE TARGET

Greece was an ever-recurring topic. The speaker commenced and concluded with it, and even digressed again to it in the course of his lecture. It is palpable that Greece at the moment is the main target of all fifth columnist propaganda in this country—in order to prepare public opinion, no doubt, for any future riots, disorders, or civil war now that the King has returned to Athens. According to this speaker, all British troops should be withdrawn immediately, as he insisted they should be from Indonesia and Persia, leaving the countries themselves to choose what Government they wanted without interference. If one could be assured that such a Utopian practice would really take place, one could agree with the proposal, but, as it is quite clear from past experience that if Britain walks out another Great Power walks in, surely it is incumbent upon us to 'stay put' where we are as long as is necessary.

The speaker also violently attacked the taking over of the Trade Unions in Greece by Government Executives, giving the impression that it was comparable with complete suppression, and never explaining that this step had been taken after the ruling of the Greek Conseil d'État which had declared the Communist-elected Executive illegal, and had ordered the handing over of the files and offices to the Government. When this was refused, then the Government stepped in with

a Provisional Executive, which has since been recognised at the Conference of the World Federation of Trade Unions in New York, and whose delegates are now attending the Meeting of the International Labour Organisation. None of this was revealed by the speaker, nor were the circumstances leading up to the taking over of the Trade Unions explained. All that was said was virulent invective, not only against the Greek Government, but even more so against the British Cabinet, particularly Mr. Bevin and his handling of our policy towards Greece. The speaker called for complete military and political withdrawal of British influence from that country. when he alleged that all 'democratic' influences in Greece would then be able to collaborate with their adherents in Yugoslavia and Albania. The naïveté of this thesis did not appear to be realised by the audience, which consisted chiefly of longhaired, intellectual young men and tousled-headed young women who applauded vociferously every time British policy in Greece was denounced.

#### THEN PERSIA!

Our speaker then raised the question of Persia, and audaciously arraigned all the Great Powers, except Russia, for exploiting and threatening Persia's independence and integrity.

He then proceeded to castigate 'British Imperialism', insinuating that we were attempting by force to bring Southern Persia into our sphere of influence. He expatiated at some length on the shocking conditions under which we employed the workers of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, emphasising, however, that at last they were making their demands heard for better wages and living conditions, supported by the now 'friendly' Government in Teheran. The curious thing was that throughout he never referred to previous Russian aggression in Northern Persia, but contented himself with saying that, now that Azerbaijan had gained its autonomy, he trusted that the same would occur in Southern Persia, or in any case that British and American oil interests would not be further exploited at the cost of the unfortunate Iranian workers!

He then passed on to Turkey, Irak, and Afghanistan, where he said he hoped to see 'friendly' governments installed before long, alleging that if we allow the present Fascist régime to continue in those countries—particularly in Turkey—we could expect nothing but trouble. Passing lightly over India, where possibly he found it difficult to attack 'British Imperialism' quite as strongly as elsewhere (although he did not omit to say that we were largely responsible for stirring up trouble between

the Moslems and Hindus), he landed in China. Here he allowed himself to expand at some length. The Central Government of Chiang-Kai-Shek was attacked, and the Americans were accused of aiding and abetting him against the 'democratic' forces in the North. Throughout his speech the Chinese Communists were not mentioned, except as true Socialists and Democrats. This was the thesis which he expounded for all countries, such as those in Eastern Europe, where he considered genuine democratic and socialistic régimes were now installed. It was curious, however, that he did not spend much time or evince much interest in these countries, taking their régimes as accepted facts, and showing much more perturbation about the Near, Middle and Far East. When I asked him, somewhat ironically perhaps, if he would not agree that most of these European 'friendly' Governments were in fact Communist-controlled (they holding most key posts in the new governments), he replied that, although there might be one or two Communist ministers amongst them, the Governments themselves were in reality the 'democratic' and 'socialistic' kind with which we should certainly collaborate.

#### A THREAT

But he appeared to be uncertain whether our Labour Government—and Mr. Bevin in particular—realised sufficiently the necessity of co-operating, not only with the smaller 'democratic' states, but also with the great 'Socialistic' Power which is supporting them. He ended, therefore, on a threatening note, saying that if American 'capital-

ism' and British 'Imperialism' did not subordinate and bring their aggressively greedy policies into line with the great 'democratic, socialistic' power of the Soviet Union, then they would find that the whole world was against them.

The subtlety and danger of this dogma need no underlining. However, the most salient fact which emerged from this lecture was that the international Communist today has learned that the word 'Communism' must be expunged from his vocabulary. It must be replaced by the more popular slogans of 'Democracy' and 'Socialism'.

Undoubtedly the more intelligent members of our Government and Labour Party realise this only too well. Unfortunately there are many more gullible elements amongst our semi-politically educated populace who absorb these slogans without knowing their true meaning.

It is essential, therefore, that those who are watching the trend of events should be aware of the poison which is being subtly instilled into the masses through Communist cells all over the country—under the guise of 'real Democracy and Socialism'. This is the 'fifth column' in our midst today, activated by well-trained, and probably well-paid, agents of International Communism, who are working, as always, secretly and underground, only coming into the open at such meetings as the one I attended, when they borrow the catch-words of the genuine Socialist-from whom they attempt to disguise the fact that they themselves are either international Communists, or in any case 'fellow-travellers' towards their Mecca in the North-East.

#### THE NEW DEMOCRACY

CONFIDENTIAL instructions issued by the Polish Workers' Party (Communists) we all the details about fighting the opposition in Poland during the pre-election days. Here are the main points of the instructions:

'During the pre-election month the Party should fight against the Polish Peasant Party with all its strength. It should aim to annihilate the propaganda machine of the Polish Peasant Party. Trade Unions, political associations, youth clubs, all Parties belonging to the electoral bloc should mobilise their forces in this fight. This should be done by destroying the centres of the P.P.P. whenever they exist, liquidating the leading personalities and by getting hold of those who are politically and ideologically weak enough to be persuaded to join our ranks. The accusations of "Fascist" and "reactionary" should be repeated again and again, the accusation of co-operation with the underground movement also. . . . ' Polish Press Agency

#### BODY AND SOUL!

WE ARE £1,675 SHORT. We are, in fact, desperately short this month. We want every penny, every shilling, every pound you can rush NOW. We're yours, body and soul.

Daily Worker

#### THE NEW RACIALISM

#### WENZEL JAKSCH, the Sudeten Socialist leader

NAZI leaders were responsible for mass deportations without regard for human rights and lives. In fact, this was one of the indictments at the Nutremberg trial. The guilty men ended on the gallows, as was fair and just. Mass deportations are inhuman, barbaric and destructive. Those who have more than a paper acquaintance with this Asiatic method of 'solving' ethnical disputes know that; but it is time to say more. No decent man can condemn mass expulsions carried out by Nazis, and yet approve this method if Allies are in charge. War criminals should be brought to justice. But let us stop the 'Black Market' in justice which dominates the deportation zones of Eastern and South-East Europe.

#### 'POTSDAM JUSTICE'

The Potsdam Conference agreed partly on legal and partly on illegal justice. A privileged minority of war criminals received the assurance of a fair trial before an Allied tribunal. But, outside the category of actual war criminals, the Potsdam terms condemned a further twelve million Germans or German-speaking people to deportation, expropriation, internment, or forced labour, without a hearing or any recognised procedure. The 'removal of Germans from Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary' was decreed with the proviso 'that any transfer that takes place should be effected in an orderly and humane manner.' Thus, vast native populations of East Prussia, Pomerania, and Silesia, half a million citizens of the former 'Free City of Danzig', 3.2 million Sudentenlanders, about 750,000 minority Germans from pre-war Poland, and half a million 'Swabians' from Hungary were lumped together. Another half-million 'Swabians' in Yugoslavia were left to Tito's 'mercy'. It is interesting to note that the 'Swabians' from Hungary and Yugoslavia, and the Sudetenlanders, were former Austro-Hungarian citizens, as were the Austrians of South Tyrol. In 1919, more than five million German-speaking Austro-Hungarians were compulsorily incorporated into non-Austrian Successor States. With a unique disregard for international law or historic truth, these diverse elements were, at Potsdam, labelled Germans. The Potsdam signatories did not care whether these people would have any citizen rights in Germany, nor any place in which to live. Still worse, the relevant part of the Potsdam agreement did not say a single word about the property rights, insurance claims, pensions, or savings of those to be deported, although these people are as numerous as those of Sweden, Denmark and Norway added together. The significant result of these two incompatible aspects of Potsdam justice is that in Western Germany a Nazi can retain his possessions unless he is proved personally guilty of crimes against humanity; meanwhile, in the expulsions zones of Eastern Germany and of South-East Europe, there is wholesale expropriation even of proved anti-Nazis.

#### BENEŠ LEADS

In the debate on South Tyrol in the House of Commons, Mr. Bevin made it perfectly clear that the deportation policy was imposed on the Western powers by what is today called the Slav Block. Within this Block Dr. Beneš had a lion's share in instigating this policy. During the war Czech propaganda in London and Moscow offered transfer of populations' as a universal cure for the diseases of the European organism. Unfortunately, Hitler had practised this before. This unpleasant similarity did not prevent many Leftist writers from worshipping bigger and better transfer schemes as soon as they had Stalin's blessing. However, in justice to the wartime Governments of the Western powers, one must add that there was never full inter-allied agreement on post-war mass expulsions. In November 1944, the exiled Government of Dr. Beneš put a very mild version of his transfer plans before the European Advisory Committee. This document promised exemptions for about 800,000 anti-Nazis in Sudetenland, and even certain cultural rights for them during the lifetime of the present generation. It was further suggested to the European Advisory Committee that the 'expellees' should be allowed to take most of their movable property and should receive proper compensation for their immovable property out of German reparations. But the Western Powers withheld their consent from even such a 'moderate' expulsion policy. It should be public knowledge that Mr. Eden, then Foreign Secretary, answered the expulsions claims of Dr. Beneš with a polite refusal. In January 1945, the British Ambassador, Mr. Nichols, conveyed a letter to the Czech Government which said in essence that the transfer of large sections of German-speaking



Sudetens being transported to Germany

people could not be decided upon without close preliminary study of its effects on post-war Germany. This still unpublished letter reflected broadly the opinion of the Coalition Government. In fact, the mass expulsions originated not in Allied agreement, but in faits accomplis which were carefully prepared by Russian-sponsored governments. These faits accomplis were later registered in Potdsam. The clause about 'humane and orderly' transfer was merely a face-saving formula. Since then the apologists for these barbaric methods have been eager to call them 'humane', or at least 'orderly'. A growing guilt-complex prevents them from facing the truth.

#### A NEW APPROACH?

In recent speeches both Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin dissociated Anglo-American policy from the enforced changes of the ethnical structure of East Central Europe. Both underlined the provisional character of the administrative frontier between Germany and Poland as drawn in Potsdam. Mr. Bevin also expressed some apprehensions lest the scene of mass deportations 'became a wilderness from which the Germans have been excluded, but which the Poles were unable to populate' (although the Polish people had the least say concerning the frontiers of their

liberated country). Thus the debate on the wisdom of mass deportations is already opened. In the course of this debate emotional arguments in favour of expulsion should be keenly scrutinised. The favourite Czech argument, for example, is that Germans and Slavs cannot any longer live together. Indeed, realist assessment of the feelings roused by Nazi methods in Czech lands indicated that many spontaneous acts of revenge were bound to happen after V-day. The outrages committed against Czech students in Prague, and the fate of the (rural) village of Lidice, plus thousands of executions of individual Czechs, strengthened these apprehensions. On the other hand, thousands of Sudeten Socialists suffered under exactly the same Nazi persecution. This fact, together with the legacy of a hard common struggle against Nazism, justified some hope for continued Czech-Sudeten co-operation after the war. But Czech official wartime propaganda from London and Moscow was conspicuously silent about the heroic struggle of the Sudeten Loyalists before Munich, and about their sufferings after Munich.1

In conversations with Dr. Beneš during the

<sup>1</sup> The Austrian Minister, Dr. Gruber, stated in Paris that 7,000 Austrians were in Nazi camps or prisons; in this figure Austrian Socialists, Catholics and Monarchists were included. But in the first weeks after Munich 20,000 Sudeten Socialists were sent to concentration camps or prisons. war I frankly admitted that the German-speaking population of the so-called Protectorate, about a quarter of a million, had little chance to retain their positions in Prague, Brno and other predominantly Czech towns following the régime of Heydrich and K. H. Frank. On the other hand, I argued, it would be out of all proportion if 3,300 towns and villages in Sudetenland, with more than three million inhabitants, should be ravaged in revenge for the destruction of two small Czech villages (Lidice and Lezaky) with not more than 1,200 inhabitants. I proposed punishing Sudeten Nazis equally with Czech and Slovak Fascists, irrespective of their numbers. But Sudeten Socialists opposed population transfer in principle. It needed little foresight to know that the acceptance of mass deportation as a prerequisite for state-building would open the floodgates of a new racialism. However, no agreement on a democratic, non-racialist reconstruction of Czecho-Slovakia was possible. Actually in the first weeks after the Armistice there was much indiscriminate revenge in the former Protectorate; throughout the borderland, however, more Czech-Sudeten co-operation occurred than did conflict. The scene changed suddenly on 22 June, when the Prague Minister of Propaganda, Kopecky, ordered a militant 'National Offensive' against the Sudeten population. After that, the mass evictions took place as a matter of military strategy. Significantly, the Army of General Swoboda was sent to clear the Elbe valley before any other district, although the Social Democratic resistance against the Henlein Nazis had been strongest there. The whole operation really had nothing to do with political retribution, nor even with nationalist vengeance. It was a coolly and well-organised campaign for more Lebensraum and economic booty for the Czechs.

We were told that, by 28 October, the Czech National Day, Czecho-Slovakia would be cleared of its former Sudeten-Austrian population, including the 800,000 workers who run half of the country's industries. Travellers who visited Prague recently have returned almost lyrical in praise of the humanitarian character of this dénouement. It is true that transport conditions have improved since last July when an American colonel went to Prague and banged on some Minister's table. The reason for his protest was that transports into Southern Germany included up to ninety per cent broken people-aged, ill, starved, and unable to work. From August onwards, transports rolling into the American zone were received only on condition that the 'expellees'

were equipped with pocket money and food for the journey. Families without breadwinners were no longer accepted. This successful American intervention on behalf of the 'expellees' can hardly be instanced as a proof of the humanitarian intentions of those expelling them.

#### A CASE FOR NUREMBURG II

Massive evidence on the inhuman aspects of Czech deportations is in the possession of the American authorities. Out of piles of documents, the unanimous declaration of 1,200 'expellees' given to the Boundary Commissioner in Wiesau, on 21 July 1946, about conditions in the camps of Modrany and Teresienstadt should be recorded:

Sixty per cent of the women were given to the Russians to be raped. One pregnant woman who with others had to endure the dreadful camp life was ordered to kneel on the floor when a Czech soldier passing through spat on the floor. She was forced to lick up his saliva . . . Czech priests who openly declare 'For Germans we haven't any more charity' refuse to give dying people the extreme unction or spiritual comfort.

Czech doctors refuse to attend to venereal diseases resulting from acts of raping. Syphilis is not treated at all. Conorrinea is being treated with a few tablets . . . Wounded ex-soldiers, covered on the whole body with sores and worms, are simply left to their fate . . . Innates not yestfering from dysentery are forced to lick off their underwear, soiled by excrements, or to have them thrown into their faces. As a rule, people who refuse to obey such orders are beaten until they are unconscious.

A fifteen-year-old boy, whose father had left the camp without permission, was beaten every day till his father had been found again. Then the father was tied down and boiling vater was poured on him.

The Boundary Commissioner added to this report:

The transports arriving from Prague are named sick transports. Most of the newcomers have to be sent to hospital. The diagnosis runs ninety per cent general weakness, infirmity. All the 'expellees' are underfed and very emaciated.

The transport was directed to Schwabach. The chief doctor has been informed by phone so that measures could be taken to prevent the spread of venereal disease.

Apart from these horror camps, bondage is being reintroduced into the heart of Europe. A Reuter report from Prague, of 8 October, stated that 300,000 Sudetenlanders will remain in Czecho-Slovakia, but that only 50,000 are to receive citizenship. What is the meaning of this disparity? It means that most of these skilled workers are to be retained without legal status—that is, without political, cultural or even human rights. If these things can happen without moral protest and political counter-action, then, I am afraid, we are sliding into an age of barbarism without hope or mercy.

## EUROPE'S COAL CRISIS

## COLONEL W. R. GORDON, O.B.E., former Director of the Coal Utilisation Council and Deputy Chief Solid Fuel Section, SHAEF

EUROPE is desperately short of coal. Whereas between 1935 and 1938 the combined hard coal outputs of Western European producers amounted to close on 280 million tons annually, in July of this year they were working at a rate barely exceeding 180 million. The problem is how, with all the reconstruction needs facing Europe today, to bridge this hundred-million-a-year gap. Even with requirements scaled down to those of the most urgent necessity, the gap is still very large.

Britain is, of course, one of the principal delinquents. Whereas before the war our coal output allowed us to export some fifty million tons per year—though not all of it to European countries—we cannot now export more than a trickle. Last year our total coal exports amounted to only eight million tons, including foreign bunkers; for the next twelve months our monthly exports to Europe may not exceed 50,000 tons and that will only be fuel of the most inferior grades. In fact, since early 1945, we have been shipping to the Continent coal which our con-

sumers here would not use—a step which has done our future coal export trade, if it ever recovers, the most incalculable harm. At one time 'charbon anglais' was a hallmark of quality in France; today that reputation is being rapidly lost.

#### GERMAN COAL OR GOODS?

But apart from the catastrophic drop in British coal exports, there has been a marked decline in those from the Ruhr. Before the war this highly industrialised region of Germany produced some 130 million tons and exported, roughly, one quarter of that amount. The bombing by the Allied Air Forces, coupled with the ground fighting in that area, during April and May 1945, has changed all that. Out of 178 pits, 148 are now producing at a rate of seventy million tons annually, or about fifty-four per cent of pre-war.

Recently exports have been at the rate of thirteen millions per year but this may soon be dropped to some nine millions, if the recommendations of the recent Quadrupartite Commission to the Foreign Ministers of the Four Big Powers



ECO delegates. P. R. PORTER (U.S.A.), EATON GRIFFITH (Chairman), S. R. GUERONIK (France)

are accepted. Lately there has been a tug-of-war between those who want to see the maximum German coal export to liberated countries and those who want to restart German manufacture, if only on a small scale. The supporters of the latter policy argue that Western Germany can only pay for food imports and the cost of Allied occupation by manufacturing goods, thus employing her hundreds of thousands of presently unemployed workpeople. Which policy will be adopted remains to be seen. But it is conceivable that, in the near future, despite pressure from France and other interested countries, the Ruhr contribution towards the reconstruction of liberated states may become less instead of greater, due to a large part of the output being reserved for internal German consumption. Even now, from the recent electricity cuts and the closing down of steel works in Western Germany, it is clear that the Ruhr cannot meet its own present requirements, let alone export more coal or increase local manufacturing activities.

#### RISING FRENCH OUTPUT

Apart, too, from Britain and the Ruhr, there has been a falling off in the coal production of every European country, except France. Here, thanks to special measures taken by the French Government to recruit French miners and to re-equip their pits, as well as to the employment of close on 50,000 prisoners of war, output has been stepped up to nearly fifty million tons a year, as compared with forty-five before the war. Yet even in France there is a need to import between twenty-two and twenty-eight million tons of coal, especially for industry and steelworks, during the next twelve months.

In Belgium and Holland output has declined. The Belgian production is now around twenty-two million tons as against twenty-nine before the war, while the Dutch annual output has dropped from fourteen to about nine million tons.

#### COLLIERY NEEDS

All these producing countries are desperately short of coalmining machinery and supplies. During the war their plant could not be renewed, and suffered, too, from lack of maintenance. Almost every country wants coal cutters, conveyor belting, underground trucks, steel rope and pipes, electrical machinery and a whole host of other items without which they cannot increase or in some cases even maintain, their outputs.

But apart from these items of capital expenditure, some of which are being supplied in increasing quantities from America, there are many consumable stores, such as pitwood (of which roughly one ton is needed for every thirty tons of coal mined) and pitch for patent fuel manufacture, urgently required. Much of the pitwood can be, and is being, obtained from Scandinavia but those countries, in turn, need coal to haul the timber to the ports. Furthermore, since several of the Scandinavian ports are ice-bound during the winter, the bulk of their coal has to be discharged during the summer months.

#### BUTTER FOR COAL

The consumer countries, like Denmark, Sweden. Switzerland and Portugal, all have something to offer in return-something which the coalproducing countries need badly. Denmark, for example, is the only European country with an exportable surplus of food, including butter and eggs. But to provide that food, so urgently needed by miners and other workers everywhere. the Danes must have fuel for their industries. power stations and railways. Switzerland, though greatly helped by her hydro-electric power schemes, still needs a million and three quarter tons of coal annually with which to produce the electrical machinery so much in demand elsewhere. Portugal is in like case to Sweden. She, too, can produce pitwood but only if she receives locomotive coal in exchange.

While nearly every European country has some quid pro quo to offer in exchange for coal, Italy stands almost alone as a bankrupt suppliant. Such coal as she receives now is paid for by UNRRA, though who will foot the bill when UNRRA ceases operations at the end of this year is not yet clear. To prevent complete economic collapse, Italy will need six million tons of coal during the coming twelve months. If she could receive eight million, it would enable her to re-activate her industries to the extent of some seventy per cent of pre-war.

For the domestic consumer everywhere, this winter, if it should be accompanied by severe weather, will be cold and cheerless. In justifying their needs to the European Coal Organisation, whose task it is to share the available coal fairly amongst all countries, nearly all governments report restricted use of gas and electricity, severely rationed solid fuel and attempts to use oil, where possible, as a substitute.

#### WHAT CAN BE DONE?

In all this black picture of gloom, where is the daylight? Substantial aid is coming from America in the shape of coal to the extent of some two million tons or more per month. Poland is producing at the rate of nearly fifty million tons

annually and some proportion of that tonnage should find its way into Scandinavian and possibly Western countries, as it used to do before the war. Already she is supplying one-third of

Sweden's annual requirements.

The only country which could aid Europe to any large extent quickly is our own. While it is true that reinforcements of younger men are wanted in our pits immediately, the labour force is big enough to increase its output, say ten per cent, despite the difficulties, if it had the will to do so. Miners' absenteeism, which stood at 6.05 per cent in 1935 and which rose to 18.93 in January 1946, was still as high as 15.64 per cent in August last. If British coal output is to bridge our own ten-million-ton deficiency, let alone the large European gap, our miners will have to work harder. The mechanisation plans of the National Coal Board cannot take effect in time.

All the same, are British miners entirely to blame? It is only now that, despite the protests of the T.U.C., the miner is to get extra meat. Mining, especially at the coalface itself, is strenuous physical work demanding the expenditure of great energy during the eight-hour shift. Propaganda, threats and cajoling are poor

substitutes for steak.

When SHAEF assumed control of the North French and Belgian pits in September 1944, it was found necessary to supplement the miners' rations in order to produce enough coal to run the trains, operate the power stations and reactivate industry so as to assist the armies. The British Government has been slow to recognise the special needs of the coalminer, not only in food but in regard to clothing, housing and general conditions.

To achieve any sudden large increase in British coal output means reinforcing our miners with Poles and other foreign workers. Despite the laudable activities of the Recruitment Branch of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, which had gained 4,600 recruits up to the end of August as against a loss of 16,000 last year, there are no considerable sources of suitable British manpower upon which to draw for reinforcements. Yet these reinforcements are vital to replace the 24,000 miners now over sixty-five years of age and some, at least, of the 134,000 between fifty and sixty-five years of age.

ECO has done its best to narrow the gap by 'screening' the requirements of each country. But, even on the barest minimum scale of need, some seventeen to forty-two million tons of coal will be short in European countries before the end of May 1947. The hundred-million-ton gap has been narrowed, but what remains still represents some twenty-five to forty-five per cent of the total coal requirements of European countries this winter. The consequences in terms of unemployment, unrest and disease may well,

as ECO has pointed out, be serious.

Whether we shall get through the next six trying months without difficulties depends first on the temperature. Then food, labour, housing, transport, mine supplies and machinery problems all have to be solved, at least in part, in the various coal-producing regions. But the end of the coming winter will not see the finish of it; some of the problems cannot be solved in the time. It seems unlikely that the major difficulties can be overcome much before 1950, unless we in Britain take a bold step by training and using large contingents of foreign labour in our pits.

#### COAL MINERS

ARE they not entitled to a higher reward? And would not a public acknowledgment of the value of the miner's work to the nation by bestowing on him special privileges in hard times provide an impulse to the younger generation of the mining areas to retain the profession of their fathers and forefathers and thereby keep intact one of the most important assets of Britain's wealth?

PROFESSOR HERMANN LEVY in The Fortnightly

ONE suggestion from a high economic authority is that the Government should appoint a man of first-class ability, of the type of Sir John Anderson, as Governor-General of the Zone, who would be responsible to a Cabinet Minister at home in sole charge of German affairs.

It is, I think, a good constructive idea. We have to regard the British Zone not merely as a piece of conquered territory, such as the Libyan Desert, which can be administered by a few generals with some second-rate civilian assistance, but as a great modern community, with a population of twenty-two millions and richer in industrial resources than any area of the same size in any other part of the world.

A. J. CUMMINGS in News Chronicle

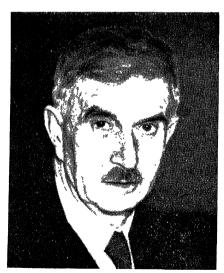
### CROOKS IN CLOVER

#### LEONARD GRIBBLE

THAT strange and wholly unpredictable thing, the public social conscience, has been disturbed of late by sharp prickings. The reason for the prickings, as usual, is a compound one. There is too much crime and too little crime prevention. There are too many active crooks, and the number is growing; there are too few police, and the number is decreasing.

Of late there has been considerable press publicity about the startling number of robberies in London and the Home Counties. At the same time the press has been devoting many columns of space to the difficulties of police recruitment and the problems of retirement and general discontent with existing conditions both at Scotland Yard and throughout the Metropolitan Police. The matter came to a head when the Home Secretary, Mr. Chuter Ede, conferred with Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and a group of provincial chief constables.

A wind of national agitation that threatens to become a sizable breeze is blowing. Already it has



RT. HON. CHUTER EDE, M.P., formerly teacher and educationist, now, as Home Secretary, is ultimately responsible for efficiency of Police. What means will he take to attract new recruits?

collected quite a few straws. From Huddersfield comes a demand by mill-owners for permission to arm night-watchmen with tommy-guns. Cloth robbers are becoming too successful in their depredations; too much good cloth is being stolen and is disappearing into the black market. From Dagenham comes a complaint by the Chamber of Trade that members' shops are being burgled nightly. From East Suffolk comes an admission by the Chief Constable, Lieut.-Col, A. F. Senior, in his quarterly report to the Joint Standing Committee: 'One particularly persistent thief we are unable to catch.' In October last year, while Lord Glendyne and his family were at dinner at their home near East Grinstead, a necklace valued at £,15,000 was stolen. The thief was not caught. Almost a year later, while the Glendyne family were at dinner, the theft was repeated. Jewels and furs to the value of £7,000 were stolen. Again the thief got clear. Anniversaries are pleasant occasions for the most partbut not when celebrated by competent thieves.

And present-day cat-burglars are exceedingly competent. They gave ample demonstration of this by the manner in which they entered Ednam Lodge, at Sunningdale, and departed with some £25,000 worth of the Duchess of Windsor's jewels. It has been suggested by detectives who know their job that the crooks' competence reached the point of taking with them a 'fence' who could give a valuation before they left the district, and that it was on this gentleman's advice that the Alexandra necklace and other 'difficult' pieces were discarded on the golf course.

## CRIME PAYS TAX-FREE DIVIDENDS!

Big business methods have long been applied to Black Market trading. But it is a bit startling to find them applied to the practice and pursuits of jewel thieves.

The truth is crooks today are in clover, and for their particular haymaking they do not require the services of the sun. Hundreds of experienced plain-clothes officers have retired—officers who knew the old lags' records and habits and could put their fingers on the youngsters who have graduated out of a Borstal institution. Every 'hard crime' crook in Greater London breathed a sigh of relief when Alfred Dance retired in July

this year, after being second-in-command of the Yard's Flying Squad for twenty-three years. Dance solved case after case and recovered thousands of pounds' worth of stolen property simply by knowing crooks, collectively and individually.

A few weeks ago I was walking with him down a well-known London thoroughfare, the pavements of which were swarming with short men with hands in their trouser pockets. A couple approached. 'Morning, Alf,' said one. Dance nodded. 'Heard about Charliee' said the other. I stepped aside while they conferred. Five minutes later Dance said to me, 'I put both those inside at different times. Also their pal Charlie. They wanted to tell me Charlie died last week and they gave him a slap-up funeral on Friday.'

It takes years to forge such close links with the spivs and cons and fences and broadsmen and scribes and push-up boys of the so-called underworld which at the moment is very much on top of the world. The men in plain clothes who are following in the steps of retired officers such as Inspector Dance and Sergeant Brinnand will have to step lively to fill the gaps adequately. They will require reinforcements, and they will have to learn how to be patient while moving in a hurry. Also, they will have to specialise. Dance specialised in burglars and receivers who worked with them. Brinnand, now running a private security force at Wimbledon Greyhound Stadium, specialised in race-gangs and dog dopers.

Both burglars and track gangs are working overtime. Indeed, one track gang has recently invented a machine capable of printing forged Tote tickets actually on the track. They made a 'kılling' at Crayford and Walthamstow stadiums. Four hundred pounds is computed to be their haul in a single night.

The big lure in crime today, of course, is that the crook pays no income tax on his 'earnings'. That is why there are so many jewel robberies. With a hundred per cent purchase tax added to the price of legitimate jewellery, and the net profit taxed heavily, there are plenty of jewellers prepared to buy assorted goods at 'reasonable' figures with no questions asked and no need to pass the sale through their books. Again, because of the readiness with which they can make a sale, and because crooks are for the most part only handling jewellery of a general character, the receivers have no need to break up the pieces they buy and re-set them. Consequently they pay much higher prices than before the war. The proceeds of a single suburban or country-house jewel robbery today will keep the successful crook in luxury for a twelvemonth despite

present costs of living. The warehouse robberies, in the same way, net good prices for the lorry gangs who supply the black market. Those prices will remain high as long as the demand lasts, and while they remain high there will be a constant stream of recruits to the ranks of the underworld.

Conversely, crimes which pay less illicit dividends are becoming unfashionable. Indeed, a Yard man told me quite recently that counterfeiting was almost finished. No crook bothers to manufacture his own half-crowns when he can, in a few hours, complete a transaction that will leave him with an attaché case full of genuine poundnotes. That is the single bluebottle buzzing in the crook's ointment today—he has only one medium of exchange: the pound-note. Large sums are changing hands hourly across the counters of the underworld, but all in cash. Cheques are not acceptable. Cheques mean banking accounts, and banking accounts are very vulnerable. Forgers and income-tax inspectors alike get interested when the account balloons. Poundnotes, brown-paper taped in bundles of fifty and a hundred, are customary when a deal is being completed. Earlier in the year Yard detectives recovered an attaché case stuffed with ten thousand pound-notes, the obvious proceeds of a Black Market sale, which the crooks could neither bank conveniently nor hide successfully.

Naturally, with the stakes growing in size, the



SIR HAROLD SCOTT, Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis since 1945. Too many crooks and too few police make a 'tough' job still tougher

crook becomes more determined to remain at liberty. Therefore it is not unnatural, following upon the moral and physical disturbances of the recent war, to find that the number of cases of robbery with violence is growing. It is almost axiomatic that a man would shoot to ensure getting away with £5,000, when he would offer no violence to arrest for stealing a five-pound note. As the stakes drop, so will the curve defining crimes with violence on the statistics chart.

### CRIME VARIES WITH SOCIAL CONDITIONS

But the stakes will not drop until taxation, directly and indirectly, is relieved; until the lessening of purchase tax and income tax increases the normal flow of goods that have been worth the crook's while to steal. If high or relatively high taxation stays—and it seems inclined to—then the proceeds from crime will remain high in the same ratio. The prospect of easy pickings will assuredly keep juvenile delinquency at a mounting figure, likewise. In short, the post-war period would seem to be one in which the markedly increased criminal activity of the war years is not curtailed and channelled, but rather augmented and widened.

Social unrest will doubtless aggravate the problem. Restriction upon the individual's freedom of action will produce a keen search for legal loopholes and fresh ways of coming by what is denied by statute. Crooked values will tend to become common in everyday life: the builder who does more repair work than his licence permits, and takes the extra in cash; the shopkeeper who omits to mark a favoured customer's ration book and the garage man who does an unadvertised trade and exchange in basic and supplementary petrol coupons. Such citizens would look pained if they were called crooks. To their way of thinking they are merely being smart, interpreting rules and conditions to suit themselves. They are not robbing anyone or doing anything dishonest.

In the softening of the general public's set of moral values lies a grave danger for the future of law and order in this country. Prohibition in the United States made the bootlegger a national hero. Yet the law decided he was a crook, and a dangerous crook. The crook who can give us what we can't get except with his aid has been tolerated in this country for the past five years. Now he is almost an established and accepted member of our changed society. People speak of the Black Market no longer with bitterness. Few refuse to profit from it. We are told that, if it were not for the Black Market, tens of thousands of people in Europe would starve to death. We

think the Black Market can't be such a bad thing. We no longer think of it as something extralegal, and when we read of tons of butter being stolen from a warehouse in Camberwell we never connect it with those big fat pats we get in the cosy café in Soho where, because we are known, we get both bread and soup—and, of course, pay through the nose for it.

In a country where the citizens are content to live a daily routine that encourages legal evasions and circumlocutions, crime must flourish. The soil and air of such a country encourage its growth. Police forces will not provide a complete solution to the problem, for there will even be danger of police officers being suborned from their duty. Quite recently a police sergeant and a constable pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to charges of stealing property worth £,425 from a number of shops. Each was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Sir Gerald Dodson, the Recorder, told them: 'As police officers you were trustees of the property of the public and you were unfaithful to a body of men who as a rule discharge their duties admirably. You bring disgrace and contempt to a force of the Crown which is held in the highest possible esteem.'

#### BIGGER RETURN FOR LESS EFFORT

I overheard two men discussing this case in an Underground train. One said, 'I bet they didn't think they'd get caught. Unlucky, if you ask me.' The other nodded and smacked his evening paper with his left hand. 'After all,' he said, 'everybody does a bit of fiddling today. Blimey, you've got to!'

'Fiddling' undoubtedly comes very high up in the list of popular national British pastimes today. It is not altogether a new conception, but it is being accepted as a condition of living by an increasingly significant number of people in all walks of life, even by some who have never heard the term and would hesitate to supply its

true meaning.

In a nation of such 'fiddlers' it will not be difficult to find moral stimulus for deliberate, calculated crime. And crime—or, to use an old-fashioned word, sin—like virtue, grows with custom. It has been a cherished illusion for a hundred and fifty years of the industrial age that poverty was the cause of crime. Poverty, in the old-time sense of grinding want, is being rapidly removed from this land. Social conditions for the masses have never been better since the industrial age dawned. But crime is on the upgrade, not because its roots are in poverty, but because in a world of loosening moral values it provides a

bigger return for less effort. The person who finds a Post Office Savings Book and forges a signature to get a withdrawal in cash does not ponder whether his action is decreasing the account of a poor person or one well-to-do. It is an easier way of making a few pounds than standing by a shop counter or bending over a bench. The 'Mayfair boy' who swindles at cards or robs a friend's flat does not do it because he fears poverty, but because it is an easier way of getting what he

wants than working in an office or standing in a motor-car sales-room.

The future for crooks in a country where every industry is undermanned and the public continues restive under parliamentary repression looks very rosy. The clover fields of crime in the immediate future promise good crops.

But British weather is notoriously unseasonable. While those public conscience prickings can still be felt, it would not be a bad idea for someone to start designing a few really modern gaols!

#### **OPTIMISM**

BANK manager, just released from prison, seeks employment.

Advertisement in The Times

#### WARNING NOTED

PARTNER wanted with £1,500 to take over large guest-house with catering licence.

Also partnerships arranged for genuine concerns.

Advert. in Southern Daily Echo

#### BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION?

Efficient secretaries are worth almost their weight in gold these days, and many and varied are the stratagems used by West End business men to win them over to their service.

Apart from tempting offers of salaries which rise as high as Lio a week, I am told that women with a real flair for secretarial work are wooed with such practical inducements as free facials, manicures and hair-styling at Mayfair beauty parlours.

Other inducements include prepaid travel to and from their homes, or luncheons at the firm's expense in good restaurants.

From London Letter, Aberdeen Press & Journal

#### ROUND TRIP

In Lansing, Kans., prisoners J. Edward Moler and Harold Malicoat escaped from the State penitentiary, thumbed a ride to Kansas City, found that the driver was penitentiary warden Robert Hudspeth.

Time

## AND THE BOX-OFFICE

#### CARYL BRAHMS

Evening Standard Ballet Critic. Author, with S. J. Simon, of 'A Bullet in the Ballet' and 'And Talking of Tightropes', just adapted for stage

THE Ballet, as Arnold Haskell points out in his recent book, *The Making of a Dancer*, is an aristocratic art.

Its technique passes down from distinguished teacher to distinguished pupil, who in turn becomes a teacher with pupils, and so the lineage is preserved by the dancers for the dancers. Great names shine out in the pedigree of a Chauviré, a Markova, a Fonteyn, who are linked to the past through two and a half centuries of ballet tradition.



DIANA ADAMS, of New York Ballet Theatre, in Aurora's Wedding

The history of Ballet is shaped by the individual quality of the dancers for whom it has been devised as a starring vehicle, and by the temper of the times in which it has been danced. In the last three decades we have seen great changes come to the Ballet. Once it was followed by fashion; now it follows the fashion.

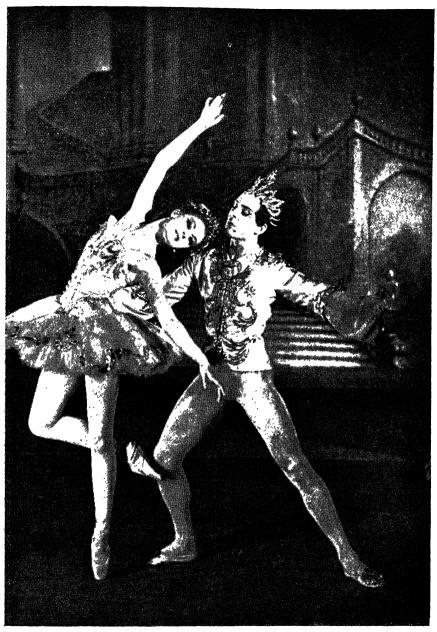
Ballet once formed and heralded fashion. Mr. Bakst came to town and our sofas sprouted cushions of purple and vermilion and sapphire and jade green. Larionov and Goncharova brightened and simplified the Russian peasant scene—our nurseries went naïve and we wore coloured wooden beads and madly embroidered our blouses.

Wherever the Ballet travelled, created as it must be by the foremost artists of the day, it brought with it the last word in fashionable whimsy—or, rather, the first word.

In a world moving irrevocably towards its agony, the Ballet presented an escape into the amusing.

These were the days of the creative giants—the days of Fokine, Massine, Balanchine; the days of Stravinsky and Falla; the days of Dérain, Picasso, Laurencin; the days when the ballerina was reduced to a position subsidiary to the requirements of the choreographer and second to those of the male dancer.

The war came. London was cut off from Paris -from fashion. More than ever we needed the comfort of colour and the calming strength of an art rooted in tradition. We were aware of our history as never before. It lived in us as we sat in our house and walked in our streets and braced ourselves to horror. That was when—and why— Coppélia came into its own. The ample old threeacter offered us a colourful escape into tradition which we were not too superior to accept. Our Ballet turned back to fairy-tales and high technique, and we with it. Giselle, Swan Lake, above all The Sleeping Princess, packed the theatre. The experimental choreographer made way for the great dancing vehicles of the past, and the Ballerina Assoluta, who, ever since Pavlova, had



Divertissements in Act III of the Sleeping Princess. MOIRA SHEARER as Princess Aurora and DAVID PALTENGHI as Prince Florimund



MURIEL BENTLEY, PAULA LLOYD, JEROME ROBBINS, JOHN KRIZA and MICHAEL KIDD, of the New York Ballet Theatre, in Fancy Free

been taking up a slightly apologetic stance, came radiantly into her own.

Then the tide of war slowly—to most of us, imperceptibly—then steadily and unmistakably, turned. Hamlet, Helpmann's balleticised tale from Shakespeare, had been mounted with tremendous success. Its brooding mood, its burden of blood, and the manner in which our hearts were wrung by it, paved the way for a further gamble. The Wells revived The Rake's Progress—no children's tale, this animation of the Hogarth scenes with their descent into squalor and madness. And its successful revival at this juncture of the war proved that here in England, at any rate, the public was prepared to accept a ballet that would trouble the heart and stimulate the mind.

The wartime restoration of the Ballerina Assoluta, with her attendant foam of retinue, her icicle variations and her enchanted and enchanting fairy-tales, was at an end. Once more she yielded place—this time to a ballet with a special meaning and application to the world in which it was to be danced.

And so in England we had Helpmann's Miracle In The Gorbals—a social indictment in the form of a danced morality. And in America the ballet took a decided swing towards modern movement and vistas of a suddenly significant everyday world.

Once again the Ballet, obedient to the temper of its times—as it has been ever since the days when the French Revolution tore it from its gilded palaces to wander statelessly among the alien capitals of the world—became the emotional expression of the social scene around it. For, with or without state support, the Ballet of the world is dependent upon the box-office of the world.

With the possible exception of the Circus, Ballet is the most professional of the Theatre Arts. It takes a great many years of training to produce a dancer who is qualified to practise as a performer in classical ballet. And once qualified (by the attainment of a high standard of technical performance), the practice of this profession is a whole-time occupation in the great industry of Entertainment which ranges from cinemas and symphonies to stage and radio shows, novels and nursery-rhymnes. Each complement of the entertainment industry is in active competition with the other—an assortment of cultural cut-throats, inextricably embroiled.

Consider the cost of running a first-rate Ballet company; the vast salary list of stars and dancing casts and directors of dancing technique; the back-stage staff for stage-direction and scene-shifting; the wardrobe maintenance; the large orchestra; the constant renewal of costumes; the continual mounting of new works entailing fees to choreographers, composers and designers, as well as production costs of costumes and canvas; the great expense of travelling a show of these

dimensions; the scarcity of theatres large enough to allow them to run even at a small profit; the high rent of these theatres. And add to these vast sums the fabulous paraphernalia of the Press Department behind the Niagara of news-items. glamour photographs for the illustrated dailies and weeklies, publicity paragraphs, posters and parties to the press in every town to which the Ballet travels. And don't forget the box-office staff, the front-of-house personnel. And top it off with really terrifying telephone expenses.

Who'd run a Ballet company?

Next, let us take a look at the competition.

First there is the cinema with its glamour girls, its tuppenny technicolor, and the insidious use of near-good music. Possibly it doesn't pull you in-it wouldn't me-but there are hundreds of thousands of potential playgoers who consider their money better spent at a cinema.

Then there is the Drama. In London, this in the main consists of faintly awful revivals of effete musical comedies and a scatter of insufficiently ridiculous farces. We have been given some superbly played classics by the Old Vic and the Gielgud companies; an occasional intimate revue with a tang to it; a new play by Mr. Priestley or Mr. Bridie or Mr. Rattigan; and a certain amount of Variety, either glamorised, as at the Prince of Wales, or moribund and at the outlying houses.

Then there are concerts—music played both in the hall and on the air, though to be fair the radio-induced interest in music has served to draw the public to the Ballet rather than to have kept it away. Indeed, so symphony-conscious has the playgoer become that a species of Symphonic Ballet has given rise to a trend of its own in which the choreographer expresses in movement the emotion of an existing masterpiece of music. And this, though many ballet-goers join me in regarding it as vandalism, is a pointer to the reason why Ballet continues to hold its own. In spite of certain technical tenets from which it does not depart, Ballet is adaptable.

Ballet has had to be adaptable—adaptable to the mood and mode of every capital in the world. While we in England have seen our Ballet tend more and more towards the realistic, it seems to have been a very different story in France.

In England our Ballet has been drained of a generation of male dancers by the war-that generation which would have been leaping, beating, turning, and lifting this very season at Covent Garden.

But in France there is still a Ballet mounted by

men, primarily for men, following the Diaghilev tradition.

Indeed, though in Yvette Chauviré the Ballet of France has one surpassingly lovely ballerina, there was no new work seen in this country that could contain and display adequately the poetry of her authority.

We have seen, over here, the Ballet built by Serge Lifar—a sorry sight, considered in terms of stage presentation and dance design. But there were some half-dozen interesting male dancers, lead by Kalioumy, a dancer of unusual prowess, who should pass on to a less morbid artistic direction.

In the Ballets des Champs Elysées we saw a renaissance of the artist, once more in the service of the male dancer rather than with the ballerina for centrepiece-but a male dancer of charm, intelligence and talent—Roland Petit.

M. Petit is chief choreographer as well as chief dancer to his company. He has chosen for his



The inimitable Russian, IRINA BARONOVA, now in A Bullet in the Ballet, with Massine

adviser Boris Kochno, who was in the councils of Diaghilev. Kochno has drawn about him the fashionable decorators of the Parisian scene: Bérard, Jean-Hugo, Beaurepaire, Clavé, Maclés, and Laurencin. The stagings of the Ballets des Champs Elysées have never been less than tasteful even if for the most part they have been little more than piquant. But the general trend in this company is that of an escape to a pictorial yesterday, and there is no work in the repertoire that bears any real relation to its times.

The nearest approach to the realistic is a stylised and rather patchy work about a young man's rendezvous with death outside a Paris Bistro and an unsatisfactory alfresco with a charming vernal setting by Laurencin which very nearly, but not quite, saved the Ballet.

The most successful work this company showed us was the Kochno-Bérard-Sauget-Petit Ballet, Les Forains, the Ballet about the travelling troupe which yet achieves beneath its sophistication—perhaps because of it—the sweat and strain and glamour and utter weariness, the high endeavour and the faint feeling of tears that you can find any night at Sanger's Circus.

Yet the abiding impression these two French companies have left in London is that the creators of their Ballets, even at their most modish, are oddly démodé—in that they have gone for their inspiration to the past and that, perilously lovely though their creations have been, there is a danger that the present—the cinema-impregnated, radio-threaded, air-minded present—may by-pass Ballet in France.

In America the scene is very different. Here the trend is leading away from gods and goddesses, from clockwork dolls and coloured tales of kings.

Ballet Theatre brought with it three native works of great charm and vitality: Jerome Robbins' Fancy Free and Interplay, and Michael Kidd's On Stage.

Fancy Free took us to America's Sailor Town, its marines on shore leave, their girl-friends, and the gleam and glamour of a bar beneath the bright-eyed skyscrapers. In On Stage we were

shown a Ballet rehearsal in all its bleak, denuded poetry, with the high bright chatter of the corps-de-ballet chiming in with the practice piano as part of the general orchestration of the score. Interplay was a comparison of pure movement, classical and jazz, as slangy as a tale by Runyon, as taut and triumphant as a game played by a team.

Strangely enough, Antony Tudor, by birth a Briton, who has worked throughout the war in the States, has been attracted by the same types of subject as Robert Helpmann, by birth an Australian, who was devising his Ballets throughout the war for The Wells.

Tudor's Pillar of Fire was a fine and disturbing psychological study of desire. So was Helpmann's Hamlet. His Undertow is a diffuse and obstetric Gorbals without any Miracle to redeem it. This Ballet, too, deals with a mother-complex, as does Hamlet.

Ballet in America is essentially experimental, at times a little raw, iconoclastic and non-technical. The classics they treat with a wary kind of awe—and wisely engage the Russians to dance them.

This brief consideration of trend in Ballet has lead me to a conclusion at variance with my own personal taste.

I am a great traditionalist—possibly the last of my kind. I like my Ballet to be escapist, ample, handed down to me, preferably by the Russians of the last century. I like my Ballet on the pointe and well turned-out. I like to know that my ballerina has made an entrée by her manner of taking her stage. I like my theatre to be filled with the hundred-thousand candle light of Tchaikowsky's Sleeping Princess, by the strident clamour of Stravinsky, or by the depressed sophistication of Sauget. I have no wish to banish chic or to relinquish the grand manner.

But viewed objectively, the conclusion is inescapable: Ballet has got to be box-office if it is to survive. It cannot afford to ignore the world in which it is dancing. If Ballet is to remain boxoffice it can do so only by making a living contribution to the present.

#### **BOX-OFFICE VICTORY!**

This conscious effort to please the bottom level of U.S. audience intelligence is made with assurance and great technical competence. The result is so relaxing to eye, ear and brain that millions of movie-goers will not know that they are suffering a carefully-studied insult.

Film Review

## FILM FESTIVAL IN FRANCE

## DORÉ SILVERMAN, who visited Cannes specially

FILM FESTIVAL in France—a land where it is easier to obtain champagne than milk!

Twenty-six nations, fifty-two feature films (plus short films and documentaries), a jury of nineteen all unconnected with the film industry, and the keenest, most critical audience ever to assemble in a cinema—producers, directors, scenarists, studio-technicians, critics, and all who can possibly be included in that untranslatable French word, cinéaste.

Lest the call of the screen sound insufficiently alluring in the ears of film circles the world over, the French Government decided that the Festival be held on the Riviera, in late summer, where cloudless skies are a commonplace, and the temperature fluctuates between 85 at midday and 70 or thereabouts at midnight. One can bathe at midnight. One did.

Near here the Allied troops landed in 1944. So did the Saracens ten centuries before.

There was a Committee of Reception which included (I hope I have the order of precedence right) three princesses, one marquis, two marquesas, two dukes, one duchess, three counts and three barons.

The film magnates, stars, editors, critics and studio folk were housed in the great hotels which line the Croisette. For some, the French Government paid 100 per cent of the room charge; for others it paid one-half.

Proceedings opened with a soirée given by the (Communist) Mayor of Cannes, Dr. Picaud. Over a thousand guests watched the Battle of Flowers—often held up by hordes of excitable French photographers—heard local-resident Grace Moore sing, attired in a pale-white frock adorned with a tonic-sol-fa pattern—watched a firework display costing as much as did the flowers (£250), and then danced under the palms until 3 a.m.

There was a slight buffet of sandwiches and patisseries. There was drink, too. Champagne. Nothing but champagne. For the occasion the French Government had 'deblocked' 4,000 bottles. A wit observed: 'The invitations should have stated, "Evening dress and champagne obligatory"!'

The Festival had opened.

For fifteen days, from 3 p.m. to 7.30, and again from 8.45 to 1.30 a.m., conscientious viewers filled the 900-seat casino-turned-cinema.

There was much jockeying for the star position—the nme-o'clock screening.

The films:

Britain's best bet, the Powell-Pressburger A Matter of Life and Death, had to be withdrawn because it was due to be shown to the King in London in November. The Magic Bow was the only new British entry. But the audience liked particularly The Seventh Veil and Brief Encounter.

So did the critics. One of them wrote of The



France. JEAN MARAIS and JOSETTE DAY in Beauty and the Beast

Seventh Veil as it continued its world-wide triumph: 'Luxury, elegance, distinguished settings, intelligent and original writing, together

with acting of the highest class.'

Another said of Brief Encounter that it is 'a film that does the cinema much honour. Celia Johnson, playing the leading rôle, is certainly no pin-up girl, but she is quite staggering. The script is simple and straightforward, in happy contrast to the insolent folly of so many scenarios from Hollywood.'

France offered André Gide's story, La Symphonie Pastorale, with Michèle Morgan back on her native heath, and Pierre Blanchard. Later came Jean Cocteau's La Belle et la Bête. Cantinflas is the rage of Latin America, but his Three Musketeers, taking itself very seriously, was so dull that the audience soon filed out into the lobbies.

In addition to war films, Russia screened an attractive version of Jack London's White Fang, and a charming fairy-tale in colour, La Fleur de



Denmark, LISBETH MOVIL in The Red Earth

Pierre. Italy's three entries included The Bandit, a gangster tale made with polish but hardly likely to get by the British censor since much of its action takes place in a maison de passe (brothel).

India and Sweden, Denmark and Portugal, Switzerland and Argentina, Czechoslovakia and Roumania took the screen. Hollywood's six entries included only one new film, Notorious.

And thereby hangs a tale.

On the fifth day of the Festival, the representative of the New York Herald Tribune approached me and asked why there was no American delegation—almost every other country had its delegation. I gave it as my opinion that Hollywood did not want these Festivals; did not want anything which promoted the growth of any film movement in any country but its own—that, by definition, it regarded 'a film' as a motion picture made in the United States.

United artists and Universal had no entries. R.K.O. Pictures had two films screened at Cannes—Make Mine Music and Wonderman. Not a synopsis, not a still, was to be had. Some of the synopses sent to me by the French and the Russians were masterpieces of the printers' art. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, screening Murder in Thornton Square, sent me six pages of cyclostyled

matter!

#### 'NO HOLLYWOOD BOYCOTT'

I asked the view of Harold Smith, European representative of the Johnston (ex-Hays Censor's) Office. He denied that there was any attempt by Hollywood to boycott the Festival. 'It is only a few months since Hollywood was able to reestablish its offices in France. There just wasn't time to do anything better in the way of publicity. After all, it is not here that we sell our films. Again, there was so little time to prepare anything representative.'

Informed journalists, however, were quick to point out that Hollywood's participation in the Festival was out of all proportion to its predominating position in the film world; that not one American star was present, except Maria Montez, as the wife of a French star; and that other nations had no more time in which to prepare.

The people? From Britain's studios, only Margaret Lockwood was seen, and she had to leave early to get on with Jassy. But there were Sydney and Muriel Box, Producer R. J. Minney, Director Emeric Pressburger (his lovely wife captured the local photos), Director Bernard Knowles, and some of Mr. Rank's film sellers.

Publicity-man Tony Downing worked like a Trojan, and had the satisfaction of a crowded



Italy. (a) Popular idea of Italian love: ANNA MAGNANI in The



(b) As a contrast, Italian sophistication: VERA CARMI in The Miseries of Signor Travet

and distinguished gathering for his cocktail party on the terrace of the Carlton Hotel, from the British Ambassador, painter Jean-Gabriel Domergue, and Grace Moore, through representatives of nearly all the competing nations, to the English journalist who greeted him with: 'I am representing the —— of England. Can you tell me something about Mr. Rank? Who is he? What does he do?'

Jill Craigie looked in on the holiday town. So did Maria Montez and her husband, Jean-Pierre Aumont, on honeymoon. Cantinflas, the Mexican star, who is to appear in René Clair's next Hollywood film, staked 2,000 francs at the Casino, and won 27,000. Tino Rossi made a brief appearance, as did Chetan-Anand, the producer from India. The blonde Maria Ladinina and the dark-haired Galina Vodianitzkaia arrived from Russia, the lovely Rakia Ibrahim from Egypt.

There was also Erich von Stroheim, his wrists heavy with jewellery, still bull-necked, little changed in appearance after a quarter of a century of films. His French is perfect, but the accent is that of a first-year English student.

To restore jaded film appetites, the Ministre de Tourisme arranged trips for the visitors. One was to the lle Ste. Marguerite, and its neighbouring lle St. Honorat, alleged to be the prison of The Man in the Iron Mask. On another day, three

hundred journalists, Members of Parliament, mayors, delegates and the jury, were taken to Nice for the day. After a visit to the Victorine Studios there was lunch at the Palais de la Méditerranée, which surely is a set from the Babylonian sequence in D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*. Past a guard of honour of Moroccan soldiery, the guests climbed a starcase which dwarfs the steps of St. Paul's, and entered the luncheon hall.

#### TOO INFORMAL FOR RUSSIA

All was pleasantly informal. No reserved places. No place cards. Choose your agreeable companions and enjoy yourself! But for the Russian guests it was too informal. They demanded a complete table. A reserved table! In a forward position!! With difficulty they were dissuaded from leaving immediately!!!

The food is the pinnacle of French cuisine. So it should be, for lunch cost the French Government  $\pounds 2$  8s. a head: mushrooms which melted in the mouth, chicken, and accompanying vegetables, ices, coffee. Aperitifs cost  $\pounds 27$ ; champagne for the company  $\pounds 72$ ; coffee  $\pounds 18$ , and liqueurs  $\pounds 36$ ; the flower bill was  $\pounds 30$ . Add transport, and the drinks served at the studio, and the total for the day was  $\pounds 1,000$ .

That evening the papers told of the reopening of the Paris schools for the autumn term. Nearly

two-thirds of the children are reported suffering from malnutrition.

The Festival was a success. Such a success that M. Fourre-Cormeray, Directeur-Général du Cinéma Français, issued a long screed explaining certain shortcomings, which he attributed to the fact that so many entrants, so many visitors, so much publicity, was not expected.

A well-known French journalist, on hearing a list of sins of omission and commission from a visiting journalist, replied with a shrug of the shoulders, 'True! How very true! Now isn't that just like us French?'—which left the critic completely disarmed.

#### LOCKWOOD WINS!

The French press certainly did not forget the occasion. From the big dailies down to the locals, from the critical trade press to the fan papers, there were columns, interviews, critiques, gossipparagraphs, cartoons. Said *Paris Actualité*, captioning a huge photograph of the English star, 'Should it be necessary to elect a Queen of Beauty at Cannes, the English star, Margaret Lockwood, would surely walk off with the palm.'

A breath of the Paris Conference wafted its way down to the Riviera. M. Kalatazov, Vice-President of the Bureau du Cinéma in the U.S.S.R., declaimed against film stars in general — 'We have no need of this sort of idol: the dominant figure in production is the director'— and against the American film in particular.

'Why,' he demanded of the French, 'do you open wide your gates to American films, and so risk the demoralisation of your national production?' To which the representative of the U.S.A. retorted that when in America recently, the same Russian official had declared: 'After the Russian films, the only films which count are American'

The plain fact is that M. Blum had to make

concessions when in Washington in order to secure the American loan for France. One of the American demands was more playing-time for Hollywood on French screens: it had four years (1940-44) of films which were still capable of earning revenue from France, to say nothing of current output. The French film industry is still chafing at the concession. To critics, the Government replied that it needed the loan!

Another occasion on which the Russians upset the Americans was the Soviet delegation's cocktail-supper party, which took place on the evening when the American *Wonderman* was in the programme.

Mr. Harold Smith promptly declared the film 'unavailable'—thus causing the session to be cancelled. Yet that did not prevent his accepting the invitation to the party, and sharing with the other guests the imported vodka and caviar, and the local champagne.

The jury made its decisions. Prizes were awarded. Prizes for the best actor, the best script, best documentary, best camera-work, best nearly-everything. Something for everyone off the Christmas tree. The prizes were paintings by Worms, Meuze, Zendel, Montanier, Friesz, Caillard, Magnard, Savin, Savreux, Quizet, Lurçat, etc.

'Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for coming,' said the Ministre de Tourisme, as the Festival closed with a giant soirée, and the French Government hoped the Festival had, in the cause of tourisme, justified the reported cost to it of £30,000. 'We hope to have another Festival next year.'

If they do, at least one critic hopes it will not be in Cannes. He asks not to be expected to spend nine hours a day in a cinema where, outside, the sun shines, the hills beckon, and the golden sands whisper alluringly. Hold it in Calais, or Lille, or Lyons, or even in what is left of the Maginot Line.

#### GUIDE TO STARDOM

BILLY Rose gives the following advice to those who want to go into films or on the stage: 'Are you normal? If you are, you haven't a chance. Are you truthful? If so, join the Boy Scouts. Are you modest? Then work in a coal mine. Do you know when to quit? If you do, I don't see much future for you.'

DON IDDON in Daily Mail

#### **GREAT SCOTT!**

.... In your movie story, *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, you say Lizabeth Scott can't act. Surely she is sexy, sultry and seductive Scott, but *that*, son, is *acting*. Have you ever met her? If not, I suppose you think she's that way all the time....

Letter to Life

# THE FRENCH PRESS, YESTERDAY AND TODAY

#### J. C. DE BEAUJEU, Correspondent in London of French journals

EXOTIC islands where happy natives, bedecked with flowers and facing no other horizon than sea and sky, living peacefully on their plot of earth, ignorant of the fate of Humanity, exist only today in the dreamy imagination of novelists.

The last survivors of these happy breeds have been caught in the turmoil of war. The construction of pipelines, the roar of aeroplanes, the fantastic explosions of atomic bombs have disturbed the harmony of 'Shangri-La'.

The discoveries of science every day bring new hopes but also new threats. Life has ceased to be routine; individuals, like nations, have the same thirst for knowledge.

Every city of the world awakens from dawn in the morning to the concert of information—radio sounds fill the air of buildings and streets; the music accompanies the flow of taps and the clattering of cups and saucers at the frugal breakfast tables of today.

Here in the streets the rush to work commences: streets, often shabby, where millions of human beings are swallowed up by the tube entrances. Each of them carries a newspaper or magazine, faithful friends of the good and bad days.

From the leading article to the last column of advertisements there is a wide choice of interest. Quite often the train runs faster than the eye. The daily reading will be continued during the break at the factory, the quiet hours of the shop or during the short rest for lunch.

The press orients, directs, and sways public opinion. It became, during the war, a potent weapon, and was used for different aims by the great powers of the world.

In the hands of some, its aggressive qualities were put to use, its rôle being to occupy the souls of men before the army occupied the land. By a skilful measure of promises and threats it corrupted the weak, and made them the slaves of a demoniac race-worship and race-hatred.

In happier lands it reflected the hopes and deceptions of those fighting the good cause; the traditional honesty of the British Information Service propagated wherever possible the truth amongst the people. The Allies, therefore, were spared the terrors of ignorance and uncertainty.

Most European countries were deprived during the war of this great consolation. France, in particular, appreciates more than ever the importance of accurate information. This need of liberty and freedom of speech, stemmed during five years of occupation, has revealed itself in the stupefying quantity of daily, weekly, monthly newspapers and magazines published since the Liberation. The British tourist might well be astonished at the sight of a French bookstall, unless he realises that this is the natural reaction of a nation starved of reading matter for five years.

#### SUDDEN GROWTH

The reason for this sudden growth of publications is twofold: the chaos of interior French politics worsened by a narrowly voted Constitution and the geographical position of the country as a junction of the two great modern ideologies.

In France creeds and theories are discussed and commented upon because the two subjects are ever present. The outcome of these debates is found in the written expression of the thought, adapted to the mind of the man in the street.

The practical consequence of this recovered liberty is often the result of diverging conceptions. Whilst some wish to protect the press from the material powers, others on the contrary consider an oriented interpretation of events the first duty of journalism. However, all agree that the responsibility of the informer, his integrity and competence must dominate the liberty of thought, only possible counterpoise to partiality.

If the evolution of the press is a surprise to the foreigner, it must be examined in the light of the recent past, influenced by the growing importance of politics in every man's life.

It is impossible to ignore the superhuman efforts of a few patriots during the occupation. Clandestine papers were published in the early months of the Resistance, often only typewritten sheets, soiled by many adventures and the multiple hands through which they had passed. The printing of every issue was a nightmare we can hardly visualise. To obtain the articles necessary for publication was a matter of life or death for someone. Whatever their political creed—Communist, Socialist or Right Wing—their cause was identical: frank, direct, fearlessly outspoken. The French press was never more heroic than when speaking for the underworld.



Monde Illustré (now going Left-Wing) and France Illustration are first-class periodicals. Canard Enchaîné is a well-known comic. Point de Vue is typical of the plethora of illustrateds on sale on the boulevards today

The conversion of this primitive means of information into the extraordinarily wide press of today did not happen overnight. The putrid legacies of the occupation had first to be dealt with financially, technically and morally. The possessions of the pro-German concerns were re-allocated by the Société Nationale des Entreprises de Presse and the slow machinery of justice concluded the exploits of the guilty.

#### THE MORNING OF LIBERATION

A few Parisian papers, mostly Communist, appeared on the morning of the Liberation. They invaded the offices of fleeing collaborators, making use of the few available printing plants. This was a direct challenge to the authority of the exiled organisation of General de Gaulle. It is no secret today that the French Government of London was reluctant to help these Maquis led by well-known Communists.

The first daily paper to reappear called for a reactionary Press: Le Figaro, changing its old motto, Loué par les uns, blamé par les autres, je me presse de rire de tout de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer into Les gens qui ne veulent rien faire de rien. n'avancent rien et ne sont bons à rien resumed

their moderate publication. Le Populaire, under the direction of Léon Blum, represented once more the interests of the Socialists; L'Aube, a newcomer supported M. Bidault's Party Le Mouvement Républicain Populaire, originally a propaganda medium for the policy of General de Gaulle. None has attained a circulation equal to that of the Communist papers, L'Humanité and Ce Soir, these two having taken advantage of the occasion when France was free but bruised and seething in constitutional chaos.

In spite of the momentous events taking place in Europe at the time, the interest of the French people was directed toward their own internal complications. The press, disregarding the war censorship still in force, divided the people against the government in power by their efforts to achieve their own aims.

It was essential to reach every class of society, women and men alike. This was successfully undertaken by rival parties through the medium of the daily press, supported by an increasing number of weekly publications, a form of journalism almost unknown in France before the war.

The post-war legislation granting to women the vote completely changed the problem facing politicians. It was necessary to create a subterfuge to reach this numerically important section of electors during their few moments of lessure.

#### THE FRENCH WIFE

The new social structure spreading across Europe has not as yet affected the French wife, whose independence ceases on her wedding day.

The difficulties of daily life, shop queues, the inadequate system of rationing left her very little time to read the daily papers. The Communists were the first to appreciate this problem and founded a number of weekly magazines and papers under the cover of fashion, housekeeping and general advice. All quickly attained a large circulation in comparison with the daily papers, the most striking examples being Filles de France (circulation 150,000), Femmes Françaises (142,000), La Terre (318,000), La Vie Ouvrière (400,000). Very few Right Wing or Republican papers can compare in importance with these.

Is the French press of today equal to its past? It is as yet too early to judge. The present team of journalists has few links with its predecessors. War, occupation, deportation and épurations have left the French intellectual world depleted of its most famous columnists. A number of directors, editors, printers and technicians were drawn into the ranks of the collaborators either by self-interest or lack of foresight and have since disappeared from public life. Most of the newcomers have little experience and more often a dangerous enthusiasm. To these new recruits a number of famous and truly talented novelists, such as François Mauriac and Jerome and Jean Tharaud, have attached themselves as journalists and intervened in the political life of the country by introducing a new form of abstract comment closer to art than to journalism and far above the mentality of the average Frenchman.

This error is not universal. The Socialists, and still more the Communists, have gathered the remains of their old, experienced team together and are monopolising little by little every organisation which fails through lack of funds or experience. It is sufficient to consult a complete list of publications to realise that amongst the thousand weekles published in France at present, one third belongs to the Left Wing.

The Communist Press and Information Services in general are organised to serve a far wider range of readers today, not only in the capital and large provincial towns but also in the remote

villages. Some local weeklies have a circulation of no more than fifteen hundred copies. They are written, edited and printed by one man, and exist on Communist subsidies.

This influence has also spread to some famous illustrated weeklies who were unable to maintain the lavish pace of their first months of existence. It cannot yet be said that this Communistabsorbed Press is directed by a central body or used as a propaganda medium on the model laid down by the Totalitarian States. Its fate is still dependent on the political developments to come.

With very few exceptions, the rôle of the British Press has always been to portray the multiple aspects of national life—its permanent, contemporary and ephemeral features—and to remain as flexible, versatile and independent as possible. These qualities are the reason for the traditional impartiality in reporting world events. The dignity of the press in France commenced with the origin of journalism in the eighteenth century and lasted until the end of the first world war. The agonising years of the Third Republic succeeded in poisoning journalism as well as the political life of the country.

The French Press can, and will, play a very important part in the future of France. It is still feeling its way, having little background to rest

upon.

Some indication of a return to tradition is given by *Le Figaro*, *Le Monde* (former *Temps*) and *France-Illustration*—an illustrated magazine of world repute.

There can be found in these a hope for moderation in the leadership of the nation, reasonable methods, and a contribution to the happiness of the individual.

Unfortunately similar publications are scarce; most papers introduce doubts and confusion into the minds of their readers. The eight million non-voters in the last referendum mean precisely that number of intellectually unsettled Frenchmen—and a striking example of this evil influence.

It is doubtful whether this flood of reading matter will survive the criticism of a nation that has recovered its stability. But let us not overlook the fact that this final test will leave a powerful instrument in the hands of those in control, capable of influencing, unhindered, the will of the individual and the masses.

Only then will it be possible to foresee the path chosen by the French people.



## AMERICAN STRIKES GO **HUMOROUS!**

STRIKES in post-war Britain, if not so numerous as after World War One, have been frequent enough. Whilst usually good-natured (apart from the discomfort to the General Public), British strikes cannot lay claim to originality much less to humour.

They do things differently in the U.S.A.! In 'God's Own Country', whilst some strikes in the past have produced violence and bloodshed, there is a growing tradition of strikes which are

not only whimsical and humorous, but which in one way or another tend to become more and more original.

This picture shows a strike in New York City, by Santa Claus! The good man is accompanied by a banner bearer, a usual American feature, in the form of an elf, also on strike.

Students of labour affairs are fully aware that all troubles and strikes are by no means due to disputes about wage rates.



This picture proves this up to the hilt. For here is a group of young ladies striking because they refuse to be made to wear corsets!

After the First World War, when Women's Emancipation was all the rage, it was assumed by mere men that women would eschew all restrictions whether political, legal or sumptuary, for all time.

The world was surprised when, following glamorous film stars like Greta Garbo, women in the early nineteen-thirties began to give up their comfortable short skirts and short hair. There were actually one or two rebellions against the new trammels. The film star, Billie Dove, got up a sort of society for the prevention of cruelty to women's legs, ingeniously titled 'The Freedom of the Knees'.

Today French fashion designers are determined to get women back into 'feminine clothes'. Hair is elaborate. Heels are higher than ever, and smaller and more perilous at the base. Knees are once more confined in tight 'hobble skirts'. Last, but not least, waists are squeezed in the new corsets, called guêpières, until they really do resemble the middle part of a wasp. French women and girls, after a short struggle, have submitted to the new clothes. Anglo-Saxon women are still fighting the new fashions. But the announcement by the U.S. Civilian Production Administration that all government controls will soon be removed from women's styles means more elaborate effects. And elaborate effects will have to be balanced by much longer, and probably much tighter and more restricting skirts.

### CEREMONY IN WEST AFRICA

#### JONATHAN CURLING

Visual impressions of the inauguration of the new Legislative Council in the Gold Coast—the first in any African colony to have a native majority

'Your Excellency. . . 'Reddish-gold bangles, heavy with tinkling symbols, tumble down the ebony forearm as brown fingers, beringed with plaques larger than half-crowns, gather up the folds of a purple, white and yellow robe, throw them over the left shoulder, hitch them beneath the ampit. It is a subtle, rhetorical gesture that enables the burly African cheftain to capture attention with a brief pause before he continues, in a velvety voice, with a quotation from Paradise Lost.

Inaugural session adjourns. The Paramount Chief of Ashanti, OTUMFUO SIR OSEI AGYEMEN PREMPEH II, K.B.E., departs

John Milton from the lips of the noble savager Nothing surprises in this assembly of kaleidoscopic contrasts, where a pop-eyed native boy, dangling his feet eight inches from the floor, sits between a stern-faced Scottish spinster and a Major-General.

In no other place at no other time is such a scene imaginable—a blending of raucous colours with traditional tints: the barbaric splendour of Africa (with inevitable undertones of juju, headhunting, the distant tom-tom, human sacrifice) and the solid British pageantry to which belong Beefeaters, the Town Crier and the Lord Mayor's Coach.

Electric fans burr, fluttering Procedure Papers on four hundred and twenty pairs of knees: 'Opening of the New Legislative Council for the Gold Coast Colony and Ashanti, 23 July 1946. In the formal phrases that follow, the historic moment might be missed. Not so in the Message from His Majesty King George VI that has just been read. 'I wish to convey an assurance to my people in the Gold Coast of my interest in the progress of their political evolution, of which the inauguration of a Council with an unofficial majority is signal evidence. It is a source of gratification to me that it has been found possible to entrust the people themselves, through their elected representatives, with a wider measure of control of their own affairs.

#### RUSTLE OF ANTICIPATION

There was a rustle of anticipation and a clink of bracelets when the Governor spoke the royal sentences. Africans and Europeans sitting side by side in the George V Memorial Hall at Accra were proud that the Gold Coast should now have a Constitution in which, for the first time, there was an African majority.

As the King's Message finishes, a trumpet fanfare sounds from outside. All eyes are fixed on the Governor. In dark blue uniform, with silver epaulettes, his chest bright with medals and the red and blue sash of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, he occupies a tall, carved chair on a small dais. Before him is a high narrow desk of the same design; above him a silver lion and unicorn on a sky-blue background. Some

vards to his left sits his aide-de-camp, in khaki with Sam Browne belt. On the Governor's right is the Clerk of the Council—a young-looking African wearing the white uniform of a district officer, with gilt and black gorgets on his collar and a sword at his side.

#### THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

A low barrier of fluted dark and light wood runs from each side of the dais two-thirds of the way down the hall. Within this rectangle, in front of the Governor, sit the thirty members of the Legislative Council, facing one another in two rows like a choir. Immediately below the dais are the six Official Members—the Acting Colonial Secretary, three Chief Commissioners and the Financial Secretary, all in white dress uniform with decorations, together with the Attorney-General, distinctive in his black robes and grev, full-bottomed wig. Most of the remaining twenty-four members are Africans-the formal dark clothes of the commoners a foil to the brilliant colours of the robes worn by the Chiefs, whose names are as picturesque as their appearance. Among them is Nana Tsıbu Darku IX, the Omanhene of Assin Atandaso, now at forty-four a member of the Council since 1932a stalwart, restless and dynamic speaker whose sumptuous jewellery jangles softly as he removes his glasses to emphasise a point, or fumbles among the papers in his light pig-skin brief-case before suggesting an amendment. After concluding his speech of thanks for the King's Message, in perfectly turned phrases, with the words, 'God Save the King-and the British Empire', he resumes his seat with dignity, comfortably kicking off his gold-embroidered sandals beneath the table.

Other members are Nenu Azzu Mate Kole, the Konor of Manya Krobo, formerly an inspector in the Gold Coast Police Force, from whose State Treasury is paid annually over £4,500 for education and £2,600 for health services; Nana Frampong Manso II, the Omanhene of Akim Kotoku, once in the Forestry Department; Nana Amanfi III, C.M.C., M.B.E., the Omanhene of Asebu, who in 1944 was awarded the King's Medal for Chiefs. But the greatest chief of all does not sit within the rectangle that encloses the Legislative Council, although four members from his State are there to represent him—three of whom are commoners.

He is Otumfuo (All-Powerful) Sir Osei (the Destroyer) Agyemen (the Saviour of the Nation) Prempeh II, R.B.E. When he came down to Accra two days before from his own country, people of other tribes went great distances to

watch out for his train. The Accra police force turned out in strength to control the excited crowds that awaited his arrival at the station; earlier in the day another special train had arrived bringing his servants—just over a thousand of them—who were put up in a camp once inhabited by the American Air Force. Many of these newcomers rushed straight to the beach, nervously dipping their fingers in the surf to discover whether the water was hot or cold, for they had never set eyes on the sea before. Nor, presumably, had their master, Sir Osei Prempeh II, King of the Ashanti—or more correctly, the Asantahene (no 'sh', please).

By centuries-old custom, the ruler of the Ashanti, whose capital is Kumasi, has never left his kingdom to come south of the Prah River, which divides his realm from the Gold Coast



Sartorial Contrast. ARTHUR LEWEY, K.C., Attorney-General, and despatch-case carrier. The latter bears on college blazer 'piano-key crest', denoting harmony between black and white

Colony (myth alleges that some remote Asantahene penshed on its banks), except Prempeh I, uncle of the present monarch, banished by the British to the Seychelles in 1896. For hundreds of years the warrior Ashanti came down like a wolf on the fold to despoil the Ga people of Accra and their neighbours.

Today, after propitiating his ancestors with certain sacrifices for the innovation, Prempeh II is goggled at by a vast crowd of Africans and Europeans as his black Humber (with a symbolic golden porcupine painted on its tonneau) brings him to the opening of the Legislative Council. Not only is it the first time that an Asantahene has crossed the Prah—it is also the first time that the Ashanti have been represented on the Council. Vanquished in the 'nineties, they were treated hitherto as a conquered nation. Now they have equal status with the Ga, Fante, Ewe and other peoples of the Gold Coast Colony—progressing a further step towards self-government.

Under their scarlet, green, purple, magenta, yellow, heliotrope and orange umbrellas (large as the striped shades over seaside tea-tables) the Colony chiefs have greeted the Asantahene before he entered the hall. Unlike the others, he does not wear an elaborate headdress, but a simple band of cloth round his forehead which he removes within the Legislative Chamber. Envious glances, however, fall on the thirty or forty golden bracelets on his right arm, and the two golden doves, each four inches across, on the second finger of both hands.

There is plenty of competition in splendour this morning. The lesser chiefs try to outdo one another with startling coiffures and festoons of gold and silver chains. The Paramount Chiefs affect a more expensive simplicity.

Now that the opening formalities of the Council are completed, there is time to look around while the Colonial and Financial Secretaries answer members' questions about the disease of swollen shoot in cocoa plants and the length of African nurses' night duty.

Outside the barrier that fences in the Council members are two rows of seats for distinguished visitors. To the left of the Governor, a group that

includes his wife and ex-members of the Councilto the right, three judges whose grey wigs and scarlet robes are identical, but whose faces are brown, white and black. Down the length of the hall, between the barrier and the walls, sit the distinguished spectators (with a privileged minority in a gallery above)—Directors of Education and Agriculture, Conservators of Forests, Generals, Air Commodores and Police Commissioners in white or well-washed khakı drill uniforms-many with their wives in gardenparty frocks and hats beside them-interspersed with chiefs, 'souls' and 'linguists', clad exotically and carrying symbols of office. The chiefs' 'souls' are small boys of eight or ten-combining their more sublime significance with the duties of a page. The 'linguists' were once intermediaries who repeated everything said to the potentate into his private ear, and then repeated back to the commoner what had been said sotto voce to them by their master—a process which saved the royal dignity, and allowed time for thought. Each 'linguist' carries a rod-something like a bishop's crozier-surmounted by a golden elephant, head of corn, crescent moon or other emblem.

The white cock's feathers on the Governor's hat flutter in the whir of the electric fan on the dais as he leaves the Chamber in a church-like silence. An instant later, babel breaks loose in Ga, Twi, Fante, Ewe, English. Hereditary robes of violet and azure velvet jostle with tropical suits, summer frocks with Manchester cloths printed in medallions of John Wesley or Allied flags.

The throng presses to the doors of the hall, trying to obtain a glimpse of the detachment of 'Glover's horse'—with their uniforms and pennants of red and green more resembling Bengal lancers than mounted police—which rides ahead of the Governor's car.

A district officer and his wife are admiring the massive ear-rings worn by some Omanhene or other.

'Of course,' says the burly African as his car comes up to the steps of the hall, 'there's one thing both British and Africans like about these occasions—the dressing-up. Can I give you a lift!'

#### Q. E. D.!

THE REV. JOHN LUBIKULA of the Congo, a father of six children, spoke to the Conference. His theme was the equality of men and women. 'To those who use the Old Testament to excuse polygamy and female subservience,' he said, 'woman was created out of a rib of Adam. Had a bone been taken from the foot, that would imply female subservience. Had a bone been taken from the head, that would imply female dominance. But the bone was from the middle, so equality follows.'

Nigerian Eastern Mail



#### The Bathurst Federal Convention

The People's Federal Convention, held at Bathurst during the week beginning 16th and ending 21st November, 1896, may be justly described as constituting an important landmark in the history of the agitation for the establishment of a Federal Government in Australia. This description of a Federal Demonstration not surrounded with the halo of government rank and authority, will, no doubt, cause surprise in some quarters.

#### General Work

THE principal work done was the consideration and discussion of all the debatable sections of the Commonwealth Bill framed by the Sydney Convention in 1801.

#### A Campaign of Education

THE best bit of strategy on the Republican side in the U.S. Presidential Election campaign was the assumption that the voters in the great states of the Middle West needed first of all clear and definite information on the questions at issue, and that this information must come to them in some way or another before any effort could be made to secure their votes for the gold standard in November. Accordingly, all the leaflets and pamphlets which were sent out from the Chicago headquarters were brief and clear expositions of the currency question phrased in direct and simple language, and remarkably free from the ordinary 'bluff and bluster' of the traditional campaign document, as well as from every form of appeal to prejudice and passion. U.S. Review of Reviews

#### The International Situation

Russia is now recognised by all as the predominant factor of the situation. Whatever other effects the Tsar's trip may have had, it has brought home to the dullest appreciation the important fact that the hegemony of Europe has passed away from Germany to her north-eastern neighbour. This important change took place long before it became visible to all. The recent travels of Nicholas II merely revealed the fact that the Tsar is at present the arbiter of war and peace, while he or his successor is believed to be destined to become one day the lawgiver

of Europe and of Asia. . At present, supported by the mightiest army, she is absolutely invulnerable, and virtually irresistible.

E. J. Dillon in Contemporary Review

#### Our Unfulfilled Duty to Cyprus

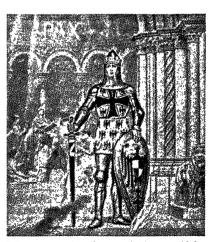
Against any proposal to abandon Cyprus, Mr. Edward G. Browne pleads hard in the New Review. 'England's duty to Cyprus,' he argues, 'has not been done.' We have given her justice and liberty, but we have taxed her far more unmercifully than the Turk. At the same time, largely owing to French and other protective tariffs, the wine trade of Cyprus and her agriculture have suffered a sore depression. We have made few roads, and not a single railway, and have arranged no regular steamboat service. And, worst of all, over and above the heavy cost of administration, we exact a 'tribute' to Turkey of f,63,000 a year, which is really paid over to bondholders. Yet the island is fertile enough to pay her way, even under this fearful load.

Edward G. Browne in New Review

#### Mrs. Phelps' New Creed

I BELIEVE in women, and in their right to their own best possibilities in every department of life. I believe that the methods of dress practised among women are a marked hindrance to the realisation of these possibilities, and that they should be scorned or persuaded out of society.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in McClure's Magazine



[The KAISER sees himself as a true knight on guard before the Temple of Peace]

## SCIENCE DOUBLE SPREAD

## (2) THE PEACEFUL HARNESSING OF ATOMIC ENERGY

#### DR. H. A. SKINNER, of the University of Manchester

ACCORDING to a recent Press report, the Bury (Lancs.) Town Council gave serious consideration to a proposal that a forthcoming extension in the township's electricity supply should be achieved by utilising energy from a nuclear fission process. The Council decided that the time is not yet ripe for the adoption of so ambitious a project, and Bury will continue to produce its electricity for some years at least by burning coal. There is little doubt that the decision was a correct one: but in other towns and cities which, unlike Bury, are far removed from an abundant supply of coal or oil, we may well see, in ten years' time, the successful operation of power stations driven by atomic energy. For there is no question that the production of electrical power from a nuclear fission process is technically feasible. General L. R. Groves, of the Manhattan District organisation in Washington, who



Comparatively simple chemical manipulations are being carried out behind a thick concrete wall, but the remote control mechanisms are quite complicated. Observation is by periscope set into the wall in such a manner that there is no direct route by which gamma rays can reach the operator.

appointed a committee in 1944 to investigate the possible peacetime uses of nuclear energy, has announced plans for the construction and operation of a pilot electrical plant, using atomic fuel, which has been designed at the University of Chicago.

The energy liberated by a nuclear fission process manifests itself in the form of heat, but the order of magnitude of the heat evolution is different from that in even the most exothermic of normal chemical reactions. Thus, whereas the heat evolved by burning one gramme of carbon amounts to 8,000 calories, and the combustion of one gramme of crude petroleum liberates 11,500 calories, the nuclear fission of one gramme of uranium-235 (U-235) is accompanied by the evolution of some twenty billion calories of heat. If it were possible to convert the heat energy from an atomic furnace consuming U-235 at a rate of 1 lb. per day into electrical energy, it would generate electricity at a rate of approximately 100,000 kilowatts: this is sufficient to provide the lighting of a large city.

The explosion of an atomic bomb presents one method by which scientists have been able to liberate the prodigious quantities of energy locked up in the U-235 atom. This form of liberation takes place in a fraction of a second, and is far too violent to be of practical use for other than purely destructive purposes. The peaceful utilisation of atomic energy demands a far less violent method of liberation than that occurring in the atomic bomb. The disintegration processes must needs be slowed down in some way. The apparatus in which the slow disintegration of U-235 can be carried out under controlled conditions has been christened the 'Atomic Pile'.

Natural uranium is a mixture of three isotopes, U-234, U-235 and U-238, of which the latter is by far the most abundant, being present to the extent of 90.3 per cent. The behaviour of U-238 and U-235 towards neutrons differs in that the U-238 absorbs neutrons without undergoing fission, finally to produce plutonium atoms, whereas U-235 undergoes explosive fission, splitting up into smaller fragments and simultaneously throwing off two or more new, fast-moving neutrons. In a mass of pure U-235, the disintegration process, once started, will continue

with ever-increasing velocity, for as each U-235 atom splits up, it produces new neutrons which continue the splitting process in other U-235 atoms. But in a mass of ordinary uranium, some of the neutrons liberated by the disintegration of U-235 atoms are absorbed, without regeneration, by the U-238 atoms. To keep the disintegration process in a mass of ordinary uranium 'ticking over' at a convenient and controllable rate is a delicate problem of adjustment of the proportion of U-235 atoms to other non-fissionable matter. The atomic pile is an apparatus in which ordinary uranium, or slightly enriched uranium, admixed with graphite or heavy water, or some other 'moderator', is disintegrated by a steady reaction giving plutonium as one of the products, and liberating heat at a steady rate.

The operation of an atomic pile presents many problems in chemical engineering. Not least are the hazards arising from the highly radioactive by-products of the nuclear disintegrations. From each pound of uranium undergoing fission, very nearly a pound of radioactive by-products results. These are more radioactive than is radium itself, for they have shorter half-life periods. Moreover, the disintegration process is continually accompanied by an emission of neutrons and highly penetrating Y-rays. It would be impossible for an unprotected human being to remain unaffected in such surroundings, and it is therefore necessary to build concrete shields, at least five feet thick, around an atomic pile before it can be operated. All adjustments to the pile whilst in operation must be made by remote control devices. Periodically, the pile must be rid ('decontaminated') of all products of fission, otherwise the slow chainreaction will come to a standstill. It should be apparent that in these circumstances, the atomic pile is not a mobile piece of apparatus, but a solid, fixed and reasonably large-sized structure.

The heat produced by an atomic pile could be converted into work by using it to drive some suitable engine. There are several possibilities, one of which would be to operate a turbine in a secondary circuit which is heated indirectly from the primary circuit through a heat exchanger. So far, atomic piles have been operated at low temperatures, with very low thermodynamic efficiency, mainly with the object of making plutonium. The efficiency of the pile as a furnace can only be increased by operating it at much higher temperatures. The raising of the operation temperature introduces new and difficult problems of research and development, and it may be some time before an efficient atomic furnace and heat exchanger system is devised.

None the less, we can conceive that in twenty to thirty years' time there will be large central installations in which great amounts of power will be produced by nuclear fission and transformed into electrical energy or steam for power consumption. It is particularly in those regions where coal, oil or water-power is strictly limited that one might expect to see such large-scale developments. Before the war the U.S.S.R. experimented with an air-line from Moscow to New York via the North-Pole; the prospect of atomic power makes it a reasonable proposition to build an air-station in the polar regions, which in turn, increases the practicability of the polar air-route.

From the economic standpoint, it is probable that the ultimate costs of power from uranium will be less than from coal or oil. According to the Smyth Report, the cost of uranium in 1943 was about £,5 per lb. One lb. of natural uranium contains 1-140th part of U-235, and 1 lb. of U-235 is equivalent to 1,500 tons of coal, costing from £2,500-£,5,000. In terms of energetic equivalence, the raw materials for atomic power are less costly than coal by a factor of five or more. On the other hand, the costs of construction and operation of a uranium pile are considerable, so that it is doubtful if there is any great economy gained. Even if the cost of atomic power were to become virtually nil, there remain the costs of distribution of the central power—and past experience has proved that power-distribution costs are at least as high as production costs. It would be unwise, therefore, to forecast an era of extremely cheap power in the near future.

Theoretically, the uranium fission process is not a particularly efficient nuclear reaction to use for the production of energy, for it corresponds to the destruction of only 1-10th of one per cent of the total mass. Should scientists find some other controllable nuclear reaction in which the conversion to energy of even a few per cent of the matter of some common material occurs, the whole problem of atomic power production will be raised to an entirely new level. But to date there are no indications of such a development.

Weighed in the balance of good or evil, there is no doubt that the liberation of nuclear energy provides greater possibilities for waging destructive war than of building productive peace. The major problems are not scientific and technical (although these certainly exist), but are social and political in character. Thinking men must face up to this challenge with the courage of certain conviction that peace and plenty are attainable in this atomic age only if the causes of war, and the mutual suspicions and hatreds of the past, are completely eradicated.

# WASHINGTON IRVING'S THE SKETCH BOOK

#### REVIEWED BY AUBREY NOAKES

IT has been boldly suggested that George Washington was an English squire whose estates merely happened to be in Virginia. True enough that Englishmen probably come nearer to understanding him than his own countrymen, for whilst he is perfunctorily reverenced by Americans, he does not warm their hearts in the same way as Lincoln and the Roosevelts do. In comparison with Old Abe and his homespun philosophy, or with the glittering smile and radiant friendliness of the late President, Washington appears to them austere and somehow cold. Yet, as we know, Washington was a warm-blooded man, with his strong passions disciplined by tremendous will-power and brought into line with the traditions of reserve and good breeding in which he had been reared in Virginia.

From this the plain fact emerges that Washington's standards were English rather than what has since come to be recognised as American ones, although that amusingly anti-British writer, Senator Lodge, suggests that the misunderstanding of Washington has arisen because he was not a nineteenth-century but an eighteenth-century American. Even so, the eighteenth-century American is much more like a modern Englishman than anything in the States today.

The 'American' Revolution had been fought under the leadership of the gentry, who possessed most of the learning, talent and wealth. Even the election of Jefferson meant a change of policy only. The upper classes retained their ascendancy, and the country was still dominantly English in its social composition and intellectual habits.

As we look upon the rich diversity, the tremendous vigour, and creative energy displayed in the contemporary American literary and artistic scene, the questions naturally suggest themselves: When did the Americans discover themselves: When did they cease to cling to the cultural apron-strings of the mother-country? When did they consciously strike a new note?

Satisfactory answers to these questions are to be found in Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' recently published and delightful volume, The World of Washington Irving, in which the date is set at 1800, roughly. Mr. Brooks describes with polished assurance the work of the heterogeneous but



WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

gifted group in which Irving moved: a group which included such figures as Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, and William Cullen Bryant. With others, they formed a literary circle in New York, whilst in New England and in the south and west other significant literary movements were beginning to take shape. Mr. Brooks has already told the story of the New England developments in his earlier and classic books, The Flowering of New England and New England: Indian Summer—but these do not concern us here.

#### THE NEW COMMUNITY

One of the busiest men in early nineteenthcentury New York was William Dunlap, general handyman of the arts-painter, playwright, novelist, diarist and priceless gossip. Here style was certainly the man. As a writer he was slovenly, discursive and garrulous, yet a tireless collector of anecdotes and facts. He had studied art under Benjamin West in London, and his short biographies of early American painters, for example, contain a great deal of valuable material which might otherwise have been lost. As manager of the Park Theatre, New York, Dunlap gamely attempted to foster the serious drama in a new community, finding an unexpected champion in Washington Irving, who was contributing a series of newspaper articles to the New York Morning Chronicle, under the pseudonym of 'Jonathan Oldstyle'. Irving satirised the conditions against which Dunlap was fighting, and the manager saw in the young writer (he was barely twenty years of age) a spirited and invaluable ally. Like many another bright young fellow, Irving was irresistibly drawn towards the stage, and

liked being mixed up in theatrical affairs and hanging around stage doors. He even wrote a play.

Irving was a shrewd observer of life in the growing city. He liked to meander and dream on the banks of the Hudson, and explore the old Dutch farms and pastoral valleys. In the Sleepy Hollow church, the minister still preached in Dutch, and the prevailing tone was anti-British. Irving loved the English tradition, however, and was merely amused by the Dutch, although their legends fascinated him. Meanwhile, on journeys up the Hudson, taking his gun and his flute, Irving grew familiar with all the surrounding country. He knew Saratoga and Ballston Spa, little places in the forest, where the old traders' stores were converted into ballrooms.

The late Earl of Kenmare (better known as Castlerosse, the gossip-writer) once remarked about his novelist-relation, Maurice Baring: 'I sometimes think that Uncle Maurice only sees the beautiful things in life.' One carries away a similar impression after reading Washington Irving. By nature and temperament he was urbane, pleasant and good-natured. The gods saw fit that his delightful talents should flower easily and with a becoming grace. There were to be no years of neglect, no starving in garrets, to blur the edges of a charmed life.

He was the son of a Scottish merchant who had settled in New York some time before the Revolution, in a house in William Street, surrounded by a garden full of apricot and plum trees. Irving was one of a large and flourishing family. He grew up a debonair and attractive young man and a great favourite with his older brothers, who prospered early in life and took a delight in making things easy for him. They were troubled about his health and, fearing consumption, packed him off on a leisurely European health tour. Occasionally they ventured a criticism. They felt that young Washington was more concerned about meeting amusing people than in advancing his own studies and interests.

Yet in his own way he was serving an invaluable apprenticeship to Letters. He followed a careful plan in keeping a travel-journal, and determined at the same time to master the art of writing with ease and accuracy. He made character-sketches of odd types encountered on the journey. He was captured by Mediterranean pirates (who released him when they discovered he was carrying letters to the Governor of Malta), danced in Paris, gambolled in Sicily, and travelled across robber-infested Italian mountains. He visited the homes of great personages at Naples, Florence and Rome, where he met Madame de Staël, Canova, and Humboldt. He saw Mrs.

Siddons in London, Talma in Paris, and made a study of the Elizabethan drama. Back in New York, he was delighted to find magazines, plays and books fast multiplying, and a widely appreciative public for the works of Sir Walter Scott, Campbell and Thomas Moore.

Incidentally—and this word 'incidentally' is the exact one to use here—Irving had studied law. The details are unimportant. As a lawyer he is said to have had one client, whom he left in the lurch. Nevertheless, his ever-agreeable brothers were glad to keep him going, and even made him a nominal partner in their law firm in order that he might have sufficient leisure to follow his bent.

#### A PLEASANT EXISTENCE

Irving led an extremely pleasant existence, taking long trips to country houses along the Hudson and getting around New York. In the taverns, particularly at Dyde's in Park Row, and a porter house in John Street, where the floors were sprinkled with sand from Coney Island, the talk was invariably brilliant, and in these taverns, as Mr. Brooks says, 'clever young men could almost feel that they were in Fleet Street or Covent Garden, for most of their thoughts as writers had a colour of London.'

In 1815 Irving drifted over to England, with no particular plans in mind beyond a vague interest in the Liverpool branch of the family business. This business failed. Yet the gods did not entirely forsake their favourite. They had seen fit that a sister of Washington's should be living at Birmingham, in a style befitting the wife of a prosperous merchant, and that their house should form a congenial and timely place of retreat to him.

He was thirty-two years of age and felt that, as yet, he had done little of any consequence. With his artist-friend, Charles Leslie, he set out on a stage coach for Oxford, Leslie busily sketching and Irving joyously writing during the journey. Irving was in high spirits and read aloud the story to Leslie, in fragments as he wrote it. Irving visited Scott at Abbotsford when 'the master' was busily engaged on Rob Roy. Scott had not, of course, at that time acknowledged his authorship of the Waverley Novels. He seemed to have nothing to do but amuse his American visitor.

In London Irving browsed in the British Museum, and roamed through Little Britain, Smithfield, Southwark, Westminster Abbey, Cock Lane, the Guildhall, and poky little alleys in the City. He was charmed by it all—these symbols of his ancestry. It was a homecoming with a subtle difference. With his antiquarian tastes and liking for old customs, he was a natural

Tory, and loved to delve into ancient English writers, collecting ditties and drinking-songs which recalled a merrier and bygone England.

All these things are described with great charm in *The Sketch Book*, Irving's best-known work, which also contains, as well as the essays on English ways and customs, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and the sad tale of *Philip of Pokanoket*, the Indian chief.

#### HELP FROM SCOTT

It is worth noting that Irving's stay in England coincided with the turbulent post-war period after Waterloo, and that it was the failure of his family business which hustled him into serious, professional authorship. He needed money. At first he had kept notes and memoranda for a leisurely planned series, to be completed at a future date. Financial circumstances led to a change of plan. The sketches were sent piecemeal to the United States, where they were published in portions or numbers. It was not Irving's original intention to publish them in book-form in England, 'being conscious that much of their contents could be interesting only to American readers, and, in truth, being deterred by the severity with which American productions had been treated in the British press.' It was largely due to the practical help of Sir Walter Scott that The Sketch Book was published in London under the imprint of John Murray in 1820.

The combination of the widespread social upheaval and his private financial troubles should have bred a shrewd awareness of conditions in England. But no! In *The Sketch Book* we discover an idealised country where old customs linger in a fond state of preservation; where red-faced squires rode to hounds, sang rollicking songs, and administered their estates with a genial benevolence; where life revolved easily around manor houses and picturesque village churches—those pagan Valhallas from which the images of the saints had been removed, and their places taken by the incongruous monuments of departed and self-gloried gentry.

Irving could even be lyrical about travelling by stage coach in the depths of winter—and in Yorkshire! The coach was crowded with Christmas passengers and loaded with hampers of game, baskets, and boxes of delicacies. I had three fine, rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home from the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. He was greatly interested in the English coachmen

of the day, 'who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves.'

Once more the gods smiled upon him, and led him to a chance encounter with Frank Brace-bridge, an old friend, at a village 1111, where the coach had let him down. Irving was invited to stay at the family mansion of the Bracebridges. It is better than eating a solttary Christmas dinner at an inn,' said Frank, 'and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style.'

There follows an idealised description of an English Christmas in 'the good old days', brilliant in its carefully assembled mass of detail. Everything is here—the wassail bowl, the Yule log, the boar's head crowned with rosemary, the waits, holly, mistletoe, morris-dancers, mummers and carols. Irving listened with sympathy to Squire Bracebridge's analysis of contemporary ills and his simple remedy. 'The nation is altered,' said the Squire. 'We have almost lost our simple, true-hearted peasantry. They have broken asunder from the higher classes, and seem to think their interests are separate. They have become too knowing, and begin to read newspapers, listen to ale-house politicians, and talk of reform. I think one mode to keep them in good humour in these hard times would be for the nobility and gentry to pass more time on their estates, mingle more among the country people, and set the merry game going again.'

It has not been my intention to go into detail about Irving's life, but merely to describe the background and conditions against which the various stories and essays which make up The Sketch Book were written. He had previously published one book, his Knickerbocker History of New York, in 1809, and thrown off the 'Jonathan Oldstyle' articles. He was subsequently to publish a large number of books and enjoy an international reputation of an extraordinary and personal nature. His fame today rests principally on his delightful and fanciful essays, although much might be said of his skill as a biographer. His last important work was the Life of Washington, and his Columbus, in spite of the findings of later scholars, is still an important, as well as a beautifully written, book. He was seventy-six years of age when he died in 1859, thus his writing life covered the first half of the nineteenth century. We have seen how he was able to build up the framework and background of his later work in a leisurely, gentleman-like fashion, largely owing to the practical help and sympathy of his brothers, who appear to have realised that their amusing young brother possessed important and vital gifts which would, given time, show themselves. Posterity owes them an immeasurable



This picture of GEORGE WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE at Mount Vernon shows how Washington prescribed the English way of life. Washington Irving, though in a transitional period, had equal reverence for the old English ways

debt of gratitude. We have spoken fancifully of Irving enjoying the favour of the gods, yet the analogy is irresistible. This favour extended beyond death. His charmed, bachelor existence was rounded off with an appropriate burial in the Sleepy Hollow which he had immortalised.

#### ROOTS IN THE 'OLD COUNTRY'

Irving was proud to be an American, and his deep affection for England sprang from his lively realisation that in the 'Old Country' lay not only his own ancestral roots but those of the United States. In a remarkable essay on 'English Writers in America' he protested in a firm, manly way against the misrepresentations of his country by coarse English writers, carpet-baggers, and wandering mechanics, who returned home with tales that America was a wilderness inhabited by boors. He expressed wonder that credence should be given to their slanders, since the themes which America offered for contemplation 'are too vast and elevated for their capacities. The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and sediment, but its ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has already given proofs of powerful and generous qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indication of admirable properties, are all lost upon these purblind observers, who

are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation.'

The Sketch Book made a great impression on its first appearance in England, and did much to remove lingering prejudices against a former enemy country. As Irving himself wittly remarked, the English were as much surprised to find an American writing about their institutions and customs as if a Chinese had expressed himself in pure English.

It would be easy to be superficially bright about Irving's Sketch Book; to speak of it as 'required reading' for Hollywood directors of films about English life; to satirise his manner of seeing England through a romantic 'Miniver-like' haze at a time when the dear old country was, in fact, going through a series of political and social disorders. But, surely, it would be churlish to quarrel on account of a few miserable historical facts known to us, with Irving's pictures of English life, observed and described with such unabashed partiality and love. Who are we to destroy an illusion so charming, so artfully fabricated and well meant?

Shall we leave it at that? Or should we go further, and argue that perhaps Irving was instinctively right in his deliberate avoidance of passing tumults, in seeking in legend and poetry, in time-honoured customs and rural backwaters, the secret springs of our enduring national spirit?

### **NEW BOOKS**

#### ENTERPRISE FIRST

By William Wallace, M.Com.(Lond.) Longmans, Green & Co. 8s. 6d.

The most obvious yet urgent problem of democratic government today is how in a complex modern society the organising power of the state can be linked with individual initiative to produce efficiency and justice whilst preserving liberty. In this timely and topical book the author brings the light of reason and experience to bear on this vital issue. Mr. Wallace has unique qualifications for the task he has undertaken; for not only has he had, as an industrial executive (but not a capitalist), wide practical experience of the problems of private industry, but also, as a director at the Ministry of Food, similar first-hand experience of the Civil Service and the machinery of government. In addition, he has attained a first in Law and, as Master of Commerce at London University, been a lecturer in industrial economics. The result is a book of shrewd analysis, combined with constructive proposals unbiased by narrowness of outlook or theoretical ideologies.

Mr. Wallace is the first to admit that the sphere of the state must inevitably be greatly increased, both in order to cope with the gigantic post-war economic problems and to achieve a greater degree of economic democracy. He is concerned with the means of accomplishing this without loss of efficiency, upon which a higher standard of living depends, or loss of that freedom 'without which the people perish.' In brief: 'Any industry, whatever its nature or form, and whether publicly or privately operated, should be so based, organised and operated as to serve the widest interest of the community—the difficulty is that so few people who are not actually in control of industry really know, or can know, the actual nature of the problems, their range and intricacy and the qualities required to deal with them.' They are able, as Lord Woolton once said, to approach the subject with a mind unbiased by experience!

Whether ownership or control is private or public—a question to be decided on its merits—the vital contribution to efficiency is that indefinable thing called *enterprise*. The key man is not the 'manager' or 'technician' who can manage a particular going concern, but the man who can conceive of the concern before it is going or the effect of changes in it before they are

put through. Therefore any organisation must provide conditions in which the exceptional man. the unorthodox man, the man willing to take risks, can operate effectively. 'The sphere of the state must in practice be confined to painting the broad background, laying down the governing conditions, collecting facts, setting the objectives, co-ordinating the inter-relation of industries, and seeing that the results are in the broad interests of the consumer and the community as a whole." Where the state intervenes in the actual operation of industry, it should be done in a way which leaves the greatest practicable degree of initiative and responsibility to those in the particular industry concerned. Efficiency depends upon the force, initiative and enterprise that the individual can be induced to display.

Mr. Wallace goes into much detail as to how this may be accomplished. Whilst rejecting nationalisation as a universal panacea on the ground that it would, amongst other things, logically and inevitably lead to regimentation, disappearance of effective trade unionism and permanent direction of labour, he admits the need for public ownership in certain specific cases, not as an ideal but as a regrettable necessity beset with dangers. He emphasises the fact that this should be accomplished through the medium of public corporations free from day-to-day parliamentary or treasury control, with experts as directors, but responsible ultimately to a minister. There should be an Economic General Staff without executive or administrative functions, but rather to collate and co-ordinate facts for the formulation of strategic economic policy. In addition, there should be a Ministry of Industry, staffed by a new class of Industrial Civil Servant with practical experience of industry. A chapter on the Civil Service, whilst crediting its members with integrity and intelligence, shows clearly why, by reason of its function as administrator of the law and its terms of reference, it is bound to be governed by precedent and red tape, and is therefore quite unsuited to run industry. The new Ministry would advise industries of the general economic background, be the over-all government link with private industry, and would encourage and assist industries to carry out the government's longterm economic policy. It would have power of control only within the limits of a broad, legal code of 'right practices' for industry bringing up to date the old common law against 'restraint of

trade'. It would have authority to license arrangements made, in special cases, by industrial bodies which would otherwise be breaking the law. Appeal would lie to the Courts against such a department's decisions. This in itself is an important pre-requisite in securing the 'rule of law' as against the 'law of rule'. In the case of industries in which the interest of the consumer was safeguarded by genuine competition, a Trade Association with voluntary membership would be the link with the government. In cases where 'restrictive agreements' of some kind were considered to be justifiable or necessary—as they sometimes are—there would be a permanent Industrial Board composed of leading representatives of the industry, staffed by a technical Civil Service and with a Ministry representative who would have power to over-ride any decision felt to be outside the terms of the licence under which it was operating. The methods described above would prove more satisfactory than a tribunal to enquire into monopolistic practices. It would secure 'supervised self-government' with least detriment to flexibility and enterprise. 'For if the state is to allow private enterprise to play the game within the rules, it can claim the right to lay down the rules and to nominate the referee!

It is a pity that the author has withheld his opinion —as he states, deliberately—as to which industries could with benefit be nationalised. The question of the 'ripeness' of industries for inclusion in this dangerous experiment is one which, to put it mildly, provokes much difference of opinion. Moreover, in dealing with the question of enterprise and efficiency, one would have liked his views on the various schemes of co-partnership, profitsharing and joint consultation designed to give the employee more status and interest, and improve industrial relations—surely an important aspect? However it is difficult to over-praise a book containing so much that is realistic and constructive. It should be resolutely avoided by all those 'doctrinaires' who wish to avoid the disillusionment entailed in examining the indirect repercussions and administrative difficulties that gape behind the comforting phrases of political and economic theorists. It should be read by all those who wish intelligently to share in this country's task of demonstrating to the world that there is an effective, practicable compromise which uses the organising power of the state and the initiative of the free individual to create a society which avoids both the unfreedom of state totalitarianism and the outworn (and unworkable) system of unfettered, 'knock-about' individualism.

GEORGE LOWTHER

#### THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY

By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d. Mr. Aldous Huxley's development from cynical iconoclasm to contemplative religion is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern English literature. Serious implications have always been present even in the most apparently lighthearted and mundane of his works, but it is not easy to identify the author of Crome Yellow and Antic Hay with the exponent of the Perennial Philosophy. Throughout all its vicissitudes, certain basic characteristics have never ceased to colour his outlook—a currously deep pessimism and misanthropy, an excessive awareness of and disgust with the baser aspects of human nature, a profound scepticism with regard to modern progress, and a dislike of dogmatism, whether religious or political, Right-Wing or Left. These traits are as firmly rooted as ever—they seem indeed to have been intensified by the years; but the malicious satire and irresponsible cynicism through which Mr. Huxley was wont to express them have given way to a genuine and positive desire to help and persuade, an impulse to provide, not some facile and ephemeral panacea, but an alternative to the general depravity of the world. Already, in Grey Eminence and Time Must have a Stop, we had some idea of the direction in which his mind was working. In this new work he gives a fuller exposition of the results of his search after truth and ultimate reality.

The Perennial Philosophy is an anthology of the mystical writings of every age and faith, designed to illustrate the fundamental unity of belief among all the higher religions (and even, in crude and rudimentary forms, in the thought-systems of the most primitive races). This Highest Common Factor, for which Leibniz coined the phrase Philosophia Perennis, is the philosophy that recognises a divine Reality underlying and informing the world of the senses—a Reality which exists in, and is in fact identical with, the essence of each one of us. The final end of man is the unitive knowledge of this divine Reality-'the immanent and transcendent Ground of all being'. In principle, this knowledge is attainable by everyone; but since its achievement depends on the fulfilment of certain very difficult conditions, amounting to the complete annihilation of the self, it has in practice come only to the very few-those who have made themselves 'loving, pure in heart and poor in spirit'. In other words, many are called, but few are chosen, because, Mr. Huxley keeps emphasising, few choose to be chosen.

This book, then, consists of selections from the inspired writings of those who have

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# The German Question

WILLIAM ROEPKE

Translated by E. W. DICKES

Professor Roepke was active in Germany in combating Nazism between 1930 and 1933, when he was at Marburg University. At the end of February 1933, on the day of the Reichstag fire, a speech of his at the funeral of a colleague won him a place in one of the first of Hitler's lists of dismissed university professors.

His new book has had remarkable success in the Swiss and French editions. It has been sought after among the occupying authorities in the British, French, and American Zones, where many hundreds of copies have circulated.

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achieved, in some degree, this direct insight into the nature of divine Reality-the Buddhist and Taoist philosophers, the Upanishads and other Hindu scriptures, the Sufis of Islam, the great Catholic mystics, the Protestant Spiritual Reformers of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the early Quakers. These selections are accompanied by a commentary in which Mr. Huxley gives his own interpretation of the Perennial Philosophy and its bearing on the problems of the world, and discusses such questions as contemplation and action, religion and temperament, time and eternity, prayer, suffering, charity, spiritual exercises, etc. He anticipates most of the doubts and misgivings of the reader, and his answers are clearly expressed and acutely reasoned. But for all that, one's doubts often remain unallayed. For example, to the objection that contemplation may lead to quietism and hopeless passivity, he replies by acknowledging the danger, but maintains that mystics, both Eastern and European, have been conscious of the necessity of achieving spiritual knowledge 'in the fulness' as well as 'in the heights within'-that is, in the world as well as in the individual soul. Worldly action, however, must not be regarded as an end in itself but merely as ameans to the supreme end which is total integration in the Divine Ground. This sounds convincing enough in theory, but Mr. Huxley goes on to point out that in practice only the saint is likely to be able to avoid being corrupted by the necessary and unavoidable preoccupation with things in time which comes from living in this imperfect world. 'For him, there is complete reconciliation to the evanescent and, through that reconciliation, revelation of the eternal. But for nice ordinary unregenerate people the only reconciliation to the evanescent is that of indulged passions, of distractions submitted to and enjoyed.' The path to enlightenment is thus a difficult one indeed, and Mr. Huxley is clearly not very sanguine about the possibilities of successfully negotiating it. Even if one can escape the Scylla of worldliness and self-indulgence, one is, he seems to suggest, practically certain to succumb to the Charybdis of rejection and escape. He himself is obviously inclined towards the latter; thus he prefers the more passive religions, such as Hinduism and Buddhism, to Christianity and Islam, because their theology is less concerned with things in time and they are consequently less violent and less fanatical. He forgets the other side of the picture—the misery and squalor of millions of Indian and Chinese peasants due to neglect of temporal things, and also the more questionable aspects of Hinduism. He is right, of course, to condemn the materialism and fanaticism

of the nations of Christendom, and he gives a persuasive account of the causes which led to the decline of spirituality in the West and the consequent development, to fill the void created by the widespread indifference to Christianity (due largely to its own imperfections), of a multitude of new idolatries, such as nationalism, stateworship, boss-worship and revolution. Mr. Huxley is commendably impartial in his condemnation of the political manifestations of this idolatrous worship of things in time. For him, there is nothing to choose between the revolutionary and the reactionary, because for both the ultimate good is to be found in the temporal world—'in a future where everyone will be happy because all are doing and thinking something either entirely new and unprecedented or, alternatively, something old, traditional and hallowed.'

It is hardly surprising, in view of his low evaluation of the efficacy of purely human solutions to the problems of the world, that Mr. Huxley has few concrete suggestions to make in the sphere of social and political organisation. Only a complete change of heart, better behaviour all round, and a general acceptance of some form of the Perennial Philosophy can, in his view, have any real effect. However, in order in some measure to preserve men from the temptations to which, in the present state of affairs, they are peculiarly subject, he recommends decentralisation, widespread private ownership of land and the means of production, and the abolition of monopoly, whether by state or corporation. As regards power, he seems to agree with Acton that 'all great men are bad' (though he quotes St. François de Sales to show that they need not necessarily be), and concludes, with characteristic pessimism, that 'except by saints, the problem of power is finally insoluble.' The division of political and economic power will, however, render its effects less noxious-organised and balanced disunity is the necessary condition of liberty.

The Perennial Philosophy is a profoundly interesting and important book which deserves, and will amply repay, careful study. The extracts from the literature of mysticism have been well chosen; though inevitably somewhat esoteric, they are fascinating, significant, and often very beautiful.

Mr. Huxley's commentary is admirably written, and there is no mistaking either the depth and acuteness of his mind or his astonishing erudition. His exposition suffers from his besetting sin, a certain intellectual arrogance, which, coupled with his innate Puritanism and misanthropy, makes his arguments sometimes rather difficult to swallow.

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There is a touch of doctrinaire fanaticism about his verdicts on the wickedness and depravity of humanity. Many who would subscribe to the basic principles of the Perennial Philosophy will find it difficult to accept Mr. Huxley's uncompromising interpretation of it. It is fortunate that his religion does not, apparently, include a hell, for otherwise we should all be condemned to perpetual damnation.

#### BEVIN

By Trevor Evans. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. This will not be the last, as it is the first, book to be written about Mr. Ernest Bevin, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Bevin himself is said to contemplate writing his autobiography at a later stage. If he ever does, he will produce a book which-whatever violence it does to the King's English, which he treats as roughly as Churchill treats French!-will be memorable. And many other biographers will, in due time, take Bevin for their subject. Meantime, this book of Trevor Evans, the very competent Industrial Correspondent of the Daily Express, provides an excellent and entertaining introduction to the subject.

Here there is assembled the raw material of judgment of Bevin's career up to the point at which he became Foreign Secretary. Beginning with his boyhood in Devonshire, the story takes us through his early religious awakening; shows how the impulse towards social righteousness, which might have taken him into the Ministry, drove him into social work on behalf of his fellow workers in Bristol; describes his 'adoption' into full-time Trade Union work by that great little man with the gipsy's soul and the tongue of fire, Ben Tillett; takes us through his Trade Union career and the building up of the colossal Transport and General Workers' Union; describes his impact on the wider Trade Union and Labour movement, and the part he played in such great events as the General Strike; and finally takes us to his late arrival on the political stage, and the great work he did as Minister of Labour and National Service. All this is completely done, for Trevor Evans has made the industrial field his own, and in that field has watched Bevin for many years. The activities of Bevin as Foreign Minister, Trevor Evans wisely leaves for a later writer—a much later writer, I hope, for it will be years yet before we can see that work in perspective.

This book is more concerned with narrative than with the passing of judgment. Such judgments as it does pass are limited ones, though I

think they are sound. But the book does not, in my opinion, 'get' Mr. Bevin. At the end of the book one knows a good deal more about Bevin's career than one did, but not much more about the essential qualities of the man's soul, which is the really interesting thing about a man. The book has been written with one eye on the Americans, who are curious about our Bevin; and doubtless it will 'go' well in America-for it is a good specimen of the poor-boy-makes-good story which the Americans like. It will sell well here, too, for Bevin is a curiously representative figure, and stands high in order of popularity amongst members of the present Government. But it is by no means the final judgment on Bevin. A later biographer. concerned with the springs of action in the soul, will find the clue to the essential Bevin in a combination of unusual elements.

There are some men who are elevated and magnified by the office they hold. There are others-like Churchill-who magnify any office they hold. There is a third, and very rare, type of man, in relation to whom the office he holds is, so to speak, an indifferent thing. That is one clue to Bevin. Whatever office he has held he has always been, first and foremost, Bevin, being himself. The man has been the thing-not the milieu. And note, not 'Ernie' or 'Ernest'-but Bevin. The diminutive implies affection, and Bevin does not inspire much of that. The Christian name implies familiarity, and I should doubt if more than a very few are familiar with Bevin. When Trevor Evans has to choose a title for his book, it selects itself. It is 'Bevin'not 'Ernest Bevin', not 'Mr. Bevin', not 'The Foreign Secretary'-but plain 'Bevin'.

A second clue is an essential simplicity. His approach to problems is never the intellectual theoretical approach. I would be willing to bet that he is not amongst that select company which not only quotes Marx, but has also read him! Experience, and profound reflection upon it, is his guide. From experience he draws the generalisations upon which he bases policy. This gives his life a simple coherence which is often absent from the lives of those who are 'blown hither and thither by every wind of doctrine.' If one read the speeches of say, Mr. Churchill, for every affirmation one would probably be able to find a corresponding denial. I haven't read Bevin's collected speeches, but I should think that, if less eloquent, they would be much more consistent over the years.

A third clue is a massive self-sufficiency. This can spring either from a deep fundamental humility, or an intense egotism. From the frequent



Detail of Vermeer's Lady at the Virginals. From Vermeer: Lady at the Virginals. Gallery Books. No. 12. Percy Lund Humphries. 4s. 6d.

use of the personal pronoun, Bevin is often accused of the second. And it may be that he sees no reason to be ashamed of the handiwork of his Creator. But there is in him a deep humility, too. It is as if at all stages he said: 'This is what life has taught me. To that I cannot be untrue.' This is not egotism, but an admirable fidelity.

A fourth clue is size and growth. Bevin is a big man. The vast, slow-moving body is matched by a big but essentially simple mind. That bigness expresses itself in all he does. It wasn't accident that he built the biggest Union in Britain. It wasn't accident that he built the vast 'Transport House'. It wasn't accident that he—more than anybody else—built the Daily Herald. These things were merely the expression of his own size. Had he gone into business he would probably have built a bigger combine than Imperial Chemicals! And with size has gone growth—slow, steady, unhurried growth.

And, finally, there is in him the element of religion. Superficially, you wouldn't think so. But it is my guess that that early Methodist experience left an abiding mark on him as it does on so many of us. His life has been undistracted by the more vulgar and mundane temptations, and his footprints have been the more sure because of that. He can be ruthless and revengeful—his memory for foes is elephantine—but not least in his strong, simple equipment is 'the single eye'.

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### WHERE MAN BELONGS By H. J. Massingham. Collins.

Mr. Massingham, like other thinking men, has long been disturbed by, and given much thought to, the deep-seated ills that rack and strain this modern age. He sees our industrial civilisation breaking up 'because it has failed to satisfy human needs and has deserted the fundamental laws of human existence on earth': urban man belongs to nowhere and to nothing, and only when he is once more living and working in harmony with nature will the times cease from being out of joint. In essence, his book is a hymn of praise of the rural craftsman and a denunciation of the machinery that has brought forth an urbanism not only bad in itself, but which is corrupting the rural life of this country. In illustration, Mr. Massingham gives us a series of pen-portraits of craftsmen friends-mason-builder, wheelwright, potter, besom-maker, millwright, chairmaker, farmer—who epitomise the rural tradition from which we have so widely departed. As a prelude to these studies are essays on Shakespeare and, surprisingly, Jane Austen, in both of whom he finds an intense ruralism that permeates all their work. In the case of Shakespeare, he sees this not only in the poet's rich imagery drawn from the countryside (and especially Warwickshire), but also in the philosophy running through the plays. Mr. Massingham argues plausibly on this, but not always convincingly.

This is a thoughtful and sincere book, well worth reading, but it leaves one feeling that Mr. Massingham's cure for civilisation's ills may be sound in theory but quite impossible to put into practice. Individually some of us may be able to find that harmony with nature, and would be well advised to try, but how can our vast urban civilisation suddenly scrap its machinery and become absorbed in that ruralism it is now sucking dry?

RAYMOND ANDERSON

### THIEVES IN THE NIGHT By Arthur Koestler. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

Readers of The Yogi and the Commissar and Darkness at Noon who have henceforth 'put their names down' for Koestler's next will find their confidence amply justified by Thieves in the Night. They will also be fortunate if they secure their copy before the first edition of this interesting, important book, written with a breadth and detachment unique in Zionist propaganda, is

exhausted by Zionists—and particularly the extreme Zionists in that world.

'We cannot afford to see the other man's point,' says his terrorist; Hitler himself could not have put it better. But Mr. Koestler can and frequently does; he surveys his subject through a lens of the widest angle. Thieves in the Night starts with the arrival of an immigrant's lorry caravan; and the lives of the immigrants are followed with an objective intimacy and appraising criticism, at once moving and convincing, which somehow envelops most of the characters, whatever their nations—or notions—throughout the book. The description of 'Ezra's Tower'—the colony whose occupation so brilliantly precludes the main thesis: '1500 acres of stones of all sizes. . . But when a Jew returns to this land and sees a stone and says, "This stone is mine", then something snaps in him which has been tense for 2000 years. The harsh austerities and abstinences of their first years of communal existence: with their relaxations ranging from a Russo-German indulgence in abstract philosophic jargon to the wild abandonment of the Horra dance, their financial crises, their conjugal (and non-conjugal) customs, the occasional backslidings of weaker brethren from the land to the town—are sensitively recorded by an acknowledged master of description. Let there be no doubt; this novel, touching with psychological insight upon the Jewish problem which extreme Zionism has temporarily raised to the bad eminence of a world peril is, despite the artistic defect of a point of view, wobbling between the first and the third person, a document of a high significance.

For it is by no means only with the immigrants, the Zionists, or the Jews that the author proves his understanding. His merciless analysis embraces also the various types of Arabs, of British officers (and their wives) with a sometimes cynical aloofness: with a resultant general fairness achieved, as in Forster's A Passage to India, by fairly consistent unfairness to all parties concerned. The American journalist 'feared his story would prove unfair to these guys whom, the more he was with them, the more he admired and dishked.' The immigrants, after a while, 'have ceased to be Jews, and become Hebrew peasants. . . Their parents were intense, intent, overstrung, overspiced—they are tasteless, spiceless, unleavened and tough.' There is a savagely humorous description of Tel Aviv that few Gentiles durst have published without fear of legal—perhaps of physical—retribution. And the Arab, though treated with an indulgence thinly veiling contempt, will find his reaction to mass immigration neither burked nor caricatured.

A brutta figura is inevitably reserved for the

British officer and even more for his 'memsahib', but here also there is discrimination, with entertainment; for while the junior official's wife is dismissed as wholly antipathetic, the titled lady of the District Commissioner observes the Thackeray-Shaw tradition of Lady Kew and the aristocrat in Captain Brassbound, and though aloof and 'hostile' is redeemed by an agreeable pungency of manner and talk

The political frustration and disappointment of the Jewish malcontents are lightly and subtly condoned by the three assumptions—long since discounted east of the Atlantic and outside Zion (though potently rankling within)—that the British, far from being (as the Arab and the outside world believe) the enablers of practical Zionism, 'are looking for an excuse to get rid of their obligations to us and to bury the idea of our National Home' . . . 'Chamberlain is selling out on us'; that British officers incite Arabs against Jews: 'Don't try telling me that poor Henderson is putting the Arabs against us because he is shy!'; and that Zionists alone should be credited with the regeneration of Palestine: 'They haven't robbed you of an inch of your land, but they have robbed you of your malaria and your trachoma and your septic child beds and your poverty.

The local colour and atmosphere are almost faultless; but there are no 'priests' in Islam and, if Arabic names are to be used, the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem is Bab al-Amud rather than Bab al-Mandeb—which signifies the southern gateway to the Red Sea. Less trifling defects are the occasional lackings in the nicer reticences of writing—with consequent queasy reading; and, much graver, the attribution to the Arabs of a revolting outrage and to the Police of torture—both, to say the least of it, 'strange' to your reviewer.

This remarkable book can be recommended to the open-eyed reader provided he realises that its superb writing (in sharp contradiction to that of The Yogi and of Darkness at Noon) comes perilously near an apologia for what the sympathetic Anglo-American Committees described as 'a political fanaticism as self-sacrificing as it is pernicious', and the Prime Minister in the House of Commons as 'cold-blooded murder' of absolutely innocent and friendly British soldiers, policemen and civilians. Nor will he forget that it is owing to a British Declaration sponsored by the British Government and enforced by British bayonets, that a National Home approaching three quarters of a million Jews has already been established in Palestine.

RONALD STORRS

### CROSS-SECTION

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### Dangers of 'Closed Shop'

... The unions are trying to impose a new compulsion on the individual worker. They are quite frank about it; they say they 'cannot admit the claim that a workman ought to be free to join a union or not as he pleases. This is very dangerous talk. It is an essential principle that compulsions limiting the individual's freedom or making him subject to taxation (for the subscription to a compulsory union is a tax) should not be imposed except by authority of the State. If such powers are ever delegated to private bodies, the State should satisfy itself of their constitution and methods of acting. It is true, as the unions urge, that individual freedom can be overruled by the needs of society, but it should only be overruled in cases of strict necessity, when no other ways of meeting the requirements of society present themselves. And what is so vitally necessary about one hundred per cent unionism or comprehensive trade associations? A closed shop would be convenient for those who run these organisations. But how is it necessary to the community at large? . . . Closed shops on both sides of industry do nothing to encourage a British Government to depart from democratic procedures and use its control over industry for party ends. But if any British Government were ever to form that intention, the existence of closed shops would make its task far easier. Basically, the T.U.C. and the F.B.I. are trying to get rid of the awkward non-conformist in their ranks. But the awkward non-conformist is an essential guarantee of political liberty.

Thirdly, there is the economic argument. There is an encouraging tendency, on all sides, to dwell upon the need not only for maximum production now but for the quickest possible increase in productivity hereafter. . . Productivity depends on the willingness of industry—both sides of it—to adopt every device, however contrary it may be to hitherto accepted ideas, that promises to produce more goods for a given quantum of effort. Economic progress is almost inevitably disturbing, and it must therefore almost always be a minority movement. The T.U.C.-F.B.I. picture of progress is something like this: an idea is evolved at a research institute financed by a levy on the industry; it is then

approved by a two-thirds vote of a committee of the trade association; adjustments of hours and wages are then negotiated with the Trade Union in order to ensure that no labour-saving device actually saves labour, and finally what is left of the new idea is adopted so gradually that no firm steals a march on any other. But most of the bright ideas that have revolutionised industry would have been considered lunatic or dangerous, or both together, by any two-thirds majority of any committee. If closed shops for all become the rule, the pace of British industry will be even further forced down to that of the slowest.

Economist

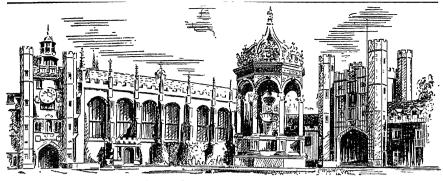
### Freedom of Opinion

At a time when Burke was denouncing the French Revolution, Walpole advanced the opinion that 'no great country was ever saved by good men.' This philosophy we repudiate and, in so far as foreign policy is concerned, we agree to—indeed pride ourselves on—one important requirement: the means as well as the ends of our policy must pay a 'decent respect to the opinions of mankind.'

Present discontents in the international field (a euphemism for relations with Russia) derive in part from the fact that Russia seems to attach little importance to the opinions of mankind, and even to suggest that the opinions do not matter. In saying this, I am not unmindful of the jibe which has sometimes had a good basis in fact, that we are prone to judge what other states want in terms of our ideals and to weigh our own international desires and actions on the scales of expediency; that we think the acts of others are irrational, but see reasons for our own conduct which elsewhere is not regarded as rational. Present discontents do not result from that kind of muddled thinking. They are due to a fundamental cleavage.

Meanwhile, we must make our representative institutions more efficient for solving grave economic problems. Here as everywhere the architectonic freedom is freedom of speech. Hungry men cannot eat it; but only through knowing and uttering can men achieve freedom from want, and at the same time remain free.

Foreign Affairs



### C A M B R I D G E

The new Pye receivers, backed by years of scientific research, include many new technical advances. "Fidelity" reproduction, the Pye "Tonemaster," Flywheel Tuning and Unfailing Reliability are among the features that make these new AC, DC/AC and Battery models worthy of the fine tradition of the Pye Laboratories in Cambridge.





PYE LIMITED · RADIO WORKS · CAMBRIDGE





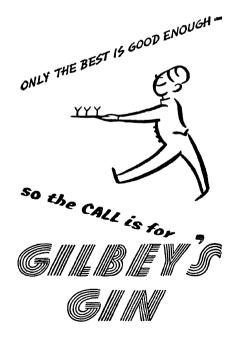
### **INSURE WITH**



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Chief Administration

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Delegated	Legislatio			
	3. Rules			
(4) c D	ANTRO			

3. Rules and Orders
(A) S.R. And O. RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Title Number
Additional Import Duties (No. 3) Order . 1637
Bedding (Manufacture and Supply) (Consolidation) Directions . . 1622
Chocolate, Sugar Confectionery and Cocoa Products Order . . 1639
Cloth and Household Textiles (Utility)

Cloth and Household Textiles (Utility)
(Maximum Prices) (No. 7) Order . 1623
Control of Fuel (No. 3) Order . 1646
Control of Fuel (Restriction of Heating)

Fats, Cheese and Tea Order: amending the Fats, Cheese and Tea (Rationing) (No. 2) Order, 1946 . 1632

Fish Order: amending the Fish (Control and Maximum Prices) Order, 1946 . 1642
Food Order: amending the Food (Points Rationing) Order, 1946 . . . 1644

Food Rationing (Personal Points) Order: amending the Rationing (Personal Points) Order, 1946 . . . . 1631 Hollow-ware Wages Council (Great

Power) Regulations . . . . 1652
Knitting Pins (Maximum Prices) Order . 1619

Mountain Ash and Rhondda Town and Country Planning (Special Interim Development) Order . . . 1629
Oswestry Gas (Capital and Borrowing

Wages Regulation (Holidays) Order .

Paper Box Wages Council (Great Britain)

aper Box Wages Council (Great Britain)
Wages Regulation Order . . . 16—

Law Journal

### Production Dept.

A CAPETOWN manufacturer announces that his wife is expecting her thirtieth baby.

Asked last night what he thought about the modern tendency towards smaller families, he replied, 'I think people spend too much time in cinemas.'

Daily Mirror

### Priestley-Post-Election Postscript

"We are not being handled with any imagination and psychological insight. When we have to do without so much, are taxed so heavily, are still so restricted in our lives, we need more than routine "pep talks" from tired politicians to inspire us to make further efforts. . . . A Civil Service more pedantic and inelastic than ever, even less inclined to make any exceptions, does not arouse our enthusiasm.'

J. B. PRIESTLEY in the Sunday Pictorial

### Tories Supply Evidence

After a year of peace there are still close on 300 State officials who have power, without consulting Parliament, to issue orders which affect the lives of all citizens. During the first eleven months of power of the Socialist Government over 1,700 orders were issued. Judges have more than once protested at the nature of some of these orders, and at the powers exercised by certain officials.

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, speaking in the House of Commons on the procedure to get permission for an extension to a factory, said that after a Government Department has been persuaded to sponsor the project, the Ministry of Supply comes into it, then the regional controller, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, and perhaps the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Agriculture; then enters the controller of Building Contracts in the Ministry of Supply, also the Ministry of Works. After that, said Mr. Lyttelton, 'if the original applicants are still alive, they will be issued with a building licence.'

Conservative Weekly News Letter

### Reassurance

FROM the introduction of the 190-page report produced by the Board of Trade's Working Party on Boots and Shoes:

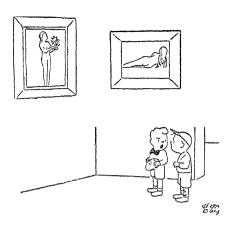
'The main material used in boots and shoes is leather.'

PETERBOROUGH in Daily Telegraph

### Pepper!

SENATOR PEPPER says President Truman is a reactionary. Unfortunately, however, he fails to say which day he refers to.

St. Louis Post Dispatch



Take off your hat!'

COLLIER'S

### Why Drink?

What makes a man an alcoholic? Alcoholism, answer psychiatrists, is a symptom of mental disease, and thus chronic drinking in many cases may be as unavoidable and blameless as catching a cold. But last week a Pennsylvania court, in a case involving alcoholism, contradicted the psychiatrists' view, argued that a man can avoid becoming an alcoholic if he wants to.

Allen G. Lynch, 43, a Pittsburgh lawyer, drank himself out of his practice. After several hospital attempts at a cure failed, he wound up in helpless seclusion on a friend's farm. His estranged wife sued the Mutual Life Insurance Co. for benefits under his disability policies. Said Judge Claude T. Reno, of the state superior court, in rejecting the claim:

'Man drinks because he desires, intends, wills to experience the effects of drink.... Conceding that men do not deliberately intend to become chronic alcoholics, what shall be said of a man who, knowing the ultimate results, seeks the accumulative effects which liquor produces? If a sane man chooses to loose destructive forces upon himself, the law will not relieve him from his folly.'

Sighed Dr. Robert Felix, chief of the U.S. Public Health Service's mental hygiene division: 'A most sad and unfortunate decision. If this philosophy were adopted in cases of chronic alcoholism, it would set psychiatry as well as medicine back a generation.'

#### Americans do not Vote

IF, as has been said, a nation in the long run gets the system of government it deserves, it is high time we in the United States began to worry about how long we will keep our present system of freely elected popular government.

On the record there is considerable doubt whether as a people we deserve the right to vote. Indeed, the contrast in this country between our assertions of belief in the democratic process and our neglect of its most essential function—the ballot—is striking.

It is a rare election in the United States where the number of potential voters who fail to vote is not greater than the majority by which the election is won. Sometimes the result is dramatic, as in 1916 when the Hughes-Wilson contest was decided by a few thousand votes in California.

In 1940 there were 80,000,000 potential voters, of whom 49,800,000 voted and 30,200,000 did not. Since Roosevelt's total popular majority was only five million, it is apparent that the nonvoting millions were potentially decisive. In 1944, of the 88,000,000 persons cligible to vote, nearly 40,000,000 failed to do so.

An interesting compilation by Dr. Gallup indicates that our record as voters in the United States compares unfavourably with that of other democratic countries. Recent elections and referenda in France, Great Britain and Canada brought out voters as follows:

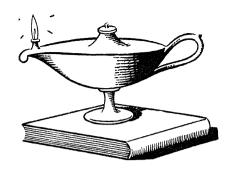
France, 20,000,000 out of 25,000,000, or 80 per cent; Great Britain, 25,000,000 out of 33,000,000, or 76 per cent; Canada, 5,000,000 out of 7,000,000 or something more than 70 per cent. This compares with the United States record of 55 per cent in 1944 and 33 per cent in 1942.

The effect of this inertia upon our public life is immense. It is largely responsible, for example, for the effectiveness of pressure groups — one of the greatest threats to political democracy in this country.

We, the unorganised people, are frequently disillusioned when our representatives yield to the demands of such groups. But we fail to do the one thing in our power to fortify their resistance, which is to vote.

Freedom was born in the hearts and minds of men who valued it above all things material, in some instances even above life itself. We in the United States will keep it only if we so value it. That is something it would be well for us to remember each year as election day rolls around.

New York Herald Tribune



# "In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Whatever imperfections may have marred the Golden Age which philosophers and poets have delighted to imagine, nerve strain was not one of them. Nerve strain is a product of our modern civilization, and it has never been more widely prevalent than it is to-day. "In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors "we have no more certain means of alleviating this strain than organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination". That is why they are prescribing 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for it is only in the form of 'Sanatogen' that these two essential nerve foods can be fully absorbed and assimilated. If you are feeling over-tired, run-down, on edge-ask your chemist if he has a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

### **SANATOGEN**

NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present 6/6d. (including Purchase Tax)

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

### Gillette put shoulders behind each edge!

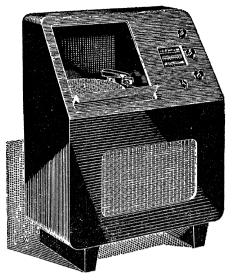


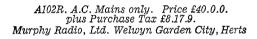
Every edge sharper than a surgeon's scalpel, shaped in three facets, forming supporting shoulders to make it more durable. Precision-tested at every stage. Gillette's ceaseless research proves this the best way to make blades — for shaves that are better-looking and more economical.

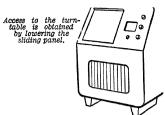
2/6 FOR 10 INC. TAX



Good Mornings' begin with Gillette







Here's the first post-war Murphy Radiogram - including, on the radio side, Short, Medium and Long Wavebands. It's not for us to sav that it is a beautiful model both to look at and listen to, but your Murphy Dealer will let you decide those points for yourself. We're sending them out as fast as we can but - to judge from the rude letters we get - not nearly fast enough!





Cargoes of presents for particular people at

### HEAL'S

May we send you our Christmas Catalogue? 196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1

EXPERIENCE COUNTS!

Carris of Biscuits

Manufacturers of Biscuits

STILL THE LEADERS FOR QUALITY

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### Continuity in Russian History

In Soviet Russia expansion is covered by the formula: 'Proletarians of the world, unite!' under the guidance of Moscow. As a preliminary step in this last war the Pan-Slav idea was revived and proclaimed as official Soviet policy. The Slav peoples of the Balkans were taken under the protection of Soviet Russia' and reshaped by sovietisation. The Comintern was officially disbanded, but the same day the Pan-Slav Congress as a permanent body with its site in Moscow was formed and many members of the Comintern became members of the Congress. The Patriarchal See was restored by Stalin, and in all Russian Churches of the official creed he was proclaimed and prayed for as 'God-Anointed Leader'. The Holy Russian mission was resumed in the Balkans and the question of Constantinople. The Red Armies received the outer form or offices of a Tsarist National Army. The golden stripe of the Tsarist Army reappeared on the uniforms of the Russian armies 'liberating the Slav brothers' in the Balkans. Demands to have Constantinople under the control of Russia were renewed. Officers received, as under the Tsars, the right to have batmen and decorations bearing the names of Tsarist Generals such as Kutuzov, Souvorov and St. Alexander Nevsky. Thus the doublefaced Janus, the Comintern, turned its Pan-Slav face to Europe and especially to the Balkans. The Tsarist expansionist methods in Poland, the Baltic States, the Balkans, in Persia, in the Far East were revived by the Soviets.

Contemporary Review

### Light Programme

THE Editor of Radio Who's Who, sorting out material for potted biographies, found occasional errors such as these: one croonette stated she 'sins regularly with Geraldo's band', while a clergyman confessed that he had 'given talks on the Home and Tight programme.'

ARGUS in World's Press News

#### Vice Versa

BEAVERBROOK adds not a bit to Low's reputation by employing him. The credit is quite the other way round.

New York Times

### Life in a Phone Booth

What's more tedious than waiting outside the phone booth until the occupant and his family of five find a larger house? Detroit News

### First Things First

An advertisement displayed in the window of a newsagent's shop in Kensington this week offers a publishing business in return for living accommodation.

Bookseller

### Three Worlds?

In the outer world the return of the United States to a policy of essential laissez-faire will accentuate the differences, already quite clearly visible, among the Western powers. Britain, France and Western Europe camnot and will not follow us on the social and economic course we are taking. This is sure to be reflected in their diplomacy, and in our own.

The world will not divide into two blocks but into at least three—the Soviet, the West European socialist, and our own laissez-faire capitalist. The interaction of these systems and régimes will be infinitely more complicated than any one is as yet able to understand clearly enough to foresee the outcome.

New York Tribune

#### Humanism Returns

From England, where a mainly anti-Socialist electorate has voted a Labour government into embarrassing power, all the way down south to Italy, where Socialist freethinkers find themselves in profound and deep-rooted agreement with the Church, Europeans are rediscovering what they had forgotten in generations of 'ideological' violence: that little things and small gestures are more important than big cravings and tall ideologies. And this new preference for the reasonable and livable compromise might be the real European revolution—one of greater moment, smaller risks, and far more hopeful portents than the predicted one that miscarried. . . .

In short, Communism (i.e., Communism as an indigenous growth of protest within an irritated society) is licked in Europe. And the force that licked it is, of course, Soviet Russia. In the east the job was done by Russia's occupation armies, in the west by its commandos, the Communist parties. A Russian soldier who covets the riches of a Rumanian peasant makes poor propaganda for a régime that purportedly has abolished poverty; and French Communists who must find virtues in Russia's desire for 'a strong and unified Germany', or Italian Communists who must 'understand' Tito's claim to Trieste, are just that one fatal bit too silly. Communism in Europe has reached a state where it is still feared but no longer seriously discussed.

Fortune

#### Science is Limited

If now it is clear to us that science cannot account for its own basic postulates (because after any explanation the question 'Why?' can always be asked once more), it is even clearer that it can never deal with the whole of reality. Auguste Comte's attempt to replace philosophy by science had to end in the dismal 'Religion of Humanity', to which no man of science or religion could assent. In the primarily scientific systems of modern theorists such as Julian Huxley, Samuel Alexander and A. N. Whitehead, the deity 'emerges' with obstinate inevitability. Indeed, for those of us who are neither scientists nor theologians, it is obvious that science cannot, of its very nature, account for all problems. In its own sphere, as we have seen, it depends at least implicitly on logically prior, extra-scientific assumptions; while outside it, it is incapable of replacing the religious, ethical and cultural values, to which it stands in the relation of an instrument to its object. If we forget this, science will impartially yield itself to exploitation by anyone who knows how to use it for any ends whatsoever. Humanitas

### How to be a Journalist

A KNOWLEDGE of human nature (psychology); Acquaintance with the material factors affecting it (economics);

Knowledge of man's development, especially in our own generation and that immediately before it (modern history);

The ability to express oneself clearly in good plain *English*;

An understanding of the different ways in which the written word can be presented in print (typography).

'No Education for the Educators'

Persuasion

#### Abuse of Journalism

There are three major crimes which the writer can commit against the right of intellectual freedom: first, dogmatic statement without factual authentication; second, distortion or misrepresentation of factual evidence; third, specious argument drawn from unauthenticated fact or false implication by subtle arrangement of exceptional fact.

Polemic

### Does it Pay to be Small?

As usual, the small nations show most sense and the greatest success. Sweden's and Switzerland's fairy-tale wealth could be explained as the unmerited profit of neutrality-if it were not for the fact that Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands. and Belgium are returning almost as fast to the bliss of pleasant normalcy. True, Copenhagen is short on soap and cigarettes, the Norwegians would not have much sea-borne commerce to carry even if they had already recovered their sacrificed merchant marine, the Belgians are nostalgic for more tangible pre-war niceties than just King Leopold, the Dutch could use better clothing and brighter trade prospects. But the telling point remains that Western Europe's small nations, profoundly civilised and habitually diligent, bounced back very much faster than the big ones. Their very smallness protects them against the big maladies—that hectic groping for ambitious panaceas, that preoccupation with face saving, 'prestige', and world-power schemes. All they can possibly do is to spit on their hands and go to work. That they have done again, and it makes their tightly coherent societies again uniquely livable, prosperous, and attractive.

\* \* \*

France, in particular, is surely in dire need of industrial modernisation. But the French, who consummate their passions in other spheres of human intent, are constitutionally frigid in the matter of economics. Just as ready as any other people to break one another's skulls over differences of opinion, they consider it more logical, and more enjoyable, to disagree over the latest Picasso or the relative virtues of whole-wheat bread rather than over the theories of Keynes or Marx. Of course, since everybody else seems to have joined the parade, the French, too, not to look overly provincial and out of date, have paid a few polite compliments to the fashionable concept of nationalisation—and have stopped right there. When all was said and done (mainly said), that much-heralded post-liberation upsurge of French Socialism left four-fifths of France's industrial volume completely untouched—the presence of Communists in the government notwithstanding. And even that politely reserved nationalisation of plants (such as Renault's) was often dictated by criminal law rather than by that of history: there was no other way of penalising a few ugly cases of industrial collaboration with the enemy.

Throughout Western Europe there is little rapture over the charms of planned economy.

Fortune



### Your Short Cut to Anywhere

Trouble-free air travel starts where you see this sign. Behind it is a B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent—whose job is to iron out all the little worries of overseas travel to-day. He knows exactly what needs doing and how to do it. Accept his help and you'll find the path to the Airport much shorter and easier than you thought.

Later, as you step from the B.O.A.C. Speedbird at your destination you'll find you have come to the end of a smooth passage that started right back at the Agent's office. And then? Well, there are 5,000 B.O.A.C. Agents throughout the world to help you further on your way.

CANADA · U.S.A WEST AFRICA · MIDDLE EAST · SOUTH AFRICA INDIA · FAR EAST AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN CONJUNCTION WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A., T.E.A. FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE



Photo: Vandyk, London

HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL

### ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

writes:

"The peoples of the world have been called upon to endure many and grievous sufferings in the past few years. But we cannot allow this to turn our attention from the fight which is being waged by The Royal Cancer Hospital against this dread disease.

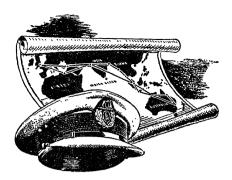
I earnestly endorse the appeal which is being made by the Hospital to ensure the continuation of its glorious battle against this enemy of mankind."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer

# The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

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### **Empire Builder**

THROUGH twenty-five years of achievement as Australia's INTERNATIONAL Airline, Qantas has played a major role in British Air supremacy. Partner with B.O.A.C. of the 'Kangaroo' Service to Australia, Qantas helps

# Cantas Cantas Empire Airways \*\*\*n with \*\*\*SEAS \*\*\*TION

B.O.A.C



If dentures are regularly brushed, like natural teeth—but with Kolynos Denture Powder as the cleansing and polishing medium—you need never be handicapped by a 'false teeth complex.' This powder contains detergent and antiseptic ingredients which safely remove stains and food debris—leaving the dental plate clean, sweet and highly polished. To prolong the life of your plate, dentists advise the use of Kolynos Denture Powder. 1/3d. a tin.

### KOLYNOS Denture

REGD Polishes Dentures the Dentists' way

Also use Kolynos Denture Fixative—makes false teeth stay put. 1/3 & 3/3d.

### The New Writing Instrument

- Writes an average of 200,000 words
- without refilling.

  Writes on a ball-bearing with a velvet touch and a smooth gliding action.
- The ink dries as you write.
- Does not smudge even on wet paper. Makes at least six perfect carbon copies.
  - · A boon to left-handed
    - Does not leak at any altitude.

Retail Price: 55/including tax

Place your order with local retailers

All Trade Enquiries to Sole Distributors: SIR HENRY LUNN LTD., (Commercial Dept). 4 Earl's Court Road London, W.8.

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RE-FILL SERVICE 'Biro' Service retail-ers will fit a refill unit and service your 'Biro' for an inclu-sive charge of five shillings.

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### The Strength of Stupidity

It was always difficult to draw [Franco] into a discussion that involved the interplay of question and answer. It was even more difficult to penetrate the cotton-wool entanglements of his amazing complacency. In my first interview, for instance, I made a cautious reference to the economic needs of Spain. Although it was common knowledge that the country was on the verge of starvation, he brushed aside my remarks by declaring that Spain needed nothing from the British Empire, and that any imports that were required would come from North Africa. Such staggering complacency made any serious discussion impossible. . . .

Indeed, his complacency was almost overpowering. Here was the dictator of Spain, four hundred miles from his capital at a moment of European crisis, sitting in a comfortable smoking room, as ready to discuss the crops and the weather or the prospects of the shooting season in the same breath as the tremendous events taking place in the world, and all the time, self-possessed, complacent and seemingly confident of his own future. My strong words, so far from setting off explosions, fizzled out in cotton wool. Was it, I asked myself, worth protesting at all? . . .

The obvious rebuff to his advances that my words contained made not the least effect on the complacent Caudillo, nor upon the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Both seemed completely sure of the future. Both were evidently convinced that Great Britain needed Spain rather than Spain Great Britain. Both were affable to the point of effusiveness and seemed surprised when I politely refused to accept a high Spanish decoration. I came away with the feeling that, whatever may have been the result of my battles with the Germans, I had made no impression on the Caudillo's complacency. When my friends informed me that this was too pessimistic a conclusion, I told them that the only evidence that I could find to the contrary was that in my last interview the photographs of the Pope and President Carmona of Portugal had been substituted for those of Hitler and Mussolini in the place of honour on Franco's writing-table.

'Ambassador on Special Mission'

#### Short (But Not Too Sweet)!

Would you please inform me whether Home Guard service counts in any way towards the calculating of Age and Service Groups?

W. Weatherby (Cpl.)

Answer: No. Parade

### Freedom of the Press

WHAT is the purpose of the proposed inquiry? If it is to discover remedies for an alleged dictatorship over political opinions, the proposal rests, as Sir David Maxwell Fyfe insisted yesterday, on a wholly wrong premise, since no such dictatorship can exist while the present competition in news and views persists. If it is to undo the steady trend towards greater concentration, it should be plain from the start that, in this industry as in any other, no remedy can be conceived without introducing a degree of State control which, in this particular industry, would be intolerable. If it is to display a falling-away in certain of the standards and principles of performance which formerly prevailed in the British Press, the inquiry can show only what is evident. An investigation can do no harm. The story which it might put together of a vital industry during a period of almost revolutionary change could be both instructive and salutary. But the course of newspaper development must continue to depend on the good sense of newspaper readers, whose freedom of choice is the critical issue, and on the more or less enlightened self-interest of newspaper producers. The Times

### The Refugee Poles

THE Trades Union Congress came badly out of the debate on Polish labour yesterday. It is lamentable to think that a large section of British Labour should be falling away from the liberal decencies that have always so honourably characterised it. The bitterness and violence with which the Poles were spoken of showed how sectarian political passion is destroying the sense of common humanity, to say nothing of common-sense economics. For this we have the wild partisans of the Left to blame. No one except the callously immoral would demand the shipping of every Pole to present-day Poland against his will. We have assumed obligations towards the Poles, who fought with us-most of them at a time when Russia was dividing their country with Hitler. Nobody likes the extravagant nationalism of General Anders and his friends; it is a disease. But the way to cure it is to absorb the decent Poles (and they are the majority) into British industry instead of segregating them in semi-military camps. We need their labour; they need the work. The business of trade unionists should be to see that labour standards are not undermined, not to practise political persecution. Manchester Guardian



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You can depend upon these flints . . . like all Robert Sinclair goods, including Pipes, Lighters, and Lighter Fuel.

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In Packets
6 for 6d.

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THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO CO., LTD.

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# Is your drinking water above suspicion?

If there is any doubt about the matter, STILL MALVERN WATER, the purest natural spring water known, can still be supplied without restriction of area throughout Great Britain.

STILL MALVERN WATER is singularly free from mineral salts which may be harmful, and its medicinal value lies in its essential purity.

Order from your Wine Merchant, Chemist or Grocer

ST. ANNE'S WELL COLWALL SPRINGS
MALVERN Nr. MALVERN

### Democracy in Japan?

THOUGH the constitution provided for various governmental institutions, including a Cabinet and Parliament, they were all subject to the Emperor's will, or the will of those who managed to control the Emperor, on the theory that they were created only to 'assist the throne.'

In contrast, the new constitution, as amended by the Diet, makes this unequivocal declaration: 'We do proclaim that sovereignty rests in the people.' That is the first principle and primary basis of all democratic government. But to make certain that the old Shinto ideas of the earlier constitution about the divine prerogatives of the Emperor, already renounced by him, are formally repudiated by the people themselves, it adds that the Emperor 'derives his position from the sovereign will of the people in whom sovereignty rests.' From now on the Japanese people are masters of their own destiny within the limitations placed upon them by the victors, and from now on they are also responsible for the acts of their own government. New York Times

#### Fiction for Facts

LAST week, having reported in some detail the hanging of Goering which did not take place, the morning and evening newspapers let themselves go in reporting the loss of the Windsor jewels, the value of which seems to have been elastic, according to the paper one read.

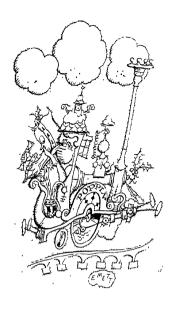
Different Values

'The Evening News gave the value at £250,000, while the Daily Mail next morning, not to be outdone, stated that they were worth "at least £500,000". The Daily Express, surprisingly enough, was content with £100,000, while the News Chronicle fixed the value at between £20,000 and £25,000.

'One report told of how the thieves had carelessly strewn about £50,000 worth of jewellery over the front lawn as they made their escape, another of how the valuables were carried off in a locked box.'

During the inter-war years there was a campaign for 'Truth in Advertising', and if the public is not to lose completely all faith in the accuracy of the Press, I suggest that a campaign for 'Truth in the News' is overdue.

World's Press News



### For men about Christmas



REGENT STREET, LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES, LONDON TELEPHONE REGENT 6789

# To Asswage Raging Pains

"Take Aloes, Hermodactils and Scammony, of each half a dram; reduce them to subtil powder and make Pills thereof with Juice of Roses" runs an old seventeenth-century prescription "to asswage the raging pains of gout and sciatica".

¶ Nowadays 'the raging pains of gout and sciatica' and all other rheumatic or nerve pains can be 'asswaged' safely and effectively in a few minutes — with 'Cogene'.

¶'Cogene' is not a single drug; it is a scientific combination in tablet form of four separate drugs, three of them pain relievers and the fourth a stimulant. It is one of the recent discoveries of medical science that a small quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed by the right combination of other drugs in the right proportions. In 'Cogene' only a minute amount of each drug is present — thus avoiding any possibility of harmful after-effects—yet the scientific combination of all four is so

effective that 'Cogene' will 'reach' even the most harassing nerve pain in a surprisingly short time.

¶ But—one word of warning—always remember that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the cause of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get your share. Price 1/1 ½d. a tube.

### COGENE Brand Tablets

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

### The Common Cold

-this may help you

 $I^{\rm F}$  you are one of the millions who suffer from colds during the winter, Serocalcin may help you. We do not claim definitely that it will, nor do we pretend that it is infallible. But many thousands of regular users find in Serocalcin the means of successfully preventing and treating colds - and so may you.

### Prevention of colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months immunity from colds.

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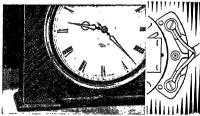
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### Rhetoric seems to Pay?

The Berlin organisation of the Socialist Unity Party has some 110,000 members. It is the largest political Party of the city, with more than double the membership of the Social Democratic Party. The Socialist Unity Party is supported by the Trade Union Federation, with a membership of more than 300,000.

In its election manifesto the party proclaimed itself in favour of Germany's unity, and opposed to any separatist or federalist tendencies, or to any carving up of Germany into a multitude of Republican divisions incapable of independent existence and arbitrarily controlled by foreign States.

The manifesto demands the establishment of equal pay for equal work, the preparation of an outline plan for development of peacetime industry, the adoption of measures against speculators, bankers and stockbrokers, and the speediest restoration of Berlin.

The election manifestoes put forward by the other three parties contained many general rhetorical phrases. The true complexions of these parties were reflected, however, in speeches and declarations which slipped into the press.

Soviet Weekly News

#### Freedom of Opinion

But that, too, is only one aspect of democracy. You cannot have a really free election and a really free government unless there is freedom of expression and of criticism. Therefore those who are of the opinion that the elected government is doing the wrong thing must have the right to say so, to express their opinion freely even although their opinion is wrong.

What is happening in this press conference is an expression of democracy. You have a perfect right to cross-question me on all these matters without hesitation or restraint—so that what is right and true will emerge through question and answer.

It is absolutely essential to democracy that its rights should be enjoyed and exercised without fear and without favour. The citizen must be able to choose his government without intimidation by anybody. There can be no dictation and no dictatorship. Democracy means the duty 'to take it' as well as the right to 'dish it out.'

DR. EVATT in Parade

### Please Note!

(1) FILM-ACTING bores me, but having a baby is fun.

Film-star DAPHNE CAMPBELL

(2) MILITARY hospital restrictions are to be lifted. No longer will patients be expected to lie at attention.

LT.-GENERAL SIR BRIAN HORROCKS G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command

World Press Review

### Without Comment

It has been announced by Mosley Publications Ltd., of which Sir Oswald Mosley is chairman, that a monthly Mosley News Letter will start publication with a November-December issue. It will contain an article by Sir Oswald on 'The Menace of Russian Communism and the necessity to prevent it developing and using the atom bomb for world conquest.' The editor will be Mr. George J. Sutton.

It was also announced that the company was acquiring an interest in another publishing company which will produce a newspaper and journal of comment on current affairs so soon as production difficulties can be overcome.

Newspaper World

#### Beauty and the Shirt!

ONCE Clara Bow was the belle of the day. Once the aspidistra and the Albert Memorial were thought beautiful. But standards change with time and are different in different places.

Women's tiny feet that once enraptured the Chinese always seemed grotesque to Westerners. Few men would be proud to dine in Mayfair with a giraffe-necked woman, however glamorous she is thought in Africa. Venus de Milo walking in Regent Street might rouse only wonder that she does not reduce!

Yes, beauty *does* lie in the eye of the beholder. What a merciful provision of Nature! It ensures that however idiotic the style in millimery, men will find women attractive and a home worth the wear of winning.

And isn't there one thing sure about beauty? That whatever looks painful, looks ugly. A shrunk-up shirt that chokes its wearer can never add to his eye-appeal. Thank goodness there are 'Sanforized'-Shrunk shirts.

Sodalis

Advert. in Manchester Guardian

#### Diaper Desperation

The desperate parent who drove off a diaper service truck in Memphis and later abandoned it less five dozen diapers, expresses my sentiments. After five months' futile search for diapers in every store in this town, I am ready to hijack the first diaper truck or wash line I find.

America is the land of plenty, but no pants for our future citizens.

DESPERATE GRANDMOTHER in letter to Post-Dispatch



### CORRESPONDENCE

### Give up Palestine?

SIR

You say that you can think of no reason, other than the demands of imperial strategy, why we cannot hand over our mandate to the United Nations, and let them solve the problem. There is at least one very good reason—'UNO is still a weak vessel, so weak that Great Power unanimity—without which virtually no action is possible—is never attainable on the merits of a case.' (Economist, 7 Sept.)

It is the British Government which in all probability will have to make the final decision. Meanwhile, as you rightly remark, 'the British are there by virtue of a League of Nations mandate.'

I believe that, as long as these circumstances exist, the primary purpose of the mandate, viz., to promote the establishment of a Jewish National Home, ought to be carried out. Otherwise, as Mr. Churchill stated in the House of Commons recently, Britain's moral position in Palestine becomes weakened, 'our disinterestedness vitiated.' 'We can now be accused of having a national strategic motive for retaining our hold on Palestine,' he said.

Furthermore, while the Government continues to violate the mandate, as of course it is plainly doing, the Palestine Jews become more and more antagonised.

BRIAN SANDELSON, Cambridge

### More Accuracy, please!

SIR.

I consider your Cross-Section of the World's Press carefully edited. Indeed, many of the items have been picked for a similar purpose by the press of other countries. 'The Carrot and the Stick' is a case in point.

I must cross swords with two of your contributors. First, G. Gigantes, whom I presume is Greek, and thus has certain qualifications for writing about King George II of Greece. It is a pity that this does not prevent him from uttering veiled sneers against the principle of monarchy. I have lived in Greece and I know how seldom one can meet anyone (educated or not) who can speak or write about his country without personal bias and animosity. It may interest M. Gigantes to know that the real reason for the break-up of George's marriage to Princess Elizabeth was that this lady could not bear children, and that there was no question of either side having an affaire with a third party. It is unfair of your contributor to preface remarks defamatory to his subject by writing: 'It is said', as on the fourth line of p. 21, or 'His critics state', as on the twenty-fifth line of the last paragraph on p. 22. Unless irrefutable evidence is given, it is better to leave out this kind of gossip and tittletattle about 'considerable debts'. I think George will, having no heir, eventually abdicate in favour of his younger brother, Prince Paul.

The other contributor who has written factual untruths is Elma Dangerfield in 'Paris Portrait'. I do not know when this article was written, but' it is certainly a lop-sided one in September 1946. The statement that 'there is a tragic dearth of young people in Paris today and I believe all over France' is simply a figment of the imagination. If by young people one means from one day to twenty years of age, then I don't know where this lady or gentleman spent his or her time on the flying visit-not in the parks and open spaces where they are to be found. Certainly they do not frequent night clubs. And 'scarcely a pregnant woman is seen in the streets' is really laughable! Since the French Government instituted its system of priorities for pregnancy, I have never seen so many apparently pregnant females in Paris! R. EMPSOM, Paris

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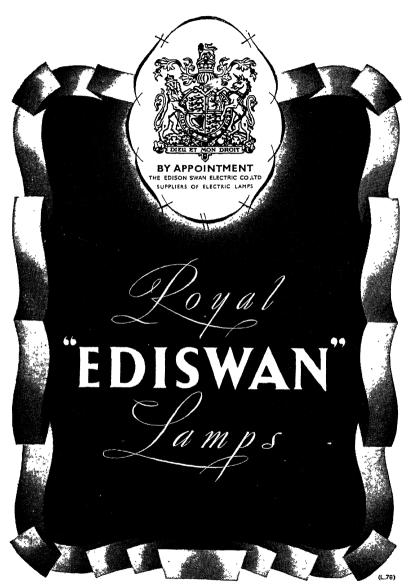
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### WORLD REVIEW

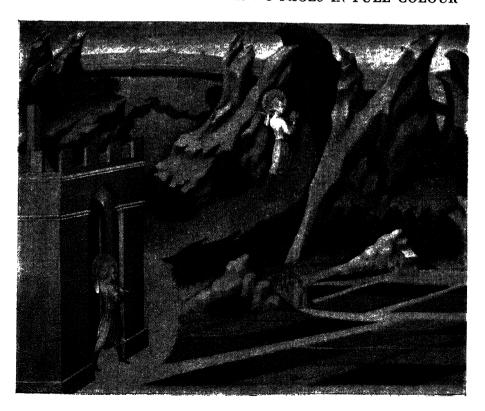


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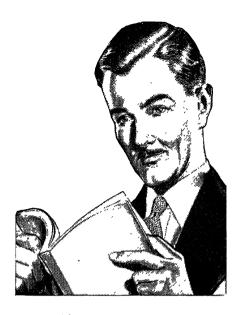
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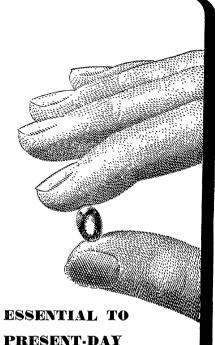
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### THINKING ALOUD

### **EDWARD HULTON**

### THE SCANDAL IN NORWAY

BEFORE you wish yourselves and your friends a happy New Year, study this—

A most unfortunate position has been laid bare in Norway, of all countries, where the authorities, despite protests from various British organisations, are failing to do all they should in regard to Polish 'displaced persons', and the respect which is due to the right of sanctuary, and the dignity of all human beings.

When Germany surrendered there were about sixteen thousand Polish displaced persons in the Norwegian kingdom. These were dealt with by Polish liaison officers attached to the British Headquarters in Oslo, and special camps

were organised.

Everything went well as long as the British remained. But as soon as they left, the displaced persons question was relegated to a sub-department of the Ministry of Social Affairs. Then the scandal started. The Norwegian officials refused to recognise the most elementary human rights, and every pressure was applied to make the displaced persons return home to Communist Poland. The result was that, out of the sixteen thousand, all except 970 decided that Poland might be better than the hell they were going through in Norway; and they accordingly returned.

It was a full year before the Norwegians permitted the Poles to do any work. The German prisoners-of-war were actually given paid work before the Poles.

On many occasions the Norwegian commander of one of these camps raved round the camp in a drunken state. Waving a revolver, he screamed out 'I shall force every Polish swine to return home, even if I have to resort to terror'. On one occasion he shot a Polish woman in the foot.

At one time there were two United States officers visiting the camp, and this camp Commandant, who was an officer in the Norwegian Air Force, and had been a prisoner-of-war in Germany, was describing the horrible life in that country. The American major's reply to this was, 'Then you should know how not to run a camp'.

Last June the repatriation officer wanted to send some of the Polish schoolboys home by force. One welfare officer wished to use the welfare funds to buy Warsaw Government Commu-

nist propaganda.

Lately there have been some improvements. The displaced persons have been given the chance of working. Yet it is nearly always on the land, or in the forests, where Norwegians are loath to work, owing to the hardships and the low pay. Obstacles are also placed in the way of all intellectual work, which is somewhat reminiscent of Nazi methods; and schools have been closed down.

Even the recent decision of the Norwegian Government (see *Vart Land* for 11 November) to transport to Poland, by force if necessary, all Poles who during the war were forcibly put into the German Army is a serious violation of the right of D.Ps. For the Norwegian Government overlooks that the most westerly areas of Poland were, after the occupation of 1939, entirely incorporated into the Reich, as opposed to the so-called Government-General; and the populations thereof were treated as Germans.

It also overlooks that many of these Poles have given the Norwegian Underground Movement valuable information and other help.

We must not rest, and we shall not be happy, unless we do our best to see that what is right is respected all over the world.

### ATTLEE OVER ENGLAND

THE great feast of Christmas was again not very glamorous this year. There was some extra food allowed by the Government, and lately there have been more goods in the shops, yet it remains a fact that the Government's Export Drive has been too severe. The first thing was surely to give the people consumers' goods here, after their long pull during the war. There has been an enormous amount of comment on the Economist's article, 'The Stick and the Carrot', published on 29 June, about which people are still talking. The Government should realise that it is not only necessary to dangle the carrot. In spite of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, shooting cannot be indulged in here, and this sublime amateur strategist should have known that, despite the ejaculations of Blimps, shooting is not used in the army either, except in the case of desertion in the face of the enemy. Even the dangling of 'targets' is not sufficient-and what idiotic and meaningless advertisements there have been about these socalled 'targets'! It is necessary to give the donkey a taste of the carrot now and then, especially at the top of a very long and steep hill!

As far as concerns the British Fashion Drive, the women's fashions at the Britain Can Make It Exhibition were just too dreadful; though many of the other designs were extremely good and a very distinct improvement. Similarly, a show of Mr. Norman Hartnell's models the other day failed to inspire. This de-

signer, who has even moulded a Queen, was once almost outré in his originality. Now he is so determined to be sensible that he becomes fussy and messy. French women's clothes, as opposed to French men's, which are shocking, have always the basic qualities of good line and good workmanship, whatever their eccentricities, extremities and impracticabilities may be. If it is desired to have a British School, as distinct from the French, then it should concentrate on an essential dignity, with no doubt greater simplicity and more comfort. In no case is there any excuse for the Shaftesbury Avenue touch. Some French designers have actually obtained photographs of some of the new English fashions, and have been exposing them to the popular gaze, to give the people something to laugh at.

Far more fundamental than all this, there has certainly proved to be something exceedingly drab in Mr. Attlee's brand of Socialism. I am certain that Mr. A. and his colleagues do not appreciate the importance of this matter. Yet one of the fundamental scourges of modern civilisation, comparable with T.B., and possibly allied to the causes of cancer, is this very drabness. Hence the popularity of sketches such as that of the returned R.A.F. officer working miserably for a stockbroker, in the successful revue, Sweetest and Lowest: and the number of people longing to emigrate overseas, anywhere.

The drabness leads first to lack of zest, and then lack of health. And then a falling-off in work and efficiency—in fact, a nation-wide involuntary go-slow movement. Later it can, and in some countries has, led to Fascism and its virtual equivalent, Communism. It accounts for the number of earnest Communists burrowing amongst us; since Communism seems to many an exciting adventure.

### PRIESTLEY'S FAILURE

IT should, therefore, be one of the first objectives of Mr. Attlee and his friends to endeavour, so far as is possible, to abate this grey curtain. To do this is not easy. Especially because since the days of Blatchford, when Socialism was in every sense a Utopia, no leading Socialist has worked out a Socialist or a Labour way of life. Priestley has indeed made this criticism of the Labour Party. Yet I am at a loss to appreciate what Priestley's Brave New World would really be like. A bit of popular singing and art, perhaps. Yet man cannot live on community singing alone; and art is getting further and further away from the people. This is why artists will not help you to make ordinary life more bright and dignified, beautiful or cheerful; since they have only scorn for such ordinary things as industrial design, or distinguished-looking public buildings. There is, in fact, a distinct anti-democratic tendency in the modern arts, like modern technics and science; though scientists still seem to remain enamoured of Communism. Artists have had a bit of a shock since the suppression of Zoschenko, following the previous purging of Gabo (who are said to have been replaced by an official Soviet hen which sings La Traviata<sup>1</sup>).

Priestley's contribution, in actual fact, has been to a large extent to attack such harmless, pretty and picturesque things as we still possess; such as the presentation of debutantes at court, whatever the faults of this system, and the uniforms of the Household Brigade.

It was strange that after the recent 'State Opening of Parliament' the papers nearly all described it as if it had returned to its pre-war glories. In truth it was a rather sad, 'half-and-half' affair. Whilst the Gentlemen-at-Arms were in their usual scarlet, with great panaches, duly

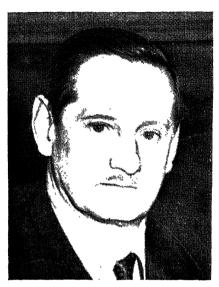
photographed, the peers were not wearing their Parliamentary robes; the King's gold coach had been replaced by a kind of semi-state glasshouse formerly used in Ireland; and the King and Queen themselves did not wear their robes and crowns. The Captain's Escort of Household Cavalry was in a silly mixture of khaki and pipeclay. If the traffic is to be diverted, which it should be on these national occasions, then we may as well go the whole hog!

Priestley is quite wrong in describing the uniforms of our ceremonial troops as undesirable survivals of feudal flummery. There is no question of feudalism in it. These are merely part of the ceremony and dignity which should go with the head of the state.

Incidentally, the time has now gone by when full dress uniforms could be said to occupy any important position in a national budget. For, with modern productivity, and the enormous total cost of modern armaments, their cost is utterly negligible. Coupons hardly arise, since most of these costumes already exist. The Life Guards, the Changing of the Guard, and the 'soldiers in the park', like the Beefeaters and the bobbies, and the red London buses, are part of London and of England. They are a part which should not be cut away. Curiously enough, one regiment of Household Cavalry is 'true blue', whilst the senior one is conveniently red.

There has recently been a stupid and disgraceful attack on the Guards by Major Wyatt, M.P. It is well known that the Guards were amongst the most useful troops in the last two wars, so that the attack would appear to be merely an attempt to arouse unnecessary prejudice. It is an insult to our fallen soldiers, and should be followed by a public apology.

I do not know whether it is with an intent to follow up this brilliant excursion into the field of strategy and tactics



MR. BELLENGER, Minister of War, has done little about the seizure of common lands for training

that the Government has decided to reduce the number of Guards' battalions. They must surely know that the Guards are as effective as they are ornamental. So why wantonly reduce the effectiveness of the British Army?

### NOT EVEN EROS!

INSTEAD of giving more glamour to British life, the Government and authorities seem to be doing their best to do the opposite. Dreary palings are left about in Hyde Park; Nelson's statue is desecrated by unheeded exhortations to save—they are also saving, rather shabbily, on his family's pension—and no doubt because the public, somewhat strangely, I admit, has long had an affection for the statue of Eros, this statue is still mysteriously and tantalisingly withheld from their gaze and enjoyment. Police were spared the other night to oppose a goodhumoured crowd who wanted to replace the present dreadful advertisements by a temporary effigy of their own manufacture.

Mr. A., as he sinks deeper and deeper in his statistics, would be surprised to hear this. But his Government could conceivably fall because the people became finally bored to tears with it.

### U.S. MINEWORKERS

Our Christmas bacon has been partly saved by the sudden and surprising surrender of Mr. John L. Lewis of U.S.A. One is compelled to admiration of Mr. Lewis, actually probably as unpleasant a dictator as any other, as a general and a strategist. Like the great Duke of Marlborough, he does not fight a battle which he thinks he will probably lose. But it is a great defeat for the American miners and for American organised labour, comparable with the defeat of the British strikers in 1926. The American people seem to have convinced Lewis that they were not willing to be held to ransom by one section of the community, which is, when all is said and done, a minority. It remains to be seen what effect this will have upon the menace of the 'Closed Shop' in this country.

Anent the miners here, where low production is still not only menacing our manufactures, but upsetting our power to purchase, for example, paper, and wood for building, in Sweden, and our general power in foreign affairs, although the latest figures are somewhat more encouraging, everybody connected with the pits has been publicly cursed lately, except the miners themselves. It is impossible to acquit them of all blame. However, the inducement which they require is not so much high wages as, again, something to buy with these wages—beer and nylons—and far better amenities generally in the mining villages.

It is disturbing to find the Government, so early in its career as mine-owner, going in for escapism in a big way. First, British industry is to be rapidly converted somehow to oil, much of which, in Persia, is immediately menaced by the Soviet Union. Now electricity is to be conveyed under the sea from Norway. I believe the nearest point in Scotland is only 180 miles from the Norwegian coast, but this would be a very serious undertaking; and the Russians are also very near Norway, as Mr. Trygve Lie knows full well.

# OUR FOREIGN POLICY?

It can have come as no surprise that the latest Indian talks failed, after the usual preliminary optimistic statements. What is much more worrying is—have we really got a commonwealth and foreign policy? This is certainly not meant as a condemnation of our inspiring champion, Ernest Bevin. Bevin can give himself a pretty hearty slap on the back. For Soviet policy seems to be growing at the moment less aggressive. This has been ascribed to the 'illness' of Stalin, dissensions of various kinds in Russia, and Russian economic and (mechanised) military weakness. It is also, no doubt, due to the usual course of Russian diplomacy, which is to go all out, and when it is apparent that the opponent will not budge an inch further, quickly give way. An obviously aggressive policy has only had the effect in the long run of welding the United Kingdom and the United States together. If this be the case, the firmness of Bevin and Byrnes, so heavily lampooned by their critics, though supported heartily by my humble self, has gathered a rich reward.

All the same, it is fair to ask exactly what constructive form our foreign and commonwealth policy will take. Our Labour Government, despite most praiseworthy lip service, has not done a great deal to promote the Western European union, or even to get on close terms with the Socialist and Liberal groups in France. In the British zone of Germany,



J. B. HYND, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—and Germany! Competent, but not up to the standard required

administration has been carried out by Mr. Hynd from Norfolk House in St. James's Square, inexplicably in conjunction with the Duchy of Lancaster; and a first-class man on the spot has not yet been appointed. A friend of mine recently counted as many as forty thousand British lorries lying idle and rusting on the road between Hamburg and Lubeck; and masses of aeroplanes which it was proposed to blow up. There has been undue nervousness about organising our zone well, in case the Soviets might get cross. Now that co-operation with the Soviets in Germany has proved virtually impossible, our Government seems to have resolved to get on with its own show. But it is not yet implementing this decision to any visible degree.

# BEVIN'S VISION

BEVIN has the splendid conception of a third world group, existing as a buffer between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., and informed with liberal principles, embracing Britain, and Western Europe,



'The Emperor BARNES', will have absolute control of Nationalised transport, which does not promise to become cheaper for the public

and their very considerable overseas possessions. Again, however, what is being done to implement this idea? Our Government is rightly opposed to the Pashas in Egypt. Yet it is to the Pashas that they are surrendering. No doubt this cannot be helped. Yet what is the meaning of all this recent equivocation about the Sudan? Why could not the Government have said in a firm tone that we do not intend to give up the Sudanese peasants to Egyptian task-masters?

Further, is anything at all really being done to consolidate Africa as an Anglo-French defensive unit, a unit which would give us the size, and therefore something of the invulnerability, of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.?

What are our real plans for defence in the Near and Middle East? Who conceived the brilliant idea that Palestine would prove a 'better' ole' as a military base than Egypt? And what is the good of constructing a great new military base in Cyprus, which is on the doorstep of Russia, and would provide us with a new kind of Hong Kong or Singapore?

All this is not intended to offer any kind of comfort or support to the Socialist Rebels. These people made a most unworthy attack on Mr. Bevin, just when he was bearing the full onslaught of the Russian steamroller. Their trouble is largely psychological rather than ideological. Vauntingly ambitious and ridiculously self-important long-haired folk, they are of the type which is always 'agin' any organisation in which they do not figure in the front of the stage as prima donnas. The short answer would have been to ask of them what would be their foreign policy. Actually they are hopelessly divided amongst themselves. And what foreign policy could they evolve anyhow? How to become more friendly with the Soviets? What concessions would they advocate -Trieste? Should the Soviet border be upon the Rhine, or as far as Calais?

The amount of countryside now being earmarked for military training grounds in England is more than alarming. No proper inquiry seems to be permitted. Could all this training, anyhow, stop an Atom Bomb? And why not use Germany, since we are there? And if we are to have a Western Union, why not France or Belgium?

# NEW TOWNS?

TOUCHING on the seizure of the countryside, one of the chief faults of the 'new towns' of the Stevenage type is that they are not new towns. Instead of embarking upon genuine new towns, which would be an excellent chance for the new Government and Brave New World to show their paces, the Minister is drifting into the lazy habit of extending old towns and villages, which are so near to London and other big towns that they will inevitably become just another dormitory or satellite; which is exactly what the

entire movement was intended to avoid.

There is substance in the criticism that the Government, instead of digging coal, building houses, and providing food, above all promoting British industry, and purchasing machinery and raw materials for the same, is wasting infinite time on nationalisation of industries which will be less efficient when they have been nationalised.

An important case in point is the new Transport Bill. The only excuse for nationalisation would be greater efficiency which, in the case of transport, is virtually equivalent to greater cheapness.

A study of the Bill in detail holds out no promise whatsoever that this result will be achieved by the cumbrous machinery to be set up to control this Leviathan. This, apart from the cruelty to small road hauliers—one of the few chances left for a man to become his own master—and the victimisation of C licence holders, that is firms carrying their own goods only. By the way, what an infinite new black market this will offer, since C licence holders are only to proceed forty miles in their own vehicles. Who is to stop these vehicles? We can look forward to some diverting scenes.

# UP THE BOURGEOISIE!

THOSE who are waning in their faith, and beginning to believe that our way of life and our ethics are merely bourgeois prejudices, are recommended to read Aldous Huxley's latest work, *The Perennial Philosophy*. It is heavy going, but it is rewarding, since it shows, beyond a peradventure, that the great religious leaders and seers of all time have been fundamentally united as to what is right. This makes the new Communist pseudoscientific ethics look pretty silly.



LORD CLARENDON, the Lord Chamberlain. As censor of plays, he must go!

# STAGE CENSORSHIP MUST GO!

THE Government had a chance to abolish some of the old institutions which really are a public nuisance. Amongst these is the censorship of plays by the Lord Chamberlain, a survival of the Master of the Revels when play-actors were considered at law as rogues and vagabonds.

It would seem that, instead of this, Ministers such as Herbert Morrison are growing every day more sensitive to criticism.

In any event, the recent ridiculous incident of the censoring of a harmless political skit gives me the opportunity to say that the time for the entire censorship of plays to go is NOW!

In case you missed it, the original song, which I do *not* claim was terribly funny, or in very good taste, was as follows:

# BETWEEN OURSELVES\*

O T.S. = Old Time Socialist.

N T.S. = New Type Socialist.

CHORUS:

The Party which we represent Is practically omnipotent.

You put us in-and now, no doubt, You wish that you could put us out.

O.T.S.: I've had forty years of the Labour Game

I was one of the LL.P.

And though I've 'ardly an aitch to my name.

I've mastered the A.B.C.

I was one of the first with Ramsav Mac. Keir 'Ardy and Snowden and them,

I wish we 'ad Arthur 'Enderson back, I liked 'im better then Clem!

N.T.S.: I'm renegade Eton and Magdalen. A crypto-Communist boy.

My father's a High Tory Lordling Of the type I intend to destroy. I'm very well tailored by Hawes and

Curtis, who don't seem afraid That I'm rapidly passing the laws and Nationalising the Trade!

O.T.S.: I used to spend 'ours after dusk in Studying Morris and Ruskin.

N.T.S.: That's all very well, but give him an aitch he

Wouldn't know where to put it in Strachey!

O.T.S.: I made my way in The journey with Ernie.

N.T.S.: I spend my day in Admiring Aneurin.

O.T.S.: Bevin! N.T.S.: Bevan.

O.T.S.: Bevin. N.T.S.: Bevan!

CHORUS:

Let's call the whole thing off!

O.T.S.: I was one of the 'eads of the General Strike,

And now I'm a Labour Gain.

I can go to the 'Ouse whenever I like, Complete wiv me gold watch an'

This watch and chain, both solid gold, I wear on my best Co-op suit. They was given to me when 50 years

N.T.S.: As part of his T.U.C. Loot!

N.T.S.: I sit in the Ritz eating chocolate eclairs

And lecturing Mothers on Foreign Affairs.

My Palestine Plan is Arabian Nights, And I'd like to see Russia in Fabian tights.

O.T.S.: I can talk to the workers-I call 'em all brothers:

They like me to down the Cooperative Guild,

'Cos I can explain rather better than others

Wot 'appens to all them 'ouses we

N.T.S.: On the excellent plan of soaking the Tory,
I accept from my father my small

private means.

In passing, I'd like to discredit the

Of nationalising the public latrines.

O.T.S.: We obey the Party Whips

N.T.S.: And scorpions of Stafford Cripps.

O.T.S.: In all the Social Bills we pass I call my mates the Working Class.

N.T.S.: But the London School of Economics Teaches perfect taxonomics, We know the stuff to give the troops, We call 'em Lower Income Groups.

O.T.S.: Garn, you ineffectual Bloomsb'ry Intellectual!

N.T.S.: Our futures now are both in the pot,

O.T.S.: 'E's not content wiv what 'e's got. But one of us at 'arf-past eight

N.T.S.: Will be a Minister of State! Who will emerge from this embroglio As Labour Minister minus Portfolio?

O.T.S.: Wot 'e means, so 'elp me Bob, Is which of us will get the job? When Labour reaps its just reward. And Mister Smith becomes a Lord.

N.T.S.: That would not be guite so sinister As making Mister Smith a Minister!

O.T.S.: I've made my way in The journey with Ernie.

N.T.S.: I spend my day in Admiring Aneurin.

CHORUS:

Let's call the whole thing off!

# U.S.A. and Laissez-faire— A New Slump? The United Zones

# SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

COMMEMORATING the close of our first uneasy year at peace, I propose this month to take stock of the developments, the successes and disappointments of 1946 in the domain of foreign affairs, and in particular the quality of British

foreign policy.

Let us begin with internal politics in so far as they affect external relations. In America nothing unexpected has occurred. The economic miseries of the 'thirties never seriously shook the faith of the average American in laissez-faire. The New Deal was imposed by one great man on a people frightened enough to try any remedy without necessarily believing in it. And when that fashionable divinity, the Average American, regained his courage through the prosperity of war, he began once more to fret under the least suspicion of Federal control. The New Deal died with President Roosevelt: and Americans are now resolved to make a last stand for Free Enterprise in a world turning fast against it. The Republican victory at the mid-term elections last autumn, and after a brief flirtation with Moscow, the bipartite decision to turn the United States into the chief citadel of anti-Communism, were inevitable.

In British ears, at the very moment when our Government is assuming ownership of this island's coal-mines, and smiling upon the T.U.C.'s campaign for 100 per cent membership, the Goldsborough decision against Mr. John L. Lewis rings strangely—like an echo of the last century, or at least the days of President Harding.

Few episodes could better illustrate the difference between the economic climates of our two countries. Yet from America it is always best to expect the unexpected. The Congress of Industrial Organisations, led by Mr. Philip Murray, long Mr. Lewis' implacable enemy, has pledged support nevertheless to him and to the United Mineworkers' Union in their appeal against the Goldsborough decision. The American Federation of Labour declares that the American

working classes will never accept the decision as final. It is just possible that Judge Goldsborough's summing-up, a curiously intemperate one by British standards, may unite American labour as never before.

But we can be certain less of such a possibility, than of the election of a Republican President two years hence, and that in the meanwhile bi-partite policies in the State Department will not save American policy from sudden fluctuations of course. We have lately observed how a politically important minority, say, the Jewish voters of New York State, can cause the Administration to take up over the Palestine affair an attitude which could hardly be called responsible. In the States exist other undigested minorities - Czech, Polish, Italian, Scandinavian - who, though of no great consequence just after the mid-term elections, will be eligible for courtship again at the beginning of 1948. To win their favours, an Administration already on the defensive may commit many extravagances.

# U.S.A. OR U.S.S.R.?

It is true, of course, that in our common taste for Freedom and the Rule of Law, we stand closer to the Americans than to the Russians. Very likely this common sentiment may offset future vagaries of the State Department. But it is as well to be forewarned of them, as of the conviction widespread in the United States, even among



PRESIDENT HARDING

the apostles of Free Enterprise, that a new American slump is inevitable. Nor must we forget that, just as many people in this country, and particularly the Left Wing of the Labour Party, fear lest the United States drag us into war with Russia, so do many Americans feel a corresponding suspicion of what they conceive as British anti-Communist imperialism.

It is much more difficult to speak of the Russian political scene. A minor purge seems to be in progress; the revival of the Western provinces from three years of German pillage and smashing seems to have turned out to be more of a business than was at first imagined. On to most of Russia's Western flank has been strapped a buckler of client territories against an attack from the West. What, then, inspired a Russian truculence so extravagant as that which we unhappily witnessed during the first nine months of 1946? Why should the Russians in New York be suddenly showing a spirit of conciliation, after having turned the Paris Conference into an unsuccessful farce? Does there exist in the Kremlin a 'Ginger' group, to whom Stalin was giving free rein, until he saw how unpopular Russia was growing in the world? Looking at the Russian problem with all the coolness one can summon, it is hard to believe that a country so mutilated can seriously want war. The present ruling class of Russia, with the possible exception of Stalin, is probably as morbidly suspicious of the outside



PHILIP MURRAY

world, as obsessed by persecution complexes as any government of 'the colonels' in Japan before Pearl Harbour. It may take long to secure their consent to an international control of armament industries. But the prospects of living at peace with Russia seemed no worse at the end of 1946 than at the end of 1945—and possibly even a trifle better.

# LATIN PARALYSIS

One of the most deplorable phenomena of the last two years is the temporary paralysis of the Latin world. Long ago Roumania was swallowed into the Slav maw. UNO's condemnation of Franco has served only to isolate Spain from the rest of Europe, and to rally the country behind Franco so solidly that the last state is worse than the first. In this unfortunate matter UNO seems to have been swayed by sentiment alone, and utterly to have disregarded the lessons of history. In 1710, in the Peninsular War, a century later in 1823, foreign intervention in Spain provoked only a disastrous resentment; and now we have even Republican exiles declaring they prefer Franco to UNO. Meanwhile the plight of the Spanish working-class mounts with the mounting extravagance of the black market. Yet Franco is seated more securely in power than at any time probably since 1943. I hope our Left-Wing sentimentalists are pleased.

To neither France nor Italy, I fear, can we look for an immediate restoration of Latin authority in the world. Both countries would be weak enough as it were, after years of war and revolution. Into the bargain, the recent elections in France and Italy showed characteristics almost identical—an apathy of voters, and a tendency of those who did vote to plump for the extreme parties, Communists or the Gaullist faction in France, Communists or 'L'Uomo Qualunque' in Italy. We cannot dismiss the possibility, therefore, that the two most populous countries of the European Latin world are moving towards political 'showdowns'. And 'show-downs' are apt to take up a great deal of time and strength.

Nothing that has happened since this series of articles began has altered our belief in the need for a 'Western arrangement', in which France with this country would play the leading parts, to which Italy would be admitted, and a Liberal Spain so soon as it is born. The recent debate on the subject in the House of Lords showed a rising tide of support for the project. But it must be confessed that, without the help of the Latin world, and of France in particular, our ultimate triumph seems very remote. One is prepared to believe that the French Communist Party was

reborn during the years of the Resistance, and now bears little relation to those clients of Moscow who did their best to paralyse France's military effort during the 'phoney war'. One may be ready to swallow Monsieur Thorez' protestations of affection for this country. One cannot easily believe, however, that the Party would not use its power in the Chamber, its dominating authority in the C.G.T. to wreck any plan like a 'Western arrangement', knowing Russia's hatred and fear of it. For the time being. therefore, it looks as though, while we must work ceaselessly for our ideal, we must reconcile ourselves to a disunited Western Europe with diminished authority. Again, however, we venture to prophesy that a 'Western arrangement' is an inevitable development of our lifetime.

In the Balkans the Russians are trying to sap the restored Greek monarchy, and to extend their influence to the Aegean. No doubt with their connivance, Palestine continues to suppurate. But strangely enough, Russian pressure upon Turkey for a revision of the Straits Convention seems to have slackened for the time, while the dexterous Prime Minister of Persia now apparently feels strong enough to flout the Russophile provincial government of Azerbaijan, and to withhold the vast oil concession promised to the Russians early in 1946. At one moment, half way through the year, it looked as though a covert Russian attack on the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's position in South Persia was developing; now the battle has swung away north again. We should remember, however, that Russia is in a position to bring the Persian Government to heel whenever she chooses, and that (on the eve of the Persian elections) the pro-Russian Tudeh Party is still very strong. Unless Stalin has definitely imposed a policy of moderation upon his colleagues, we may yet see a serious crisis develop in Persia before the new year is very old.

# THE ZONES

We have purposely left till the end all consideration of the Anglo-American Economic Agreement on their German zones, and the clamour of the Labour Party's Left Wing for a 'real Socialist' foreign policy. All one can say of the Economic Agreement is that it unites sound principles to a stinginess of mind which may prove disastrous. The necessity for paying much of our contribution in precious American currency may have helped set the combined grant-in-aid at one billion dollars, to be borne equally by



JUSTICE T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH

Great Britain and the U.S. over a period of three years. Let us hope it will be enough, and that we are not being penny-wise.

We now come to a consideration of the recent Socialist 'revolt' against Mr. Bevin's policy which caused one-third of the party to abstain from voting the rejection of Mr. Crossman's amendment. In this column the view has been consistently expressed that this country's first duty is to prevent the division of the world into two great imperialistic camps; for that reason we have always opposed too close an association with either Russia or with America. A number of factors, not the least of which was Russian truculence, drove Mr. Bevin during 1946 into paths similar to those pursued by Mr. Byrnes. But at times during the Paris Conference it seemed as if he were travelling with almost unnecessary haste along them. So far we are prepared to go with the Socialist dissenters. Nor is it easy to believe that the Foreign Office has done all it might to exorcise Soviet suspicions of this country. But when, in their letter to the Prime Minister, the dissenters urge him to support those elements on America that are hostile to the present Imperialistic trend of Mr. Byrnes, one feels they have flown off into Cloud Cuckoo Land. More interference in the internal affairs of foreign countries? Here lies exposed the whole folly of ideological diplomacy.

# CO-PARTNERSHIP AND PROFIT-SHARING IN INDUSTRY

# BRIGADIER H. A. HAMBLETON, C.B.E.

Director of the Industrial Co-partnership Association

CO-PARTNERSHIP is news today. The word figures frequently in the press and references are made to it by all parties in connection with Industrial Relations; but how many really know what co-partnership means? The word has behind it a long history. The Oxford Dictionary gives the following definition: 'Co-partner (1503) -One who shares or takes part with others in any business, office, enterprise, or common interest; hence co-partnership—system designed to interest workmen in their business by means of profit-sharing.' A characteristic element of co-partnership is an agreed sharing in the business amongst the co-partners. The sharing is dependent on there being profits to share. There are other ways of sharing, i.e. giving the workers full information regarding the business and, where feasible and desirable, enabling them to acquire shares in the undertaking through the benefit of their share in the profits.

Profit-sharing has been in existence for over one hundred years, but co-partnership, as practised in industry today, owes its origin to a Frenchman, Leclaire, who in 1838 founded a Society of Mutual Help and later devised a scheme for sharing the profits with his workmen in the business of Maison Leclaire, painters and house decorators of Paris. Another scheme at about the same time was that in Messrs. Godin's iron foundry at Guise.

In Britain the Co-partnership Movement dates back to the formation in 1849 of a Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations by a group known as the Christian Socialists. The societies established at that time did not, however, take root, and it was not until 1865 that the principle of profit-sharing was adopted by a number of businesses on a scale that attracted attention.

In 1884 a renewed and successful effort was made to establish the movement on a durable basis by the formation of the Labour Co-partnership Association, whose original objective was stated to be 'The promotion of Co-operative Production based on the Co-partnership of the Workers'. The name of the Association was changed in 1926 to the Industrial Co-partnership Association, to avoid confusion with the political

Labour Movement. The association has for over sixty years been active in its efforts to promote co-partnership in industry.

# MEANING OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

The following definition of profit-sharing, based on an agreement at the International Congress on profit-sharing held in Paris in 1889, has been generally accepted by the movement and in official publications such as those of the Ministry of Labour: 'The term ''profit-sharing'' applies to those cases in which an employer agrees with his employees that they shall receive, in partial remuneration of their labour, and in addition to their wages, a share, fixed beforehand, in the profits realised by the undertaking to which the profit-sharing scheme relates.'

The mere gift of cash or shares or amenities to employees in years of prosperity on no predetermined basis would not now be regarded as 'profit-sharing', used in the sense of schemes, either for sharing profits or for full co-partnership. Where the 'bonus' or 'share' in profits is not wholly distributed in cash but is paid out in the form of shares, or partly in shares and partly in cash, the element of co-partnership is introduced, as the employees then share in ownership.

Consultation with the employees is an essential feature, for which specific provision is made as a part of most schemes.

### THE SCOPE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

At the end of 1937, according to the last official return published by the Ministry of Labour, there were in existence 266 schemes which included profit-sharing and co-partnership (other than schemes in Co-operative Societies). At that date there were 223,000 participants out of a total of 385,000 employed by such firms.

Co-partnership is no mere theory. It has been practised over a considerable period by both large and small firms in a variety of industries, and, in the view of those who have had this experience, it has been a factor in improving industrial relations. The actual methods employed depend upon a variety of circumstances—the capital structure, the methods of wage payment or remuneration, the amount of net profits, etc. It

is not, therefore, possible to lay down any hard and fast scheme to suit all purposes, but, generally speaking, the method usually adopted in British schemes has been that, after all outgoings have been paid, reserves set aside and a standard rate of interest has been declared on Ordinary Shares, the balance of profits is then shared between employees qualified to participate and the holders of Ordinary Shares, including, where these exist, the employee-shareholders.

# HOW EMPLOYEES PARTICIPATE

The system of distributing the bonus pro rata on wages is usually adopted. Most schemes have a qualifying period of a minimum of one year's service with the firm. Many give an increased share dependent on years of service, and in some cases the basis of calculation is solely on years of service, irrespective of wages.

The distribution of 'shares' to employees, out of a share of the profits, if carried out with full consultation, constitutes co-partnership. The usual method adopted is to create a special class of share—termed 'Employee Shares'—and to pay part of the bonus in cash and part in shares. This type of issue is limited, however, by the extent to which a business can absorb fresh capital, and it is usual to allocate a fixed number of shares only for distribution, subject to special conditions as to resale. Another method is by the acquisition of shares in the open market, or, in some instances, blocks of shares are held in trust for employees.

In the gas industry, where the movement has progressed widely and schemes have been in operation—in some cases—for over fifty years, the usual practice is for a fixed proportion (sometimes 50 per cent, sometimes 75 per cent) of the employee's bonus to be placed to a Trust account and invested in his name in the stock of the company. The remainder is placed to a withdrawal account and is available in cash to the employee at short notice, but earns interest while he leaves his savings on deposit. In the year 1938 there were fifty-eight gas companies distributed throughout the country operating profit-sharing and copartnership schemes, with a total share and loan capitalisation of over £116 million. In that year £405,000 was paid in bonus to 54,000 employees entitled to participate. The average bonus for forty-five companies was 5.44 per cent on wages. Approximately £44 million of the share capital was owned by employees. The two largest companies within the London area were the Gas Light & Coke Co., with 20,000 participating employees, holding deposits and shares valued at £1½ million, and the South Metropolitan Gas

Company, with 8,700 participating employees holding deposits and shares valued at nearly £,1 million.

The most celebrated example of profit-sharing and co-partnership in England is the firm of J. T. & J. Taylor Ltd., woollen manufacturers, Batley, Yorkshire, who employ 1,600 workers in a highly competitive industry manufacturing largely for export. They have had a scheme in existence since 1892. During the fifty-four years of profit-sharing, up to the end of 1945, the employees had received in cash, Government securities, bonus shares, dividends and allocations to workers' benefit fund over £,1,800,000. Present or late employees now own more than four-fifths of the capital and thus receive the greater part of the profits. Their shares do not carry voting rights.

### EXAMPLES OF PROFIT-SHARING

An even older scheme, which dates from 1890, is that of Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs Ltd., confectionery manufacturers, who employ approximately 1,750 workers. Since the inception of the scheme the employees have received over £700,000 as their share of profits. The Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Ltd. has a scheme (in which approximately 6,000 employees participate) based on length of service. Vauxhall Motors Ltd. first pays 6 per cent on the net capital invested in the business throughout the year and then allocates 10 per cent of the profits to workers. Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd. credit to Fund 12½ per cent of the net profit of the company, after deducting 10 per cent on the capital employed in the business throughout the year.

The four schemes last mentioned are examples of profit-sharing by firms which, over the years, have distributed appreciable sums in cash in excess of wages paid at trade union rates.

### SHARING OWNERSHIP

Investment in industrial undertakings by wage earners, out of savings, is much less common in Great Britain than in the United States.

It would be inadvisable as a general rule to encourage wage earners to 'put all their eggs in one basket' by investing their ordinary savings in firms which employ them; for the loss of both savings and of employment is a grave risk to take. Provision for accumulation of stock purchased with their share of the profit, as in the examples quoted, is another matter, however, for without a profit-sharing provision, the money would not have been available. Bryant & May Ltd., the British match manufacturers, under their scheme, introduced in 1920, permit their co-partners—numbering over 2,000—to apply their profit-sharing bonus to the purchase of a special class of non-negotiable share at par which carries a dividend pari passu with the ordinary shares up to a maximum of 15% p.a. free of tax, which rate has been paid for many years. Over £244,000 in £1 shares is now held by 1,300 employees. Johnson Bros. (Dyers) Ltd., of Liverpool, gives employees the option of purchasing Employee Participating Preference Shares out of their profit-sharing bonus. These shares receive the same dividend as the ordinary shares of the Company and rank next to preference shares. Nearly 90,000 shares are held by 558 employees.

### JOINT CONSULTATION

Recent years have seen an extension of Works Councils, Joint Production Committees, Welfare Committees, Co-partnership Committees and other forms of consultative machinery for promoting mutual confidence and efficient working in the present industrial system.

If sound relationships are to be established, based on frank recognition of the complementary nature of the functions of management and workers, this can best be achieved by free and open discussion. To this end workers must have full knowledge of the firm's business.

There must be readiness on the part of management to receive suggestions and criticisms so that the worker receives a square deal, and the worker in his turn must be prepared to appreciate the problems of management and be willing to cooperate wholeheartedly towards the prosperity of the undertaking in which he works and spends the greater part of his life. The information which the workers' representatives gain from the

management will be passed on to other workers, and this should give them a greater interest in their work and make them realise that they are partners in the organisation.

Joint consultation is enhanced if to it is added some form of profit-sharing or share in ownership.

# ATTITUDE OF THE TRADE UNIONS

At one time in the past history of the movement the Trade Unions expressed opposition to the principle of co-partnership, on the ground that schemes of this kind tended to undermine their position. Times, however, have changed, and Trade Unions are now established as the machinery for wage negotiation over the whole field of industry. Few, if any, firms today would consider establishing profit-sharing or co-partnership without taking the relevant Unions into their confidence.

# SENSE OF PARTNERSHIP

The benefits of profit-sharing and co-partnership do not depend on the mere cash distribution. That is a foundation only. There must be an earnest and willing desire on the part of the employer to inaugurate a scheme-good faith is the essence of any contract. By taking the employee into the confidence of the firm, giving him an insight into its problems and, through co-partnership committees or other form of joint consultation, enabling him to co-operate with his employer, there is created a sense of partnership which has a rightful place within the present economic system and can but make for those closer relations between management and labour which make for increased productivity and full employment.

# **POINTLESS**

Of course the Germans, and a great many other people, are starving; that is one of the consequences of defeat, and it always has been. If there were no such consequences, then there would be no point in winning a war.

Letter in News Chronicle

# THIS ENGLAND

Always we have proclaimed that this paper stands for Britain and her people's way of life.

News of the World

# THE COAL INDUSTRY

# Examined in the light of results achieved in the Notts Coalfield

# Col. C. G. LANCASTER, M.P., Chairman of the Tory Reform Committee, and joint author of A National Policy for Coal

THE golden promise of benefits to be obtained under nationalisation is slowly receding into the background and the stark realities of the problem are intruding themselves on the minds of those confronted with the problem.

I believe there are lessons of general application to be learned from the experience during recent years of the Notts coalfield, and I propose to devote this article to an outline of the achievements of this region.

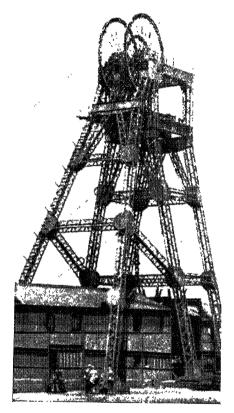
Whatever defects or qualities may rightly be ascribed to the British, we are as a race essentially

practical, and therefore realists.

Mr. Winston Churchill's greatness during the last war was in no small measure due to his appreciation of the British attitude in this respect. His speeches were, in consequence, not only outstanding examples by a master of the English language, but both pointed and reliable. He seldom, if ever, spoke without giving one of two pictures. If the position was dark and dismal, as we well remember it on many occasions, he made no attempt to use glad colours when sombre ones were needed to depict the dark shades and crevasses. On the other hand, when the position was less dark and less dismal, his encouraging message was always justified and supported by records of achievement. Though he proved discriminating in presenting them, both as regards time and value, he never once distorted them or led us to expect something which had not even appeared at the level of the horizon. For all that, we admired him, and it won our utmost confidence in his leadership.

The Mining Industry today cries out for the same kind of leadership. The war has ended, but the battle for coal continues. It has, unfortunately, so far been a battle of words rather than a battle for output. Far too much of what has been thought to be palatable has been said and written about the industry, so that the average man is tired of sentences that make equal sense whether read backwards or forwards; of conflicting reports and promises which never seem to be fulfilled. He has lost confidence. Is it not time, therefore, to cry a halt to this practice of 'taking us for a ride'?

What surely now is most needed by the miner.



as much as by the man in the street, is simple truths, and clear-cut facts and statements of what has not, as well as what is, supposed to have been achieved?

For such reasons much would be gained if those familiar with the conditions in the respective coalfields concentrated on that which they know best, leaving generalisations and collective data, which are often mere symptoms having little bearing on the real malignity in the industry since they relate to no coalfield in particular, to others whose profession it is to consider them. To deal with one coalfield which has proved

itself seems, therefore, the proper course for dealing with all other coalfields, if success is to be achieved.

For many years I have been co-operating with the various colliery companies in the development of the Notts coalfield. Each colliery group in the area has, in its separate way, and having regard to its separate problems, made a distinct contribution to what is now generally regarded as an outstanding success attained by all the colliery companies in this area. It would, however, be easy for each of the companies to claim its own share of this success and present its own picture of what it had gained with much labour, thought and expenditure over many years-but that is not the purpose of this article. The new Coal Board will in future be required to give a frequent account of the collective efforts within the Division. It is my purpose, therefore, to place on record what has already been achieved in the Notts coalfield by collective action up to the time when the East Midland Divisional Coal Board takes over the new management.

# ACHIEVEMENTS IN NOTTS COALFIELD

The Notts coalfield ranks fifth among the different districts of Great Britain in respect of geological advantages. Industry has tended to group itself in proximity to the centres of coal production, and this fact, together with the closeness of the seaboard to most of the coalfields, renders geographical advantages of slight importance. Indeed, Nottinghamshire is one of the few districts in the country which can reasonably claim to be at a disadvantage with regard to seaborne and export coal. What, then, are the main causes of the relative success achieved by this region during the last two decades?

The coalfield is an important one, with 3,662 million tons of proved resources, whilst reserves amounting to 1,000 million tons remain concealed and unexplored to the east. The evidence of the seams so far proved in this new area is encouraging and promises well in the future. There are some seventeen colliery companies engaged in developing the coalfield, employing some 45,000 workers. Progress in the area may be judged from the following output figures compared with those for Great Britain:

### P.H. Output (million tons)

		Rest of	Notts % of
Year	Notts	Great Britain	rest of G.B.
1928	12.3	228.8	5.4
1945	15.3	169-6	9.0

It will be seen, therefore, that whereas the

output for all the other coalfields has, since 1928, decreased some 26 per cent, the output for Notts has increased by slightly more than 23 per cent. This fact alone is of first-class importance. Moreover, this increase has resulted in a progressive lowering of costs.

# Total Cost per Ton (excluding levies)

	Notts	Rest of G.B.
1928	13s. 7½d.	14s. 2½d.
1945	28s. 5d.	36s. 7d.
Actual increase	14s. 9½d.	228. 4½d.
Increase %	108.6	157.5

The over-all yardstick for measuring the efficiency and progress in colliery working is generally regarded as the *output per manshift*. The comparisons under this heading are as follows:

# Output per manshift (1945)

	Cwts. of Saleable Coal
Notts District	28.7
The rest of Great Britain	19.5

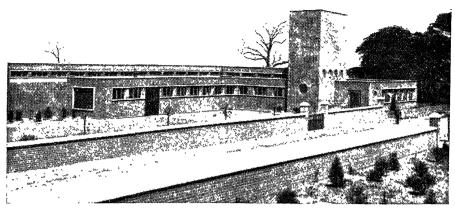
Since these comparisons have, however, no exclusive recent significance, at least in so far as the favourable position of Notts is concerned in relation to the rest of Great Britain, it is interesting to look at the pre-war results and to see Notts as a part of a greater context, if their true value is to be fully appreciated.

# Output per manshift for all employed

	1938
	Cwts.
U.S.A. Bituminous	88.8
Poland	36.4
Germany	33.4
Holland	32.8
Notts	32.6
Great Britain (excluding Notts)	22.0

Having regard to the more favourable conditions at the time for achieving higher outputs in other countries, the position of Notts, which in 1938 was on a par with that of Germany and Holland, is a cause for reasonable satisfaction.

Whilst the evidence presented so far is convincing enough of the success that has been achieved in this coalfield, let us now see the effect of mechanisation in this district. For convenience, we may here go back to 1932, when the amount of coal cut of total output was the same for Great Britain as for Notts, viz., 38 per cent.



Pithead baths, Blidworth Colliery, Notts

# Coal Cut. Per cent of total output

	Rest of	
	Great Britain	Notts
1932	38	38
1945	71	90

If we now turn to consider developments in the amount of coal conveyed, we see the same reflection of energy and initiative in the Notts figures. Here, however, we have to go back as far as 1929 to find an equally convenient basis for giving a straight comparison. Of the total coal output of Great Britain in 1929, 14 per cent of it was conveyed. The same percentage was also conveyed of the Notts output.

# Coal Conveyed. Per cent of total output

	Great Britain	Notts
1929	14	14
1945	68	95₺

One could go on at great length enlarging the picture and giving reliable data to show the measure of success which management and men in Nottinghamshire have together shared over many years. I feel this unnecessary, however, in the face of the evidence already given, yet I think it important as a final issue to indicate the present and rapidly gaining momentum in the Notts coalfield in connection with the most recent developments of Power Loading.

# Coal Power Loaded. Per cent of total output

	Rest of	
	Great Britain	Notts
1943	0.6	0.2
1944	0.7	0.7
1945	1.11	3.4

The installation of machinery for cutting and conveying coal is approaching 100 per cent in Notts. The rate of development in Power Loading in the coalfield compared with that for Great Britain is set out below. It will be noted that the competitors in this race had drawn level in the year 1944.

# ENTERPRISE AND ADMINISTRATION

Here, briefly, is a summary of the achievements of this district. If there were favourable conditions, these were turned to advantage. In the main, however, success was due to the attention paid to the principles of progressive technique, sound administration and healthy labour relationships.

Enterprise is apparent in practice but difficult to define. It requires the elements of leadership before it can become effective, and enterprise itself is associated with youthful minds. A cross-section of those who have been responsible for the policies adopted in the Nottinghamshire coalfields shows that the average age is reasonably low.

Enterprise involves taking risks, such as a decision to incur capital expenditure on modern plant and machinery, based on a carefully-formed judgment of the practicability and advantages to be secured. Judgment in such technical matters has been the more sound for the practice has been to engage and weigh the opinions of qualified consultants—acknowledged experts in their respective fields. An appreciation of the value of specialists has been noticeable in this coalfield.

Enterprise is also apparent in the county, as indicated by the technical progress, both in underground and surface layouts. The different colliery companies seldom pursue the same detailed

application of their common policy, and it is for this reason that all the modern advances and improvements in the technique and science of mining are to be found at one or other of the Nottinghamshire collieries.

In matters of mechanisation, results have already shown that there was no sign of stint or economy in both application and research. It was here, for instance, that the now famous Meco-Moore machine for simultaneous cutting and loading was perfected, which enables an output of at least eight tons per coal face worker to be achieved. It was here that the mechanised room and pillar system was first introduced, and here, too, that the first group training scheme was mitiated for the education and training of recruits and young technicians to continue such traditions. One colliery company therefore made one contribution—another company another—all in due course profiting thereby.

Power loading with its great potentialities, manriding transport, skip winding, trunk conveying and large-capacity tubs and many other developments have long since received expert attention underground in Notts; whilst on the surface, coal preparation, including up-to-date screening, washing and sizing plants which the quality of coals require, has always claimed special attention—as the modern buildings to be seen today throughout the county clearly demonstrate.

Sound administration is essential in any form of organisation, and never more so than in a progressive coalfield. The coalfield is unusually cosmopolitan, a condition, however, which has been permitted from a selective process and therefore by design, of employment rather than by chance. Personnel-the best qualified available—has been recruited from all parts of the country and paid salaries well above the average. Experts have been appointed as key men in the many different departments of work in this complex industry, and by adopting a policy of giving to each and all their individual responsibilities, Notts received in return their personal interest. There has been no attempt to set a standard pattern of organisation, but instead a policy of subdivision of responsibility has been adopted introducing methods for securing and maintaining the integration of ever-increasing specialisation over a wide range of subjects.

# LABOUR-MANAGEMENT RELATIONS

Both enterprise and administration are essential, but will of themselves achieve nothing, for they depend for success on the condition of labour relations. The results achieved in Nottinghamshire are in no small measure due to the sound labour relations which have been built up over many years. They have resulted from a deliberate and carefully administered policy, from adopting and applying sound principles of scientific and personnel management, and have gained much from the good understanding and relationship between the men and their Union leaders. In this connection it would be ungracious not to refer specifically to the invaluable service rendered by the Nottinghamshire Miners' Union under the leadership of Mr. George Spencer, J.P., —its able President for many years.

Whilst welfare schemes cannot of themselves establish sound labour relations, they are an aspect which has deserved and secured considerable attention. Between 1921 and 1939, in addition to facilities provided by colliery concerns, close on f,I per man has been expended in Nottinghamshire from Welfare Funds, securing not only the provision of pithead baths, canteens, etc., but recreational facilities, convalescent and nursing homes, and provision for special medical treatment. The coalfield has been equally in the forefront on matters of education and training for the industry. The South Notts Occupational (Group) Training Scheme was the first in the country, and provided the first Occupational Training Centre to be erected, financially assisted by grants from the Miners' Welfare Commission.

Given enterprise, able administration and sound labour relations, there must also be an equitable sharing in the results achieved, and a reward to everyone engaged-whatever form their effort may take. Since 1926 there has been a scheme in operation by which 85 per cent of the proceeds of the undertaking, after providing for cost of production, was available and payable to all workpeople in the form of wages. This resulted in variations of wage rates, and whilst minimum rates were maintained for some time, improvements brought their expected benefits and workers shared in the improved results obtained from greater economies in working methods. This may be illustrated by the fact that the wages rate per shift is some 20 per cent higher than the average for the country.

I believe these principles to be of universal application. If the Coal Board are successful in installing them throughout the British coalfields, they will have erected a foundation on which to build a sound and progressive industry.

# POLAND BEFORE THE ELECTIONS

# The Testimony of Eyewitnesses

# R. T. BUTLER

LET us begin with three quotations. Homer Bigart, of the New York Herald Tribune, recently reported from Warsaw: 'If you don't go in with the bloc (Government-approved single electoral list) tears will be your lot and you will be beaten. We will use all means in our power to break you and smash you,' said M. Bierut, the head of the present ruling régime in Poland, when addressing a delegation of the Polish Peasant Party (the only non-Communist-controlled political Party).

A few days later, Pauline Sydney of The Observer reported another statement of M. Bierut's, this time concerning the attitude of his régime to the Church, in which he declared that whether the latter will continue 'to enjoy its present rights in Poland or be liquidated' depends 'entirely on whether or not the Polish clergy is prepared to accept the new state of affairs in this country.'

Finally, Derek Selby, until lately the Sunday Times correspondent in Warsaw, in his article 'How I Was Expelled from Poland', in the Polish Daily in London, says that his expulsion, due to his criticism of the terror prevailing in that country, had at least this good side to it that, 'by chance I have aided the rending of the remnants of the thin curtain hiding the dead body which is the freedom of foreign correspondents in Poland.'

The three quotations above picture, in short, better than anything else, the atmosphere in which the Polish general elections, fixed for 19 January, will be held. The pledge of M. Beirut's régime (which in 1944 was imposed by the Russians on Poland under the name of the Polish Liberation Committee of Lublin) to the holding 'of free and unfettered elections as soon as possible', was the main condition on which the three Great Powers at Yalta in February 1945 based their recognition of the Polish Provisional Government. The formula 'as soon as possible', in the peculiar interpretation of certain words now so frequent in Eastern Europe, required nearly two years to be put into practice. There is every reason to believe that the meaning of the definition 'free and unfettered' will be even more distorted from that which these words imply in the West.

The Polish elections will take place as the last of the series which have been carried out in Eastern Europe, in spite of the fact that Poland was the

first country 'liberated' from German occupation. This delay was no accident, but was caused by the particular weakness of the Communists in that country compared with their position in other East-European states. Because of their unpatriotic behaviour during the invasion of Poland by Russia in 1920, the Polish Communists were subsequently regarded by the population as foreign agents and traitors, and were thus unable to root themselves within the Polish community. This, together with their internal strifes between Stalinists and Trotskvists, finally led in 1936 to the official self-dissolution of the Polish Communist Party. The deeply-rooted unpopularity of any 'Communist' label in Poland was also the reason why the Polish Communists when brought back in 1944 by the Red Army did not resurrect the Polish Communist Party but camouflaged themselves under the name of the Polish Workers' Party, which (together with its satellites) rules supreme in Poland today. What are the particulars of its régime?

# THE COMMUNISTS PREPARE

In the summer of 1944, when the greater part of Poland was still under the Nazi yoke, and the leaders of the Polish political parties were engaged in the underground struggle against it, in the town of Lublin, then occupied by the Russians, a specially ingenious setting was staged. People were designated from amongst the Communists themselves, or their sympathisers, to form selfappointed executives of certain of these parties, appropriating their genuine names. In this way came into being the present satellites of the Polish Workers' Party—the Communist-controlled Polish Socialist Party, Peasant Party, and Democratic Party. When the Germans were driven out of the whole of Poland by the Red Army, the Lublin-formed executives were imposed on the parties concerned, while the genuine leaders were either imprisoned (viz., the Moscow trial of the sixteen Underground leaders) or forced to submit.

Subsequently the executives, by the so-called 'plugs system' (i.e. by infiltrating their stooges into the key posts of the district and local branches of the parties) obtained virtual control of them, despite the fact that the rank-and-file of their members were not Communists. This especially applies to the Polish 'Socialist' Party.

Now one might ask why the rank-and-file remain within these fake parties? The answer is that membership of one of them is an indispensable condition for obtaining work in any Government-controlled institution, i.e. practically everywhere as, with the exception of farming, everything is state-owned.

The creation of the satellite parties has proved of great practical value to the Communists. Inside the country it has enabled them to take complete control under different party labels, whilst outside it has helped to deceive public opinion in the West about the real political situation in Poland.

# POLISH N.K.V.D.

Obviously this whole elaborated system can only work thanks to the Police State which the Polish Communists, with Russian help, imposed on the nation immediately after the Germans were driven out of the country. Charles Lambert, of the Daily Herald, when visiting Poland in October 1945, gave the following summary of the means by which the Polish people were muzzled: 'I found press, radio, public meetings and all political activity under strict Government control. Arrest may be made without any charge being preferred. The political police are numerous. Their agents are to be found even in small villages. The number of political prisoners is said, unofficially of course, to be about 20,000. Every item printed in a newspaper, including articles on literature and theatre and film reviews, has to be submitted to censorship. So have all new books.'

To that one can only add that, since Charles Lambert wrote this, the situation has not improved. It should also be explained that the Political Police in Poland mean something quite different from what one normally understands by that name. It is modelled exactly on the famous Soviet N.K.V.D., of which it virtually forms a part. Formally it is under the authority of a special Security Ministry of the Warsaw Government. The Ministry is headed by M. Radkiewicz, a Communist of long standing, who has undergone a special training in the 'security' systems of the Soviet Union. He has under his orders a powerful security and espionage organisation called the 'Internal Security Corps'. Based on a military pattern, it is composed of two armoured regiments, fifteen special regiments, and nine guard battalions'. Members of the Corps receive special rates of pay, better food rations, quick promotion, and many other favours.

Units of the Corps are posted all over the country (protecting the Government and high officials against any outburst of the people's discontent, guarding concentration camps, and

suppressing roots and underground activity), while a special branch of it is used for internal espionage.

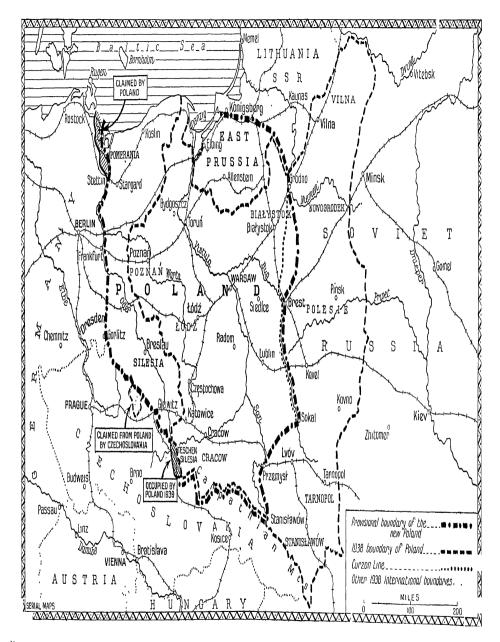
# M. MIKOLAJCZYK'S DISAPPOINTMENTS

Under the provisions of the Yalta Agreement between the Big Three, M. Bierut's régime to be recognised as the Polish Provisional Government had also-besides the pledge of free and unfettered elections-to include within that Government a certain number of 'democratic leaders from both inside and outside the country'. On this basis, M. Mikolajczyk, the former Premier of the Polish Government in London and a prominent Peasant leader, joined M. Bierut's régime together with a few of his friends. He hoped that, enjoying the support of Britain and America, and proving his friendly attitude towards Russia, he would be able to acquire within the Provisional Government a sufficiently strong position to match the Communists' dictatorial tendencies, and to restore internal freedom and democracy to

In his attempts to prove his unlimited 'friendliness' to the Kremlin, he went so far as to repudiate Poland's legal Constitution, her President, and Government, as well as to accept the annexation by Russia of half the Polish pre-war territory. But despite all this, ever since the beginning of M. Mikolajczyk's Odyssey, it became clear to impartial observers that he had little chance of achieving his aims. In the Cabinet his influence was limited by the fact that all the key political Ministries remained in the hands of the Communists or their stooges; whilst he and two of his followers, apart from his purely formal title of Second Vice-Premier, had to content themselves with the Ministries of Agriculture, Administrative Planning, and Education. No better was his position in the pseudo-Parliament, called the National Council of the Homeland. where only ten per cent of the seats were designated to his followers.

# POLISH PEASANT PARTY PERSECUTED

In these conditions M. Mikolajczyk concentrated his efforts in building up his own party in the country, hoping that in the event of the fulfilment of the Yalta decisions concerning 'free and unfettered elections', this party, as the only one independent of Communist control, will gain the overwhelming support of the population. Before, however, it could acquire such a character, he had to overcome one important difficulty, which was that the Executive of the Peasant Party formed at the time of Lublin was composed of crypto-Communists. After unsuccessful attempts to get



rid of them, he finally had to form a new party under the name of the 'Polish Peasant Party'.

Although this was done with the formal approval of the Provisional Government (in Poland only those political parties can exist which are officially permitted), the day when the Polish Peasant Party came into being marked the opening of a new era in the relations between M. Mikolajczyk and the régime.

Atfirst an all-out campaign in the Government-controlled press and radio was started against him and his followers, accusing them of being 'Fascists, reactionaries, and British agents'. It is interesting to note that simultaneously similar attacks were launched by Moscow broadcasts, in spite of all the previous pro-Russian friendly efforts of M. Mikolajczyk.

This propaganda campaign was followed by ever-increasing arrests and murders of members of the Polish Peasant Party, and by the closing down under different pretexts of many of its provincial branches. M. Mikolajczyk was only allowed to have one daily and three weeklies (each publication in Poland must receive Government permission), compared with over 260 Communist-controlled periodicals. To this must be added the continual confiscation of his publications by the Government censors, arrest of editors, and insufficient allocation of newsprint.

In spite, however, of all these persecutions (and probably just because of them), the Polish Peasant Party enjoys immense popularity, not only in the countryside, but also in the towns, for it gives to the non-Communst Poles the only legal way of expressing their opposition to the hated régime imposed upon them.

### NO HOPE OF SUCCESS

This popularity was the reason why the régime made every effort to prevent the Polish Peasant Party from having its own independent list of candidates in the forthcoming elections. Attempts were repeated again and again to force it into a single electoral bloc with the 'Polish Workers' Party' and its satellites, and thus to avoid a contest of strength, in the event of which, with really free elections, it is reliably estimated that the Polish Peasant Party could get up to eighty-five per cent of the total poll. Simultaneously an Electoral Law was passed by the National Council of the

Homeland (despite the protests of the Polish Peasant Party's representative) which allows the Government to 'engineer' to its advantage—in case of necessity—the results of the forthcoming elections, in the same way as was done with those of the Referendum last July.

So, one way or the other, there is no hope that M. Mikolajczyk's experiment for obtaining an electoral majority, and thus changing the present political situation in Poland, can succeed. The Kremlin has already made it clear that, having to choose between him and M. Bierut and Co., it will always prefer the latter. On the other hand, as was recently proved by the Bulgarian and Rumanian developments, M. Mikolajczyk's reckoning on the effectiveness of Anglo-American intervention was much over-estimated. So long as the Russian troops remain in Poland, no matter under what pretext, to guard, as M. Molotov said, the communication lines with Germany, or for another one, M. Bierut's régime will feel secure, and even the most strongly-worded Anglo-Saxon Notes in defence of 'free and unfettered elections' will make little impression on it.

# POLISH NATION'S FATE?

Now, one must ask, what may be the consequences of this experiment for the Polish nation? Once more, in its heart, as on the tragic day of the Warsaw Rising, when Liberation seemed so near, hopes have been raised which cannot be fulfilled, and promises made to it which cannot be kept. The most patriotic and active Polish elements, which up till lately succeeded in avoiding the searching eye of the Soviet N.K.V.D. and its Polish replica, are now revealed to it by being brought into the open through their mobilisation round the Polish Peasant Party. They were identified and classified. and now at any time they may face the equally tragic alternative-either to follow the paths of concentration camps and deportation, or to flee into the forests to join the thousands of other political outlaws.

There are many true friends of Poland in this country who, deeply pained by the injustices done to her, sincerely believed that the solemnly-promised elections would help to heal her wounds. Unfortunately, as things are now, there is little hope that these expectations can be realised.

# NATIONALISM—INDONESIA COMPARED WITH INDOCHINA

# JONKHEER A. T. BAUD, van Mook's personal envoy to Indochina



INDONESIA and Indochina, two countries which until recent years had nothing in common but their colonial status, have developed since the end of the war a striking similarity in their political evolution.

What is the cause of this? Is it the Japanese occupation, so restricted in its effect by its official friendship with the Vichy-administration in the French colony, so unhampered in its action in the islands from which the Dutch had been ousted in 1942? Is it the Japanese-sponsored republics, established in both countries at only a few days' interval? Is it the fact that in both the Allied Forces came in too late to prevent the spread of revolution?

None of these facts takes into account the fundamental differences in race, culture and history. The Malays who inhabit the greater part of Indonesia have received their culture from India and, except for a few minorities, their religion is the Islam. The majority have for centuries been under Dutch administration, but their nationalists look to India as an example and a leader. The Annamites, the major race of Indochina, are Mongolians whose civilisation and social structure are both derived from China. It is a bare seventy-five years ago that they came under French rule. Their nationalists look to China and Russia for help and inspiration.

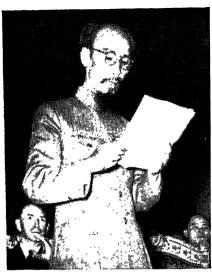
How, then, explain the similarity of post-war developments? Why was the national revolution, directed against the colonisers, in both countries accompanied by a social revolution which is shaking the very foundations of native society? Why do we witness the same revolt, the same upheavals, the same atrocities, the same mismanagement, the same idealism, down to the same slogans? The very words, Liberty or Death—of whose influence on the youth of his country the Indonesian Premier Shahrir has given such a penetrating analysis in his pamphlet *Our Struggle*—were to be seen all through last winter on the walls of Hanoi.

If anything, these facts demonstrate that the evolution of every colonial country is governed by certain common fundamentals which neither race nor culture nor colonial policy can alter—fundamentals which are indeed the very fruit of that policy. For it is the impact of the West, of its intellectual and dynamic qualities on the sleeping civilisations of the East, that has given to colonial nationalism its very existence and its incentive. And it is more especially Western education that has provided it with its ideals and with its weapons.

As for the incidental, and in many respects similar, turn which the two revolutions have taken in both countries at the same time, they are to a certain extent common to all revolutionary movements. They can further be easily explained by the abrupt end of the war and the circumstances accompanying it, which have brought two political movements not prepared for the job to take in their own hands the destinies of their respective countries.

So much for the common fundamentals and for the circumstances which in both cases have presided over the events. But a revolution is one thing and the building up of a new state, a new administration, a new policy, is another. And here differences come in which, important as they may have been in the past, will, if we are not mistaken, become decisive in the future.

If it is true that colonial nationalism has received from the Western impact both its incentive, its ideals and its weapons, then it will differ in the two countries in every one of those respects inasmuch as the Western impact has differed. And if it is true that race and culture are of any influence in the shaping of nationalism,



HO CHI MINH, President of the Republic of Viet Nam, speaking in Paris

then here again differences should appear which can only be explained by those more permanent factors.

The Dutch impact on Indonesia has, in accordance with the tradition at home, been characterised by an almost complete absence of nationalism, both political and cultural, together with a strong commercial purpose and a liberal outlook in all principal matters (except in colonial commerce at a time when commercial liberalism was not yet born). From the outset the commercial purpose has been predominant and the policy of extension of political influence has consistently been the servant of this purpose. No nationalistic trend has ever hampered the development of liberal thought and an attitude of paternal humanitarianism towards the Indonesians has gained increasing influence ever since the middle of the last century. As early as 1901 the principle of trusteeship was definitely adopted as the guiding principle of Dutch policy in the Indies. Western education was developed in application of this principle, never as a means of cultural assimilation. And representative assemblies were brought into being both on a local and on a national scale, which provided for a steadily increasing influence of Indonesians in government and administration.

The French approach to Indochina was considerably different. The original motive of political influence was not at all commercial, but lay in the protection of French missions. The

Admirals and Generals who, as in many other parts of the world, were the founders of French power, were deeply conscious of the greatness of their country, but the liberal principles of the French Revolution for which they stood were sometimes in their colonial application obscured by a nationalism which found encouragement both in cultural greatness and in commercial weakness. Economic development as a largescale policy came about comparatively recently, but specific French interests were strongly and often narrowly protected. On the other hand, the French have greatly developed Western education and there is no doubt that they have been highly successful in imparting to the natives their intellectual culture and even their religion. But education was first used as a means of assimilation and the stress that was later put on the aim of association has never, as in Indonesia, been implemented by a close study of native languages and institutions, nor by the development of self-government.

Now let us examine the reactions of the respective nationalisms to these different colonial policies. It is characteristic that the Volksraad, the Îndonesian legislative assembly, has never again been so violent in its criticism of Dutch rule as it was during the first year of its existence, 1918–19. The very fact that a body existed where public feeling could be voiced and the Government obliged to listen, had a pacifying influence. The sympathetic attitude of that Government towards the aims and ideals of nationalism, implemented by the attainment of full legislative power in 1926 and of an Indonesian majority in 1930, together with increasing experience in lawful, political action and in the difficulties of organised and united action, has further developed a more moderate and constructive attitude. And the energetic action taken against extremism has succeeded, together with nationalist propaganda, in wiping out Communism ever since 1927, and has also discouraged destructive agitation by the nationalists themselves.

# COMMUNITY OF FEELING

In the 'thirties a distinct community of opinion and of feeling developed between Indonesian nationalists and all classes of Dutch in the Indies: first against the financial policy of the Government in Holland in maintaining the gold standard, later against the threat of Japan's economic and political expansion. In 1940, this feeling culminated in a spontaneous outbreak of loyalism towards the mother-country when it was invaded by Germany, but there was also a wide-spread demand for political and social reforms.

The Queen solemnly promised reforms to be discussed immediately after the war, but the Government in Batavia made the mistake of leaving the expressions of loyalism without adequate response. Indonesian opinion was let go adrift and by the time of Pearl Harbour much of the previous goodwill was gone. But still the general attitude was as an Indonesian friend expressed it to us shortly before the war: 'We would love to be independent, but if we have to be governed by others, then preferably by the Dutch.'

# ATTITUDE OF ISLAM?

Mohammedan religion has never, except in Atjin (Northern Sumatra), been a source of revolt against Dutch rule. Mohammedan orthodoxy is naturally opposed to the atheism and to the Western intellectualism which are often inherent to nationalism, and it has the same respect for established authority as orthodox Christianity. There was all the more reason for such an attitude because the Dutch had remained consistently neutral in religious affairs and had indeed been quite successful in strengthening Islamic law: the Court for Mohammedan Affairs, established in 1935, the only court of appeal to the verdicts of the cadi in any Mohammedan country, has in the short spell of its existence become a universally-accepted native institution.

An obstacle to national unity is doubtless the scattered nature of the country with its 3,000 odd islands spread over an area of 3,000 miles. But there are other than purely geographical difficulties. There are differences of religion: the Balinese are Hindus and parts of the Moluccas, North Celebes and other areas are inhabited by Christians. There are economic difficulties: most of the richer but sparsely-populated outer islands resent the possible hegemony of fifty million Javanese.

But there is nowhere in Indonesia that fierce antagonism, either racial or religious, that one witnesses both in India and Indochina. And this, we believe, is due to the racial qualities of the Indonesians, to their inherent mildness and moderation. A good illustration of this is their conversion to the Islam and their attitude in religious matters. This conversion, five centuries ago, was a completely peaceful process and it has never prevented Javanese art from remaining purely Hinduistic. Indeed, up to the present time Ardjuna still remains a most popular figure. Although small, the progress of Christian religion is greater than in any other Mohammedan country and the few Christian communities that now exist in Hindu Bali have been converted, not by

Europeans, but by Javanese who but recently had abjured the Islam.

In Indochina the picture is different. The mild Cambodians, Laotians and various mountain tribes have good reasons, of long standing, to fear the turbulent Annanutes. There is no sea to divide them, and French authority is as yet indispensable to protect the weaker races.

On the other hand, the Confucian tradition of the major race was a much weaker barrier to the preaching of Christianity, and the French missions have been remarkably successful in this task: out of a total of seventeen million Annamites there are no fewer than three million Christians, and for him who flies over the rice-growing plains of Tonkin it is a curious sight to witness the huge Catholic churches towering over the tiny huts of the scattered native villages.

Even more than religion among the masses has French education been successful in destroying among the intellectuals the influence of Confucianism. Culturally the Annamites no longer look to China, but to the Western world, and even their language they write no more in Chinese characters, but in the Roman alphabet. If socially the influence of Chinese tradition is still powerful and if, politically, the common frontier is a perpetual invitation to Chinese influence and interference, intellectually it is the West that is the guiding force of Annamite nationalism.

But while the ferment of French humanism and intellectualism was active in Annamite minds, there was a conspicuous lack of political institutions. No platform for the discussion of public affairs, no instrument to influence administration, no lawful outlet and no training ground for political activity, little hope for the realisation of political ideals.

This discrepancy between education and politics, between the promises of the school-bench and the realities of actual life, created a dangerous tension. Not being canalised along lines of constructive co-operation, Indochinese nationalism sought its way in destructive opposition. And finding no help in France, it looked for help abroad: to China and to Russia. Viet Nam Quoc Zen Dang, the name of the oldest nationalist party, is significant in this respect: Viet Nam is the name the Annamites give to their country; Quoc Zen Dang is the translation in their language of Kuo Min Tang. The other leading party is the Communist, most of whose leading members have spent some years in Moscow. Thanks to their excellent training in party-organisation and in the technique of revolutionary action, the Communists are by far the strongest, and there is no doubt that, even though the intellectual training of their leaders is thoroughly French, their imagination and their methods have been greatly influenced by Moscow. Naturally both parties entertain close relations with their brotherparties in China.

# DUTCH CAUGHT UNPREPARED

The rapid defeat of the Dutch in 1942 opened the eyes of the Indonesians to the intrinsic weakness of Dutch rule and paved the way for the success of a violent and extremely clever anti-white propaganda which the Japanese carried out on a nation-wide scale during the three and a half years that they occupied the islands. Thus, although the Japanese were cordially hated for their oppression, the instrument was nevertheless prepared, ready for use against the Dutch when oppression would no longer be possible. And when, on 17 August 1945, the Indonesian Republic was established and the instrument brought into action, it found the Dutch unprepared for this unexpected situation.

Why unprepared and unexpected? Throughout the war the Dutch had been confident-confident because of the Japanese oppression and their ignorance or underestimation of the Japanese propaganda; confident because of their own liberal intentions as expressed by the Queen as far back as 1942-a statement which, alas, had remained ignored in Indonesia; confident perhaps also because of the Dutch stolidity, enhanced on this occasion by years of inactivity and isolation from the world at large. But even if the Dutch had been more alert, this could never have made good the complete lack of armed forces as a result of enemy occupation, and the poor condition of civil servants barely freed from Japanese camps.

In Indochina throughout the war the picture had been very different, and yet-be it through other means—the result was closely similar. The façade of French administration kept the nationalists in its spell and prevented both Annamite and Japanese propaganda. The country was prosperous and until the last few months it suffered little from the Japanese. But here the contiguity with China comes in. Unable to fight at home, the Annamite nationalists flocked to that country and there they found, in their struggle against Vichy and Japan, both Chinese and Russian help and American sympathy. During a conference at Liau Tcheou in 1944 the oath was sworn to oust both the French and the Japanese. After 9 March 1945, when the latter interned the former and handed over the colonial administration to a government of corrupt and conservative puppets,

nationalists of every description swarmed into the country and it was the Japanese who, on that same 17 August, eventually helped the Communists into power.

How did the French meet the emergency? It is an irony that, with the record of the Vichyadministration both at home and in the colony, the French found themselves better prepared than the Dutch. There are many reasons for this. The French had remained free in Indochina almost to the last and the more liberal-minded among them had been at leisure to study political feeling among the Annamites; the Chinese frontier had enabled those who so wanted to leave the country, join De Gaulle and inform the Government at home; France had been liberated six precious months before Holland; she had an army under that splendid soldier, General Leclerc, and a team of first-class Civil Service men led by that wise statesman, High-Commissioner Thierry d'Argenlieu-men who during the war had been exercised in alertness and in daring.

We will not enter into the sequence of events in the two countries since the collapse of Japan. Suffice it to recall the basic agreements signed at Hanoi on 6 March and at Batavia on 15 November 1946. By the first the Free Republic of Viet Nam becomes a partner in the Indochinese Federation to be set up within the French Union. By the second the Republic of Java and Sumatra agrees to join in due course the United States of Indonesia set up at Malino last July, which will remain linked to the Netherlands on a basis of strict equality.

# THE FRENCH AND DUTCH AGREEMENTS

Both agreements can be seen as a death-warrant to colonial imperialism and, as such, as a worthy crowning of the national revolutions. But they are more than that, for they confirm also the social revolutions in so far as they implicitly recognise a new ruling-class among the natives themselves: the class of Western intellectuals to supersede the traditional native leaders. It is a class that has no experience of administration and that does not command the deep-rooted forces which for centuries have governed native society. They are inclined to resent these forces as an obstacle to progress and they are apt also to measure the success of their administration, not in terms of the prosperity of the masses, but in terms of their own political achievements. It remains to be seen whether these social revolutions will indeed prove 'social' in our Western sense of the word.

Comparing the two agreements, it would seem

that Indonesia has made the better bargain. But does this necessarily imply a worse bargain for the Netherlands? It is the spirit more than the letter that determines the value of such documents. And the spirit of the leading Indonesian nationalists has throughout the negotiations been very much more conciliatory than that of their Indochinese colleagues. At the back of the Annamite mind there is still that attitude of complete hostility which is the fruit of their national arrogance and of some of their past experience. At the back of the Indonesian mind there has always been a need for understanding, which springs as much from their humane character as from their age-long co-operation with the Dutch.

But it is not only the past that decides upon the future. The French approach to the Indochinese problem has been remarkably fresh and vigorous. If they continue in this line they may yet gain sympathies which they have never before commanded. But even this may not always depend upon the parties directly concerned. For Indochina is not an archipelago and, with China looming across the frontier, the future is fraught with uncertainties which it may still at times require much statesmanship to cope with. The Dutch approach to the Indonesian problem has, notwithstanding the relentless efforts of that able min, Lt. Governor-General van Mook, been somewhat lazier and handicapped by sentiment. But if slow, the Dutch are thorough, and there is good hope that, now that a new and decisive page has been turned in the century-old relationship between the two countries, they will understand their new position as equal partners. Much in the future of the two countries will depend upon their ability to do so and to grasp the opportunities which the new situation will offer them.

It may well happen that Indonesia and Indochina, which for a time have seemed so closely related by the similarity of their political evolution, will once again drift apart towards other spheres and other influences. What will in each be the future of self-government and of democracy, of Christianity, of Western civilisation and Western enterprise? What will their contribution be to Asia and to the world? Will they continue on the same road or drift apart as ships that pass in the night? The future alone can answer these questions, but it is a future in which French and Dutch and Americans and British will have a say, if they so wish.

# RACIAL DIFFERENCES

PHYSICAL incongruities, incompatibilities of temperament, idiosyncrasies of speech, and diversities of habits and customs, which are frequently, though by no means invariably, traceable to racial discordances, do grievously envenom relations between groups of peoples. This fact has to be taken into serious account in plans for achieving world security. But the diverse characteristics of the world's multitudinous races can never be obliterated. The differences among peoples of the earth arise from causes deep-rooted in the origin of mankind. The diverse races have conflicting customs, traditions and personal habits. They have different ideas of right and wrong; they think differently about religion, about women, about the family bond and many other things, and they have different economic standards. There need not be, and should not be, any implication of superiority or inferiority in these differences, but in fact there is, because each race and order of men cherishes an inner pride in the conviction that men of his own kind are endowed with virtues and qualities superior to those of other stocks.

Coloured peoples have rivalries and incompatibilities of their own which make for cleavages and ostracism. The Hindu caste system in India is a negation of social equality; Moslems in various countries hold that the gulf between the infidel and the true believer can be bridged only by conversion. In Russia people of many races have considerable equality of cultural life and economic opportunity, yet political power is not vested in any constitutional body, and democratic liberty, even as we know it, is unborn. Dependent peoples, and particularly those who feel themselves treated as racial inferiors, are apt to regard the Soviet social system as an inspiring ideal. But there is small evidence as yet that coloured peoples favour Communism as a political experiment. Only one Communist candidate secured election to the Indian Constituent Assembly, out of a total of 296 provincial seats.

# THE INDIAN PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA

# L. JAMES



African natives at an Indian shop

WHEN the Australian delegate at the Paris Peace Conference cited South Africa as a happy example of a country which had successfully solved its minority problems, he gave Mr. Manuilsky, of the Ukraine, as spokesman for the Soviet bloc in this matter, a very easy chance to score a debating point. No one in reasonably full possession of his mental faculties would point to South Africa as a model to the world for the generous treatment of minorities. The treatment of Indians has long been a subject for acrimonious disputes between India and South Africa. Ever since Mr. Gandhi. as a young man, took up the question of the status of Indians in the Union, the subject has been a favourite topic for Indian nationalists who have been particularly sensitive about the treatment meted out to Indians abroad.

The discriminatory treatment of Indians in South Africa frequently led to bitter accusations

and counter-accusations. This year the subject has taken on a more bitter complexion with the passing by the Union Parliament of the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Bill. As a consequence, India has denounced the trade agreement with South Africa, and, unable to get satisfaction, has decided to bring the dispute before the United Nations Assembly. Internally, the passage of the Bill, piloted personally by Field-Marshal Smuts, has caused rifts in the South African Labour Party. The question is no longer one for India and South Africa. From being discussed at successive Imperial Conferences since 1917, it now enters the arena of world politics by its appearance at UNO. Critics of the Commonwealth will doubtless welcome the public washing of some of our imperial dirty linen, but it is clear that the Commonwealth claim to be a free and equal association is somewhat diminished when questions like that of the Indians in South Africa involve both inequality and injustice. The Bill is concerned with questions of land and the franchise, which have long been in bitter dispute. As is usual in modern problems, the economic and the political factors are intertwined. The Indian question is usually referred to as a racial or colour problem-Pandit Nehru, in his first broadcast as Vice-President of the interim government, spoke of 'racial tyranny' in South Africa, but basically the question is one of competition and economics. That the Indians of South Africa are deeply affronted by the present Bill is evident from the declarations of their organisations like the Natal Indian Congress, and of their leaders. Mr. V. Sastri, who has for many years worked towards achieving an improvement in the position of Indians abroad, and can by no means be placed among the Indian extremists, has called the Bill 'hellish'. Relations between Indians and Europeans in South Africa are rapidly coming to boiling point.

The Indian problem in South Africa has its origins in the indenture system of the nineteenth century. Owing to a deficiency in indigenous native labour—common to most parts of Africa—Natal (declared a British Protectorate in 1842) introduced Indian coolie labour under indenture in 1860. Importing labour from Eastern Asia was not new. The Dutch East India Company had very much earlier brought labour from

Dutch possessions in Eastern Asia. The descendants of these Malays now form part of the Cape coloured population. After the abolition of the slave trade. India had begun to supply indentured labour to various colonial territories, and seemed the obvious source of labour to the Natal planters. The prosperity of the Natal sugar industry soon became bound up with the continued supply of Indian indentured labour, and despite opposition from the non-planter community, the indenture system continued until 1911, with a break between 1866 and 1874 when the Government of India suspended the supply because it was dissatisfied with the conditions in Natal. The whole system came to an end in 1911 because the growing pressure of Indian opinion objected to the indenture method of recruitment. Indians in South Africa are almost exclusively the descendants of indentured labourers, although the majority of them have been born in the Union, and regard South Africa rather than India as their homeland. The responsibility for the existence of an Indian problem in South Africa belongs to South Africa. The Natal Government had a direct responsibility because it contributed annually towards the cost of recruiting in India.

# GROWING EUROPEAN FEARS

In 1871 the number of Indians in Natal was estimated to be just over 5,000. By the first census in 1891, it had grown to 41,142, of which just under a quarter was under indenture. The remainder were 'free' Indians, since, after serving their five-year period, they were free to re-engage for another period of service or return to India with a free passage. Increasing numbers remained, and became market gardeners, while others turned to trading and store-keeping. As the numbers increased, the fear of the Europeans that they would be outnumbered also increased and led to demands that the number of Indians be reduced. The Natal Government sought to make labour agreements that would involve compulsory repatriation at the end of the indenture period, but the Government of India refused to allow recruitment on these terms.

After the grant of self-government to Natal in 1893, the Europeans were unfettered by the home government, and they were able to introduce measures to reduce the number of Indians. As an inducement to the Indians to return, they offered free passages and at the same time tried to discourage Indian trading by the introduction of a licence system. In 1897 free immigrants were required to pass a European language test. But in spite of such measures they continued to increase in numbers. By 1911 they numbered

133,420, and at the last census in 1936 they had increased to 183,661, and they are still increasing. It should be noted that the South African census distinguishes Europeans, Natives, Cape Coloured and Asiatic: Indians are not separately enumerated, but they make up almost the whole Asiatic group in South Africa.

Indians are not confined to Natal, although this province contains nearly nine-tenths of the total number in the Union. Numerically, the Indians constitute only 2.3 per cent of the total population of South Africa, but they form a very serious minority problem. From Natal the Indians started to penetrate into other South African territories. The Orange Free State quickly passed legislation prohibiting Indian immigration, and that province has no Indian problem. The Cape province placed no restrictions on the entry of Indians, and in 1936 there were 10,508 living mainly in the ports. The Cape Indian problem is not so difficult as in Natal and the Transvaal: the Indians have long had political rights denied them in the other provinces.

In the Transvaal, the Indians numbered 25,493 in 1936. Roughly half of the Indians live in the Rand, to which they were early attracted by the commercial opportunities in such towns as Johannesburg. European traders soon complained of Indian competition, and as a result of petitions, the republican Transvaal Government passed an Act in 1885, introducing the principle of racial segregation, depriving the Indians of citizenship and laying down that Indian traders must apply for a licence. This anti-Indian policy drew protests from Britain, but when the territory was taken over after the South African War, the 1885 Act was retained. Indians were excluded after this Act from entering the Transvaal, but complaints were soon heard that their number was increasing; as the colony had land frontiers on all sides, it was impossible to check immigration, and so a system of registration was introduced soon after the Transvaal obtained responsible self-government in 1907. The method of identification adopted was by finger prints. It was the enforcement of this order for Asiatics to register and record their finger prints that brought Gandhi to the forefront of South African politics. The now famous method of passive resistance was employed, and the Transvaal Government ultimately agreed to exclude Indians in a way that did not specifically mention Indians in order not to offend Indian feelings.

With the Union of the four territories (the Cape, O.F.S., Transvaal and Natal) in 1909, the whole question of immigration came up and was dealt with by the Immigration Act of 1913. The

pre-Union barriers to migration were retained, and Indians were allowed to reside in a province only if they were resident there before the Act was passed. Further Indian immigration into the Union was forbidden by empowering the Minister of the Interior to exclude any person or classes deemed unsuitable 'on economic grounds, or on account of their standard of life'. This, of course, was aimed at the Indian community; the only exception to be made was in the case of allowing a small number of Indians of the educated class to enter annually.

This Act led to another campaign headed by Gandhi at the end of 1913, and civil disobedience made the South African question an imperial issue. The Indian grievances included the tax levied in Natal on ex-indentured Indians, the difficulties over obtaining trading licences, and the fact that Indians living in South Africa could not be joined by their wives from India owing to the new Immigration Act. The latter point involved legal difficulties, owing to the existence of polygamy among the Indians. As a result of these and other difficulties, an investigating commission was appointed under Judge Soloman to inquire into the origin and circumstances of passive resistance. The Commission eventually reported that many of the Indian grievances had substantial foundation. The Union Government accepted the findings of the Soloman Commission and introduced the Indian Relief Act of 1914. This went some way towards meeting Indian demands; provision was made for admitting Indian wives, and the Natal tax on ex-indentured Indians was removed. There was considerable opposition to the Act by European elements, but the Indian problem was causing Imperial difficulties. Along with the Act, General Smuts came to an agreement with Gandhi. While pointing out that 'full civic rights' was the ultimate aim, Gandhi accepted the 1914 Act and departed for India where he soon began to apply the lessons learned in the South African school.

General Smuts's view that the 1914 Act should constitute 'a complete and final settlement of the controversy' was obviously destined to failure. Indians recognised the strength of European feeling over the question, and accepted the prohibition of further immigration, but they hoped for a progressively more generous treatment of Indians already settled in South Africa. With the rising temper of Indian nationalism, South African Indians put forward more militant claims, and they found plenty of support in India.

When the prosperity of the war years was followed by years of depression, the poorer elements among the South African whites,

finding Indian competition increasingly difficult to meet, urged discrimination in such matters as segregation and the acquisition of land and property by the Indians. The result has been continuous friction. Thus, in 1925 the introduction of the Areas Reservation and Immigration Bill was aimed at the Indians, although it was framed in general terms. Following the conferences and consultations with the Government of India representatives, the Capetown Agreement of 1026 was made. The Union withdrew the Areas Reservation Bill and the Government of India undertook to assist in a scheme of voluntary emigration for Indians to return to their homeland. The Union promised to look into such matters as housing questions among the Indian community, and to improve Indian educational facilities. The desire of the Indians to attain to 'Western standards of life' was welcomed.

South Africa made the 1926 Agreement largely in the hope that the scheme of assisted emigration would reduce the Indian population in the Union. The dominant feeling among the Europeans is that South Africa already has a very difficult problem to settle between the respective claims of black and white, and that the introduction of the brown element is both singularly unfortunate and disagreeable; the feeling that Indians ought to be removed from the South African scene is strong, but scarcely realistic. The Europeans have been disappointed that so few Indians should respond to the schemes for repatriating them to India. For his part, the South African Indian considers that, as the majority of his fellow Indians have been born in South Africa, there can be no real question of repatriation. He further rejects segregation and other restrictions based on racial or colour prejudices, and he objects to measures designed to place obstacles in the way of Indian trading. He demands political rights in the municipal, provincial and Union fields, and strenuously opposes the fact that Senators and members of the Union Parliament must be Europeans as laid down by the South Africa Act. In all his demands, the South African Indian is likely to get increased support from an almost completely free Indian people.

The Bill passed earlier this year provides for the division of all land in the Transvaal and Natal into restricted and exempted areas; in the former, Indians wishing to own or occupy property require special permits, but in the exempted areas Indians will be subject to no control. In practice, of course, Indians will find it extremely difficult to get the necessary permission to live in restricted areas: the South African practice in such matters does not inspire confidence. The definition of



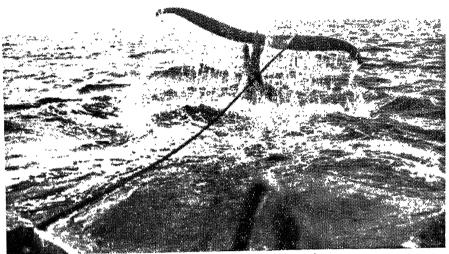
Market scene in Durban, Natal

exempted areas is incomplete and therefore unsatisfactory. In the question of political rights, the representation is not only limited, but it is a community franchise. Such a measure cannot be said to be either liberal or revolutionary, yet it was opposed by three parties—the Nationalists, the Dominion Party, and the Labour Party. The first is predominantly a Boer party of reaction, and stands for inequality in racial relations. The second is mainly a Natal party, and stands for support of the Empire (in this matter so closely affecting Natal interests, it lined up with the Nationalist Party, which is openly republican). The South African Labour Party is a mockery. It stands for maintaining the whites in the bestpaid jobs. The leader of the party resigned over this issue; even the Labour Party could not go the whole way with his racial prejudices. Field-Marshal Smuts stands to the outside world as a Liberal statesman, but analysis of his South African record makes it hard to see the justification of the use of the term 'liberal'. His declarations outside Africa seem to find little application in terms of practical policy inside the Union.

The basic reason why Europeans are united in their determination to make no concessions to

Indian demands is that economically South Africa is dependent upon native labour. The native population of the Union makes up nearly seventy per cent of the total; the Europeans number just over twenty per cent. Though deeply divided between the British and Boer elements, they seek to perpetuate a white domination. The gulf in this system of parallel standards of living for whites and blacks grows wider. To concede political and other rights to the Indians can only open the doors to native claims. The strike of native mine workers is only one indication that the future is going to be stormy. It appears that South Africa has not learnt the dangers of conceding 'too little too late'.

The treatment of the Indian question, and the manner in which the Union handles native affairs are not calculated to make a disinterested observer confident. The South African policy in these matters is not what one might expect from a member of the United Nations lately engaged in removing oppression and racialism from Europe. The cynic might say that South Africa would do well to look at her own conduct in internal affairs before expressing pious hopes about justice in making peace treaties.



In the Behring Sea: A harpooned whale plunges into the depths. The tail can do great damage

# SUPPLY OF FATS IS DEPENDENT ON WHALING EXPEDITIONS

# DAVID GUNSTON

ONE of the gravest aspects of the general world food shortage is the dearth of fats, which are so essential for health and resistance to disease and adverse climatic conditions. So any action that is taken to relieve this particular shortage is inevitably of considerable importance. Into this category comes the post-war resuscitation of the whaling industry. Britain, at the express request of the Ministry of Food, restarted in the industry in November 1945, supported as far as possible by Norway.

Seven large whale factory-ships, together with some fifty or sixty smaller whale-catchers, set out for the icy waters of the Antarctic full of hope and with a fixed target bag of 16,000 blue whales, the larger the better, and each expected to yield anything from twenty to forty tons of oil and a considerable quantity of edible whale meat. The season was actually extended by one month to March 1946, so urgent was the need for replenishment of world stocks.

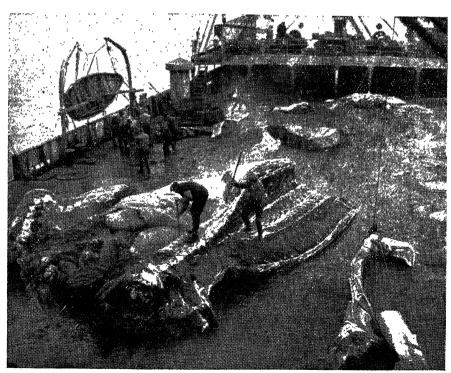
The optimism proved unjustified, for storms

of unexpected fury raged for days, all but crippling the entire fleet and generally reducing the whaling activity, so that only a very poor yield of oil was brought back to Europe. Many of the whales that were caught proved to be thinner than has ever been known before-for reasons still unsolved. This disappointing result led to further fat cuts in home rations, with little prospect of increase in any way. But the need was greater than the failure of the first post-war campaign; and now another fleet of ships is working in the Polar seas hoping for better luck. The scratch fleet of 1945 has been improved upon as far as is possible with the sadly depleted number of first-class factory-ships left after the war. Several new ships, built in this country under First Priority within the last eighteen months, fitted with the latest developments in radar, asdic and other apparatus and helped by ex-Fleet Air Arm Walruses piloted by ex-Navy crews to spot the whales, are striving to secure at least a worthwhile return in meat and oil

Shortly before the outbreak of war in 1939 the British Government bought up the entire world stocks of whale oil, estimated at something like six million tons. This was a wise move, for whale oil is a major ingredient in margarine, synthetic cooking fat and soap; and it secured for the population of this country their meagre, but unfailing, rations of these products during the dark years. Quite apart from the fact that no fresh supplies have been forthcoming for over six years, the supply position has been aggravated by the general food situation in Europe (where, incidentally, most of the whale meat is destined).

Before 1939 whaling was a flourishing international industry, the main participants being Norway, first and foremost, Britain, Germany and Japan. Whaling firms based in Norway yearly killed about 7,500 whales, which represent 400,000 barrels of oil, valued at over two million pounds. But although flourishing, the industry was steadily heading for disaster, for without any form of enforceable economic rule, each nation sought quick profits in the shape of the largest haul of fat whales, regardless of provision for

the future. The ocean was a no-man's land, and much irreparable damage was done by countries which should have known better. That was the curse of the whaling business in pre-war days. The aim of immediate profits with little effort was favoured over any saner long-term policy for the preservation of this potential wealth. No whale under about forty feet long was considered worth taking; but apart from this one stipulation, the game was free for all the world to share in. The old school of skilled whalemen. like the famous veteran Larsen, could expect to earn several thousand pounds in the few short months of a good season. They were well aware of the dangers of this policy forced upon them by the whaling companies, for they knew more about whales than any man living. Yet, in spite of their warnings, nothing was done. Looking back from six years of hardship and shortage, it now seems incredible folly that nations could be so utterly short-sighted about this vast store of valuable raw material which, with man's intelligent management, could be made to increase and remain almost unlimited.



Flensing Leviathan

When the war broke out, whaling continued for a few months, but the blockade and the dangers to shipping generally soon made it plain that it would have to stop. The long Polar journeys of the slow, conspicuous whale ships twice a year were obviously out of the question, especially as it was to the South, and not the North, Pole that the fleets had to go to operate. One day the thrilling tale will be told of the exploits of the gallant whalemen who at first defied the enemy blockade, even to the extent of trying to ram one of the large, powerfully armed Nazi raiders with their helpless factoryship laden with oil rather than surrender it. After the suspension of the industry, the British whale factory-ships were used as supply vessels, oil tankers and aircraft carriers in all parts of the globe; and no fewer than eleven out of thirteen of them were lost by enemy action. This naturally put any immediate post-war attempts to resume the work on a peacetime footing at an enormous disadvantage; and although the building of these ships was given First Priority in our shipyards after the demands of war had been met, it will be some years yet before we can possibly make good our losses and allow for every improvement in construction.

### RESULT OF WAR?

The grace given to the whale 'population' during the war years was thought to have given the whales some chance of making good the previous human depredations on their numbers, possibly even of increasing. For, contrary to the usual rule with very large creatures, whales mature at an early age and can breed when only two and a half years old, which, for big animals with their longevity, is young indeed. The result of the somewhat abortive 1945-6 campaign was not too promising on this count, although it will probably be the end of the current season before any real estimate can be made on conditions among the whale population. The ban on the killing of young whales has actually been lifted temporarily, to secure supplies at all costs, but if it is found that there has been little or no improvement in the recouping power of the whale population, it will be necessary to reenforce this rule.

There are two distinct types of whale, of which one, the whalebone type, lives entirely on very small fry, and is for the most part useful to man. The other and smaller species of toothed whale are not now sought by man, being largely carnivorous on a bigger scale, and not producing enough oil to make them worth while. As a class of creatures, they are most interesting to

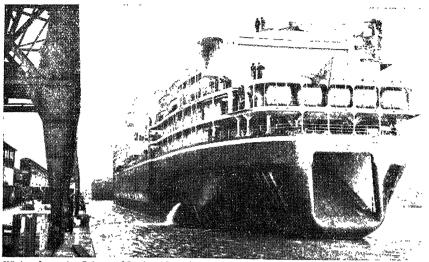
biologists. As they can but rarely be studied, and are seldom even seen to any extent, they are far too little known by both layman and scientist.

Whales are related to the dolphins and porpoises and, as is widely known, are not fish at all, but warm-blooded, air-breathing mammals, though they live a completely aquatic existence. It is thought that at one time whales possessed four legs and were amphibious, though there is, of course, no record of such creatures ever having been seen by early man, because their habitat was not discovered until much later. This theory however, is based upon the fact that the fore-legs seem to have degenerated into mere fins or flippers, and the hind legs, no longer visible, are still present in the form of two small unused bones floating on each side of the body in the appropriate position.

# CHARACTERISTICS

Whales have certain characteristics which are worth mentioning. They all have enormous heads, sometimes occupying a third of their complete length, and fused to the body without any semblance of a flexible neck. Enormous gapes are also general; and in the case of some of the fairly fierce, toothed whales, these do lead to large gullets, for all sorts of other creatures, like seals, porpoises, large fish, sea-birds and even other whales, are habitually eaten. No doubt a man could be swallowed with comparative ease by these whales-thus lending credence to the story of Jonah! Nevertheless, in the much larger whalebone whales, the colossal mouth leads to a gullet scarcely larger round than a man's wrist. for the windpipe actually crosses the throat aperture on its way to the huge lungs, and does not open into the mouth as in human beings and other animals. This prevents the whale from drowning as it breathes. The capacity of the lungs, encased as they are in a vast rib structure, permits the creature to remain under water for long spells of half an hour or more, when great depths are sounded by steep dives. When it eventually comes up for air, the spent vapour is expelled just before the nostril openings-conveniently placed right on top of the head-break surface. This causes the well-known 'blowing' of a column of water some thirty feet into the air-which conveniently gives away the whale's position to distant whalers.

A whale has a comparatively small brain, but it is highly convoluted—a sign of great intelligence. There is no voice whatsoever, nor any sense of smell, but the tiny ears, which lie hidden at the bottom of small holes in the skin, are capable of acute hearing and vibratory perceptions



Whaling factory-ship Balaena, of London. Many of its crew are Norwegians. Scientists on board will test food-value of whale meat

under water. The sound waves caused by the propellers of an approaching vessel can be detected; and for this reason care has to be taken on board the whale-catchers when stalking. The gigantic skeleton has an inflexible backbone, which prevents its owner from turning in his own length, or even swimming on a deeply curved course. It is for this reason that a whale swimming into shallow water in pursuit of food has difficulty in getting out again and often gets stranded (suffocating through the pressure on his thorax from his great weight, which may be anything up to ninety tons). Incidentally, the discovery of such stranded whales on the seashore first drew man's attention to these creatures. and their value for food, later for whalebone also, but now again almost wholly for food.

# WHALEBONE WHALES

Of the whalebone whales, two species are now almost exclusively hunted, the blue and the fin varieties. They have the highest oil yield; and the blue whale has the distinction of being the world's largest creature, attaining a length of eighty to ninety feet. For food, they consume vast quantities of a punkish shrimp-like fry known as krill, sieving it through a strange curtain structure of stiff hairs that fringes each side of the mouth. These sifters are made of whalebone, which is not part of the bony skeleton, but a kind of horn-like substance.

Whaling today is a far cry from the days of

Moby Dick, when the whales were harpooned by hand from open boats—the type we still call 'whalers'. It is now a completely cold, scientific business, run from the large factory-ships of 20,000 tons or more. Some half-dozen fast tuglike, high-powered catchers work from each factory-vessel, hunting down their catches with harpoon guns, each firing a five-second time fuse explosive shell which detonates inside the whale. Each shot embeds the stout line attached in the body, though usually several shots are needed before 'Leviathan' finally succumbs, sometimes only after a long and tiring chase, during part of which time the whale may be deep under water, and actually towing the catcher away with him. When dead, the whale is inflated with air to keep his carcase afloat, marked with a flag, and left for collection and towing back to the factory-vessel when six or seven have been secured.

At the factory-ship each carcase is hauled up through the stern slipway on to the flat deck and cut up. Whaling is all done south of 60° S., where in the early Antarctic summer the whales migrate and grow fat, laying up supplies of reserve food and protection against winter cold by means of the thick, fatty underskin of blubber. We hunt them at this time during their stay in what the whalemen call the South Ice Sea all along the fringe of the Polar ice-cap.

The blubber has to be cut into strips and peeled off by gangs of men, a process known as 'flensing',

which is performed with long curved knives on poles. The pieces of blubber are then fed through 'hoppers' into the boiling and refining plant. Each factory-vessel is really a floating factory, where a crew of 400 or so deal with the tons of oil, purifying and storing it in tanks; processing or dehydrating the steaks of whale meat (said to taste like veal, and not at all fishy), or converting the waste matter and the crushed bones into a valuable agricultural fertiliser. Every portion of the whale is used, and a skilled crew can dispose of each enormous steaming carcase in two or three hours.

Among the vessels now being used are two, the Empire Venturer, and the large Empire Victory, which were formerly German ships. But the pride of the fleet are the new British-built ships, like the Southern Venturer, and the Norhval, marvels of modern marine engineering. These are equipped with the last word in oil-refining apparatus and storage tanks, not to mention radar apparatus for the detection of dangerous fog-hidden icebergs, and ex-Fleet Air Arm Walruses piloted by ex-Navy pilots as spotters. Some of the catchers also have asdic apparatus for the underwater detection of the whales. The latest achievements in radio are now also being used to the full in order to maintain constant contact both with the bases in Europe and the fleet of catchers scouring the seas for miles around.

Whilst everything must be done, by means of controlled whaling, to secure the maximum preservation for future use of the whale stocks, the immediate need is the replenishment of world stocks of edible oils. This hangs on the outcome of the present campaign.

### WHALING RESTRICTIONS

THE International Convention for the restriction of whaling to prevent the gradual exhaustion of whales was last amended in 1937. Post-war conditions—in particular the disappearance of the large German fleet—call for changes in the old convention. The United States of America have therefore invited 20 nations to Washington to discuss necessary amendments. The present regulations which restrict catches to 16,000 whales apply only to the 1946-47 season. Norway is known to be opposed to any raising of this limit; for Norway, whaling is not merely a source of fats, it is one of the important industries of the country. A number of countries, now short of fats, are taking up whaling or preparing to do so in future seasons. Holland is the first newcomer; the United States of America may also claim a share; and the construction of a whaling fleet for Australia is already well advanced. The Ministry of Food has contracted with United Whalers Limited for the purchase of the 1946-47 production of whale oil and for up to 4,000 tons of sperm oil at £,67 10s. per ton and £,80 per ton respectively. The present controlled price of £99 per ton for whale oil reflects strongly the extreme shortage of fats, when compared with the highest price of £16 10s. in 1939 and the average price of £51 10s. in 1945. Economist

# AN ENQUIRY INTO THE AMERICAN PRESS

# DAVID LISTER

The British reader, confronted with a selection of American newspapers, may well decline the task of forming a clear picture of American opinion from those vast, excited acres of newsprint. Before he either sympathises with the American or envies his mental digestion, he should remember that few Americans normally see, much less read, this stupefying variety of newspapers. Though a few have national reputations, none of them is national in the sense that the Daily Express and Daily Herald are here. Not one has a nation-wide popular circulation. The local paper, although it is becoming increasingly subject to the control of nation-wide syndicates, is still the typical American newspaper.

Like many other institutions, the American newspaper grew up with the communities it had to serve. In the pioneering age the would-be editor went West, staking his claim in a new community as it was formed. The pioneer newspaper, its editor often also reporter, typesetter, printer, newsboy and defender in battle, was a highly individualistic affair. With poor communications most of the news had to be local news and gossip, and this usually suited its readers. No local fact escaped the editorial eye and all was food for a trenchant pen. Education did not make a suitable editor for such a paper. Determination, forthrightness, an adventurous spirit and a strong fist were even more necessary. These conditions nurtured two qualities in the American pressplain speaking and a parochial outlook.

As communities grew into townships, the possession of a local newspaper became a necessary distinction, followed eventually by the added distinction of a rival paper. Life grew easier and there was time for politics. Editors chose sides and entered into fearless political battle, cheered by their citizen supporters. But upon one matter the most implacable antagonists spoke with one voice. 'Hometown'—let none dare doubt it—was the jewel of America. What was Broadway compared with Main Street? Thus, in their heyday, they reciprocated popular support.

For all its vigour, the small-town newspaper was rarely prosperous and often its owner was driven to bartering his advertisement space with the local butcher and baker. Offers of financial support from political parties or some other pressure group were usually too tempting to be



HEARST linked himself with Taninany Hall. But 'Boss' Murphy did not want him as Governor of New York. Here he stands as Independent (1906)

ignored. Without support the Hometown Stanhad probably styled itself 'a democratic newspaper' or 'a republican newspaper'. Why not, then, have the support: So began that era of political control, one result of which has been the extreme partiality of many American newspapers. The control of newspapers by political parties is no bad thing in a democratic community for, if the parties enjoy popular support, such newspapers will reflect the principles of some of their readers. Of course, corruption in the parties will have its bad effect, but such control is, at least, overt and recognisable. Less desirable allegiances were to bind large sections of the press.

The invention of 'Boiler Plate' did much to destroy the individuality of local papers. 'Boiler Plate', consisting of ready-cast pages or columns of newspaper material, was a financial boon to the small editor. About a quarter of its space contained advertising, which more than covered its cost. The editor got it free. Presently, numbers of small-town papers, inside individual front and back pages, were filled with this standardised, prefabricated stuff, and a national press was

provided for advertisers. The 'Boiler Plate' syndicate's customers were the advertisers, not the editors or the public. Naturally, it contained nothing offensive to commercial interests.

From 'Boiler Plate' it was but a step further to the purchase and complete control of newspapers by financial syndicates. The standardisation of life in other respects hastened this development. Newspaper readers demanded papers like the big city dailies, and the local journalist became more and more a local agent. Policy was dictated by the syndicate, news provided by news agencies owned or controlled by the syndicate, and the local editor's job became one of seeing that what was sent was published, and of feeding his quota of news into the Agency machine.

# THE SYNDICATE-OWNED JOURNAL

With one syndicate paper in the town, the life of the locally-owned rival became precarious. The syndicate-owned journal had all the advantages. It could afford expensive machinery; it had the exclusive use of world-wide news services. Politically, it was more cautious, and therefore less likely to find its patrons exclusively in the ranks of one party. Amalgamations became the rule. The Hometown Star became the Hometown Star-Telegram and called itself 'an independent newspaper'. Not surprisingly, newspapers—except in the South—came to reflect increasingly the political thoughts of Big Business, to identify themselves—whatever their formal allegiance—with the Republican Party.

It is interesting to note how, as newspaper chains have developed, the claims to political independence have grown. In a survey of 1,801 newspapers made by the Editor and Publisher in 1936, 792 papers called themselves Independent and 364 Independent Republican or Democratic; 316 confessed themselves Republican; 328 Democratic and one Socialist-Labour. A survey in 1899 revealed the following division: 397 Independent, 94 Independent Republican or Democratic, 505 Republican, and 434 Democratic. This political coyness is, perhaps, not unconnected with the certain fact that the political influence of the American press has declined. Never was this more forcibly illustrated than by the results of the Presidential elections of 1932 and 1936. On the second occasion, over 1,200 dailies out of a total of 1,950-792 of which called themselves Independent and 328 Democratic—urged the election of the Republican candidate; despite which chorus of advice, President Roosevelt was retained in the White House. This rebuff caused William Allen White, whose fight to preserve the integrity of his paper, the Kansas City Star,

is one of the brightest pages in American journalism, to exclaim, 'I am not sure that the press ever had any political influence, but I am sure that it has none now.'

That king of newspaper-chain owners, William Randolph Hearst, had shown himself aware of this in 1924. Asked if the influence of the American press was declining, he said that, in his opinion, it was, 'because so many of our newspapers are owned or influenced by reactionary interests and predatory corporations and are used selfishly to promote the welfare of these interests rather than the welfare of the public.' That may be taken as authoritative. He should know.

This decline of influence is the one assurance that the American public is not satisfied with the press as it is and that, unless its whole task is to be interpreted as one of amusement, a reaction will eventually set in. In fact, that reaction has started and there are to be found among American journalists and newspaper proprietors men who have a more adequate conception of the newspapers' function in a democratic community. Such strongholds as that of the ranting, polemical, isolationist Chicago Tribune are falling slowly to new, liberal papers like the Chicago Sun.

Another chain boss, Mr. E. W. Scripps, has said, 'Our business is to get an audience. Whatever else it is, our newspaper must be excessively interesting; not to the good, wise man and the pure in spirit, but to the great mass of sordid, squalid humanity. Humanity is vulgar, so we must be vulgar; it is coarse, so we must not be refined; it is passionate, therefore the blood that runs in our veins must be warm.'

Mr. Hearst also has his formula, terse, unambiguous and revealing: 'Get news. Get it first. Spare no expense. Make a great continuous noise to attract readers. Denounce crooked wealth and promise better conditions to the poor to keep readers. Increase circulation!'

These are the conceptions that may have made the American press a great entertainer. They have certainly gone a long way towards destroying its political influence.

On 25 September, 1690, in introducing Publick Occurrences, the first American newspaper, its editor, Benjamin Harris, wrote: 'It is designed that the country shall be furnished once a month (or, if any Glut of Occurrences happen, oftener) with an account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our notice.' The Glut of Occurrences has long since arrived. It may be necessary, sooner or later, to start again at the beginning and discover in that modest editorial the right approach for a journalist who would sustain, as well as proclaim, a free press.

# SHOULD FOOTBALL POOLS BE STOPPED?

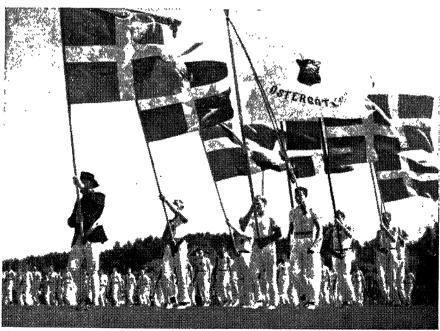
# VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH

CRICKET is generally regarded as our national game. This may be so, yet it is a fact that, whereas followers of cricket can be numbered in thousands, football enthusiasts have to be reckoned in millions. Nearly all of the former are genume lovers of a great game, but among the latter are an increasing number whose sole interest is the hope of winning a prize in a football pool.

Whatever the anti-gamblers may have to say, the pools are now an established feature of our national life. There will always be an element in the nation bitterly opposed to the spirit of gambling; however, this spirit pervades the majority of the people in some form or other. Like everything else if carried to excess, it brings disaster in its train. There are some who regard the Stock Exchange as a form of Casino; others who would not contemplate an Atlantic crossing without a gamble on the ship's daily run, but by and large

the Englishman indulges in an occasional sporting venture rather than a reckless gamble. Those who would openly advocate a total ban on gambling are few in number. When I was a new M.P. in the early nineteen-thirties, the National Government proposed passing legislation which aimed at doing away with football pools. It was suggested to the Home Secretary, who was to be in charge of the Bill, that before it was finally drafted he might like to hear the views of backbench Members. This he consented to do, and in due course he attended a large gathering in the principal committee room. Within a few minutes the proposed Bill was killed stone dead, and football pools have expanded to a truly remarkable degree. No Government would dare to abolish what is now an established and popular institution.

The pools provide gambling in its least harmful form. It is difficult to lose much money, and there



Are we too proud to learn from Sweden? There, profits from pools are used to equip gymnasia

are many prizes to be won. Working-class households are not ruined by excesses in football pools. It is an interesting occupation filling in the coupons, and provides something to look forward to each week. But what makes the greatest appeal to all sportsmen is that this form of betting can have no possible effect on results. It cannot lead to crooked play. Before now betting has been known to lead to the pulling of horses, foul riding and other nefarious devices on the racecourse, while boxers have at times not given of their best in the ring to assist the dishonest gambling fraternity. But it would need a very optimistic and, indeed, wealthy punter to set out to bribe several entire teams to secure a correct solution. Further, the pools system is an asset to the Treasury because, through stamps and postal orders, etc., it brings in a not inconsiderable revenue. But-and it is a big but—though the pools are entirely dependent upon Association Football, no benefit whatsoever accrues to the game or to the players.

### VAST PROFITS

Vast profits were made by the promoters in pre-war days, and now that football is resuming on a normal footing, tremendous efforts are being made to extend the field of operations. It is mevitable that certain pools will be promoted which, like the unauthorised greyhound tracks, will not be in the public interest. It is essential that the Government should set up a Commission forthwith to inquire into the whole question. I believe that only the Government can put football pool betting on a sound basis, and there should be no difficulty about it. The Government already recognises betting. Mr. Churchill introduced a measure to raise revenue by taxing racecourse betting, but owing to the difficulties of collection, it proved a failure. There is also the Racecourse and Betting Control Board which controls the totalisators. The Government could set up a similar body—a Pools Board—which would only issue a licence to firms or individuals who were prepared to conform to certain regulations.

However, I am of the opinion that the best course would be for the Football League to take the initiative and approach the Government with a view to running the pools themselves. I should like to see all other pools illegal, for the simple reason that, under the existing system, all profits go to the private promoters, whereas, under the new management, all benefits would be devoted to the good of the game and the welfare of the players.

The Football League should appoint a Pools Board; it would have added to it representatives of the Treasury and the terms of the financial agreement would be decided by the Government. A standard revenue, as in the agreement with the Railways, should be allotted to the Football League for distribution; the surplus would be retained by the Treasury which, with the revenue already accruing from the Post Office, would find itself in possession of a useful annual sum. Unlike the racecourse betting tax, there would be no difficulties in the way of collection.

# CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND CONTROL

In the first year, or perhaps years, standard revenue should be abnormally high to assist clubs in clearing off the millstone of debt. No doubt some of this may have been caused by extravagance or mismanagement, but the bulk of it has been the result of circumstances beyond the control of individual clubs. Great damage has been done at many grounds, and expensive repairs are needed, not merely to restore, but to bring the stands to the level now required for public safety. After six years of war many players are past their best and are due for retirement. Six years is a very long time in an athlete's life, and they have foregone benefits. However, with this extra source of revenue, a new future lies before Association Football. The case of each club would be examined on its merits by the Board and its share determined accordingly. Clubs will receive aid which will enable them to provide the proper facilities for spectators which our winter climate demands. The uncertainty which prevents a boy from adopting football as a profession, and which haunts him during and after his playing career, will be largely determined. There will be facilities for training him for another occupation when his active days are over, and for pension schemes, so that a man whose skill has delighted thousands shall never go in need. With increased opportunities for spotting talent and developing nurseries, more boys will be drawn to the game. Many a player has had his career cut short at the height of his powers by injury; Insurance Companies have little use for footballers, but the extra money from the pools will banish this fear for ever from the minds of players.

This is not the time to discuss the question of transfer fees. I cannot, however, find much to admire in a system in which large sums of money change hands but in which, as under the existing pools, the players derive no advantage at all. Further, in the question of remuneration I fail to see why the stars of the football world should not receive a payment in proportion to their value in the eyes of the public. Those who gain international status should certainly receive a sub-

stantial bonus from the pool funds.

The Government would do well to note what has been happening in Sweden. Pools are operated by the State upon matches played in the English League and Cup, and in a few years the profits are reported to have been not far short of ten million pounds. This is an incredible sum for a country whose total population is less than London. The money was spent in equipping playing fields, gymnasia, swimming pools-in general, for promoting a higher standard of physical fitness for, probably, the healthiest nation in Europe. After six years of privation and short rations, the children and the youth of this country want building up as never before. Here is the chance. Or are we too proud to take a lesson from Sweden?

The Government have made it known that they are considering the advisability of an inquiry into the press. This is a question which is certain to rouse acute controversy. But an inquiry into the many problems arising out of football pools would be welcomed by everyone, except those promoters whose main object is to exploit the public. If the promoters do not take steps immediately to put their house in order, then the

Government will be compelled by public pressure to intervene. A commission should be set up immediately. I can think of no one more fitted to act as Chairman than Sir Noel Curtis Bennett, who has done so much for organised recreation, the playing fields, and sport in general. The assistance, too, of Sir Frederick Sykes would be invaluable, in view of his experience of the Miners' Welfare Commission.

I have myself never filled in a coupon. As the late Chairman of a famous London football club, I have been opposed to the pools in my official capacity. Yet I have realised that pools are here to stay-and that it is an anomaly that the game which alone makes them possible should derive no benefit. Last year Unity Pools offered the League £,100,000 as a gift in return for their co-operation. The League, rightly in my view, turned it down. The League itself, or some other semi-independent body, should be licensed by the Government to take over and manage all pool betting connected with football. Thus a great new future will be opened up for the campaign for physical fitness, for the game of Association Football—and, above all, for the players.

#### HARRY WRAGG, PLEASE NOTE!

I know nothing about the technique of horse-racing, and there may be subtle reasons, or prosaic ones, such as not desiring to break the horses' legs, why jockeys should not let their horses go too fast downhill. If, however, they were human and not equine runners, I should certainly say go faster downhill and slower uphill; at a guess, but I have not tried to work it out, I should say let them exert total energy at the same rate throughout the race. They would require less energy to run at the same rate downhill and more energy to run at the same rate uphill; so at a constant rate of energy expenditure they should go faster downhill and slower up.

For running on the flat the results of all physiological experiments allowed one to predict (and I did so predict a good many years ago) that the best times would be done by running at a uniform speed throughout a race. The energy spent in running a given distance increases as some power of the speed, so that you gain less during the time you go slow than you lose during the time you go fast. Running downhill is exactly like running with a following wind: the hill provides some of the energy to overcome air resistance, the following wind reduces the air resistance.

I wrote a paper on 'The Air Resistance to a Runner'; Best and Partridge wrote one on 'The Equation of Motion of a Runner Exerting a Maximum Effort'. Both these papers have a bearing on the same problem. Another paper on the same topic is that by Sargent on 'The Relation between Oxygen Requirement and Speed in Running'.

Letter in Nature

# Plus ça change

#### JIILIAN TREVELYAN

It is increasingly difficult these days not to get involved in fruitless discussions on Modern Art. I constantly find myself defending contemporary painters against charges of obscurity, flippancy, and general moral wickedness, for it is evident that in many people there is a tremendous amount of pent-up resentment against painters and what they are supposed to be doing at the moment. Consider only the great Picasso controversy that became the talking point in every bar and railway carriage a year ago. Everyone had an opinion, even those who had not seen the pictures, and nearly everyone felt that there was something morally wrong with the work of the great Spaniard that they found so hard to understand. As a painter myself, I too have opinions—strong and prejudiced, maybe—on these issues, and I must be excused if I seem to be airing some of them here. But criticism, when it is concerned solely with a search for the truth, is apt to become a bore, and I can only hope that, when thought of as a sort of running commentary, it may be less unbearable.

Briefly, then, the purpose of this article and of the comparisons that follow is to demonstrate that the impulse behind art, and the problems that face the painter, change hardly at all throughout history. The language in which they are expressed develops, and in fact provides the mirror in which we see the thoughts and obsessions of other ages, but the ideas that compel serious painters to paint, and indeed many of the outward forms through which these ideas are expressed, remain unchanged.

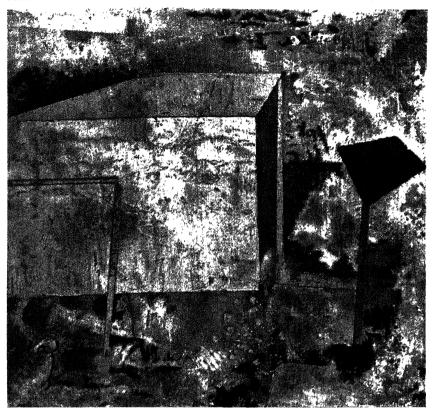
Turn, for instance, to the first contrast on page 50. Here I have juxtaposed a detail from Mantegna's Agony in the Garden and a now-famous drawing by Henry Moore of Sleeping Women in the Underground, executed under the War Artists' Scheme in 1940. In both, sleep is the predominant

obsession. In actual fact sleep is a physical state, invisible and passive, but both artists have made of it something solid and tangible, a substance that one feels could almost be cut with a knife. The air around the figures is pregnant with it. Memories are evoked of the eerie sensation so often felt in the Underground during the war, of being among sleeping, snoring men and women, each held in a separate and private web of dreams of his or her own making.

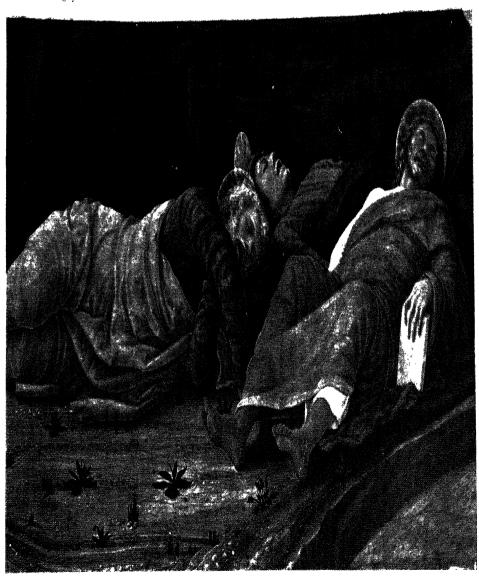
But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with painting? Why this sentimental effusion about the incidental illustrative similarities of two quite different pictures? It is here that I must become personal. My own appreciation of pictures is conditioned by my own experience of having tried to paint them, and I know instinctively the balance that I have found necessary between the original idea and the outward form of the canvas. Bitter experience has taught me that unless I start a picture with a strong idea—a 'message' one might almost call it, though of course not a moral message but one that in my case is nearly always related to some visual aspect of the exterior world—unless I have such a fundamental idea before I start and remain true to it throughout the development of the picture, the final result, I find, will be diffuse and meaningless, and the picture will not 'get across'.

In both the pictures about which we are speaking, the fundamental conception is sleep, though one must remember that the Mantegna is a fragment of a larger picture in which the active figure of Christ is contrasted with the passive forms of the sleepers and of the arid and primordial geological landscape. Both artists have made use of the same devices to give invisible sleep a tangible and visible form; thus both have emphasised the snoring nostrils of the sleepers, the heavy

PAUL KLEE 'Red Houses' By courtesy of Leftere Gallery



'Somehow the dynamics of the tiny canvas are just right'



Two pictures whose motif is sleep. In Mantegna's picture the active figure of Christ is contrasted with the sleepers

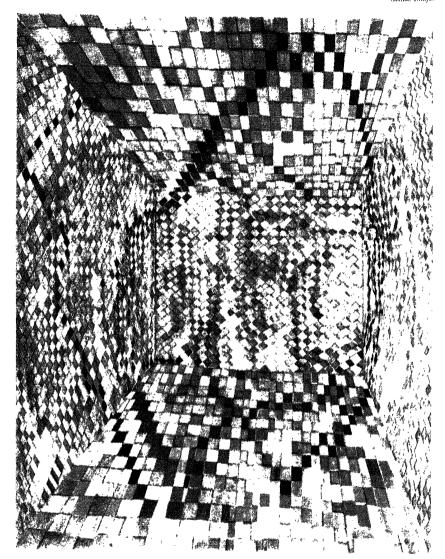


Both artists have used the same devices to give invisible sleep a visible for



The designs are similar. But Crivelli painted in the hopeful days  $\ensuremath{\text{\circ}}$ 

VIERA DA SYLVA 'Tiled room'



A picture by the Portuguese woman painter. It is a 'pictorial fugue'



An essay in tragi-comedy

relaxed forms and pendant hands, and both have made use of foreshortening to add grandeur and dignity to the scene. Such a striking similarity is no mere coincidence, but a proof that both artists have completely subordinated the execution of their pictures to the original idea or subject, which, in this case, is of such force that it has led them to use almost identical means with which to express it.

#### CRIVELLI AND CHIRICO

The next comparison is between the Annunciation of Crivelli from the National Gallery and a picture painted by the Italian Surrealist, Chirico, about 1913. Here the differences are more important than the similarities. Both share the same composition; in both emphasis is on perspective and the receding architectural colonnades. But whereas the Crivelli was painted during a flourishing moment of the Renaissance, when life seemed rich with new possibilities and discoveries, the Chirico is the product of a century during which the world has gone awry, and Chirico, like other Surrealists, seems to me to be unconsciously expressing an almost prophetic disquiet—an eerie silence before the storm.

The architecture of the Crivelli is in its first glory, the rich decoration unweathered and intact. In the distance a grandiose arch over which elegant people are strolling and talking, and a peep of an outside world peopled with green trees and birds. The main subject of the picture, the Annunciation of the Virgin, which takes place across the principal axis of the picture, is in contrast to the complete indifference of the various 'crowd' elements who, from the peacock to the passing angel, clearly don't know what is going on, though the little girl on the extreme left may have a suspicion. As if to emphasise the careless abundance and richness of this fairy-tale world, an apple and a cucumber-both symbols of concupiscence—lie, casually dropped by passersby, in the foreground.

In Chirico's world the corners have all been knocked off the colonnades and only the gaunt structure remains. It reminds us of the sight so familiar to us now, though Chirico cannot have known it when the picture was painted, of a oncebusy shopping centre deserted and useless after a bombardment.

In the background, instead of trees and triumphal arches, an archaic shunting engine moves slowly behind a forbidding brick wall and in front of a gaunt station building on which the clock seems to have stopped eternally at 2 a.m. This building is surmounted by little flags that blow restlessly in the cold wind. Nowhere is there a suggestion of

any living thing; all is sinister shadow with here and there a few wood shavings blowing about in the empty street. Such is Chirico's view of the melancholy world in which we now live; the fact that it was painted thirty-three years ago only indicates what unconscious prophets painters are, sensitive as they must be, like animals before a storm, to the changing currents of human affairs. In fact, the comparison amply illustrates the huge part that history and environment play in directing the creative efforts of artists.

#### TURNER AND DA SYLVA

The third contrast is between a very well-known picture by Turner, painted in his later manner, *Interior at Petworth*, and a picture by a Portuguese woman, Viera da Sylva, whose work is hardly known at all in this country. Both in a sense are 'freak' pictures in that nothing before or after has ever been painted quite like them, and both repay a better acquaintance. Some pictures seem to empty thenselves at once of everything they have to say the first moment they are seen, while others may create a bewildering impression at first, to which a closer study brings order and meaning. Of this last kind are these two works.

Turner's Interior at Petworth is an envelope of light. It has all the beauty of a half-empty room with the sun streaming on a few pieces of furniture under dust-sheets; yet the closer one looks at it, the more filled the space seems to be with people, furniture, and various amorphous objects. One is reminded of waking up in the morning in a strange room, and in the half light puzzling to decipher the odd forms and shapes in dark corners. Are those chickens feeding on the carpet under the grand piano? And are those statues on the left of the window? Heaven alone knows, and in this case it doesn't really matter; for it is a picture of something else really, a picture of paint that has become light, prismatic, dusty, and articulated, as only Turner knew how to paint.

Viera da Sylva's picture represents also an empty room, tiled walls, ceiling, and floor with various coloured squares, the idea, I believe, being suggested by a fondness for Portuguese interiors which are often partly lined with brightly coloured tiles. But here the analogy ceases. Instead of an envelope of light, we are shown a precise and exact arrangement of brightly coloured squares. Moreover, the patterns these squares create are as carefully considered as the intricacies of a Bach fugue. In fact, a pictorial fugue is as good a description of this picture as any. One's eye follows various themes—the green theme, the red theme, the blue

theme, the yellow theme. Each has its own separate existence, and yet each is interwoven with the others to create a counterpoint of colour and form. In some ways it is the purest painting that has ever existed, pure and as complex as music which is 'about' nothing but its own self.

The optical effect that the da Sylva produces is always fresh. I have seen it for many years now, and know most of its corners, but I still find new subtleties. The back of the room, for instance, that is for the most part subdued in tone, is a mass of constantly shifting forms, depending on the slightest differences of tonality. At one moment it seems as if the room is full of moving figures and furniture; at another doors seem to open to reveal distant vistas. Such ambiguities add richness to the picture. It is the product of an obsession and was hammered out with much toil and many changes till it arrived at its final shape. In this respect, it is unlike many other contemporary abstract paintings which seem reasoned assertions of formal relationships made in a far more deliberate way.

#### PERSONALITY

Personality, as picture dealers are only too aware, plays a large part in the creation of works of art. To do something as no one else could do it, is even more the aim of every artist today than at any time in history; a price is put on individuality such as has never been paid before. Yet, taking all this into account, it is astonishing how few real personalities our age has produced. Picasso, Braque, Bonnard, Rouault, Chagall, Klee, and a few more, and we have named all the poles or azimuths between which can be charted the position of almost any living artist. It is perhaps inevitable, after a period of unparalleled artistic expansion in the first quarter of the century, that those who started first should go farthest. Yet the fact remains that some of the most original giants of painting are very old and, when they are gone, there is no one very evident to take their place. Rouault, whose tragi-comic Head of Clown appears on page 56, is one, and Paul Klee, who recently died, another.

Klee seems to me to have gone further in the realm of pure fantasy than any other painter whose work I know. He is at the same time the wilful child and the sophisticated pedant. During his life he produced numerous drawings and water colours and a few oils, few much bigger than a sheet of notepaper. Yet many have become famous, and in the memory assume the proportions of large canvases, and it comes as a shock to see them again and to realise their modest proportions. The picture on page 49 is a small

canvas, and, as can be seen, only the simplest forms are used. Yet somehow the dynamics of the tiny canvas are just right, the areas of flat colour become animated and the fluid background is seen as a rich and mysterious landscape setting. He is, in fact, relying on the subtle power of suggestion. I do not mean that in this he is in any way unique; all painting is a combination of suggestion and statement, but his use of suggestion is extremely subtle and it achieves effects with the simplest of means.

I have chosen as a sort of contrast to Klee a picture by Giovanni di Paolo, St. John (the Baptist) entering the Wilderness, recently acquired by the National Gallery. Giovanni di Paolo seems to me to be a sort of fifteenth-century Paul Klee. He lived and worked in Siena which, at that time, was the home of a species of mystical eclecticism in contrast to the more robust and material school of painting that was flourishing in Florence. But even among the subjective and spiritualised works of his contemporaries, his stand out in just the same way as the paintings of some odd boy or girl, at a school exhibition, who has become the victim of some strange obsession or self-inflicted mannerism. The wilful way in which Giovanni imposes the criss-cross chequer-board fields, a favourite device of his, on to the stony landscape is quite typical. So, too, is the childish discrepancy of size between the buildings, and the curious archaic convention of beak-shaped rocks. At a time when perspective and space composition were engrossing most Italian painters, Giovanni was busy twisting mediæval mannerisms to his own strange vision.

I find I have several times used the word 'obsession', a term which in human affairs is usually employed in a pejorative sense. In painting, however, it is often impossible to start the wheels moving of that strange process, artistic creation, without the motive force of some strong obsession. Most painters have been in some way crazy, filled with an idea that at all costs they must 'put across'. It is well to remember this whenever we are tempted to dismiss any particular kind of contemporary painting as the deliberate cult of the irrational. So-called academic painting will probably always be produced, but seen in the perspective of history, it becomes the claptrap that clutters up the back rooms of provincial museums. To many ordinary people it is the only form of painting that exists, which explains why they rapidly form a skin against Art with a capital A. Only by a continual revaluation of the art of the past in the light of contemporary problems can we keep it as a vital part of our lives and as a constant source of refreshment.

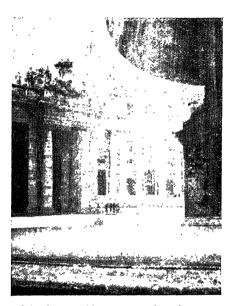
# IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS AND ROME

#### TERENCE KILMARTIN



It is astonishing the facility and self-confidence with which so many journalists produce their plausible and well-rounded appreciations of foreign countries after visits of often not more than a week or two. Myself, after a short trip to Paris and Rome, I can do no more than record a few personal impressions and opinions, and I do so with all humility, knowing how unreliable and misleading such tentative and superficial observations are liable to be. To venture to offer an authoritative account of contemporary France and Italy on the basis of a brief sojourn in their respective capitals would be presumptuous as well as vain.

My impressions of Paris were inevitably conditioned by memories of a previous visit in the autumn of 1944. Pleasurable surprise at the extent of the material improvements was soon to be followed by disappointment and disquiet at the evidence of the growth of spiritual and moral confusion reflected in the desperate political malaise. Paris seemed to have 'returned to normal' in a double sense. On the one hand, of the chaos



of the first post-liberation months, when transport, apart from the Métro (and only half the stations were open) was practically non-existent, when food supplies were desperately scarce and a mere handful of (Black Market) restaurants were open, when gas and electricity were severely rationed and coal was almost unobtainable-of all this, few outward signs remain. The ugly, old-fashioned green autobus is back on the streets; the Métro is now running as before the war; taxis are available at fairly reasonable prices; and in spite of a monthly petrol ration of only twenty litres (four to five gallons), everyone who possesses a car seems to run it pretty regularly. As for the food situation-it is generally admitted that no real shortage now exists, and that if supplies were more equitably distributed and prices controlled, nobody need go hungry.

On the other hand, there has been a political 'return to normal' which is sadly disillusioning—a return to the disunity, the venality and opportunism, and the consequent frustration which characterised the last years of the Third Republic.

The unity born of the Resistance, which seemed to promise so much, has proved itself ephemeral and factitious; the new spirit of regeneration and hope, so widespread two years ago, has died or been stifled by the revival of old quarrels, the emergence of new ones, and the insidious survival of the corrupting influence of Vichy and of four years of Nazi occupation.

It is easy, of course, to exaggerate the importance of this aspect of the contemporary French situation. A foreign visitor, ignorant of France, who arrived in Paris during the period between the October referendum and the elections of 10 November, and studied the Parisian press-in which politicians and publicists vied with one another in a virulent campaign of mutual abuse and recrimination, and day after day new scandals were revealed, involving such important national figures as ex-Prime Minister Gouinsuch a visitor could hardly be blamed for coming to the conclusion that France was hopelessly corrupt, disumted and decadent. And this is indeed the verdict of many Englishmen. But they should remember that something of the same sort might well have been said of England during the 1945 election campaign. French and British methods in the sphere of political polemic differ only in degree not in kind. The French are more uncompromising; they do not believe in pulling their punches; and they have a passion for washing their dirty linen in public. In this country scandals are rarely ventilated in public; English pudeur and the laws of libel preclude it. The French suffer from no such inhibitions, and the revelation of scandals is part of their electioneering game.

#### THE MIRE OF POLITICS

In politics more than anything else, the French suffer from the defects of their qualities: extreme individualism and mental fertility make for selfishness on the one hand and discord and fractiousness on the other. Perhaps it is the consciousness of this and the yearning for order and unison which make so many Frenchmen vote for the Communists, the most disciplined and single-minded of the political parties, and which may cause many others to turn towards the man who holds himself aloof from the petty strife of party politics and claims to represent a strong, united and resurgent France.

'En France,' wrote François Mauriac during the election campaign, 'la politique—c'est de la boue remuée'—it stirs up, one might say, quoting a phrase of Yeats, 'the fury and the mire of human veins'. Yet, as a leader-writer in another newspaper, the excellent independent daily, Combat, observed: 'France, in spite of all, does not

deserve the opprobrium which so many Frenchmen revel in heaping upon her.' And, indeed, the results achieved in the field of reconstruction and economic recovery are by no means negligible. The restoration of the railway services, for example, seems nothing less than miraculous to one who saw the condition they were in after the battles of 1944; and it is not often recognised that France's coal mines are now producing fifteen per cent more coal than before the war.

#### INTELLECTUAL LIFE

There is much, too, that is impressive and encouraging in the intellectual life of France. Paris is rapidly regaining its position as the cultural centre of the world. In literature, music and painting there is no lack of vitality. Some admirable new films have recently appeared, notably the exquisite Symphonie Pastorale and the (to me disappointing) Cocteau production, La Belle et la Bête. As in London, there is a boom in the theatre, though in Paris the standard is higher. The number of English and American pieces reflects a change, which can be seen in other spheres as well, from the traditional French insularity in these matters. Three of Shakespeare's plays were running in Paris in November, notably Jean-Louis Barrault's brilliant and intelligently-acted production of Hamlet at the Marigny theatre. I missed the two new plays of M. Sartre—La Putain Respectueuse and Morts Sans Sépulture—which appear to have aroused considerable controversy and have for various reasons outraged the susceptibilities of the puritans, the Americans and the Résistance. Existentialism, by the way, has fortunately lost some of its novelty and fashionableness, but remains a potent force in contemporary French thought.

Yet, in spite of these signs of recovery in various spheres, one cannot in Paris avoid being obsessed with a vague feeling of disquiet owing to the dangers and perplexities of the political scene. Hopes that the November elections, marking the end of the provisional régime, might bring some clarification and relief, have been sadly though not unexpectedly deceived. If the situation has changed at all, it has changed for the worse. Before the elections, if there was one thing on which Frenchmen of all parties were unanimous, it was the necessity for putting an end to 'tripartitism'; but there was little real conviction behind the phrase one read and heard so often: 'Le Tripartisme est mort'—it smacked of wishfulfilment. Only a decisive swing either to the Right or to the Left would have made such a change possible. The minor though significant

moves in both directions have merely added further complications to an already sufficiently chaotic situation.

Everyone agrees on the urgent necessity of a stable, homogeneous government able and willing to take firm and consistent action to deal with the critical financial position and the muddles and maladministration in the sphere of ravitaillement. But the present distribution of political power makes the search for such a government more difficult than ever. 'France', wrote Jacques Bainville, 'is destined to live dangerously...' It looks as though she were in for a particularly dangerous spell during the next few years.

#### ON TO ROME

I travelled from Paris to Rome in what is known as the Simplon-Orient Express—a doubly euphemistic title, for the train goes south not east, and is painfully slow, at least after entering Italy. I stopped at Lausanne for a day and a night, for who could pass through Switzerland—this new Canaan, a haven of order, stability and plenty in a Europe divided and impoverished without halting awhile? And who would not stay longer, were it not for the call of Rome? It was pleasant to be able to sit down with an easy conscience to a rich, well-cooked meal; it was strange and gratifying when, entering a shop to buy cigarettes with that half-apologetic air which has become de rigueur in England, one was offered any quantity and every brand from Player's (at 1s. 5d. a packet) to Lucky Strike; and it was delightful to be treated everywhere with old-world courtesy. The comfort, the freshness, the ease of life in this happy country are inexpressibly alluring to the austerity-ridden stranger. The colour and brightness dazzle and enchant: I never thought that Neon lights could look so beautiful.

'Switzerland is wise,' the Italian steward said to me later on the train, when I remarked upon the disproportionate value of the Swiss franc as compared with the pound sterling, in relation to the *lira*. 'She keeps out of wars. We should do well to follow her example, especially,' he added, with that engaging candour so characteristic of the Italians, 'after the fools we made of ourselves in the late war.'

The journey Romewards, if unduly slow, was not unpleasant, though the Italian lakes were shrouded in mist and the plain of Lombardy bore the traces of recent snowfalls (a rare phenomenon in late October). Milan, the only major stopping-place, has the ugliest railway station in Europe and one of the ugliest cathedrals.

After the grey austere elegance of Paris, the warmth and colour of Rome were to me its most immediately striking features. But if 'elegant' is the epithet which comes to mind when thinking of the French capital, 'grandiose' is that which would most appropriately apply to Rome. In its architecture, it is the Baroque which first predominates, and the effect is one of size, of unrestrained splendour, of luxuriant ornamentation -Bernini and Borromini are the characteristic names. But the glories of the High Renaissance, though less obvious and spectacular, are more impressive, and one turns with relief from the extravagant baroque facades to the nobler achievements of Michelangelo, Bramante and Raphael.

Eternal City'—the phrase is no idle cliché, for in Rome every age from B.C. upwards seems to have met and mingled in a curiously nonchalant harmony. The most outlandish juxtapositions appear natural and right; nothing jars, nothing seems out of place—neither the traincars nor the jeeps (the American Army is still very much in evidence)—nor even, though this is more doubtful, the huge white mass of the Victor Emmanuel

Nevertheless, Rome was not built for the motor-car, and driving there is an alarming experience for the uninitiated. Few of the streets are equipped with pavements, and Roman urchins are among the most daring I have yet encountered. But the Roman driver, like the Parisian, knows how to use his brakes and his horn, and the resulting cacophony, added to the clanging of the traincars and the shrill exuberance of the populace, makes Rome the noisiest city in Europe.

memorial.

The foreigner who walks down the Via Nazionale in the evening (the shops are open between 4 and 8 p.m., for even in November the siesta is observed—as well it might, considering the warmth of the sun) is amazed at the variety and profusion of the goods displayed in the brightly-lit windows, and is liable to conclude that Italy's poverty is a myth. But he has only to look at the prices and compare them with the wages of the ordinary Italian to realise that this apparent abundance is really a proof of its opposite. The shops are full of goods because only a very few Italians can afford to buy themand the goods are dear because they are scarce. No attempt has been made to ration or control the price of clothes; if it were, they would simply disappear on to the Black Market, and prices would be higher still.

The food position is equally deceptive. Here there is indeed a rationing system in force, but it affects only bread, pasta, and a few other basic commodities such as sugar and oil; and the quantities involved, except in the case of bread, are pitifully inadequate. To supplement these rations, which cover about ten or twelve per cent of a reasonably nourishing diet, is beyond the purse of the average Italian, with wages as they are at present. An unskilled worker earns 1800–2000 lire a week (about £2), which is not nearly enough for him to feed himself, let alone his wife and probably numerous children (Italian mothers are notoriously prolific). And as for clothing, it is sufficient to note that one pair of shoes would cost him from two to three weeks' pay.

#### WHEN UNRRA GOES ....

English people who stay with rich Italian friends or frequent expensive Roman restaurants assume, because of the lavish meals they are offered, that the Italian people as a whole must be well-fed. And oddly enough, there are some Italians who encourage this impression, presumably in order to salve their consciences. A newspaper proprietor with whom I dined one evening told me, in answer to my inquiries about living conditions in Italy, that the food problem was greatly exaggerated and that news out of Italy had been made artificially depressing in order to arouse sympathy and win help from UNRRA. When I asked how the poorer classes could afford to buy food, he explained that industrial workers were given extra rations and were generally well looked after (he forgot about the two-and-a-half million unemployed, who are not particularly well cared for) whilst others managed somehow to 'arrange themselves'.

Arrangiassi is the equivalent of the French se débrouiller and covers a multitude of more or less questionable devices for making ends meet.

There is, of course, a good deal of truth in all this, and the healthy exuberance of the Roman street children would appear to confirm it (Rome is probably more fortunate than other parts of the country). It is impossible to judge a country like Italy by English standards, basing one's conclusions on official figures of wages, rations, etc. Conditions are by no means as bad as these would lead one to believe. Yet the fact remains that great hardship exists and that many people are underfed, particularly the black-coated workers and the poorer peasants in the South. Without the help of UNRRA, there would have been widespread famine and probably twice as many unemployed as at present.

When UNRRA closes down next year, Italy faces complete economic collapse. Besides food and clothing, UNRRA has provided eighty per cent of the coal imports which have kept Italy's railways and metal industries going. Next year, all this will have to be paid for—in dollars. Unless an American loan is forthcoming, the outlook will be bleak indeed. It is then that the young Republic will have to face its first real test. It is then that the need for a strong, coherent government will make itself felt. The confusion and unrest caused by the economic crisis will tend to reinforce the extreme parties, and Italy may find herself torn between on the one hand the Communists and on the other the neo-Fascist Fronte dell' Uomo Qualunque, whose President, Signor Giannini, is a past master in the art of exploiting popular discontent.

#### PARISIAN PRUDERY

M. Jean-Paul Sartre has been in trouble with the Paris Métro authorities in connection with the advertisements in the underground stations for his new play, La Putain Respectueuse '(The Respectful Whore'). It was finally decided to replace the offending word by a series of dots, so that the name of the play will be advertised as follows:

La . . . . . Respectueuse.

Le Canard Enchaîné



#### THE MILLIONAIRE MUNIFICENT

Alfred Nobel, the Swede, whose name is familiar wherever dynamite is used as the Thor Hammer of Modern Industry, has bequeathed a sum of money, estimated at as high a figure as  $\pounds 2,000,000$ , for the purpose of encouraging scientific study, medical discovery, and the promotion of international peace.

#### THE MILLIONAIRE MONOPOLIST

Another welcome sign of the times is the scare which the Presidential Election in the United States has given to the millionaire monopolist. At first, when it was believed that Mr. McKınley had won hands down, the millionaire monopolist exalted his horn on high, and seemed for the moment as if he were Lord Paramount of the prostrate Republic. But the publication of the complete returns, which showed that Mr. Bryan had carried 22 States against Mr. McKinley's 23, that Mr. McKinley's majority was only 600,799 on a total poll of 14,000,000, and that if New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts had not voted, Mr. Bryan would have been elected by the votes in the remaining 42 States by a majority of 200,000-these things have reminded the Plutocrat that he has feet of clay.

#### THE MILLIONAIRE'S OPPORTUNITY

In England the millionaire has not yet begun to stink in the nostrils of John Bull. But it will be well if he and his class bestir themselves betimes in devising methods by which they may illustrate to their poorer neighbours the public advantage of accumulated wealth in private hands. Here, for instance, is the record year of the longest reign in British history. Why could not Barnato, or Robinson, the South African Midas, celebrate the Reign by devoting a round million to be used as premiums to stimulate the raising of local funds all over the country to secure open spaces, 'beauty spots', or ancient and famous ruins, or a permanent Victorian endowment of the people with parks and pleasaunces and resting-places? Or why should not the Rothschilds, by one bold and magnificent stroke, exorcise the latent anti-Semitic prejudice of the people by devoting a million or two to the much-needed task of putting 'our Crumbling Cathedrals' in a thorough state of repair? Or, to take another instance, why should not some other of the obscure but gold-mailed class offer a portion of his wealth as provision for the holding of an Imperial Exhibition in 1901, that would worthily commemorate the Jubilee of the first great Exhibition of 1851, and enable the Heir Apparent to show that he is no unworthy or incapable descendant of the Prince Consort?

#### THE MILLIONAIRE AN IMPERIALIST

The opening year has afforded us a welcome illustration of the fact that when the millionaire devotes his millions to the furtherance of the interests of the Empire, his services command the grateful recognition even of his opponents. The triumphal progress of Cecil Rhodes from the Central African Empire which bears his name to the capital of the Colony which he has served so faithfully as Prime Minister, has been calculated to surprise not a little those whose purblind eyes can only see in Mr. Rhodes a more fortunate exaggeration of their own sordid selves. South Africa has a much more accurate conception of the comparative magnitude of its greatest son. The majority of the white population of the Cape Colony is Dutch, not English; but the immense assemblages which greeted Mr. Rhodes wherever he appeared seem to have been as unanimous as they were enthusiastic.



'The Bible. The Secret of England's Greamess.'
[Quotation from Review of Reviews, 1897]

### SCIENCE DOUBLE SPREAD

# (3) THE NATURAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCES DR. JOHN COHEN, F.B.Ps.S.

THE rôle of the scientist in modern society is, by common consent, steadily increasing in importance. Science is still mostly understood to denote the various branches of physics, chemistry and biology, or, more generally, the study and control of 'matter' and of plant and animal life. Such studies are commonly called the 'natural sciences'.

Since the latter part of the nineteenth century, however, new fields of study have been opening up in which the scientific approach, objective, disinterested and, where possible, experimental, has been directed towards the problems of mind and society. These newer studies are usually called the 'social sciences' and include social psychology, sociology, economics and anthropology. This extension of scientific method to other fields is only an apparent novelty. More than three centuries ago Sir Francis Bacon taught us that science is essentially a method of inquiry not limited to any particular kind of subjectmatter. In fact, in the seventeenth century, when modern science began to come into its own, some of the most distinguished exponents of scientific method were what we should now call sociologists. In those days there was no distinction between the sciences of matter, on the one hand, and the science of society and mind on the other. That distinction is of recent origin and is arbitrary. Psychology, for example, is the natural science of human behaviour and is rooted in biology. Inasmuch as human behaviour always has a social context, this context must also become the subject of scientific inquiry inseparable from psychology itself.

In time the distinction between the sciences of matter and the study of society was rationalised on the ground that in the human field one could only observe and not experiment, and whilst human problems might be worthy of study, such studies did not constitute science. In fostering this notion, it seems to have been overlooked that astronomy, although admittedly a science, is not experimental. As in astronomy, so in human studies, the prediction of future events may be a substitute for experiment in the verification of theory. But in any case, experimental and human studies are not mutually exclusive. Modern develop-

ments in statistical method have made it possible to design experiments so that the material under study yields the maximum amount of information. It makes no difference whether the material consists of plots of soil subjected to different fertilisers, hospital patients given varied treatment, or school-children being taught by a variety of methods. In large measure, the unity of science in all its branches is due to the use of common statistical techniques.

It is not in method alone that the sciences are unified. The problems that present themselves for solution often require close collaboration between a number of scientists with varied training and background. Industrial or social problems generally cannot be classified according to the specialities of science, as, say, physical. chemical or biological. They are many-sided problems, often demanding an understanding of the consumer's or operator's needs and point of view as well as a knowledge of the materials and technique of production. This is true, for example, in housing, town planning, the design of machinery, equipment and vehicles, the planning of a health service, or in implementing a policy of full employment. In all these fields there is a need for co-ordinated effort on the part of experts trained in the social as in the natural sciences.

#### THE COAL FAILURE

Take the problem of coal-mining in England today. It is not just a question of mechanisation, wages, food or welfare. There are also incentives, deeply-ingrained attitudes, social class bias, and community structure to consider and these are probably pertinent to the central problems of recruitment to the mines and output of coal.

We must now ask why the scientific study of human affairs has lagged behind the sciences of the non-human environment. In part, this is due to the sheer complexity of most human problems, to the great difficulty of singling out or 'measuring' the relevant facts and interpreting them. There is also considerable resistance in many quarters to the acceptance of a scientific outlook in matters of personal or social interest. The administrator, for example, is often apt to regard the social scientist as an intruder into his own

domain. Traditionally, unaided common sense is held to be an adequate mental equipment for those holding responsible administrative posts. No one would suppose that common sense alone is enough to deal with a problem in analytical chemistry. Yet there are many who, without special training or knowledge, consider themselves competent in the management of personnel, in assessing skill or proficiency, or in arranging conditions of work. Among workers or the public there may be resistance due to ignorance, suspicion or fear. The overcoming of this resistance is part of the task of the social scientist.

There is also a resistance to the desirable changes in human habits and institutions which scientific investigation almost invariably shows to be possible. People respond much more readily to a new mode of transport or communication or to the use of a new material than they do, for example, to a change in the method of recruitment for industry.

The case for a scientific approach to human and social problems is supported by ample evidence. Recent experience in the Services provides a striking illustration of the success of such work. Great economies were achieved in the use of human resources of ability and skill. Methods of vocational selection effected a considerable saving in time, effort and money, by reducing wastage during training. Selection of officer candidates in the light of psychological principles brought about a significant improvement in leadership standards.

Much needs to be done before we can derive benefits from the human sciences which are on a par with the fruits of natural science. In the first place we require far more qualified workers in the human and social field. This means an expansion of training facilities at our Universities where the mere handful of departments of social science and allied studies is quite inadequate and out of all proportion to the opportunities for study of the sister sciences and of the arts. Secondly, the needs and scope of research into human problems have not yet received their due recognition. Here again, the Universities should extend

facilities which are now so backward, and thus achieve some balance of human, social and 'natural' research which is related to the changing needs of the community.

#### BRITAIN'S POSITION?

The changed position of Britain in world economy requires a new emphasis upon the potentialities of scientific effort. For, lacking raw materials apart from coal, it is in our trained scientists and technologists that one of our greatest assets lies. Physical science cannot find its fullest application without the aid of mature sciences of man. Human problems of a new kind are created by the impact of physical science on society. Social change is accelerated and there is a dangerous time-lag between social adaptation to technical advance. There is a need for social experiments, particularly in health and education, at a time when society is moving towards conscious integration. We must combat the tacit assumption that the obstacles to human wellbeing and industrial efficiency lie exclusively in material as distinct from mental and social factors. Thus the problem of improving the efficiency of industry in terms of production per man-hour cannot be solved merely by providing up-to-date equipment and machinery. Workers have to be selected and trained; misfits and improvised training methods are wasteful. Management must be based on the scientific study of human relationships.

Perhaps the most valuable contribution of all which the human sciences can make is to help solve the problem of using, to the best advantage, our resources of trained ability. We are now passing through a phase of serious shortage of manpower against the background of an ageing population. When the number of personnel becomes fewer, the quality of each individual assumes a correspondingly greater importance. It is therefore an urgent need to develop and apply these branches of study which are concerned with the measurement of capacity, assessment of personality, career guidance, and conditions and methods of work.

#### HELP!

JULIAN HUXLEY, who is Secretary-General of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, is telling this story about his last trip to the United States. He introduced himself to an American as 'Julian Huxley of Unesco'.

'Ah, yes, a gallant little country.'

CHANTICLEER in Daily Herald

# MADAME DE STAËL 'ON GERMANY'

#### REVIEWED BY GEORGE EDINGER

For as long as Napoleon Buonaparte held the place and power of Adolf Hitler, Germaine de Staël corresponded somewhat to Thomas Mann.

Only she did not launch her shafts for liberty from beyond the broad Atlantic. They were delivered during precarious dashes to France from the shelter of the family home at Coppet, near Geneva, and they were not things that the overlord of all Europe (Britain and Russia excluded) could possibly ignore. For Germaine was a personality. Her mother had been the first intended of Edward Gibbon. Her father, Baron Necker, the last Finance Minister of the French Monarchy, passed a hazardous career, at times at the head of affairs, at times in retirement, at times in exile, but never out of the limelight of a wondering Europe. In 1786 Germaine married the Swedish military attaché and her salon became the focus of Liberal Paris, from which she waged war in turn (and with intervals of exile) on the Monarchy, the Republic and the Empire.

In 1808, with Napoleon at the zenith of his power, Germaine de Staël betook herself to Coppet with the avowed intention of going to the United States. But she did not go. Instead, she spent two years writing a book and then returned brazenly to France to have it published.

This great work she called simply De l'Allemagne (On Germany). It took a year of travelling and two years of writing to produce, for Madame de Staël lacked the modern gift of getting 'inside' a whole continent in a few weeks. That she never succeeded in properly mastering the language of the country she wrote 'on' must be regarded as unfortunate. The omission permitted certain essentials to escape her. It is the more remarkable that this work of over 200,000 words should remain, after more than a century, the shrewdest analysis of a foreign people ever written.

It is primarily literary and philosophic. It is only obliquely political. All the same, it terrified Napoleon. To the authoress the defeated Germany of 1808 appeared to be the stronghold of all that was liberal and the source of most that was romantic and, if there were two things that the

relentlessly logical master of France could not bear, they were liberalism and romance.

The book was anticipated by a new censorship law which was strengthened by an edict that authorised the police to ban, at their discretion. any work that had already passed the censor. Impetuously the authoress challenged both censors and police. The censors treated her manuscript cavalierly. Madame de Staël began: 'We have not, I assume, reached the point at which French literature is to be surrounded by a Great Wall of China to stop any new ideas getting in.' The censors scored that out. She went on to praise the gallantry of the Prussian officers who fell at Jena. They scored that out too. She ended with the prophetic invocation: 'O France, land of love and glory, were enthusiasm ever to be quenched on your soil, were logic to rule all things and reason alone inspire you to confront your dangers, what use would be your clear skies, your brilliant wit, your fruitful soil.' That they scored out three times over.

But though they mutilated the work, they let it be printed. It was not, however, published. The Imperial police confiscated ten thousand copies of the first edition.

The authoress was ordered to leave French soil within twenty-four hours. She launched an eloquent protest in the form of a plea for eight days' grace to which General Savary, Napoleon's Chief of Police, sent the sort of idiotic answer to be expected from a General who is Chief of Police: 'It seems to me that the air of our country does not suit you and we have no need to look for models among the peoples you admire. Your last work is not at all French and I have therefore stopped its publication.'

Germaine de Staël left France for five whole years, to return only after the Napoleonic system had been replaced by an easy-going monarchy. This time even Geneva was too hot for her. Confined within a radius of twelve miles of her home, confronted by the fact that Madame Récamier was banished for calling on her, she decided that she really would go to the United States. She went by very easy stages and she took

her time. Travelling through Austria, Russia and Sweden, she arrived in London in 1812. Her parties were frequented by Sheridan, Coleridge, By ron and Walter Scott, by most of the Cabinet, and by the Prince Regent himself. And in London in 1813 she published On Germany, with the censored parts in Italics. This time the edition was not confiscated. It sold out in three days. And it went on selling all over Europe for fifty years. The consequences were incalculable.

Two generations of French youth were moved by their reading of Madame and her imitators to cherish all that their fathers had derided and to reject all that they had adored. The rigid models of classic antiquity observed since Louis XIV were completely scrapped. Mountains and Gothic cathedrals, two things that made the eighteenth century shudder, became the objects of every political and artistic pilgrimage. Crags and castles, lightnings and apparitions, lovesick students and demon huntsmen, chivalrous impulse and sudden death, were the themes of every book, play and canvas. And when Germany had been ransacked for these things, men sought them in Spain, the Alps, the Scottish Highlands.

Dumas and Delacroix, Théophile Gautier and Victor Hugo, Weber and Berlioz, Byron and Walter Scott, were born of the movement the great work let loose. And enthusiasm, far from being quenched on the soil of France, drove its youth to die on the barricades for abstractions, not in Paris only, but in Rome and Milan and Venice and Berlin and Buenos Aires.

So long before the storm that she loosed had petered out with Ruskin, leaving the Albert Memorial, St. Pancras Station and a score of county gaols as its lasting legacy to ourselves, the whole aim and object of Madame de Staël's book had been forgotten by those who flew off enthusiastically at twenty tangents.

For Germaine de Staël had written on Germany not that it should be imitated but that it should be understood. She dwelt on the romantic actions and abstractions born in the depths of the Black Forest, the castle-crowned crags of the Rhineland and the pointed, painted, fairy-tale villages of the South because she felt that appreciation of these was essential to that understanding of the German genius that was essential to a peaceful Europe.

It is, therefore, time to take up Madame de Staël and to weigh in the light of our latter experience and our future policy the things she has to tell us 'On Germany'. Because Germany never lay within the Roman Empire, the German genius, the writer insists, is not built on the ordered concepts of the classic world with its logic reasoning. It rises out of the turbulent



Corinne se consumé en efforts superflus. La Vertu n'en veut pas, la Vice n'en veut plus MADAME DE STAEL

passions of the Middle Ages. To stress the point she unfortunately wrote, 'the only remarkable monuments in Germany are Gothic.' But she also analysed the German character in the light of her premise. The individual German is usually loyal and sincere and he seldom breaks his word. This product of the mediæval concept of chivalry, by the way, still essentially holds good. But, she proceeds, the distinction of castes (also, of course, thoroughly feudal) does great harm because the leaders have no ideas and the men with ideas have no practical experience.

So 'when it comes to action the Germans are quite unable to cope with difficulties by themselves and their respect for power is more attributable to its likeness to destiny than to any motive of self interest.' On the divorce between theory and practice, or rather between the theorists and the men of action, Madame de Staël insists all through the book.—'Everywhere in Germany one is struck by the contrast between sentiments and habits.' But there are other contrasts. 'You cannot conceive anything more odd than the warlike appearance of the whole of Germany, the soldiers at every street corner, the barrack-like life of the people. Yet they shun hardship and the inclemencies of the weather as if they were all shopkeepers or writers.' To this her

French logic finds the answer. 'Peoples in the Far North dare the inclemency of their climate and acclimatise themselves to every degree of hardship—witness the Russian soldier. But where the climate is only halfway to being severe and the rigours of the skies can be offset by taking artificial precautions, those very precautions make man more sensitive to physical suffering. So stoves and beer and tobacco smoke envelop the people in a heavy, stuffy atmosphere from which they tear themselves unwillingly away' and which induces a 'general lethargy resulting in their getting easily discouraged.'

#### No Self-Confidence

Madame de Staël, while full of love and admiration for the simple virtues of this unaffected and good-natured people to whom 'it is unnatural not to deal uprightly', bewails their total lack of individual self-confidence. 'The love of freedom is not well-developed in Germany; having never possessed it nor had it taken away, they do not appreciate its worth.' Then comes this amazing passage: 'As a people they are so loyal and hardworking that even a vicious institution could not really do any harm there.' That precisely because they were so loyal and hardworking, a thoroughly vicious institution might do incalculable harm, the good lady never imagined. But it would be unfair to blame her for that. Maybe her ignorance of German prevented her probing too deep. Possibly in her anxiety to contrast the free and easy Germany of those days with the tyrannical efficiency of the First Empire, she shut her eyes at times to its weaknesses. Again, it could have struck her that what was individually true might be collectively false. But collectivity was the one thing absent from the Federation of Principalities, Grand Duchies and Free Cities that was the Germany of 1808. That very diversity led to tolerance and out of the tolerance was born the Liberalism that was to flare up and expire just forty years later. It is a point I commend both to the British who want to mould all Germany into one Social Democratic uniformity and the Russians who would weld her into the still greater unity of an iron Communism. Germans, she goes on, are with some exceptions bad at anything that demands adroitness or subtlety. The least thing upsets and flusters them and they demand method in what they do while seeking independence in what they think. The pre-eminence of the military state with all its gradations of rank has accustomed them to the most complete submission. It is not servility; it is just that obedience is the normal thing. They are scrupulous in obeying any order they get for they consider an order a duty. . . . '

Again: 'The men of ideas and the men of affairs are too far divided for a proper public opinion to form. From this it follows that the former are too ignorant of what is happening to wield any influence, while the latter take pride in a certain Machiavellianism that makes them smile at all generous sentiments as bearing no relation to the affairs of this world.'

In Berlin she is shocked to discover that 'the men hardly speak save to each other and the military state gives them a certain roughness that moves them not to put themselves out for women.' But in Vienna, of which she gives a masterly picture, the general level of happiness and well-being is such that there is no spur to effort. Where everything conduces to tranquillity the slightest obstacle is an excuse to do nothing, write nothing, even think nothing. What is better than happiness?' But 'does happiness consist in developing one's talents or in stifling them? True the (Hapsburg) Government never abuses its power, never sacrifices Justice to interest, but the calm of sleep is deceitful. A shock may shatter it.'

To the credit of the Germans, Madame de Staël puts the passionate enthusiasms of which they are so easily capable—for music, flowers, the choral beauties of the Protestant service, the abstractions that produced Schiller's dramas, Goethe's studies and Kant's philosophy, the warm enthusiasm she so misses in the arid, ordered France of Bonaparte. 'If enthusiasm fills the soul with happiness by a strange paradox, it also fortifies it in misfortune. It gives us a sort of sanctuary within ourselves against the bitterest hardship, and it is the only sentiment that can calm the human mind without hardening it.'

How that enthusiasm is born in the German. out of the imaginative concepts of the Middle Ages; how it is strengthened by the romantic setting of rivers, falls, and forests; how it finds expression in the Sturm und Drang of German literature, the book explains with a clear reasoning that, if Germaine's ghost will forgive me, I can only describe as 'classic'. How it can be distorted and misused by 'the certain Machiavellianism' in their rulers, God knows we have had evidence enough. And yet because this very enthusiasm combined with a ready obedience to orders and an inborn sense of justice (out of which twelve years' Nazism has only educated one generation) could achieve wonders were it only well directed, I have found it encouraging as well as illuminating to re-read the almost forgotten work of Germaine de Staël. Indeed, for an understanding of the present and a guide to the future, I would have it issued in précis form to every officer in the B.A.O.R.

### **NEW BOOKS**

A HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY By Bertrand Russell. Allen & Unwin. 21s.

Bertrand Russell's new work is probably the first attempt, by an original philosopher of permanent importance, to write a systematic history of his predecessors. This puts his book in a class by itself. It certainly avoids the ponderous mediocrities of most such histories. Great learning over a wide range is combined with fair and clear exposition, and this is carefully distinguished from criticism which is always fresh, forceful and pointed. For once we have a history by someone who is acquainted with modern developments in philosophy, and whose discussions are consequently worth reading today. Much is original, but the general reader, if interested and intelligent, can read every page. The length of the book is relieved by Russell's puckish sense of humour rarely absent for long, often mischievously delightful, occasionally somewhat flippant.

The full title is A History of Western Philosophy, and its connection with Political and Social Circumstances from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. That the author should have undertaken this wider task at all is a sharp break from the academic histories of philosophy. Moreover, he writes from a detached point of view which makes it impossible to become unreservedly the champion of any school, and possible to see them all with a measure of objectivity. The distinctiveness and novelty of Russell's approach, which is that of the main trend of modern philosophy, might

indeed be more emphasised.

Russell does not attempt to explain away the intellectual movements, and does not claim that they are determined in any detailed or elaborate way by the conditions of their times. The full title is accurate, but the notice on the jacket is misleading. There he is said to be exhibiting each major philosopher as 'an outcome of his milieu'. From his chapter on Marx it is clear that Russell would regard such an attempt as based on serious overstatement. He distinguishes, in that chapter, two elements in 'philosophy': technical and logical questions which are, directly, of only specialist concern, and fundamental principles of religion or living, or fundamental outlooks on the universe, which are of deep interest to many, but not, he suggests, scientifically probable. The second element alone is an outcome of political or social milieu; and then only 'in a broad way'. He himself is prepared to say little more than that, for example, 'Greek philosophy down to

Aristotle expressed the mentality appropriate to the City State.'

It is important to notice that the book is a systematic history of philosophy, and not a polemical essay maintaining a single thesis about the history of philosophy at all. The general sections fill out the picture by sketching the political, economic and social conditions in which the philosophers lived and worked. Sometimes history and philosophy are but loosely interwoven. There might, in this connection, be less mediæval political history and more modern, especially to show the effect of the Thirty Years' War on Germany, and of the policy and wars of Louis XIV on France and the French Revolution.

One would be sorry, though, to lose even the least relevant historical sections, as they are cogent and lucid, and show a sure grasp of wide historical developments. This is especially noticeable in the chapters on history and philosophy in the period following Aristotle, where the complex historical events, the multifarious fusings of Greek, Christian and Eastern thought, and the growth of pessimism and otherworldliness are most ably portrayed.

The philosophical chapters are almost all far better than can be found in equal compass elsewhere. The discussions of Epicureanism, Plotinus, Leibnitz, Spinoza and Bergson are particularly fair and full, though often highly critical. Hegel's philosophy, though condemned root and branch, is at least expounded intelligibly, a feat beyond its originator. There are excellent chapters on Jewish and on Mohammedan thought, on certain of the mediæval philosophers (where much useful information not easily available is collected), on the implications of Darwinism on Liberalism, and on the development of modern scepticism, subjectivism and 'thinking with the blood'. Russell excels at sure handling of such wide and complex changes as these.

Somewhat less than justice, perhaps, is done to the spirit of Stoicism, and to the originality and influence of Kant's ethical philosophy—as to its almost unbelievable muddleheadedness, which is illuminating in itself when one sees its origin. Nor is justice quite done to all that was fertile and promising in Berkeley and Hume. Here, perhaps, in an effort to be impartial to those most nearly his predecessors, Russell was less generous than he could have been.

There are some extremely valuable general discussions of philosophical problems. Thus, Kant

affords opportunity to discuss the nature of space; Leibnitz and Hegel, the subject-predicate logic and its incalculable legacy of error; James and Dewey, pragmatism, instrumentalism and the nature of truth. These general discussions in modern terminology—there are many of them—are in some ways the most valuable parts of the book. The ultimate connection between philosophical speculation on the one hand, and science, mathematics and logic on the other, is made clear throughout, especially at the genesis of philosophy among the Greeks.

To some extent, as Russell takes a wide view of philosophy, the book is a history of thought in general. But, in view of this, Dante, described as the only balanced expositor of the complete mediæval world of ideas', ought not to be dismissed as behind his time. Russell rightly characterises the post-Renaissance world as one progressively dominated by science; Milton and Pascal, attempting to synthesise the new science with religion, or to evade it, could have illuminated this. Montaigne deserves more if he is 'the most typical exponent of the Renaissance'. In saving that the conception of a community as an organic growth is mainly modern, Russell quite forgets Vico, who is unmentioned. There is one minor misinterpretation, repeated several times. Mediæval cosmology did not allot 'cosmic importance' to mankind. This came rather than went with the Renaissance.

Russell is noticeably modest about the achievements and promise of the 'philosophy of logical analysis' and its counterparts—commendably so, as he is perhaps its greatest figure. But in view of the enormous changes made by recent philosophy, he might have written a more forceful last chapter; as it is, a false suggestion of easy continuity and adjustment results. That, perhaps, our greatest philosopher should have produced, on such a monumental scale, an evaluation of past philosophers in their historical contexts, instead of busying his advancing years with the completion of his system, is symptomatic of this philosophical revolution.

#### PROGRAMME FOR SURVIVAL

By Lewis Mumford. Secker & Warburg. 3s. 6d. The atom-bomb had not appeared at the time Mr. Mumford published his Condition of Man. Programme for Survival is, in effect, a short addition to that volume. The reverberations of the atomic explosions had scarcely died down at the time this slim volume was written.

Mr. Mumford's fundamental premise is that human life is sacred. Except as a rather remote theory, this behef is no longer held by the majority of people in western civilisation. This breaking down of the belief in the sanctity of human life is regarded by Mr. Mumford as a convincing sign of moral degeneration. By adopting Nazi methods of warfare, the opponents of Nazism showed that they themselves were morally degenerate. The enemy is no longer in Berchtesgaden, he writes, but in our own hearts.

This book, then, is a plea for a return to civilised values. That plea was put forward with force in the trilogy of which Condition of Man is the final volume. Here it is repeated with the threat of atomic war to back it. 'Once explosives have reached a cosmic violence,' writes Mr. Mumford, 'there is no middle point between world order and annihilation.'

Great danger brings together those who face it. Mr. Mumford thought that that might follow the Hiroshima and Nagasaki incidents. A kind of moral shock therapy would cure the general soulsickness. One wonders whether he is still of that opinion.

Mr. Mumford places the final responsibility 'on each individual'. I should like to agree with him that that is an answer; but just as people vary in appearance, so they seem to vary in powers of moral insight. So, although Mr. Mumford specifically states that the duty of saving mankind from its own potential self-destructiveness devolves not upon a single saviour, not upon a group of statesmen or experts, and still less upon some new institution, it seems to me inevitable that if the regeneration of moral values is to come at all, it must be in the first place through the widening influence of men of moral insight—such men as Mr. Mumford himself. Only they can feel keenly enough the urgency of the problem.

That atomic war would quickly destroy the nerve-centres of civilisation is believed by most people; and yet most people do not seem to be unduly worried. It will take a long time before 'each individual' has a sense of responsibility for the survival of civilised values. It requires almost a religious transformation in the mind of man; and the time for that may not be available. And so one puts down this book with feelings of admiration and despair which resolve themselves into a guilty kind of cynicism. 'This is the programme for survival,' we find ourselves thinking, 'but how can we see it through?'

### THE SOVIET IMPACT ON THE WESTERN WORLD

By Professor E. H. Carr. Macmillan. 5s.

The object of this book, which consists of six lectures delivered in Oxford earlier this year, is to assess the influence of Soviet policy and ideas on the thought and practice of the Western world No one could be better qualified for the task than Professor Carr. As a biographer of Russian revolutionaries, a historian and, for a time, one of the chosen instruments of British foreign policy, and as the most conspicuously influential of anonymous contributors to 'a responsible newspaper', Professor Carr writes with exceptional authority. The value of his book is not reduced by the fact that it is quite openly an ex parte statement, not of the Russian case but of the case for regarding Russia as the decisive influence on the life of Europe since 1917.

Politically it is the Russian Revolution, according to Professor Carr, which has convinced large numbers of Western Europeans that formal democracy is worthless and that political rights are illusory unless they are supported by economic rights. The theme is familiar and Professor Carr adds little to what has already been said about it, which is not surprising since he himself said most of it. What does not emerge clearly is whether the Russian conception of democracy has anything at all in common with democracy as it is understood in the West. Professor Carr argues that Bolshevism is a development of Jacobinism, but they do not seem to have many qualities in common. Both were revolutionary movements, but so are many other movements which no one would dream of calling democratic. However this may be, it is hard to uphold Professor Carr's argument that a critical attitude towards parliamentary democracy in this country is the result of Soviet example. Carlyle described Parliament as a talking-shop long before 1917, and the burden of all Right-Wing criticism of democracy in nineteenth-century England was that parliaments could become the tools of social oppression as easily as any other institution. Since 1917 the British franchise has been twice extended, and in France at any rate the most successful criticism of democracy between the wars came from people who resented democracy not on the ground that it did not really enable the people to govern themselves but on the ground that it did! Democracy in the West has probably not declined as far as Professor Carr imagines, nor has this decline resulted entirely from Soviet example.

The same criticism applies to his estimate of Russian influence on Western social policy. Mr.

Lloyd George and Bismarck had thought of social insurance before Lenin; indeed, the policy has always been condemned by Marxists as a sop to the working classes. The Russian Revolution may have frightened some of the bourgeoisie into paying more taxes than they otherwise would have done, just as the French Revolution frightened many of the English aristocracy into going to church, but Communism has often produced the opposite reaction, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the main effect of the Soviet Revolution on English politics was to keep the Socialists out of power for twenty years.

Similarly, the policy of the Soviet Union has strikingly emphasised, as Professor Carr points out, that the power to vote in international assemblies is effective only in proportion as it is supported by the power to fight, and that equal rights for all countries is accordingly an Utopian slogan. But the same fact was apparent to Lord Castlereagh at Vienna and to Lord Salisbury throughout his life, and the lunatic notion that all Powers can be treated on a basis of complete equality has become widely accepted in this country only since the Russian Revolution.

When all is said, therefore, the main contribution of the Soviet Union to Western thought and practice is the idea of economic planning. It is unnecessary to say that Professor Carr has no illusions about the meaning of planning, and admirers and critics of Soviet methods would both derive benefit from his lucid and logical account of what they involve. To the nineteenthcentury Liberal idea that the maximum social good automatically results from the uncontrolled pursuit of private gain, Professor Carr opposes the Bolshevik idea that Society has the right and the duty to decide what the ends of economic activity ought to be and to compel its members to pursue them. What he does not recognise is the existence of a third conception, the theory that Society has indeed a common purpose, which is not automatically fulfilled by indiscriminate competition but which cannot be fulfilled by detailed direction either. In practice Professor Carr would probably favour some such policy but he is wrong to describe it as empirical, since it rests as firmly on the idea of a common social purpose as Socialism does. Only if such a policy is developed can we hope to avoid Professor Carr's distressing conclusion that nothing remains but to acquiesce in the gradual expansion of Soviet views and institutions, hoping to preserve some sentimental relics of the bourgeois past.

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#### THE CULT OF POWER

By Rex Warner. John Lane. 7s. 6d

This is a book consisting of general essays, not woven into a whole, as the title suggests. After dealing with the Cult of Power, the author proceeds to other considerations, such as Dickens, the Classics, the Allegorical Method in Literature, Dostoievsky and the collapse of Liberalism, May 1945, and other essays.

Mr. Warner appears to hold the view that Dickens is not much read or appreciated today. One wonders how he formed that opinion. It may be true of Thackeray, but Dickens holds the stage increasingly. Not a year passes without some work of his being adapted by the B.B.C., and the film magnates have by no means neglected him. Whatever we may think of such media, the fact is no proof of unpopularity. Mr. Warner attaches too much importance to a few articulate critics. They speak for themselves, and though interesting they are not influential. Personally, my deep love for that colossal genius has never been shaken in the slightest degree by the supposed anti-Dickensian commentary.

Mr. Warner in his appreciation shows what a considerable 100 concolast of the existing Order Dickens was. Quite so. There was an Order to attack. There was a framework to break. In those days you did not have to make a diagnosis of What is Wrong; you just attacked the existing abuse. How different today! The writer now does not know where to start. He has no Order, no framework to work in. Dickens and Ruskin and Carlyle had an accepted framework of values in which they could move comfortably. Today it gets harder and harder to attack with real force or to defend with real conviction. We must first make a diagnosis before we proclaim the remedy.

Our author here in his essay on the Cult of Power and on Dostoievsky makes his diagnosis. 'It is suggested here that at the root of this whole cult of power and violence, including Fascism, is the philosophy of the moral anarchist, of the individual asserting himself against general standards that seem too weak to be able to restrain him.' It is the familiar complaint: moral anarchy. And the remedy: Familiar also. 'The only reply to the cult of individual or racial power and violence is the actual practice of general justice, mercy, brotherhood and understanding.' Mr. Warner is too modest to suggest the remedy for remedies that remain still-by-n.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

#### EUROPEAN WITNESS

By Stephen Spender. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d. This is a report on visits to Germany and France in the summer and autumn of 1945. The author regards it as a travel book of a conventional kind, but adds that 'in some cases, I have invented characters or incidents in order to convey some impressions which could not be conveyed directly.' This, I feel, was a mistake, for one is never sure which characters were encountered and which invented.

Though at times there is evidence of hasty writing, often a phrase or a few lines disarms all criticism. Of an A.T.S. encountered at a party he reports: 'This girl was well made up, with large, cold, shining eyes impooled in lashes like the feelers of an insect and with a determined, painted mouth through which she uttered decisive and stupid remarks in an extremely refined accent.'

Among the Germans he finds a great increase in sentimentality; of the Occupation he says: 'In Germany there are plenty of people who wish to appear unkind, because they think they have a righteous reason for the first time in their lives for being as nasty as they really are, and of course they do not wish to lose this opportunity of unfettering their inner natures.' He wastes some pages in rather muddled contemplation of German Guilt', without considering the economic causes that fostered Nazism. After all, an influential section of the English press was violently pro-Nazi, and Goering's autobiography was serialised in a national daily. Further, some who were eulogising Fascism up to the outbreak of war were soon afterwards employed lecturing on 'What Shall We Do With Germany?', etc.

The sense of guilt among the victorious powers for the harshness of the Treaty of Versailles was one of the factors that aided Hitler at the beginning to break with impunity all international agreements. There is danger that a similar hysterical attitude will lead to a later sentimentalising of the enemy. An explanation of Fascism in terms of cause and effect rather than in praise or blame is required.

Mr. Spender's remarks on France are more superficial, but he makes some penetrating remarks on Picasso and his work. The book brings out the disorientation of values among the vanquished, and the lack of a clear policy towards them among the victors. Both aspects of the problem are a menace to the future of Europe.

J. S. BARWELL

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Rosita Forbes certainly has the gift of fluent effortless narration. She is most interesting in the few pages devoted to her forebears. Most of the book is devoted to globe-trotting from 1935 to 1943. She visited India, Afghanistan, Kenya. N. and S. Africa, Germany, France and Italy, During the war she went on official lecturing tours to Canada and U.S.A. She describes life during the London blitz, which destroyed her West End home 'where such opposites as Mr. Chamberlain, and Edda Ciano, Archie Wavell, Sir Robert Vansittart, and Mr. Luce, of Time, had fed in the Chinese dining-room.' She informs us that 'a young South African graduette to whom she lent one of her books told her: "You cannot live so completely on the outside as you suggest. If you are impervious to sensations and emotions—how can you understand anything? You certainly cannot create. At best you can only record". These two quotations sum up the book. It is the record of movements and encounters with the great, of a very vivacious and lively, if somewhat superficial, extravert. It has the savour of the gossip page of a pre-war fashionable magazine, for the authoress met everyone, from the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and General Smuts to Sir Harry Oakes and his son-in-law. Though she is prone to rate people according to their social status and is addicted to such familiarities as 'Shakes Morrison, then Postmaster-General', now and again her pen-portraits are penetrating.

Because she moved principally in Embassy circles, her political observations are superficial. She seems to have been as naïvely ignorant of the coming catastrophe as the charming French aristocrats confronted by the Revolution. She contends that Italy in a gentleman's agreement with England 'had made clear to the politicians concerned that she counted on a free hand with the Negus', and refers to 'an impassioned letter from an ordinary British workman', at the time of the attack on Abyssinia, stating, 'It seems to us in this village that if Britain does not fight now, there is no use talking of honour any more', without recognising that this mason was a better prophet than his peers. She defends Chamberlain over Munich, finding him 'a sincere democrat, an idealist and a Christian'. She refers to 'Indian agitators, inflamed by their own eloquence, by their intentional blindness and by some real wrongs.'

The book is illustrated with good photos, mostly of the ar horess in strange surroundings.

J. S. BARWELL

#### BOARING CENTURY: 1846-1946

By R. J. Crukshank. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d. A roaring century? Well, yes: it chuffed in on a new-fangled railway train, and blew itself to blazes with an atom bomb. But between whiles there were other preoccupations than those about man's relation to the machine. There was man's relation to God, for instance, and man's relation to monkeys. There was the Great Exhibition and the Tichborne trial; Garibaldi and General Tom Thumb; Mlle. Lenglen at Wimbledon and Miss Nightingale in the Crimea; the repeal of the Corn Laws and the Charleston.

Mr. Crunkshank touches on most of these—though I cannot find the Charleston in his pages—the important things and the silly things that have engaged men's minds, and to some extent moulded them, in the past hundred years.

The material is from the files of the *Daily News* (which absorbed the *Chronicle*), and the book, a survey of a century's social changes, is informed with the presence of Charles Dickens, who founded the paper a century ago and edited it for a space. Mr. Cruikshank, very properly, is a good Dickens man and a good Gladstone man, but with the moral earnestness made palatable, as it so often is in English liberal journalism, by tolerance and an urbane irony.

So this is a most readable and entertaining book. If it is no more than that (though that is much), it is because the material does not assume the meaning one looks for in a work of history or the shape a highly individual mind could have given it. And there are gaps: one would have thought that the files of a newspaper so consistently and so rightly anti-imperialist could have yielded more than there is here on what a century's expansion overseas did to the mind, the manners, and the morals of the Englishman.

# THE UNTUTORED TOWNSMAN'S INVASION OF THE COUNTRY By C. E. M. Joad. Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.

Dr. Joad sets out to show how one can have one's cake and eat it—the cake being Britain's country-side, the people who want to eat it being millions of 'machine-minders' enjoying holidays with pay and more and more cheap motor-cars. Joad is a great walker and wants the countryside preserved; he is also a humane man, and he wants the townsman to enjoy it. His solution to the problem is to restrict the size and plan the development of towns; to teach townsmen how to love the countryside without killing the thing they love; and to canalise 'the invasion from the towns along certain channels'—hence his defence of Mr. Butlin's holiday camps.



VIVIEN LEIGH as Sabina, in Wilder's 'The Skin of Our Teeth'. From British Theatre, by Peter Noble. 80 illustrations. British Yearbooks. 21s.

In a rambling and discursive book Dr. Joad gives rein to his 'Tory tastes and Radical opinions'—this subject, the countryside and the enjoyment of it, shows the author at his most civilised and least bumptiously irritating—writes engagingly about his own pleasure in walking, and includes useful appendices by Francis Ritchie on National Parks, access to mountains and moorland (including Scotland's game preserves), footpaths, the coasts, afforestation, town and country planning, etc. These sections alone make the book a useful work of reference.

Not everybody will agree with Joad's conclusions—men of equally good will fall out with him already about Butlin's camps—but it is difficult to disagree with his statement of the problem, and it is good to have his quick mind setting other reformers a-thinking. He is interesting, by the way, on Britain's decline in population, which he sees not as the disaster it appears to some, but as a return towards normal, after the Victorian abnormality. At present, he says, we are over-populated, and it certainly could not appear otherwise to a lover of the countryside.

CYRIL RAY

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#### THEY WENT TO PORTUGAL

By Rose Macaulay. Cape. 18s.

They', of course, stands for the ubiquitous British, who have found in pleasure, curiosity, adventure, trade, missionising, war and so forth, many an excuse for honouring other less enlightened countries with their presence. Portugal has been one of their chief jousting grounds, and Miss Macaulay has had the happy notion of putting together a gallery of some of these British tourists, writers, merchants, clergymen, soldiers, rascals, even Royalty, who have been to that country in the past eight hundred years.

The Crusaders were some of the earliest visitors. On their way to fight the good fight in the Holv Land they acquired the habit of dropping off at Oporto, ostensibly to have a smack at the heathen Moor, as an appetiser to the more serious business of carving up his infidel brother in Palestine. But good fighters though they were, they were 'too covetous, too tipsy and too rough' for the Portuguese, who breathed a huge sigh of relief when these visits ceased. A very different impression was created two centuries later by another visitor, who came to stay-Philippa of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's daughter, who married King John of Portugal in 1386. Under her influence the court underwent a great change: 'No amorous encounters short of matrimony were tolerated. Every now and again some gentleman and lady would receive a note commanding that they get married forthwith; over a hundred ladies thus had their position regularised.' The Portuguese loved her and grieved at her death.

The writers form one of the biggest sections of Miss Macaulay's gallery. They include William Beckford, that character almost as fantastic as his own tale *Vathek*, who, finding himself ostracised by the British colony, dived into an orgy of church-going. 'I hear there is no conversation in Lisbon but of my piety,' he wrote, thinking it a good joke. Byron was angered by the Portuguese; Southey disapproved of most things; Borrow acted Borrow-ishly while distributing Bibles and tracts and was no doubt thought a trifle madder than the usual Englishman. Tennyson and Palgrave were troubled by the heat, the flies and the fleas.

Well over a score of these British visitors are brought to life again by Miss Macaulay's sparkling, witty, incisive pen. To take it in one gulp can be a strain on the digestion, and it is best spread over numerous meals. But buy it, rather than borrow, for you will want to return to it again and again.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

#### LITERATURE AND LIFE

A Selection from the Writings of Maxim Gorky.

Hutchinson. 12s, 6d.

It is now accepted that the peace of the world can only be maintained by a proper understanding of the Russian viewpoint. It is of no use dismissing their mentality as Eastern or Red and then trying to run our affairs as if they will one day realise we are really a selfless people out only for their good. They have their own way of tackling things and they have not hesitated to let us know it. Here in Maxim Gorky's book is the key to the Russian outlook. A few essays which hardly hang together, and as you read you get the feel of the Russian people, their aspiration and their suffering, their joy and their faith. You begin to understand why they endured and overcame the German invasion. And yet the war is not even mentioned! Maxim Gorky was the voice of the people. He came from the down-and-outs and found voice and heart in the social aspirations of his folk. 'The higher the goal towards which menstrive the more rapid and socially fruitful is the development of their talents and abilities. This I assert as a fact confirmed by the whole experience of my life."

He enjoyed great popularity with the Soviet reading public. His work forms a live link between what is best in nineteenth-century Russian letters and the new Soviet literature of which Gorky himself was one of the founders and inspirers. He wrote: Russian literature was ever strong in its democratic feeling, its passionate striving to find a solution for our social problems, its advocacy of humanity, its praise of liberty, its deep interest in the life of the common people, its lofty attitude towards women, its indefatigable searching for some universal all-illuminating truth. . . . .

That is why names like Tolstoy, Dostoievski, Turgenev, Chekhov, and Gorky are household names the world over, these 'teachers of living', faithful and sympathetic friends of their readers, martyrs for truth's sake, apostles of freedom.

Here are the best pen-portraits of these writers I have ever read. The man who could write about tramps could write with the same penetration about literary giants. He said of Tolstoy: 'I am not an orphan on earth while this man walks on the face of it.' And of his disciples: 'They all have flabby, boncless, sweaty hands and insincere eyes. At the same time they are extremely practical and conduct their worldly affairs with considerable adroitness.' How true and what a warning to all who love idolatry. Stalin, who knows how to laugh, must have had a good laugh when he read this moving memoir.

STEPHEN WINSTEN

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#### THE FOLDED LEAF

By William Maxwell. Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.

In his own country Mr. Maxwell is a distinguished journalist, and in *The Folded Leaf* he has produced a novel as technically sound, as slick and as entertaining as one of the 'profiles' in his own *New Yorker*. It is the story of two rather archetypical boys—one an intelligent, vulnerable weakling and the other an insensitive athlete—who become inseparable friends. This strange male relationship is kept firmly asexual, and in the end is destroyed when they both fall in love with the daughter of a College professor. For its climax, there is an unsuccessful though extremely bloody attempt at suicide in the wash-room of a scond-rate hostel.

The book is at its weakest when an attempt is made to give these not very exceptional adolescents a wider and deeper significance than the simple plot or formal characterisation will allow. But one realises that Mr. Maxwell has in fact something more to say which he never directly expresses. His book is an example of that rich and admirable pride which most Americans feel for their many-layered social life, of the certainty that they have found a new and simpler civilisation, and that a finer life can be found in the gymnasium of a brand new American campus than in all the ivy-covered quads and colleges of Europe. And perhaps they are right.

PATRICK O'DONOVAN

### IT BREATHED DOWN MY NECK John Lane. 8s. 6d.

This is a collection from Mr. Pudney's stories of the last twelve years. Some are printed for the first time, while others have surprised him 'with nice fat sums from repeated printings here and abroad'. Of the latter many will recognise 'Uncle Arthur' and 'Edna's Fruit Hat'. My own preference goes to 'Ethel and Her Engine'. His method is to imagine some extravagant situation -the adolescent boy suddenly acquiring the power to see through walls, the floral decorations of Edna's hat beginning to grow, Uncle Arthur transformed into an elephant—and to describe realistically the consternation the event arouses in the unimaginative respectability of the narrow suburbia in which they are all set. He expresses an exuberant fantasy with a background of satire at smug conventionality. He informs us that each story 'started with a phrase, a catchword, a remembered situation.' He believes that the short story 'needs to be written almost at one sitting', and that seems to be true in his own case for the only long story, 'The Heirs', just fails to come off,

owing, I think, to faulty construction. I suspect that many of these were written with an eye for broadcasting, for they would go well on the air, where their limited range would not be noticed. Still his talent, if limited, is genuine and original.

I. S. BARWELL

#### CLEAN, BRIGHT AND SLIGHTLY OILED

By Gerald Kersh. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

In a short introduction Mr. Kersh says that the notes he made during the war years fill a filing cabinet and weigh more than a guardsman could carry. Out of this embarrassment of riches he has produced this extract, one hundred and forty pages long. Two more extracts will be published—'volumes' is the word he uses—in due course. This is rather like being told that there is plenty of beer in the cellar but only half-pint 'shandles' at the bar. A peep into the literary workshop may be interesting, but this kind of behind-the-scenes gossip will not endear an author to a reader who finds he has paid seven and sixpence for a third of a book. That is what it amounts to.

Mr. Kersh has a reputation as one of the brightest journalists now writing fiction. He made a point always of creating the most vivid picture with the smallest possible number of words, so that it is disappointing to find that, in such a short book as this, he wastes not only words but whole pages. He has so many good stories to tell of the various characters he met on the parade-ground and in the barrack-room, that one feels annoyed when he takes up several pages with extracts from scripts he wrote in the army which, however good they may have been in the original circumstances, make unamusing reading now.

When he is less concerned with his own activities and more interested in the men he met, Mr. Kersch is at his best. I like the quick penpicture of 'the great, the fabulous Freddy Archer', Sergeant-Major of the Scots Guards, who was such a stickler for service procedure that, it was said, he made his children attend a little payparade for their weekly pocket-money, and stuck his own father in the 'Cooler' for missing a parade.

Mr. Kersh is such a good story-teller, however, that it is difficult to know just when he is telling the truth. Artistic truth may, of course, be said to be on a higher level than common, everyday truth; but Mr. Kersh is not very much concerned with that either—so what we have left is a chatty and vivid series of wartime incidents, some bright satire, a good deal of humour, and a book which comes to an end too soon.

HUNTER DIACK

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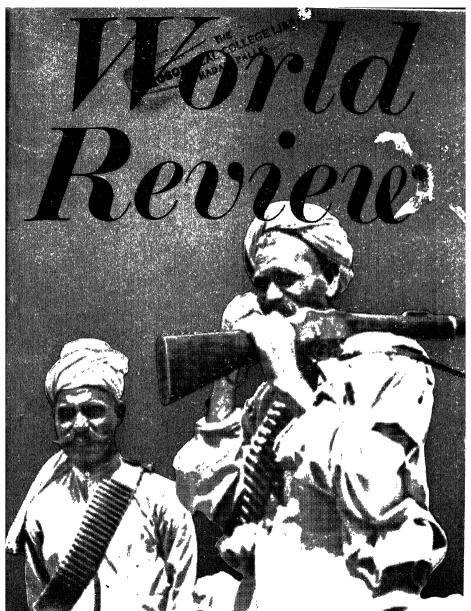
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'I am afraid I did not keep it for the final celebration, but opened it when Germany capitulated, when we heard it over our secret wireless, as I knew once we were released we would find baccy once again. It was in perfect condition, and I car't tell you how much I enjoyed it, and so did some others who had a fill, also others who smelt it only!'

(The original letter, from a Lieut-Col., R.A., sent on release after 3½ years as a P.O.W., can be verified at the Barney's Bureau, 24 Holborn, E.C.1.)

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# World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

#### EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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# THINKING ALOUD

## STRIKES-IBSEN-MAUGHAM-OUTRAGE!

# Is there a Right to Strike?

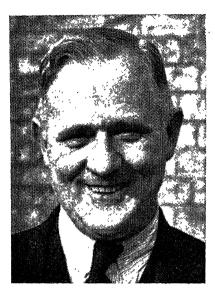
THERE is no need to stress that the strike of transport drivers was a public nuisance. The general public were further starved of food, through no fault of theirs at all. Yet the men's demands were not unreasonable, and the nine months' dilatoriness of the official conciliators seems fantastic. The strike does not seem to have been political in any sense. It was not a Socialist nor a Trade Union strike. I also gather that Harry Pollitt would not have judged it propitious; so that it was in no sense a Communist strike either. It is possible to complain that people in general are becoming 'bloody-minded', selfish and undisciplined. Yet, when the long delay in the official conciliation machinery is remembered, this view loses much of its force. It does seem, however, that the Trade Unions themselves have become another vast bureaucracy, exerting the privileges of all bureaucracies, namely delay and lack of human sympathy and the personal touch. This seems to apply particularly to such Leviathans as the Transport and General Workers' Union who, curiously enough, instead of aiming to improve the

quality of their service to the workers, seem to be concentrating on further worlds to conquer, and the blowing up of themselves to even more elephantine proportions.

All this does not help the general public—the people—or the consumers, if you like, who, as in so many of these affairs, are so often not only entirely innocent in the matter, but are far more numerous than both the parties in dispute combined. This appears to be a case where the majority does not rule.

How industrial disputes can be settled without injuring the general public is not at all easy to say. Obviously no man should be compelled to work if he wishes to stop working. On the other hand, we have today a powerful movement towards the 'closed shop', meaning one big union. Yet this does not seem to avoid these persistent unofficial strikes. This is very like the productive workers trying to have it both ways.

There is also surely a distinction in the various services which the workers perform for the public. There is a difference between, say, making boots or cosmetics, where a stoppage would mainly injure the employer, and a



ARTHUR DEAKIN, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union

stoppage in the provision of meat and food. Those who choose to enrol themselves in the ranks of food providers—have they not entered into an occupation carrying with it a higher responsibility to the public? No doubt they should be paid higher for this added responsibility. But they have a correspondingly lesser moral right to go on strike. A mother neglecting to supply her child with food would find herself subject to a criminal prosecution. Not so if she failed to supply him with luxuries.

The public seems to possess no right of legal action against strikers. Yet had a firm failed to provide goods ordered, there would be such a right of action. Should it not be possible to maintain a legal action at least against unofficial strikers? It is noticed that the American miners have recently been heavily fined for striking. Though their case is not of course entirely on all fours with the transport strike in London.

There is certainly a type of irresponsible worker about in this country whom it would be highly desirable to get. on to what could be termed a 'contractual basis'. If the ordinary business man falls down upon the job he has contracted to do, he knows perfectly well what remedy his client can, and probably will, take against him.

## A New Constructive Philosophy?

In contemporary philosophy, the somewhat atheistic, nihilistic and largely incomprehensible 'Existentialism' of Jean-Paul Sartre of Paris is not having things all its own way. 'Personalism,' springing from a similar basis, but with an altogether more constructive outlook, and based largely upon the views of Berdaev, also resident in the French capital, is now getting quite a following in Britain. Both movements spring from Kierkegaard; Existentialism expressing the negative side of his philosophy, and Personalism the positive aspect. Starting with only four members, after a year the Personalist Group in Britain has just had its first Annual Conference, which eighty-five members attended during a weekend at High Leighs, Hoddesdon, Herts. Some of the French Personalists, under Paul Fraisse of Esprit, came over for the occasion and discussed the political implications of the movement. J. B. Coates, founder of the movement, spoke on the roots of Personalism on the Continent, and the deep effects it had had in Holland during the Resistance, and how it played an active part in politics. Oscar Kollestrom spoke on psycho-analysis and Personalism. Charles Waterman, author of that most profound book, The Three Spheres of Society,1 dealt with 'the person in society'.

There was an air of vitality about the <sup>1</sup>Faber and Faber, 128, 6d.

whole proceedings, and men and women from all walks of life seemed to take the greatest interest in the discussions. To a negative attitude to life, such as that of Sartre, there must always be a positive. Many people feel that in the Personalist Movement, which stresses the value of free creative but responsible personality, this positive has been found.

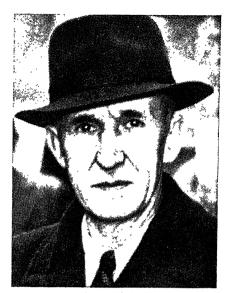
### The Meaning of Ibsen?

I was very much impressed by the performance which I saw the other night of Ibsen's *Master Builder*. This play certainly holds the attention. It held mine throughout; although I happened to be feeling rather tired that evening. And in any event, even 7.30 is not an easy time to settle down to the appreciation of a play. It all means a rush from one's place of business; and food and drink, if consumed at all, are consumed with indecent and indigestible haste.

This play is still said by some critics, whose modesty can be commended, to be 'incomprehensible'; though James Agate says he has been comprehending it these forty years! Frankly, I cannot see how it can be classed as incomprehensible at this time of day, forty years after Ibsen's death, to anyone who has made the slightest study of psychology. And he who has not has no right to set up as a critic. Neither is he, as far as I can see, equipped to deal with much else in this world. Whether all the details, subtleties and nuances of the play can be grasped at first, or grasped at all, is another matter.

The play is 'middle-class', as that rather snobbish American gentleman, Henry James, lost no time in discovering. It is, in fact, very nearly lower middle-class, which may be another reason for its suitability and seeming topicality today.

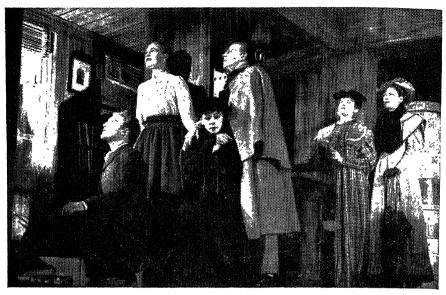
The first question which comes to the



J. E. EVANS, spokesman of the London Lorrymen's Central Strike Committee

mind is how much Ibsen himself had studied psychology. He was roughly contemporary with Freud. Had he not done so he is another example of wonderful, subconscious appreciation of the mainsprings of human action.

One critic writes that he is worried as to why the stage set reveals to the audience only steeples, whilst so much of the talk is about towers. A very small point! Anyway, it may have something to do with the translation, which is not perfect. There are a terrible lot of 'Indeed I dos' from Hilda. The same critic goes on to confess that he cannot understand why the girl exclaims that the Master Builder is still on top of the tower (or steeple), when he has obviously fallen. This is too silly! The whole point of this really effective scene is that the girl is in an ecstasy. I have, in fact, never seen a better example of young Nazi womanhood. Please do not correct me by pointing out that the Norwegians fought against



DONALD HOUSTON, VALERIE WHITE, JANE HENDERSON and OLIVER BURT in 'The Master Builder', produced at the Arts Theatre Club by Peter Ashmore

the Nazis in the last war, and that they are not Germans. For we all have Nazi urges now and then.

Ibsen was also, it must be remembered, roughly contemporaneous with Nietzsche, and all his stuff about Supermen, who were supposed to be above ordinary bourgeois morality. This comes out very well in the girl's moving description of her day-dreams about the ancient Vikings. It is also a fact that Ibsen lived for a long time in Dresden. In no sense a Nazi, and in fact a liberal who rejoiced in the revolutionary doings of 1848 and the Paris Commune of 1870, his extreme belief in the value of the gifted individual gave him a very considerable contempt for what he thought were stupid people, whether these were crowned heads, aristocracies, or 'the masses'. He could never get his progressive views quite sorted out, because he did not like the State. His views about modern bureaucracies would probably have been unprintable.

And, if given a form to fill up, he would have retaliated with a new and biting play, which would have produced howls of indignation, comparable with the outcries of rage when his actual plays came out.

His social message was, however, more or less understood in the end by contemporary and later critics. What, however, critics have never fully understood about him was that, whilst one of his two tenets was the importance of the great individual, the second was the importance of love. His advocacy of love, as opposed to conventional morality, did not so much annoy contemporary English critics like Archer; it simply passed them by.

There was undoubtedly a strong spirit stirring in the Norway of Ibsen's time. A people who not so very long before had been one of the most virile and vigorous races upon the face of the earth, riding the oceans in their long ships, had become, in the not very

'naughty' 'nineties, confined within a very small and somewhat parochial country, further subdivided by the deep valleys of Norway, which in his time must have made communication between the small provincial towns even more difficult than it is today. Hilda came over the mountain tops, in her mountain boots, and her shockingly short skirt—which the conventional Mrs. Solness implored her in vain to change for a longer one.

As a matter of fact, Ibsen has suffered from belonging to a small country which, if appreciated by British skirunners, is not understood by most dramatic critics; and through having written in a language which is not familiar to the average scholar. Attempts to understand his plays in terms of the provincial England, or the provincial Germany of the day, for that matter, cannot be altogether happy. And it is not unkind to remark that beneath the solid exterior of the average Norwegian of today there exists a measure of hysteria, caused possibly by such a virile race being confined to the ways of modern civilisation within these narrow fjords, which throughout the long winter are almost sunless. Much of Ibsen's work deals with this, especially the terrible play, Ghosts. It might also be remarked that, whilst Norway is a fine example of a modern democracy, there does exist there considerable traces of queer pagan superstitions.

James Agate, whilst admitting that Valk's performance as Solness is a splendid thing to watch, insists that his violence overwhelms all the subtleties of the part. Most of the critics, indeed, appear to be agreed that Solness, when the curtain goes up, is already an extinct volcano. This may have been Ibsen's intention. If it was, it is not 'theatre', and could never be. In fact, we

already have one extinct volcano in the first scene, lying stretched upon a chaise longue. Is it possible to conceive a play about two extinct volcanoes: Surely Solness, although himself realising that his powers are beginning to fail, and that his ideas about modern housing have grown distinctly obsolete, is still full of life: It is a Swan Song perhaps. But the swan, on the stage, must sing, and dance, and not just issue bulletins about the state of his health.

Although actually Valk is more like a Central European Jewish editor than a Norwegian architect, the spectator is fascinated by his antics from start to finish.

I found Miss Valerie White highly irritating on her first entrance—jerky and self-conscious. Yet very likely this was true to life. The emancipated young women of the period—pioneers who



Justice!

WORLD REVIEW—May 1945—pointed out that LOUIS
ADAMIC lied in his book, My Native Land (Harper &
Bros.). In the High Court, on 15 January this year,
Adamic admitted that his imputations against Churchill in
Dinner at the White House were unfounded

dared to leave home, express their independence, and go for long hikes—were usually jerky, unnatural, and hardly at ease. The very fact that they sometimes shortened their skirts, so that everybody could see their ankles, was probably a sufficient strain upon their nervous system.

Yet Miss White reached a splendid crescendo. Her ecstasy at seeing the Master Builder climb the steeple was really magnificent.

### The meaning of Maugham?

FROM a serious play to a serious film by Somerset Maugham. Or was it meant to be serious? The film of *The Razor's Edge* was like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. It was almost like a sermon without God. 'The Holy Man' indeed duly appears, in India. Yet his sermon is almost entirely platitudinous; and there is no detail for the mind to catch on to, and to argue about at home afterwards. It therefore has less than no interest.

I personally found the book most absorbing. It has, Maugham told me, sold more than five million copies in the United States. The Americans, a pioneer and materialistic yet Puritan people, are for ever vaguely searching for religious values. So the success of this more than competent work is readily understandable. Cynics can be unkind enough to say that the book itself is not really very profound, or 'new'. They can say that Maugham does not express spiritual longings in quite the current psychological language: that is that they are the result of the eternal effort to bring the subconscious up into the conscious mind. They might even suggest that the sum of Maugham's brilliantly written novels does not give the general impression that the author himself really cares very

much for things spiritual. All the same, the book is not only a very adequate study of contemporary Americans, and the contest between material go-getting and spiritual adventure, but it has quite enough spiritual detail and argument to satisfy the mind of the reader. This spiritual content may have been taken from a certain *swami* who is now resident in the Californian Desert, via the 'vulgarisation' of Gerald Heard, via the novelisation of Aldous Huxley. Yet it is no worse for all that.

The people who made the film did not succeed with their 'translation' from the book. They have virtually left the spiritual details out altogether. This is obviously because they thought that these would weary and/or shock the cinema-goer. But the film cannot succeed without them. I am sure myself that the audience could have stood a little more clever argument. Clever argument is less boring than the inarticulate groans which the hero emits throughout the film. In fact, the greatest playwrights, from Shakespeare to Shaw, have known how to put in a good deal of intelligent stuff without annoying 'the general'. A few intelligent lines can be a great delight to the more intelligent part of the audience, and they take up very little time. They can be offset by knockabout, as in Shakespeare; or by a further dose of sex appeal, as in the novels of Aldous Huxley, which have reached a very big public for this reason.

Of course, in the book, Maugham succeeds, roughly speaking, by these or similar methods. He is, in fact, when he wants to be, a writer of the social novel of consummate skill. He is infinitely more adept, for example, than Dostoevski, whose Brothers Kamarazov contains long passages of acute boredom. The trial scene at the end of the Brothers Karamazov is pathetic. We



MAUGHAM'S 'RAZOR'S EDGE'. The magnificent snob, Elliot Templeton, played by CLIFTON WEBB

Materialistic sophistication v. mysticism. GENE TIERNEY and TYRONE POWER

have since learnt how to bring out the drama of court proceedings. Maugham preaches a well-merited sermon to the Americans of today, who naturally adore this flagellation. And he knows how to coat the pill. For the materialists are given a good run for their money. And spiritual Larry doesn't altogether get away with it. A deft touch, too, was the setting of the Holy Man in India. For anti-British-Empire Americans still love to imagine that the Indians are a community of saints constantly harassed by brutal British bayonets. Palestine would have been, after all, too controversial, even for American readers. And to make the Holv Man a kind of negro Father Divine would have been a literary blunder.

It is impossible to leave the subject without mentioning that by far the most genuine and most moving portrait in the book and the film is that of the ridiculous but amiable kindly and harmless American snob.



ANNE BAXTER, as the girl who becomes a drunkard after her husband and baby are killed

His failure to receive an invitation to a party in the South of France from an American princess is one of the most poignant things in literature.

## An Outrage!

THE journalism of the Sunday Pictorial has reached a new low. The people of this country are undoubtedly becoming worried over the distinct possibility that Princess Elizabeth may marry Prince Philip of Greece and Denmark. Indeed, the situation could not be more delicate. The Sunday Pictorial has chosen this moment to rush in with a so-called poll, inviting its readers to state whether Her Royal Highness is to marry Prince Philip or not. It is difficult to write with any restraint about this latest effort by this self-appointed voice of the people, which is as genuinely mischievous and politically harmful as it is in gross bad taste and infinitely wounding to the feelings of all those concerned. It is patent to the meanest intelligence that the so-called poll cannot possibly

# Sunday Pictorial The Princess and the People Fi

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TODAY the "Sunday Pictorial" is able to announce its First Report or the public poil concerning the future of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth The huge number of letters received confirms beyond

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Wassers the layer great of the poll may be, the Brush people have been appeared to the process of the frame people have been a matter those to their bears at the process of our finite Quest is a matter than the control to Press of the press of

A full analysis of the results so UBLIC POLL actional together with a page of readers letters and other information appears on

The Sunday Pictorial's outrageous poll on Princess Elizabeth

be truly representative. For the numbers of those who would rather die than write to the Sunday Pictorial on this, or any other topic, must be legion.

In any event if the King and Queen and the Government desire to discover the views of the people upon this matter, it is safe to say that they would not select the Sunday Pictorial to carry out the voting.

The Sunday Pictorial, whose shareholders are unknown nominees who have not thought fit to reveal their names to the public, has wantonly exacerbated a problem which, it cannot be denied, possesses important political as well as other significant facets.

The publication of the so-called results—they are published in two weekly instalments—to make it all more exciting—can only cause further considerable embarrassment. Suppose Sunday Pictorial correspondents decided that the marriage should not take place. What could be done about it? I have in fact long felt that there is a considerable mischief in all these newspaper polls. This is not the way democracy should be worked. The country already possesses machinery whereby the electors can express their will. Proper machinery for referendums on questions of the day could be designed, if this were thought expedient. So-called polls through newspapers which, after all, only one section of the public buys or reads, can only be distorted and must do harm.

I should like, with the greatest respect, to express my sincere condolences to Their Majesties, the Government, Mr. Bevin, the Foreign Office, and all others concerned, in whom I include the unfortunate young people, for the gratuitous and wanton infliction of a further acute embarrassment and an uncalled-for insult.

# Atomic Deadlock

# European Peace Treaties American Economic Policy

#### SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

The practice and study of diplomacy call for few austerities. On the contrary, they demand a knowledge of human weaknesses which certainly cannot be gained in the hermit's cell. But there is one indulgence they rigidly proscribe—indulgence in the sentimental, the emotional attitude, in short, diplomacy by headlines. Anyone concerned with foreign affairs must be as compassionately learned as the most eminent Jesuit, and as remote from emotion as a bank manager.

I mention this fundamental principle. because it seems to me, as the young year finds its feet, we are in danger of imagining strife with Russia to be over, and disarmament well on the way. It is, of course, edifying that in the final stages of negotiation at New York, Monsieur Molotov should have astonished us by a burst of conciliation; while Monsieur Gromyko virtually accepted on behalf of the Soviet Government the principle of international control of atomic energy. Impartial observers might even go so far as favourably to contrast Russian reason in the conference with the nervous truculence of Sir Hartley Shawcross, and to feel that the Russians showed some forbearance in their dealings with the British delegation. But at all costs, let us not overestimate the apparent Russian change of heart. No doubt they want a war at the moment even less than we do. Recent history has shown that it needs roughly a generation to recover from one war and get psychologically ready for the next. Far be it from me to suggest that if war with Russia does not come in 1947, it must inevitably happen in 1970. I merely suggest that, while the

immediate tension has somewhat relaxed within the last few weeks, we are no nearer to permanent peace than we were at San Francisco two years ago.

Before his resignation from the Atomic Committee, Mr. Baruch insisted that inspection was not enough. In atomic matters at least, and if possible in all questions affecting disarmament, Security Council's veto must be abrogated. On the other hand, the Russians say, in effect, till America destroys her stock of atomic bombs and the equipment for their manufacture, the veto is the U.S.S.R.'s one safeguard against UNO being used against her by a hostile capitalistic world armed with the atomic bomb. I must confess to a certain sympathy with both attitudes. They would appear irreconcilable. The fault for this deadlock lies quite obviously in our evading the issue of sovereignty. So long as any nation, like some mediæval noble with his armed ruffians, is allowed to retain fighting forces and armament industries under its exclusive and unfettered control, so long will no unarmed polity feel safe, and so long will disarmament conferences inevitably turn out to be farces. You cannot prevent a nation from preparing for war merely by limiting the legal power of its aggression. You can only eliminate the risk of war when the nations accept the intervention into their most private affairs of a supranational body which will be something more than a mere council of haggling foreign ministers. So much for the proposed disarmament conference. There remain the questions of treaties for Germany and Austria. Nobody knows on what German body to impose our peace terms, even assuming that we ever agree upon

them. Here is another consequence of unconditional surrender. Certain American experts apparently advocate an immediate peace imposed by statute. It is hard to see how such a measure could exceed in harmfulness the long delay until we could find a puppet administration to swallow our terms. If we are to give Germany a Carthaginian peace, then one, and only one, German Government was suitable for office in that moment of humiliation—the régime of Adolf Hitler. Had we any gumption, we should have preserved it, so that it should drink to the dregs the resultant poison of its own crimes. Instead we help the Germans to build Nazism into a heroic legend.

#### **European Peace Treaties**

The German peace treaty will presumably turn upon the problem of German industrial rehabilitation. We have travelled far from Potsdam and Mr. Morgenthau's comical plans for 'de-industrialisation'. In this country, at least, we now realise that some form of German contribution to the economy of Europe, in the shape of coal, steel, and certain chemicals, is vital. Moreover, we look upon a Germany as ruined, as impotent as ever it was after the Treaty of Westphalia, and we are not happy. The weakness of Germany then allowed Louis XIV a dangerous freedom of movement on his eastern borders. The weakness of Germany today gives Stalin a similar freedom on his western border.

The first, the economic consideration, may scarcely influence American policy. No doubt the second works upon the American mind no less strongly than on the British. The probable French attitude is quite simple. If the Ruhr cannot be internationalised (it is a thousand pities that the French plan for this step has been so categorically rejected), then all policies and all peace terms must be bent to one end—the castration of Germany for as long a period as possible, at whatever the cost.

Nor is it very difficult to prophesy the Russian mood. Why should Russia agree to any measure that would end her present freedom of action in Central Europe, and revive her traditional Teutonic enemy? Russia is in general need of German machinery, and is unhampered by Christian compassion. Every increase of misery within the British zone of Germany is a possible gain for Communism. As like as not, therefore, when the problem of a German settlement is faced, we shall see America and Britain ranged opposite France and Russia in a sordid struggle to decide whether the 'German slum' shall be preserved or improved. So low have fallen our noble aspirations of but two or three years since.

The matter of Austria is more simple. In Vienna there already functions a government only too anxious to take over authority from the occupying forces, and to sign a treaty that could hardly carry with it much odium in present circumstances. Here the dangers are much more imponderable than in the German case. Can the Russians ever be induced peaceably to quit Austria? Can the average Austrian be taught the necessity of working out his own salvation, and not eternally to lean upon foreigners—upon Mussolini, then Hitler, and now the Western occupying Powers? Can Austria exist economically as a sovereign state? Or must she combine with one or more of her neighbours? With Hungary? Centuries of mutual hatred, the power of the Communist minority, the existing Russo-Hungarian economic agreements are all against such a development, unless Austria was willing to be thought entirely within the frontiers of the Russian world. The arguments against economic union with Tito's Yugoslavia would be even stronger. Union with Bavaria in present circumstances would be tantamount to a new Anschluss. Some sort of an arrangement with Czechoslovakia would appear to be the only feasible step, and we have no notion whether the Czechs would welcome the idea. Did they do so, they would soon, no doubt, be ruling the roost in Vienna, as in the days of the Empire.

Before turning away from Central and Eastern Europe, let us look briefly at the situation on Poland. I am prepared to believe that the Russians do not overtly interfere in the working of the present Polish Government. I have no doubt that this Government has brought in some overdue agrarian reforms. Indeed, it may even enjoy a large degree of popular support. But if so, then why are some 190 of the opposition kept in prison on the eve of the elections? Of course, on the other hand, Eastern Europe has never known 'free elections' in the Western sense of the word; and I sometimes wonder whether the American and British protests on this subject which in the last year or so have been flung at almost all of Russia's clients, serve any purpose other than to illustrate our profound ignorance of the political technique as practised east of Vienna.

#### Sudan

In Spain, the exiling of General Aranda to the Balearic Islands would suggest that no change of régime is feasible at the moment. Franco is a General, the creature of pronunciamentos. The military put him into power, probably the military are the only force in Spain strong enough to put him out again. But no doubt he has damped the conspiring ardour of the Generals for some time to come.

In America another General turns to politics. The appointment of General Marshall to succeed Mr. Byrnes at the State Department is still too new to allow any firm opinion of it. No doubt, with 'bi-partite control' of foreign policy well established, we need expect no violent changes. No doubt, too, General Marshall is a reinforcement to President Truman's administration. His Embassy to China, however, does not suggest in him any pre-eminent skill as a negotiator.

At the moment it is less in the domain of pure politics than in that of economics that the uncertainties of America's future actions lie clouded. The world lives at the moment on American exports. Some day they must be paid for, and paid for in goods, since America already possesses most of



MAHOMET ALI PASHA

the world's entire gold stocks. If America is to be repaid she must one day buy from abroad, and President Truman in his recent message to Congress advocated in this connection the reduction of certain tariffs. But will Congress in its prevailing Republican mood ever agree to such a step? It seems doubtful at best.

In Egypt the treaty negotiations still appear to hang upon the complicated question of Egyptian suzerainty over the Sudan. It is not easy to summon up the slightest sympathy for the Egyptian claim. Mahomet Ali conquered the country some century and a quarter ago in circumstances of brutality. He and his successors 'milked' the Sudan shamefully, and sold its population for slaves. The Mahdist rebellion of the 1880s was an uprising against intolerable conditions.

But for British arms, and our victory at Omdurman in 1898, there probably would not be an Egyptian alive in the Sudan today. There, the memory of the corrupt Egyptian pasha is still a matter of fear and disgust. It is quite absurd for the Egyptians to lay any serious claim to more than an outward show of suzerainty in this area.

# IS THERE A VETO PROBLEM?

The 'veto' problem holds the international stage.

On closer analysis, however, it is seen as a false issue. Only by the establishment of a

world legal order can peace be guaranteed.

#### EMERY REVES'

The last meeting of the United Nations Assembly at Flushing was completely dominated by debate on the veto power. Week after week was spent by the leaders of the world arguing about it; thousands upon thousands of editorials were written and speeches made by the commentators on public events, giving the impression that the veto power is one of the greatest issues, if not the greatest, confronting us.

Statesmen assert that as soon as no single nation has the right to veto majority decisions, the United Nations Charter will be able to fulfil the purpose for which it was created—to prevent war.

After reading in the newspapers that in less than one year Russia has invoked the veto power no fewer than ten times, I inquired at the Reference Section of the Department of Public Information of the United Nations Secretariat about the number of times the veto right has been invoked, by which powers, and on what issues. Their reply may astonish the public. I was told that this question could not be answered so easily. Just what constitutes a veto is not clear to them. Just when the veto right has been invoked is open to interpretation! In several cases when Power A said Power B had vetoed a decision, Power B objected, with the argument that they merely handed in a negative vote and did not invoke their veto at all.

So before we engage in a heated debate over the veto, we should agree on exactly what constitutes one. Quite certainly any voting system purporting to be free and democratic cannot deny the right of dissent

The importance attached to the power of veto seems completely unjustified, and makes little sense. Whether to acknowledge or refuse to acknowledge the veto right of certain powers in a league system may be the subject of academic debate but has no relation whatever to reality and to the problem of war and peace.

Let us try to visualise a concrete case. Suppose that in the near future developments in Iran induce the Soviet Government to occupy the whole country to maintain order. The Soviet Government would call this act an act of defence, necessary for preventing disorder in a neighbouring country where certain elements of the ruling class have been plotting against the security of the Soviet Union.

The United States, Great Britain, and a number of other countries would undoubtedly oppose such a step by the Soviet Union on the grounds that it is an act of aggression against a member state of the United Nations.

What would happen under the existing arrangement?

After preliminary discussions and investigation, the Soviet delegate would use his veto power in the Security Council and forestall all further action in the matter. The world would be obliged to bow before Russia's fait accompli.

But suppose, that, before such an

<sup>18 &</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Mr. Reves is the author of A Democratic Manifesto and the recently published The Anatomy of Peace, which has been attracting world-wide attention. It is now appearing in twenty-five different editions in seventeen languages.

eventuality occurred, the veto right of the great powers had been abolished. What

would happen?

To base our speculations on the solid ground of reality, let us recall what happened in 1935. Italy, declaring that her empire was threatened by the savage tribes of Ethiopia, began to occupy the country to defend Italy's interests. More than fifty nations declared this an act of unprovoked aggression committed by one member state of the League against another. More than fifty nations unanimously voted to stop this war of aggression by applying sanctions to Italy if she defied the quasi-unanimous will of the world.

Italy had no veto power to exercise. Nevertheless she defiantly told the whole world to go to blazes. . . . And this not unnatural attitude of an independent and sovereign state in a world of independent sovereign states paralysed the whole League system and held it up to ridicule. There was no way 'to apply sanctions' that could have prevented Italy from conquering Abyssinia except for the military powers—Great Britain and France—to go to war with Italy as individual states. Neither of them was willing or able to do that. And so the 'more than fifty nations' which angrily condemned Italy's action recognised the King of Italy as Emperor of Ethiopia.

What would happen if, in our hypothetical case of Russian occupation of Iran, all the other powers of the world decided that this 'act of aggression' must be stopped? Would the Soviet Union be any more impressed by such a 'decision' than was the Italian Government in 1935? Most certainly she would recall her representatives from the United Nations rather than withdraw her troops from a place where her interests demanded that they remain.

How could sanctions be applied: In no other way except for the United States, Great Britain, and the other military powers to open hostilities against the Soviet Union. Would any one of them do so? Would they collectively take such action? It is hardly imaginable.

The situation would be exactly the same if Great Britain committed an act which the Soviet Union regarded as an act of aggression, or if the United States committed an act which China might qualify as aggressive.

#### The Real Issue

The veto power is an altogether irrelevant matter, and it is dangerous to focus public thinking and discussion on a superficial and unimportant formality when the real issue is so much deeper, so much more fundamental.

How long are we going to hold to the absurd idea that sovereign states can be coerced to adopt a specific course of action decided upon by a majority of other

sovereign states?

The records of the Federal Convention of 1787 in Philadelphia contain the following notes for 31 May: 'Mr. Madison observed that the more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability, the justice and the efficacy of it when applied to people collectively and not individually. A union of states (containing such an ingredient) seemed to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a state would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound.'

The entire course of human history proves the absolute and unquestionable correctness of this statement. Why do we blindly ignore and disregard it? Why do we again try to make succeed that which has invariably failed whenever attempted

in the past?

Peace between sovereign-power-units can never be maintained by force, because the use of force against a sovereign state is war. War is the inevitable result of contact between sovereign social units—in our age, between nation-states.

The cause of war has always been the

same. When sovereignty resided in feudal landlords, there were wars between feudal estates. When sovereignty resided in cities, wars were fought between city-states. When sovereignty resided in dynasties, there were wars between dynasties. Today sovereignty resides in the nation-states, so we have wars between nation-states.

In the entire course of human history it was never possible for any length of time to prevent wars between social groups of equal sovereignty in contact with one another. Policy, diplomacy, treaties and leagues were tried innumerable times. All these methods to prevent war failed miserably, without one single exception. But as soon as part of the sovereignties of the conflicting social units were transferred to a higher unit, integrating them under one sovereign system of law, war between the groups on that level immediately and for ever ceased. Wars between feudal landlords ceased the moment kings imposed upon them a higher system of law. Wars between Protestants and Catholics stopped when the nation-states imposed a higher sovereignty over the churches, guaranteeing equal rights under law to individuals of different faiths. Wars between England, Scotland and Wales, between Tuscany, Parma and Venice, between Anjou, Burgundy and Touraine, ceased the moment the British, French and Italian sovereign states were established.

We are now undergoing the crisis of the nation-state structure, established in the agricultural eighteenth century and made obsolete by modern industrialism. If history teaches anything, it is that there is not the slightest chance of maintaining peace between the sovereign nation-states by a league system. If we want peace between the nations, we must understand the cause of war, and accept its cure. The cure is nothing new. It has been applied several times in the past, always with complete success. Today it means the establishment of a world-wide legal order to integrate the conflicting nation-states in a higher level of government with authority to create and enforce law.

#### The Choice

Whether or not we have another war between the nation-states depends on whether we want to base peace on the 'sovereign equality of nations' or on a world-wide legal order, standing above the nation-states, with the power to create law and enforce it upon individuals in their inter-national relations. If our purpose is to maintain the 'sovereign equality of the nations'—and this is explicitly stated in the United Nations Charter—then war between the existing sovereign nationstates is a mathematical certainty. The debate on Veto versus No Veto for sovereign states sounds as though it came from an enchanted forest where fairies, witches and wizards produce miraculous transformations simply by pronouncing a magic word.

As Alexander Hamilton said of the Articles of Confederation, which were based on principles identical with those upon which the United Nations is based; 'A full display of the principal defects of the Confederation shows that the evils we experience do not proceed from minute or partial imperfections but from fundamental errors in the structure of the building, which cannot be amended otherwise than by an alteration in the first principles and main pillars of the fabric.'

If the veto alone has impaired the effectiveness of the United Nations, what was it that impaired the effectiveness of the League of Nations whose Covenant did not grant special veto rights to any of its member states?

The reason for the failure of the United Nations to solve any one of the major political problems on its agenda must obviously be more fundamental than exercise of the veto right.

It is self-delusion to deny that since the cessation of hostilities, relations between the victorious powers have been constantly deteriorating. Each meeting of the representatives of the sovereign powers, within or outside the United Nations, has only added to this degenerative process.

What is causing our drift toward conflict?

Nations, just like individuals, are motivated by fear and the all-powerful urge for security. There are only two ways to satisfy that urge for security: either by a legal order or by preparedness to fight, possibly to shoot first. Never during 5,000 years of history could peaceful human relations be established except by either a legal order or conquest and oppression. History proves that human relations could be kept peaceful within one sovereign system of law, no matter how different were the people, no matter how divergent their outlooks, their religions and social institutions. But history also proves that peaceful relations could never be maintained between groups of peoples with equal sovereign rights which were not integrated in a legal order. All attempts to maintain peace between such sovereign units by treaties, alliances, leagues, failed.

As the world is organised today under the United Nations Charter, sovereignty is vested in the individual nation-states. Relations between these nation-states have remained unregulated by law. All we are trying again to do is to keep peaceful relations through negotiations and treaties within the United Nations—a league of sovereign nation-states. This has been tried many times in the past but never succeeded once. This is anarchy in inter-national relations.

The United Nations, as it is organised today, cannot maintain peace between its members and is incapable of creating confidence and friendly relations among them. It is perfectly natural and was easily predictable.

Our drift toward another conflict has absolutely nothing to do with the veto power which is, whether we care to admit it or not, a criterion of sovereignty, inherent in the sovereign nation-state institution. It is absurd to demand that the right of veto, the right to say no, be abolished without demanding simultaneously the abolition of the sovereign nation-state structure.

He who dislikes the veto and would have it eliminated can address himself only to the institution of which it is the inevitable and undeniable prerogative—the sovereign nation-state. As long as they uphold the fundamental conception of the United Nations—a league of sovereign states—the small nations have no reason to excite themselves about the veto nor has the Soviet Union any cause for fear of losing her 'veto'. Whether we maintain or 'abolish' this magic formula, the positions of Cuba and the U.S.S.R. within the existing sovereign nation-state structure would remain exactly the same.

#### What is 'Abuse'?

Talk about 'abuse' of the veto right and attempts to limit its invocation to 'essential' matters does not make much more sense. There is actually no evidence of any abuse of the veto power. We could speak of its abuse only if a state invoked the veto right against its own interests, merely for the sake of paralysing United Nations activity. But exercise of the veto right cannot be called an abuse if, when the interests of one state clash with the interests of another within a league of sovereign states, the one says 'nay' at a time when the interests of the other would best be served by an 'aye'.

In the small, integrated world of today, we cannot evade the fact that the interests of the sovereign units do not run parallel and that the two major surviving power units act as two poles of attraction to which the scattered sovereign units must gravitate. This process has nothing to do with communism or capitalism. It is an age-old historical process which—irrespective of the social and economic content of the units-must erupt in violence unless the conflicting sovereign units are integrated into a higher legal order within which the inevitable and innumerable conflicts in human society can be fought out by legal procedures instead of violence.

Relations between East and West are becoming worse with each meeting of the representatives of the sovereign nationstates in spite of their smiling faces before newsreel cameras and at cocktail parties. Had Jonathan Swift sent Gulliver to a peace conference, he could not have written a more biting satire on peace conferences than did the representatives of the twentyone victorious nations in Paris. They spent months discussing irrelevant symptoms of our problem, such as where to put a frontier signpost in Venezia-Giulia, but no mention was made of the problem itself, the problem of war and peace, which alone matters.

There is something fundamentally undemocratic about the United Nations as it is organised. Every single one of its principles, today advocated by our statesmen. has been attacked and rejected by the Fathers of the American Constitution and proved fallacious by history.

According to James Madison: 'The existing confederation is founded on principles which are fallacious. We must consequently change this first foundation and with it the superstructure resting upon it. It has been shown that other (leagues) which could be consulted as precedents have been vitiated by the same erroneous principles and can therefore furnish no other light than that of beacons which give warning of the course to be shunned.' (The Federalist, XXXVII.)

The league system has been described by Alexander Hamilton as being 'so radically vicious and unsound as to admit not of amendment but by an entire change in its leading features and characters.' Federalist, XXII.)

The proposals of our statesmen to maintain peace between sovereign states have

been judged by Hamilton: 'The principles of legislation for sovereign states, supported by military coercion, has never been found effectual.' (The Federalist, XVI.)

And Hamilton called a spade a spade when he wrote in The Federalist, xv: 'Experience is the oracle of truth and where its responses are unequivocal they ought to be conclusive and sacred. The important truth, which it unequivocally pronounces in its present case, is that a sovereignty over sovereigns, a government over governments, a legislation for communities as contradistinguished from individuals, as it is a solecism in theory, so in practice it is subversive of the order and ends of civil polity by substituting violence in place of law, or the destructive coercion of the sword in place of the mild and salutary coercion of the magistracy.

These few references from The Federalist Papers—probably the greatest contribution America has made to human progress should suffice to demonstrate the contradiction lying between the principles of Washington, Madison and Hamilton and those upon which our present statesmen

want to build future society.

If enough people could arm themselves against the emotional impact of current events and debates, and would spend a little time studying for themselves the lessons of history, our drift toward another holocaust might still be averted. What seems impossible to many now could easily become reality, just as what seemed impossible in 1787 became reality. After all, history is nothing but the perpetual reincarnation of the impossible.

#### Is Russia both?

I CANNOT be sure whether a recent customer said I was a very 'knowing' or a very 'no-ing' man! Men's Wear

#### No veto on coins!

NEW YORK City's Board of Transportation reported that during 1946, while United Nations delegates met in the city, subway turnstiles had absorbed 101,200 foreign coins. Time



Tribesmen at one of their Jirgas, or local parliaments

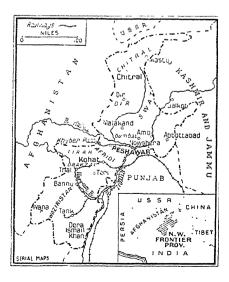
#### TRIBES OF THE

# NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

## OF INDIA

## SIR GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., O.B.E.<sup>2</sup>

UNTIL the recent unfortunate incident in the Khyber Pass, when Pandit Nehru and his party were stoned by the Afridis (and as a stone-thrower an Afridi, or any other Pathan, is in a class by himself both for accuracy and hitting power), the North West Frontier of India has been little in the news for some years past. During the war the frontier which attracted all attention was the North Eastern, and those who knew the North West Frontier and its potentialities for trouble in the past were well content that it should be so. But the more intriguing problem of the two will always be the North West. For, apart from the external strategical importance which attaches to any land frontier, you have on the North West the absorbing internal problem of the Pathan tribes. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world.



<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> After serving on the N.W. Frontier since 1914, Sir George Cunningham was Governor of the Province from 1937 until 1946

By 'the tribes' in this article, I mean the tribes of that half of the North West Frontier Province which is technically called Tribal Territory. The Province as a whole is a long strip, 400 miles long and varying from 60 to 100 miles broad, that fills the gap between the Indus river and Afghanistan. It is divided into two narrower strips, roughly equal in width, one the Settled Districts and the other Tribal Territory, and the dividing line is the Administrative Border. The Settled Districts adjoin the Indus, and are a mixture of fertile valleys, some big plains and low hills. When you have travelled 30 to 40 miles across them, you come to the foot of the steep hills which rise abruptly from the plain, and you have arrived at the Administrative Border. Step across it, and you are in Tribal Territory until you reach the Afghan frontier 40 to 50 miles further on. Not that this tribal belt is mountain pure and simple. There are valleys of great fertility hidden behind the barrier you see from the plain. But the barrier is a very real one. On this side of it is the reign of law, as in every other part of British India. Beyond it no law runs-there is the 'perfect law of liberty'. Here live the independent tribes, who are, as I have said, like nothing else in the world.

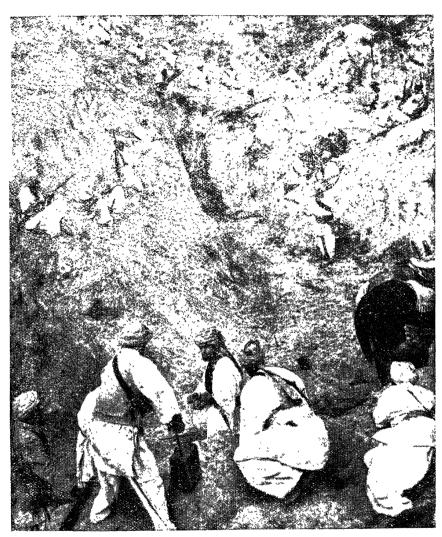
#### The Pathan and the Government

The Pathan tribesman has never been tamed. He has independence in the soul. Splendid in physique, of quick intelligence, cheerful and humorous and of staunch loyalty to anyone he counts his friend, he is an attractive creature. As a companion over the hills or on a day's shooting, he is unequalled. His hospitality is proverbial, and often, on a day's trek through tribal country, I have had to sit down to six square meals of pulao (a delicious dish of rice and meat), hard-boiled eggs and tea, none of which could I have avoided without giving genuine disappointment to my host. By religion the Pathan is a devout and orthodox Muslim. Prayers in the village mosque, the fasting month of 'Roza', the prescribed ceremonies at birth,

marriage and death—in fact all the tenets of Islam are rigorously, and very simply, observed. I have seen nothing more impressive, or more moving in its simplicity, than a funeral in a Pathan village; the body in a white sheet laid on a simple bedstead in the open; the mourners passing, and now and then a man lifting the sheet for a last look at the dead face; and all then moving off to the graveside where the mullah leads a brief final prayer.

Crime of the meaner sort—theft, burglary, rape, and so on-is uncommon. Indeed, apart from a tendency now and then to kill each other somewhat lightheartedly, their standards of conduct are high. Nor are they the incorrigible raiders and cattle-thieves that many writers have tried to make them out. Ninety-five per cent of them want to be peaceful and to be left in peace, to till their fields and to carry on their simple trades. The familiar picture of the hungry tribesman, sitting on his barren hill-tops and gloating over the fertile plains and rich villages which he shortly means to plunder, is n ne-tenths fantasy. For neither is he particularly hungry nor particularly jealous of the dweller in the plains. In a simple way he is content with his life, not badly off, economically developed about as far as he is ever likely to be, short of striking oil or minerals or something of that sort. Wherever a drop of irrigation water is to be found, the tribes make the most of it. and in most areas every inch of cultivable and irrigable land is already cultivated; the Tochi Valley in Waziristan is probably the most fertile and the best cultivated part of the whole Province. Apart from agriculture, their livelihood comes from their flocks and herds and their trade in timber. fuel, skins, and clarified butter; every day in the bazaars of Peshawar, Kohat, and other big towns, you can see tribesmen from every clan with their laden donkeys and camels coming to barter their goods for salt, cloth, brass and copper ware, and tea.

But if you watch these men as they go back across the border, you will see that a



Tribesmen in the mountains

rifle is slung over every shoulder, and the reason for that is the all-pervading blood-feud. It may be an old feud going back for generations—the original cause long forgotten; or it may be a new cause of revenge, an unfaithful wife, a dispute over land or water, or even an insult. But once started, a feud hardly ever dies. It may be quiescent for long, but sooner or later the

ladies of the house jeer at the man who is 'one down' in the game of alternate murder, and he feels he must square the match. The blood-feud is the one big blot on tribal society and turns what ought to be a happy, peaceful existence in those lovely upland valleys into a life of neverending anxiety and strain.

I have often been asked: What exactly

is the Government's policy towards these tribes? The answer is that the Government has no one policy, unless it be stated in terms so vague as to be really meaningless. Much less have they one treaty. There are half a dozen different kinds of engagement, written and unwritten. And I would say here—and it is to the credit both of the tribes and of the Government-that I would always rely more on the unwritten promises, given in solemn tribal gatherings. than on the printed word. The reasons for all this variety are partly historical, partly differences between the characters of the various tribes or differences in their internal organisation, and, last but not least, geography. When the British first annexed the North West Frontier a century ago, they occupied it up to the foot of the big hills; beyond that, the country was too difficult and the tribes too strong. So bit by bit we entered into relations with the tribes, one after another, and made what arrangements were necessary with each. Hence the great variety from end to end of the frontier. But certain things are broadly true of the whole. Everywhere the tribes are free to run their own internal business, according to their tribal customs (which again vary from tribe to tribe). There are no police, no law courts, and—except in one or two semi-regularised areas—no land revenue. All tribes are under agreement not to harbour outlaws (a bond, I fear, not always honoured), nor to commit any offences against Government territory or near Government roads in tribal territory. They are required, in general, to maintain peace and friendly relations with the Government, and all of them, with negligible exceptions, receive allowances. On this point of allowances a word is necessary, for many people who ought to know better have described them as being blackmail pure and simple. That is a very superficial view. In their origin, allowances were given to those tribes 'who were willing to enter into political relations with the British Government.' They are distributed among a fairly large number of the leading

men in each tribe, and they have never been given to buy off the potentially hostile. The allowance-holders are the men through whom a political officer keeps in constant touch with the tribe as a whole and through whom he brings his personal influence to bear. For it is personal touch and knowledge, and not force, that are our real means of control over these men. The tribes themselves look on allowances as an honour and as conferring a status. I have known one potential allowance-holder to murder another, all for the sake of a pittance of two rupees per year! One or two small and inaccessible sections have consistently refused allowances because they preferred independence. All this shows how little true it is that allowances are blackmail. One more important condition in our engagements is that no trouble should be given to neighbouring friendly powers, by which, of course, is meant Afghanistan.

#### The Different Tribes

These, then, are the chief features common to all our tribal areas. Let me now fill in the picture in a little detail. First I am going to take Waziristan, not because it is the most, or nearly the most, important part of the whole, but because for the past ten years it has been the only part in which we have had any trouble; and I like to take the unpleasant bit first. Government's policy, too, in Waziristan has been quite different from elsewhere. Since 1923 we have occupied four or five places in the very heart of the country with regular troops in an effort to restrain the Wazir and Mahsud (the wildest of all our tribes) from troubling the villages of our adjacent settled districts. In addition to regulars, two corps of scouts, 3,000 each, composed entirely of Pathans and led by British officers, hold a dozen posts scattered through the country, and we have enlisted some thousands of the local tribesmen themselves as levies under the title of Khassadars. So we have, or ought to have, a grip on this bit of tribal country that we have nowhere else. But things have not



Camel caravans in the Khyber Pass

quite turned out like that. Until 1936 good progress was made and the feeling of peace and security grew. Then arose the Faqir of Ipi, a Muslim religious leader—fanatic, patriot and gangster all in one—and serious conflicts with our troops were almost weekly incidents for two or three years to follow. Things are certainly better now. The leading tribesmen, allowance-holders, come in daily to see our officers and discuss matters with them; patients flow into our hospitals; boys come to our schools. It is true, too, that when the World War began, the Fagir and his gangs showed no great desire to take advantage of our difficulties. I like to think that this was due to some instinct of sportsmanship as well as to the restraining influence of our good friends the Afghan Government. But full confidence between the tribes and Government has not been restored, and until it is restored, we cannot hope to see that peaceful development of the country which is the basis of our present policy. It is sad,

but true, that the tribes of Waziristan, as well as many of our big tribes in other parts of the frontier, would rather remain undeveloped and free than be developed and administered.

Let us leave Waziristan. North of it lies a wedge of tribal territory which deserves our particular attention. It is the valley of the Kurram River, sixty miles long, cutting transversely across the tribal belt from the Afghan border to the settled districts. Here we have the ideal method of frontier administration. Though regular law courts do not exist, all cases, both civil and criminal, come to trial before one of our officials with a local jury, called a jirga, to help him, and a decision is made according to local custom. For police and protection, we have a local Militia, very highly-trained under British officers, and an organised network of village chighas, or pursuit parties, who turn out whenever required. Most of our civil officials are local men. Schools, roads, hospitals,

agricultural farms and Government fruit gardens, are all maintained at a high standard. The people of the valley are all very friendly to Government officials. Fishing in the river, shooting in the hills, visiting their lovely villages, you will always get a hearty welcome and true Pathan hospitality. There is, of course, a reason for these happy conditions. The Turis, as the people of the valley are called, are a little enclave of Shiah Mohammedans surrounded on all sides by orthodox Sunni tribes; and there is not much love lost between them. They have always, therefore, since the 'nineties when we took over the valley, felt a special friendship for the British, their champions against aggression.

### Tribal Monarchs

Again moving north, we come to the big important tribes in the centre of our tribal belt, adjoining the settled districts of Kohat and Peshawar. In order from the south, they are the Orakzai, the Afridis (astride the great international highway of the Khyber Pass), the Mohmands, and lastly-a somewhat heterogeneous lotthe Bajauris. Our relations with all these tribes are more or less the same. Except on the two big roads, the Khyber in Afridi country, and the Gandab which was made about twelve years ago into the heart of Mohmand territory, no Government officials ever enter the country, though I have gone occasionally on an informal visit at the invitation of a local headman. So nothing in the way of economic development has ever been possible. But the tribesmen themselves come in, in their hundreds and thousands, to visit and take counsel with our political officers, and in this way close and very friendly contact is maintained. The only cases which are actually brought for trial by our officials are those which have taken place on or near one of our roads, or in which Government interests are directly involved. All these tribes are thoroughly democratic in spirit. Each sub-section has its recognised headmen, but no individual can really claim a big following, and in tribal conclaves every man has an equal voice. The one thing on which they are all agreed is that they like their independence; I have often offered them schools, hospitals, roads, technical advisers if they want them, but the answer is always a very polite but very firm indication that they do not want any of them inside their own country. You may say it is an untidy system to find in the British Empire; untidy perhaps, but it works, and the tribes are extraordinarily friendly—as the late war very clearly showed.

Finally, as we reach the northern end of the frontier, we come to the great block of territory stretching from the edge of Peshawar District almost to Soviet Central Asia, which comprises the three big transborder States of Chitral, Dir and Swat, and the smaller State, half cis-border and half trans-border, of Amb. Here we have left democracy behind; the rulers are autocrats and monarchs-and, by tribal standards at least, enlightened monarchs. Of all of them Swat is the most interesting. The Wali, the present ruler, consolidated it out of warring elements twenty-five years ago. He has made it a peaceful and prosperous State. He has disarmed the whole country-an amazing feat-and you never see a rifle except in the hands of the Wali's own troops. He has built schools, hospitals, bridges and roads. The house in which his son lives and entertains with great hospitality is almost the best and most modern house in the whole Province. The administrative system is simple and very effective. If a subordinate official feels he cannot dispose of a case himself, he telephones to the heir-apparent for orders, and the latter, if he feels any doubt, then telephones to his father. Justice is thus done, quicker and better than in most countries. With all these four chiefs the Government maintain the most friendly relations through their political officers, but interfere to a minimum.

If the recent war is a test—as it obviously is—of our frontier administration, we may well be content. I suppose that all through the war a month never passed without my

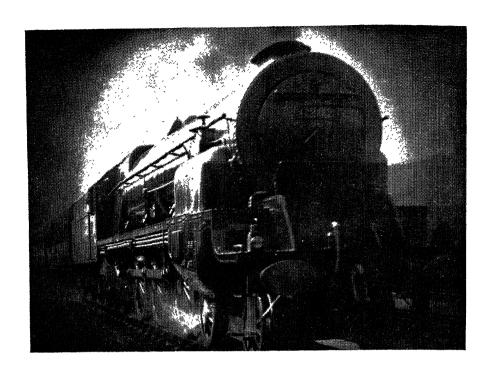
seeing a gathering of tribesmen, anything from fifty to 2,000. And on no single occasion di 1 they fail to offer, with obvious sincerity, their full support in men and money against the Axis Powers. Of the 100,000 men whom the Province sent to the war, the tribes contributed a very fair share. Often they offered the whole of their allowances, and one small and rather poor tribe, who said they could not afford a money contribution, asked me with sly humour to accept ten British Army rifles which they had stolen a few years before. Indeed, except for Waziristan, which I have already mentioned, the tribes of the whole frontier have been uniformly peaceful, friendly and helpful for the last ten years and more.

#### What of the Future?

Long may these happy relations continue! For, as the Vicerov said during a recent visit to the Khyber, the time is not far off when the tribes will have to negotiate a fresh agreement with the future Government of India. What precise form that agreement will take is a difficult question to answer. But on some points I feel pretty clear. In their internal administration, the tribes should be left a great measure of their present freedom. In their day to day intercourse with the Government, their relations should be with the Provincial Government, not with the Central Government. In the general layout the aim should be not at a confederation of the tribes but at linking each tribe with the adjacent settled district, and at making the economic nexus as close as possible. It is to be hoped that the Government of India, on their side, will continue to assist the tribes by payment of allowances and employment of Khassadars on something near the present scale, and by furthering all possible schemes of social and economic improvement. My own conviction is that for many years, perhaps a generation, to come, the best method of helping the tribesman both financially and educationally will be to give him suitable employment outside his own country. I have seen young Mahsuds, the most intractable of all our tribes, improve out of all recognition in the course of a year's service in one of our Mahsud Labour Battalions.

I have great hopes that when a good Muslim Government (I do not necessarily postulate a Muslim League government) is set up in the North West Frontier Province, it may succeed, with the help of its religious appeal, in establishing that confidence in the tribesman's mind which must be the basis of economic development. Can they but do this, they will have gone far to solve the whole Frontier problem and to put an end to the menace of raids and other offences from across the Border. Apart from the immediate benefit that this would confer both on the tribes and the villages of the settled districts, the strength that it would give to our whole strategic position in India is obvious. Hitherto the strategic importance of the tribes, little from the military point of view in terms of modern warfare, has lain mainly in the nuisance they could, if they wished, cause in numerous minor ways to an army operating in or through their country in the defence of India against aggression. The probable attitude of the tribes in such an event has always been a matter for surmise, depending largely, it has always been supposed, on the attitude of the Afghans. But with full confidence established between the Government and the tribes, an aggressive Power would find the tribal belt a pretty difficult bit of country to pierce.

Nowhere more than on that border is it true that unity is strength. And I hope devoutly that unity may be achieved. For I have a great faith in the Pathan. He has energy, intelligence and initiative more than the average Indian. And if things go well with him, he will take a lead in the future life of India far outside his own hills and valleys which he cherishes so dearly.



# The Nationalisation of Transport

# A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

The Government has used its two to one majority in the House of Commons to secure the Second Reading of its Bill to set up in Great Britain a publicly-owned system of inland transport and of ports. Therefore the Bill now passes to the next stage, and here again the Government has used its voting strength in the Commons to prevent the Committee Stage being

taken on the floor of the House where it could be examined in detail by all Members; instead, it is to go to a tiny Standing Committee, because the Government considers it—to use Mr. Herbert Morrison's words—not of 'serious, fundamental constitutional importance'. This, despite the fact that the Second Reading debate revealed no case whatever for the Bill, and



Efficient and economic transport is essential to the nation's prosperity.

To secure this, flexibility and initiative are essential.

By removing all potential competition, and creating a 'monopoly of monopolies' with an unwieldy system of administration under political control, the 'consumer' will suffer.

Moreover, the 1,000,000 shareholders will lose 40% of their income.

showed quite clearly that the proposed scheme is quite unworkable in many respects.

The Government's scheme in the Transport Bill is for an absolute monopoly of transport under state ownership. Although a great deal of false criticism was levelled against the existing transport services in the House of Commons debate, the fact

is that there are solid advantages in the present method of organisation of transport in this country. These advantages are tangible and intangible, and they may all be grouped briefly under six main headings. First, the present transport system under private enterprise provides for vitality in administration, which cannot be obtained by the methods of Government service.

Secondly, it ensures freedom from political pressure. Efficient transport must be impartial. Thirdly, it enables commercial risks and quick action to be taken in dayto-day business, which otherwise would be prevented. Fourthly, it enables the size of the organisations to be kept to manageable dimensions. Fifthly, it enables dead uniformity to be avoided and provides a clash of fruitful ideas. Sixthly and lastly, despite the disgraceful remarks of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Second Reading debate about the railways, it has provided this country with one of the most efficient transport systems in the world, and its record speaks for itself.

#### Defects of the Bill

Just to comment briefly on these advantages. A transport system cannot be run like a Government Department. It has to provide a twenty-four-hour service seven days a week, and the whole staff, throughout the country, have to be ready at any time to take action to meet public needs. There must be continuous local contact with transport users, and improvisation to meet particular requirements, as and when they arise, is essential. The whole action of transport must, therefore, be constructive or positive, and its efficiency depends on this. The methods of Government Service are entirely different; they are negative, to protect the interests of the community. If, for example, the rules of the Treasury, which are slow, critical, and protective, were extended to transport, the organisation would not only be slowed up, but the vitality which is required for transport would be lost.

Again, transport, in its dealings with the public, must be impartial; it must treat all alike, and it must be above suspicion. And no transport system can function properly unless it takes commercial risks and quick action in practically every phase of 11s work, justifying its activities by broad results. A practical example is the quoting of charges. These cannot be made on a fixed scale for the many million distinct contracts for conveyance; there

must be elasticity with the accompanying commercial risks, and there must be quick decisions. The Post Office only requires a rigid system of charges for a relatively few types of services performed by a rigid monopoly. The argument that, with state ownership of transport, there will be greater efficiency and economy than with private ownership working on a system of profits and losses, has never been proved and is not in accordance with the existing knowledge of Civil Service Departments. Whilst the Civil Servant is not to blame for the system which suffers from authoritative regulation in detail, the extension of this to transport would have serious results for the country.

A transport organisation succeeds or fails according to the service it renders. This service is based fundamentally on local contacts with the transport users and on local supervision. An organisation has to be designed so as to secure this effectively. With the existing four railway groups it has been a task of magnitude over the twenty-three years of their existence to secure it, and even now it is not all that is desired. The undertakings, which were created by Parliament, are so large that the technical difficulties are great. There is, in fact, a limit beyond which administration is hampered. If there is to be a publicly-owned system of inland transport organised as one, it will be a gigantic concern and cannot but be unwieldy in administration, which is bound to retard local contacts and personal initiative.

Competitive transport in private ownership provides a clash of ideas which is stimulating and is the most effective incentive a transport undertaking can have. In normal times this can be seen any day in any of the transport systems of the country; it is the source of *Drive*. A publicly-owned and unified service, which must be to all intents and purposes an absolute monopoly, would lose this at once and instead there would be dead uniformity.

The main defects of the transport

organisation outlined in the Bill are: (1) There is scope in the Bill for too much interference by the Minister in the Commission's work. He can direct, veto, or retard the Commission on practically everything: in other words, the Civil Service and not the Commission will really be in charge of transport.

(2) The Commission's agents—the Executives—are to be appointed by the Minister, though it is intended they should work to the Commission's orders. This opens up the possibility of conflict or friction between the Executives and the Com-

mission.

(3) Transport co-ordination is unlikely to be achieved by separate organisations of so much authority below the Commission. In fact, the Bill provides no practical or constructive plans for the improvement and co-ordination of transport but, on the other hand, proposes an unwieldy and bureaucratic control with no proper safeguards for transport users.

(4) Long-distance road haulage is only to be permitted by the authority of the Commission. This will effectively stifle any

competition.

(5) Private long-distance road goods transport is restricted except by special permit, thus making the monopoly complete for

goods transport.

(6) The charges provisions of the Bill are inadequate. They lay down no principles on which the new system can be built up, and the Minister is able to override any commercial considerations which may be vital to transport users.

(7) The public tests of efficient and economical management by an impartial statutory Tribunal will be abolished.

The transport undertakings of the country are struggling to overtake the ravages of the war, whilst maintaining day-to-day services. Vast arrears of maintenance work require to be made good. The position in the next few years will be critical. To introduce a scheme for the nationalisation of transport on top of all this is bound to have a serious effect on public services. The energies of the staffs

of the transport organisations will be diverted from rehabilitation to schemes of co-ordination in an atmosphere of uncertainty as to how they personally are going to be affected.

The transport interests are well aware that steps require to be taken to improve the co-ordination of transport. Last July they submitted their proposals to the Government for the co-ordination of freight traffic, which were unanimously approved by trade and industry throughout the country. They ensure for traders freedom to use any form of transport, including their own. They avoid the dangers and abuses of monopoly and they safeguard the nation's transport from the dangers of political pressure. In October, the railway companies published their plans for the co-ordination of all forms of transport, preserving the incentive to efficiency which only competitive enterprise can provide. The Government has rejected these proposals without proper consideration and without giving their reasons for so doing.

## **Unjust Compensation**

There is space here for only a brief comment on the Government's compensation proposals for the acquisition of the transport undertakings. The basis differs in each case. For the railways, L.P.T.B. and canals, Stock Exchange values are taken. For road haulage, the vehicles are to be acquired on replacement cost less depreciation; for other assets it is market value, and for loss of business it is two to five years' purchase of net profits after deducting interest on assets acquired. For privately-owned wagons, the basis is to be 1939 or later cost, less depreciation. There is in the Bill no right of appeal against the terms for the railways, L.P.T.B. and canals; there is for road haulage and the owners of the private wagons. For the first time the stockholders of the railways, L.P.T.B. and canals are not to have the benefit of impartial opinion in settling the terms of the compulsory acquisition of their holdings. Moreover, in having the Stock

Exchange value basis forced on them, their income is to be drastically cut. For example, the average amount which the 1,000,000 railway stockholders received in interest and dividends between 1923 and 1945 was  $f_{38,000,000}$ , but the amount to be paid by the Government under its proposals is  $f_{.23,000,000}$ . This is being done notwithstanding the statutory rights of the stockholders, and the fact that when the railways were amalgamated in 1923 the impartial tribunal which was set up by Parliament to settle the financial terms was directed to take into consideration the income received by the holders of each class of stock. The table below shows the absurdity in endeavouring to value undertakings by Stock Exchange prices at particular dates.

The great differences in values within a few days will be noted. Even the Stock Exchange Council has given detailed reasons to the Government as to why Stock Exchange quotations are an unsound guide to real values.

To sum up. There is nothing in the Bill or in the statements of Government spokesmen in the Second Reading debate to show that the transport system of this country will be improved by nationalisation. The Bill itself contains obvious weaknesses, particularly the power of the Minister to interfere, the method of organisation proposed, the charging provisions, and the restriction of private road goods transport. The likelihood of preserving any incentive to efficiency is remote. The financial terms of acquisition are most unfair. A great responsibility rests on Parliament in dealing with this Bill, but the Government has a two to one majority.

EXAMPLES OF FLUCTUATIONS IN STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES FOR RAILWAY SECURITIES

					Difference in Total Value of Securities	
Description of Security	Date	Price £	Date	Prue £	Between No. of days involved	Amount L
Great Western Company Ordinary Stock Ordinary Stock 4% Debentures	7. 8.45 5.11.46 20.11.45	49½ 60 110½	14. 8.45 12.11.46 27.11.45	53 57 107	7 7 7	+ 1,500,000 - 1,300,000 - 970,000
L M.S. Railway Company 4% Preference (1923) 4% Preference Ordinary Stock	5.11.46 29. 5.46 17. 9.45	64 83 25½	13.11.46 3. 6.46 26. 9.45	58½ 80 27½	8 4 9	2,200,000 3,600,000 + 1,900,000
L. & N.E. Company 4% First Preference 4% First Preference 3% Debentures	7. 8.45 5.11.46 9. 4.46	20 <sup>5</sup> 20 <sup>5</sup>	14. 8.45 12.11.46 15. 4.46	53½ 55½ 93	7 7 6	+ 1,400,000 1,900,000 + 3,000,000
Southern Company 4% Debentures	20.11.45	110	27.11.45	1063	7	1,300,000

# Foreign Labour for Britain?

Ultimately FULL EMPLOYMENT depends on solving the manpower shortage in our basic industries. Only a bold IMMIGRATION policy can do this. We must base our attitude on present realities, and not on fears and prejudices derived from pre-war 'scarcity' economics

## R. T. PAGET, M.P.<sup>1</sup>

IT is difficult today to discuss social and economic questions without becoming involved in the controversy of the mediæval schoolmen; the great question as to whether or not words are more important than their meanings. Democracy—Socialism-racialism-foreign labour-displaced persons—Fascists—tied cottage—closed shop—revolution, all convey emotions and excite passions quite independent of their context or meaning. They have become slogans and have ceased to be definitions. Many of us no longer analyse our problems objectively or judge our solutions upon their intrinsic merits. Instead we apply the touchstone of words. We do not ask: 'Is this the necessary economic solution?' Instead we ask: 'Is this the democratic or the Socialist, or, if you will, the closed shop solution to the problem?' We strive to fit the facts to our words instead of fitting our words to the facts. When Joad enunciates the ancient nominalist proposition: 'It all depends on what you mean by the closed shop', we think that he is being funny. The words have become principles and, as such, like God, are above definition or meaning; all of which makes it difficult to discuss objectively subjects so involved in the controversy of words as immigration and full employment. Appeals to reason, whether they be directed to the Home Office or to the T.U.C., or to the political parties, or even to the economists, are blocked by a slogan.

Every industry is crying out for skilled

labour. In Germany we are maintaining as a charge on our foreign exchange and dollar account large numbers of skilled workmen in displaced persons' camps. The Home Office makes unemployability a condition of entry into our country, and extracts from foreigners an undertaking not to work if they come to England. The employment of the working class of this country is threatened by a breakdown in coal supplies. The T.U.C. protest vehemently at Poles being permitted to get the coal on which their members' jobs depend. Many of our people are suffering and dying because of lack of nurses. There are some thousands of trained nurses in the Baltic D.P. camps. The Balts are 'Fascists' because they prefer remaining, under any conditions, subject to a free government rather than returning to a police state which has sent their friends and relations to slavery in Siberia. Our people must die unnursed. Every one of these decisions is justified by a sacred word, the meaning of which has been forgotten.

My plea is that we should forget about words and return to facts. Our trouble has been that we have been so busy labelling, applauding or condemning the changes which have taken place in our economic system that we have not found time to give adequate consideration to the implications that arise inescapably from the fact that these changes have taken place.

Before the war we had an economy based on scarcity values. The value of a

thing did not depend upon our need for it, but upon its scarcity. The capacity of the system to produce depended on a maintained scarcity of the product. Like snowball trading, this was a system that worked beautifully so long as there was an expanding market, but when the market ceased to expand, artificial methods of keeping prices at a profitable level had to be devised. This method entailed unemployment. A substantial proportion of the population had to be prevented from working, lest their labour destroy the scarcity on which the system depended.

In these circumstances it was not unnatural that organised labour should resist the entry of foreign workers. There was at least something to be said for the proposition that the foreigners would be taking jobs from Britons, and would be adding to the unemployment problem. But now this scarcity system has been discarded. No party intends to allow production once again to become dependent on maintained scarcity value. All agree broadly that it is, and must be, a function of the state to maintain effective demand at or above the level of potential supply. It is no longer a question of the foreigner taking the Briton's job, but of the foreigner taking the job that the Briton won't take; and lest anyone should say: 'But we still have some unemployment', let us make it clear that 'some unemployment' is a privilege to be jealously maintained. It is the worker's right to be between jobs. It is the alternative to totalitarian conscripted labour.

Full employment means that there will always be more situations vacant than jobs wanted or, in other words, every man will have a choice of jobs. How will we induce a sufficient number of men who have a choice in the matter to choose jobs in the mines or in the factories or on the land or, for that matter, in the Army? By raising wages? I am very doubtful about this. Where men can look to security and a rising standard, the inducement of money is weakened. How many black-coated workers would take a job in the mines even

for f.10,000 a year if it entailed working in the mines not just for a year but for their working lives? How many would prefer a working life in the mines at £,10,000 to one in business at £,500? Further, of course, these basic jobs require a great many men. and the extent to which one can raise wages is strictly limited. Improved wages and improved conditions of work will do something to reduce the drift from the basic industries. Increased mechanisation will reduce the numbers required; improved prospects of promotion will raise the quality of recruits, but none the less, as standards of education and living improve, it is quite inevitable that less and less people will be satisfied with a working life in the lower grades of our basic industries. There are only two alternatives. Either we must adopt permanent industrial conscription, or we must throw these jobs open to those who are willing to take them, because they have a lower standard of living in their own countries, and the Trade Union movement will have to realise that these are the alternatives.

### Plan for Immigration

To take agriculture as an example, we have 160,000 German prisoners on the land, and we are still woefully short of labour. How are we going to replace them? It has been said that, when we have solved the rural housing problem, we shall get enough men on the land. This is the opposite of the truth. Far more men are kept on the land because they cannot get a house if they leave the land than are prevented from going on to the land by inability to get a house. The rural housing shortage is bad enough, but it does not compare with urban housing shortage. We shall do very well indeed if we succeed in maintaining our existing labour force on the land. There is not the remotest possibility of replacing the Germans with our own men. Very fortunately the Polish Resettlement Corps is available, and whether Unions like it or not, these men will have to be absorbed into agriculture if our agricultural system is to work.

Agriculture is but a foretaste. As our production expands in one basic industry after another, labour shortage is going to develop, and in one industry after another we shall be driven willy-nilly to import foreign labour.

The problem is not as to whether we shall import foreign labour, but as to whether we do so systematically in accordance with a thought-out plan, or on a hand-to-mouth basis to deal with each industrial crisis as it in fact arises.

Foreign workers can be admitted either as indented labour coming here to work for a limited period and then returning to their home countries, or as permanent immigrants. There are many objections to indented labour. Indented labourers come to save money and to send remittances home. This acts as a drain upon an economy which is having difficulty with its balance of payments. Indented labour remains in the fullest sense foreign, and as such may in certain circumstances present a security problem. Finally, indented labour does not do anything (or at least in population terms not very much) to solve our birth-rate problem. Unfortunately experience tells us that the higher the standard of living goes, the lower the birth-rate falls. It is often argued that people do not have children because of insecurity; because they do not feel that they can offer their children a proper chance in life; because of the dangers of the international situation; because of a variety of rationalised moral reasons in which they believe quite sincerely. Unfortunately the facts show exactly the opposite. The people who have least security and least to offer to their children have the most children. War and the threat of war stimulates the birth-rate. On the other hand, the more women are emancipated, the more they are given alternative careers to motherhood, the less children are they willing to bear. There is very little doubt, therefore, that a policy of full employment with a rising standard of living will entail a falling birth-rate, and

this in turn will mean an ageing population which can only be corrected by adding to our younger age groups.

We require today a careful survey of our labour requirements for a number of years ahead, and an estimate of the extent to which these requirements are going to

exceed supply.

We should then work out an immigration policy based upon available material, and upon our absorptive capacity. We should select young men and women of races likely to adapt themselves to our climate. We should seek a variety of nationalities, because we do not want to create minority problems. We should avoid Jews, not because we are anti-Semitic, but because experience tells us that Jewish immigrants do not settle down happily in basic industries and resist absorption. We should distribute our immigrants both geographically and by industries so that they are spread out amongst our people and do not form foreign pockets. We should impose conditions necessary for our own protection, such as contracts to work as directed for so many years; camp residence while our housing problem is acute; Trade Union conditions of work, etc.; but we should provide for full naturalisation in a stated number of years. This immigration policy should work on a regular quota basis. At the same time, and working parallel, we should have an indented labour system of short-contract workers to deal with our short-term labour requirements.

The wealth of a nation lies in the hands of its workers. In existing circumstances any addition to the number of available hands is an addition to the wealth of everybody. Our historical experience has taught us the advantages of mixing our blood. We have been the traditional home of refugees, the Huguenots, the Flemish weavers, the Norwegian seamen. Always we have benefited from our hospitality. Do not let us miss the opportunity we have today. Those who love liberty so dearly that they prefer exile to police government are of the stuff of which good Britons are made.



The Capitol at Buenos Aires

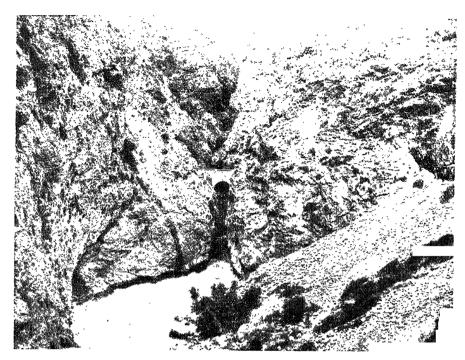
# The British in Argentina

# J. C. del VALLE

An era is ending in the life of the British community in Argentina. Great Britain in the past 150 years has contributed moneymaking energy and skilled labour to the young Republic. A creditor and employer race, the British have often been accused of behaving as though Argentina belonged to them. The rôles are now being reversed. Today Great Britain is a debtor nation, and shortly the majority of the 50,000 British and 'Anglo-Argentine' residents will be employees of Argentine Companies.

Many remarkable Britons have taken up residence in Argentina since the Emancipation. Men such as John Parish Robertson, who emigrated in the early 1800s, became a prosperous merchant, and recorded his experiences in that classic and very rare book, Letters on South America. In our own time there is, for example, the customs agent, Walter Owen, whose translation of the gaucho masterpiece, Martín Fierro, has been published by Blackwell at Oxford—men who have made money in Buenos Aires, but who have given more than an immigrant normally gives to the adopted land.

British pioneers began to arrive in



Tunnel and bridge, typical of British railway enterprise

Argentina at the very beginning of the past century. 'In 1805-6,' wrote Parish Robertson, 'news had reached England of the expedition under Viscount Beresford having sailed up the River Plate and most valiantly attacked and taken the town of Buenos Aires. The victory, however surprising in itself, was as nothing compared with the results anticipated from it by this country. The people were represented as not only satisfied with their conquerors, but tractable, amiable, lively and engaging. The natives, it was said, would give uncounted gold for our manufactures, while their warehouses were as well stocked with produce as their coffers filled with precious metals. The women were said to be all beautiful, and the men all handsome and athletic. British commerce, ever on the wing for foreign lands, soon unfurled the sails of her ships for South America. The rich, the poor, the needy, the speculative

and the ambitious all looked to the making or mending of their fortune in those favoured regions. Like other ardent young men, I (at the age of fourteen) became anxious to visit a land described in such glowing colours. I sailed from Greenock in December 1806.' On that occasion Parish Robertson, together with 'two thousand merchants, traders, adventurers, and a dubious crew which could scarcely pass muster even under the latter designation', got no further than Montevideo. General Whitelock had meanwhile been spectacularly defeated in Buenos Aires and the British withdrew en masse from the River Plate. Robertson returned to Scotland: but he was soon travelling westwards again, and he and his brother, while still young men, became pioneers in Anglo-Argentine trade. In 1825 they invested their profits (some £60,000) in the equipment, transport and settlement of the Monte

Grande Colony in the province of Buenos Aires.

The story of Monte Grande is contained in another rare book, Records of the Scottish Settlers in the River Plate and their Churches. by James Dodds (published in Buenos Aires, 1897). Very few copies of the Records exist, because the descendants of the original settlers, who are listed in the book with their full names and occupations—'farmer', 'carpenter', 'painter', 'cooper', 'basket-maker', 'bricklayer', 'blacksmith', 'sawyer', 'bootmaker', 'gardener', 'servant'-had become, by the time of its publication, prominent citizens of Buenos Aires, possessors of large fortunes. In an attempt to obliterate all traces of their humble origin, these distinguished gentlefolk combined together to purchase and destroy every available copy of the Records.

Monte Grande was overrun during the Rosas disturbances; the settlers dispersed, and some were murdered; the Parish Robertson brothers were ruined. But already by the year 1828 the local British newspaper, *The British Packet*, gave evidence of the productiveness of the Colony. It was the principal source of butter and cheese for the Buenos Aires market; it supplied large quantities of Indian corn, and it had introduced farming methods which proved to be a permanent contribution to Argentine economy.

#### Theatricals and Dentistry

A solid and typical British community was now established in the city of Buenos Aires. The British Packet of 23 August 1828, contained local news items such as the following: 'The British Amateur Theatricals held their second anniversary on Monday, 11th inst., for the relief of the wounded and widows of the National Squadron.' 'Albert Gallatin M'Queston, dentist, 62 Cangallo, plugs and extracts teeth.' 'C. Hamlyn, 52 Corrientes, cleans bonnets for ladies.'

With the years, the community grew in size and prosperity. When Hiram Bingham visited Buenos Aires in 1908 (travelling as

delegate of the U.S. Government to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress) he stated: 'In England they talk familiarly of "B.A." and the "River Plate", disdaining to use the Spanish words. To hear them you might suppose they were speaking of something they owned, and you would not be so very far from the truth. In some ways this (Argentina) is an English colony. The majority of the people do not speak English, except in the commercial district, and the Englishman is here on sufferance. But it is his railroads that tie this country together. It is his enterprises that have opened thousands of its square miles, and although the folly of his ancestors a century ago caused him to lose the political control of this 'purple land', the energy of his more recent forbears has given him a splendid heritage. Not only has he been able to pay large dividends to the British stockholders who had such great faith in the future of Argentina; he has made many native Argentinos wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.' (Across South America, by Hiram Bingham.)

The peak of British prestige was reached in 1931, when the mammoth British Empire Exhibition was held in Palermo Park. Buenos Aires. The Prince of Wales inaugurated the Exhibition; the band of the Cameron Highlanders drew huge crowds to the floodlit arena nightly; British industrialists and merchants flocked to 'B.A.'; the big British stores—Harrods, Gath y Chaves, Tow—were full of British goods; the exclusive outfitters-The Brighton, Smart, The Manchester-were proud of their British names and novelties; and Buenos Aires was more nearly a British possession than ever before or since. At Palermo a whole life-size English village had been constructed to contain the exhibits. At the Hurlingham Club on the outskirts of the city, gentlemen in blazers and white flannels smoked their pipes, read Punch and The Tatler, discussed the merits of the Club cricket eleven, and referred to the Argentinos as 'natives'. The local English schools made no attempt to conform to the Argentine curriculum.

The slump years which followed gave birth to Argentine nationalism. With the war, the nationalist movement intensified. Trade with Europe was disrupted. The port of Buenos Aires saw fewer British ships than at any time since the Emancipation. Argentine meat, shipped to Great Britain, remained unpaid for in goods; the debt mounted up. Last year the Agreements between Great Britain and Argentina expired. It was in these conditions that the Mission, headed by Sir Wilfrid Eady, arrived in the River Plate. The old names were still there-The Bank of London and South America, the Plaza Británica with its railway stations, the Anglo Frigorifico, Harrods, Bovril, the City Hotel-but the British were now living in Argentina 'on sufferance' indeed.

#### Changed Situation

No clearer indication of the changed situation can be found than in the description of the Mission's arrival, published in the magazine Qué. Sr. Miguel Miranda, Director of the Banco Central, comes early to his office. A big cigar 'of the best quality' between his lips, this man 'whose income is said to be about £,20,000', awaits the British debtors. Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues are announced. Sr. Miranda's opening speech is blunt. He will stand no nonsense. Sir Wilfrid (according to Qué) is startled. He begins to explain how recent Argentine decrees have adversely affected British interests. Sr. Miranda cuts him short. 'These matters,' he says, 'are internal, and are the concern of the Argentine Republic exclusively. For that reason, they cannot form part of our conversations.' Sir Wilfrid offers to utilise part of the blocked funds for the sale of the railways. 'I am not interested in the railways,' snaps Sr. Miranda. He adds: 'I suggest that we leave the f, 140 million sterling as a loan, at 21 per cent. As for the railways, we have already got them, and they are working.' Sir Wilfrid, Qué reports, is flustered. He begins to speak more rapidly. He argues that the debt is no ordinary debt, but that



Contrast to Argentine's modernity—A Lengua Indian and his squaw

it has been incurred because Great Britain was fighting to save humanity. Sr. Miranda interrupts: 'San Martín also fought for the freedom of America, but the British bankers charged him 8 per cent compound interest.' The discussion continues. Qué inserts the comment: 'Don Miguel is a real bull-dog who has caught his opponent and will not let him move.' The British negotiator speaks of Free Trade; the Director of the Banco Central retaliates by referring to Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid surrenders: 'You are right,' he says, 'we are paying for our past mistakes.' The British withdraws. The boxer (Sr. Mission Miranda) clenches his fists.

The foregoing is, of course, an intensely nationalist version of a phase in the Anglo-Argentine negotiations. It is indicative, however, of the new attitude now prevailing towards the British in Argentina—and it does, incidentally, reveal the obstacles that the Eady Mission met with and which it so ably and patiently overcame.







# ESCAPE TO ZANZIBAR

#### RICHARD MASSIE

A FEW months ago I dropped out of a blue sky on to 640 square miles of earth which gave the lie to the expression 'total war'; where people were not sure whether or not butter and sugar were rationed, and where nothing else was; which somehow received a liberal supply of mature Scotch whisky; and where everyone had time to be polite.

Zanzibar makes one start using words like 'picturesque' and 'romantic'. A South African lady could be seen flitting here and there in a rickshaw, equipped with paint and canvas, to catch some of this picturesqueness, which all the gold of the Rand could not buy. The maze of tortuous streets, the Arab sitting under an umbrella hoping to sell a grandfather clock, the pervasive smell of cloves issuing from the doorways of business houses—these are bound to suggest such colourful

terms. But as no doubt the Slave Market, on the former site of which stands Bishop Steere's Cathedral, was likewise 'picturesque', the conscientious traveller must ask himself whether this romantic view is not merely the distortion of his own leisure-tinted spectacles.

The narrow streets, built so that even at midday they provide a few feet of shade, used to be the incubators of terrible epidemics of cholera. Now, however, Sanitation, with a capital 'S', has come in, and the town conforms to European notions of cleanliness. Efficiency and the picturesque have come to terms for once. Whether the sort of mystery, passion and intrigue, which we have learned to associate with Arab civilisation, survive within this tortuous but hygienic labyrinth, I cannot say. But Zanzibar has retained a

character and tradition of its own to a greater extent than some of the more cosmopolitan cities of North Africa, and I do not think the pleasing impression it makes is merely superficial. There is a certain wholeness and harmony about the community, which is reflected in the politeness I have mentioned.

#### Not Too Big!

The Swahili are not in that uncomfortable state of having lost their old tribal standards without having properly assimilated new ones. Their attitude towards Europeans is without either servility or self-assertiveness, and that is also true of Arabs and Indians. British protection seems to lie with a light hand on Zanzibar.

Another factor which contributes to the sense of wholeness is that Zanzibar is not too big. So the Government can find time to send a bunch of flowers twice a week to each European family, and every Friday the Sultan distributes alms to the destitute, who gather beneath the balcony of the Beit el Ajaib, the 'House of Wonder', as his palace is called. But what, you may ask, are the destitute doing in this alleged island paradise? I suppose the Sultan would reply kismet and, pending the complete victory of efficiency, one can only add that there are worse places to be destitute in than Zanzibar.

The Government keeps several houses for the use of visitors, with servants provided, at a rent in the neighbourhood of 30s. a week. One of these is situated on a small island three miles off the harbour, and known alternatively as Prison Island and Honeymoon Island. It is the site of a disused prison, but if your idea of bliss is to be marooned in the Indian Ocean with a loaf of bread, a flask of wine, the milk twice weekly by boat, and Thou, the latter is the more appropriate title. Happy couples used to record their visits in a book, but on one occasion it was produced in court as evidence against one of the Thous, and after that it mysteriously disappeared. Such things happen even in Zanzibar.

The meagreness of British emigration to

the colonies was attributed by G. K. Chesterton to our insistence on living within a few hundred yards of a cinema. Well, there is a cinema in the town of Zanzibar, though the climate is usually too hot for it to be much of an attraction.

Europeans occasionally complain about being in a backwater. An official who had been there throughout the war drew my attention to a shop window in which were displayed two cloche hats of a 1926-ish vintage. Some advertisement posters momentarily gave one the sensation of walking in a pre-war street.

But it would be unfair to give the impression that Zanzibar never felt the hand of war. Being dependent on seaborne traffic, her traders suffered more than those on the mainland. Besides, practices for the invasion of Madagascar were carried out there; and some 'askari', isolated on Honeymoon Island on account of an outbreak of measles, devoured two turtles which had formerly decorated a tidal pool.

There was still a sergeant-major in charge of Movement Control, but movement was scarcely perceptible. Those few miles of water between Zanzibar and the mainland have been as great an asset in her history as our own little moat in ours.



The Sultan's Court at Zanzibar

### THE PARADOX

#### OF THE

# FRIGHTENED SCIENTISTS

Every achievement of science is designed to reduce the hazards of physical existence, and thus to cast out fear; yet it is said that today the scientists are the most frightened people in the world. Surely this is a curious situation?

#### PETER FLETCHER

I IMAGINE that very few people would want to quarrel with the statement that the structure of modern civilisation is underpinned by faith in Science. It is, perhaps, the only living faith we have: living, I mean; as an effective unifying principle that is actively at work in the body-corporate; giving direction to our thinking, our hopes and ambitions; informing our social morality, and explaining the prevailing trends of political and national aspiration.

Many people confess this faith, acknowledging that it is the source of all the spiritual integrity they have. In the masses, no doubt, it is inarticulate; nevertheless, I think it is their real spur to action. They believe implicitly in the power of Science, and its applications not only to produce the material satisfactions that will make the world comfortable to live in, but also to liberate the soul of man from 'the fear of the dark'.

I hope it is not doing them an injustice to say that, until lately, the majority of scientists believed this, too. Their voices rang clear with conviction when they promised us the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them in due course. They assured us that the mental disciplines of Science and its practical techniques would, given time, yield wisdom as well as knowledge, and progress as well as dis-

covery. Some of the most erudite among them did not hesitate to affirm roundly that religious insights, spiritual values and the constraints of personal morality were illusions, since they were irreducible to scientific formulations. Indeed, they claimed for the deliverances of practical reason not only moral significance but a moral autonomy that denied even to scientists themselves the right to consider the effects on the human situation of their insatiable inquisitiveness.

Bearing this in mind, it is interesting to reflect upon the fact that, today, the scientists are afraid. Indeed, it is said that, ever since the first atom bomb went off, they have been the most frightened people in the world. Its detonation shattered their morale even more completely than our own. Surely that is a very curious thing?

#### The Meaning of Fear

Fear is not, in itself, an unnatural emotion, but it is essentially a subjective one: by which I mean, not that it is irrelevant to the circumstances in which it is felt, but that its centre of reference is always the individual who suffers it. Fear is, at bottom, of physical origin. It is the manifestation in consciousness of a state of bodily weakness. It arises when the self becomes aware of an unfavourable contrast between its own

strength and that of the environmental forces against which it must contend. In the absence of this contrast, fear cannot occur.

The stage is set for the appearance of fear when the self is so related to the environment (not-self) that only an exercise of strength can redress an adverse balance of power between them. This situation produces a conviction of weakness which develops into fear when the resources of energy that can be summoned to meet the emergency seem inadequate to sustain the effort it demands.

In the last analysis, all fear is fear of the unknown; for when the self is confronted with the unknown, the contrast with the not-self is heightened to infinity, and the unknown is invested by imagination with unlimited possibilities of evil. It is not surprising, therefore, that man should be assailed by fear in the presence of the untamed forces of Nature. The mystery of the physical universe looms over against us for ever. Its power is both incalculable and inescapable.

The desire for knowledge about the physical world is man's primary, positive reaction against the impotence and humiliation of his fear of the unknown. It arises, as fear itself does, from the instinct or urge of self-preservation, and it has the same subjective reference. By the exercise of practical reason, we hope to dispel the weakness born of ignorance and the terror it evokes. The reward of intellectual effort is power to control and direct the forces of the world that hitherto held dominion over us.

Scientific thinking is the most self-consistent and rigidly-disciplined expression of the form of consciousness developed by man, at the bidding of the urge to self-preservation. Its single intention is to reduce the material contents and resources of the world to order and tractability and so make them subservient to human ends. Its emotional incentive is the desire for strength. Its goal is the discovery of unlimited power, or, what amounts to the same thing, the final emancipation of

the race from weakness—the conquest of fear.

#### **Emotional Confusion**

Against this background, the spectacle of a frightened scientist is grotesque, for he is of all men the one who should be unafraid. All his thinking, all his labours, have been informed with the single intention to destroy fear utterly by finally overcoming the weakness from which it springs. The discovery of atomic fission has put this supreme achievement within his grasp. Is it not strange that the conqueror should be terrified by the weapon he designed to make the conquest complete?

I draw attention to this situation because I think it is the most striking contemporary example of a morbid state of consciousness from which the whole of Western civilisation seems to be suffering. We are unaware of it, or indifferent to it, only because familiarity with it has blinded us to its alarming implications. We are becoming spiritually irrational.

Irrational is the word; I mean that, and not apathetic or intractable. I think our leaders and teachers are wide of the mark when they accuse us of being spiritually insensitive or contumacious. I believe the undemonstrative endurance and heroism of millions of ordinary people during the war is sufficient evidence that our hearts are in the right place.

The malaise from which we are suffering is something much more subtle, dangerous and difficult to come to grips with. It is the state of emotional confusion that makes it possible for us to become more and more civilised and more and more afraid at the same time: afraid, that is to say, where no danger lurks; afraid, not of the physical hazards of earthly existence, but of ourselves and each other; so that the greater part of our energy is consumed in selfprotective activities that make us solitary, competitive, ambitious, learning-conscious, class-conscious or prowess-conscious. Even in the most intimate transactions of our lives—in our relations with our families and friends—our behaviour nowadays is almost

wholly governed by variations on an emotional theme in which fear and the will-to-power are the dominant notes. Our very religion is infected with fear; and the centre of all current political controversy is the relative merits of individualism and collectivism—which are not mutually incompatible forms of social structure, but merely the private and corporate aspects of group-behaviour motivated by fear; so related that every action designed to produce the one inevitably produces the other also.

This confusion of mind is the secret of the power of Science over us, and it explains the scientists' present disillusionment. They convinced us only because they first convinced themselves that the form of consciousness they cultivated and the knowledge it could yield was of universal validity. It is not. If we can understand why it is not, we may gain a clue to the meaning of our own emotional disorder.

#### Organisations and the Person

The rationality of the scientific approach to the unknown is strictly limited. It rests on the assumption that the action of the thinker is thwarted only by the inertia of matter; or, to put it another way, that the self is free to act on its environment because the behaviour of the environment (not-self) is determined. In any realm where the freedom of the not-self is co-extensive with that of the self, the knowledge yielded by the scientific method is useless for purposes of prediction, and the pursuit of this knowledge as a means to power is irrational, as is also the attempt to control the not-self by the exercise of power.

For these reasons it is clear that fear—which is merely the negative aspect of the will-to-power—is irrational when it controls behaviour in a relation between persons. Indeed, fear cannot occur in a human encounter as long as the protagonists are aware of each other as persons: for to apprehend another human being as one of like substance and nature with oneself is to know that self and not-self are so related that the conditions proper to the use

of power are absent. To be afraid under these circumstances, or to behave in a manner that has the effect of making another afraid, is to be guilty of conscious self-contradiction.

When fear does occur in a human encounter, its presence at once betrays the fact that a contrast has been asserted between the strength of those who frighten and the weakness of those who are afraid. It means that the persons concerned are aware of each other, not as persons, but as opposing physical forces, or as animals that can be tamed into submission; and except to the extent that they are subject to this limitation of consciousness, it is impossible for human beings to act on the assumption that a demonstration of prowess or an exercise of strength will improve the relation and not destroy it.

In practice, behaviour derived from fear and the will-to-power, or from any emotional variation of these incentives, is invariably destructive of human relations, for it begins by denying the reality of everything specifically human in them. I venture to say that there is no exception to this rule.

There is, however, one order of human associations wherein the participants are so disposed towards each other that they cannot avoid behaving in a manner that constitutes a practical denial of their common humanity. It is when they enter into a functional or utilitarian relationship, joining forces for the performance of a task by the exercise of their corporate strength: that is, when they form themselves into an organisation.

The defining characteristic of an organisation is that it has a logical internal structure or pattern. It is composed of people who are chosen for their ability to contribute something by way of physical or mental strength to the common cause; and the relation of each one to the others is governed by his usefulness as an instrument in the service of the whole. Since the purpose of an organisation cannot be achieved without the conservation and direction of strength, authority, with power to direct,

it must be vested in some at the expense of others

Necessarily in such an association, every individual is continually being made aware of the contrast between his own prowess and that of the persons set in authority over him, or between his private strength and that of the body-corporate upon whose favour he depends for his share in the fruits of its labours. Necessarily, too, the effect of this contrast must always be to emphasise the weakness of the individual, arouse his fear and will-to-power. Moreover, the nature of the relationship is such that while it tends continually to exacerbate these emotions, it can never assuage the one nor satisfy the other; for, while by increasing the value of his private contribution to the corporate activity, a member may redress an adverse balance of power between himself and some of his associates, he can never overcome his weakness in relation to the organisation as a whole; and the more important the services it renders him, the less he dare risk losing its good will. The state is, of course, the organisation-oforganisations: the effective working whole within which all lesser organisations operate, and to whose overriding will or intention their own diverse aims must be subordinated. Our social life is, therefore, our most inclusive and demanding functional activity, and it is not surprising that the many claims it makes upon us have the effect of intensifying our selfawareness and individualism, evoking our fear and stimulating our will-to-power, while offering us no means of resolving the emotional tensions thus created.

But this does not explain why we have transposed our subjective emotions from a context where they are rational to the realm of personal relationships, where they are not. It does not explain, for instance, why the scientists of the world are afraid, not of the physical force they have now liberated, but of what the humane, enlightened, democratic peoples of the world will do with it. I think we shall do an injustice to the scientists' intelligence if we fail to realise that this is the occasion of their

present discomfiture. They see, perhaps better than we do, the implications of the fact that the public experiment in which the citizens of Hiroshima were guinea pigs was authorised, not by the calculating brutality of a Himmler or a Goering, but by our own elected leaders and theirs. They are on their knees, fervently praying to be delivered from the good intentions of their friends.

And so are we. The fears and frustrations that thrust us into psychic isolation are not, in the main, evoked by the threats of our enemies or the menace of untained natural forces. We are in such confusion of mind that we cannot trust ourselves to our friends, and often we cannot trust ourselves to ourselves.

There is overwhelming evidence in our behaviour of this confusion. It is in the public utterances of the many mentors who sincerely believe they will arouse us from the apathy produced by fear-by making us more frightened than we were before. It is in the frustration of every man who tries to win co-operation by acts of intimidation. It is in the possessiveness that masquerades as love, the cleverness we mistake for wisdom and the moral rectitude that passes for spiritual integrity. It is the leit motif of every neurosis—and of every psychological theory based on the assumption that a self can be a self in isolation. It is in every humiliation we suffer at the failure of the many organisations we establish for the purpose of making organisations unnecessary. It is in the conviction, which few of us can escape, that if our civilisation does go down to its destruction in the horror of an atomic war, it is as likely that the catastrophe will be precipitated by our own or our leaders' actions as by the treachery of potential enemies.

# Functional v. Personal Relationships

This is our present problem. We are not spiritually blind. We have not lost our sense of the importance of personal values, nor our clear conviction that our organisational activities must be subordinated to

human relationships. Everything we are trying to do nationally, politically and industrially shows that.

Then what is the matter with us?

The answer, I think, is this: the effective, overruling intention of Western civilisation has for so long been the pursuit of knowledge and the achievement of power that every formative and educational influence to which we have been subjected has been designed to make us expert in the forms of feeling, thought and behaviour appropriate to the maintenance of the organised relationships which that intention compels us to develop. Without intending to do it, without realising that we are doing it, we are applying this knowledge in the realm of personal relationships, with the expectation of improving them. We are behaving on the assumption that the realm of persons and the realm of organisations belong to the same order of rationality and can be entered and enjoyed on the same terms.

The fact is that they cannot. On the contrary, the nature of organisational relationships is such that, unless they are clearly known to be instrumental to ends beyond themselves, they produce a form of consciousness that destroys personality. In other words, behaviour designed to produce freedom from want does not produce freedom from loneliness; it intensifies it. We do not know this. Consequently we are trying with might and main to achieve friendship, communion, freedom from fear, by becoming free from weakness. The result is self-contradiction, emotional con-

fusion, frustration and the continual exacerbation of the fear we are earnestly endeavouring to cast out.

Our faith in Science, and the faith of the scientists themselves in its power to yield spiritual and moral truth as well as factual knowledge, is merely an aspect of this basic ignorance and confusion of mind. That is why the spectacle of the scientists' disillusionment is so shocking for mankind. It is a public confession of the final failure of practical reason to apprehend personal reality. It reveals the limitation of the scientific consciousness: its inability to perceive that knowledge is merely power, and that power has no moral significance whatever.

It is said that man's extremity is God's opportunity. Certainly we can say that Science's extremity is humanity's opportunity. While the explosion of the atom bomb has shattered our illusion that Science is a proper object of our personal faith, it has done us the good service of revealing our ignorance. It has shown us that there is a realm of rationality beyond Science: the realm of being, of reciprocal action and reciprocal freedoms where 'man cannot live by bread alone.'

Knowledge of ignorance is the first step towards wisdom. We know now, or we can know if we will, what is the inner meaning of our frustrations and confusions. Our next task is to learn and teach the new way of living that will enable us to deal with human beings as if they were human. Curious that we should have remained so ignorant of that for so long!

Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper-chamber, if he has common-sense on the ground floor.

O. W. Holmes-Poet at Breakfast Table, ch. 5

ALL the ancients who have reasoned on physical science without having the torch of practical experiment to guide them, have been only like blind people explaining the nature of colours to other blind people.

Voltaire-Physique, Pref.

# CONTRASTS & COMPARISONS BETWEEN OLD & NEW MASTERS E. H. RAMSDEN

# Colour: a study in mood

ANTONIO CANALETTO, 1697-1768

A VIEW IN VENICE: THE STONE-MASON'S YARD

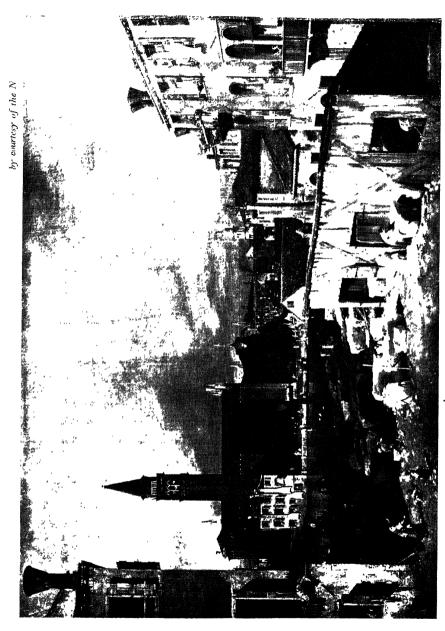
One of the chief beauties of *The Stone-Mason's Yard*, a fine example of Canaletto's early work, in which he depicts his native city from a less familiar angle, but with a more intimate grace than he was afterwards wont to do, lies indisputably in the depth and harmony of its tone, the predominating browns of the architecture being matched by the quiet pinks of the house on the right and by the sombre, almost aquamarine blue of the Venetian sky. In addition, one feels that the work as a whole possesses an essential nobility which is hardly diminished by the recognition that, notwithstanding the charm of individual passages, the treatment of the detail is lacking in that finish and finer 'edge' which marks the more accurately observed and therefore more completely imagined work of the Dutch masters, whose figures not only exist in a more ambient air, but contain within themselves, as Canaletto's do not, the pre-supposition of continued movement within a space in which the relative distances between one object and another are more accurately gauged and more unerringly set forth. That is to say, there is already an indication of the somewhat mechanical approach to details of this kind which tends to characterise the work of Canaletto at a later period. In face, however, of a composition on the scale of The Stone-Mason's Yard, such minor defects become negligible since, when seen in perspective, there is a certain inevitability about the work as a pattern which, together with its tonal harmonies and the peaceful nature of the scene depicted, endows it with a quality of repose which has perhaps an unprecedented appeal in this age for the mind which still retains a feeling of respect for the greater tranquillity, dignity and leisure of a way of life that now belongs to the past.

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by courtesy of the War Artists Committee



Graham Sutherland



# CONTRASTS & COMPARISONS BETWEEN OLD & NEW MASTERS

# Colour: a study in mood

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND, b. 1905

DEVASTATION: EAST-END STREET

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m T}_{
m HAT}$  the mood of a painting is finally determined by the tone and quality of its colour is strikingly borne out in this scene, by Graham Sutherland, of devastation in an East-End street. And this is so despite the fact that neither the strident yellow of the façades nor the purple of the foreground bears any relation to actualities, since one perceives instinctively that there is an innate correspondence between the emotional vein of the composition and the colours in which it is expressed. For, while it is true that as between the uninterrupted living of life exemplified in the Venetian scene and the unlooked-for cutting off of everything that is implied in its continuance as in the London vista, there is a contrast no less violent than that between the all-pervading glow of the sunlight in the one, and the ominous darkness, not so much of a given hour as of a recognisable state of mind, in the other, vet, even so, it is pre-eminently by reason of the difference of their colourscales that a feeling of tranquillity is evoked by the contemplation of the first and a sense of desolation by that of the second. The transfiguring power of the painter's response to the envisaged ordeal is seen again in the new and unexpected dignity with which he has endowed the tenantless dwellings of the dead, which before were to all appearances mean and unremarkable enough; so that, by implication, it is almost as if all earthly distinctions of richer and poorer were resolved or merged into a finer unity through the endurance of a common experience and a common fate. If, then, in the rush and compulsion of the spirit the tendency of the artist has been to treat such details, for instance, as the masonry on the right in rather too abstract a fashion, this neglect is due, not as it would be in Canaletto's case to a failure of objective insight, but to the overwhelming demands of a subjective passion.

#### REPORT ON

# DENMARK

#### FRANK ILLINGWORTH

OF all the occupied countries, Denmark has the best chance of preserving the fundamental features of her national life. The Occupation turned the Danes from a laughing race with an immense capacity for fun into a sullen people with a deep hatred of everything German. But with the passing of the cloud, the sunshine bubbled forth with all its old effervescence. Was there ever, one asks, a gayer, happier people; or a more exquisite city than Copenhagen? And then one sees the other side of the Danish revival: the barges laden with raw materials and farm produce; the thousands peddling furiously to work on bicycles; the digging and the building and the manufacturing; the determination to re-create the abundance of 1939, and the general confidence of the people in their government and of the government in the people.

The war wrought many changes in the Danish political set-up. The Dane was the first to recognise this. During the Occupation he saw the extreme Left in constant and always bitter action against the Gestapo, and he knew that the extreme Left would demand its reward in the postwar administration. But the return of eighteen Communists to the Rigsdag in November 1945, where before there was only one, came as a shock, particularly as the Communists gained only on Socialist losses. He welcomed the return of the Socialists to power, but saw in the Communists a disruptive force even if he felt towards their leader, Axel Larsen, rather as we felt towards the 'lovable revolutionary', the late Jimmy Maxton.

Larsen has much in common with

Red-coated Danish postman

Maxton. His fiery idealism is accepted in the Rigsdag as was Maxton's at Westminster, and, though a fanatic, Larsen is yet held in some respect throughout Denmark. Not so the Party he represents. The Foreign Editor of the Communist Land and People, Leif Gundel, told me that the one-day General Strike in Copenhagen last May was a 'spontaneous expression of the working people against oppression'. But the evidence suggested it originated in Communist opportunism.

#### Liberals in Power!

No doubt it was the prospect of difficult times that prompted the Socialists to leave the task of government to the second party in the Rigsdag, the Liberals. 'We hold a watching brief,' the Socialist leader, Hans Hedtoft, said on handing responsibility to the Liberal, Knud Kristensen. A simple Jutland farmer, Kristensen is well regarded in Denmark. His outlook is that of the honest, patient countryman accustomed to work for results; and the average Dane accepts him as the right man to solve the country's several problems.

Though naturally happy, the Dane is deep thinking. 'We have two main problems,' he says, 'that of Slesvig and our German population generally, and that of trade with Britain.' Then there is the fear of Russia. In spite of his Socialist leanings, the Dane is at heart a Conservative. The small farmer of Jutland and the small trader in Copenhagen or Esbjerg is a dyed-in-thewool Conservative with the capitalist's fear of Russia, and he is constantly reminded of Russia's proximity by the Russian occupation of the Danish island of Bornholm (in the Baltic) following the liberation, and by the horde of German refugees now in South Slesvig from the Russian zone.

Her German population is Denmark's most pressing problem, and one that has brought her into verbal conflict with Britain. In addition to the normal German population of Slesvig, two hundred thousand Germans were sent from the bombed areas of Germany during the war, a figure

later to be almost doubled with refugees from East Prussia and Poland.

Their support at a cost of £12,000,000 annually is in itself a serious matter for a small nation; but the issue goes far deeper.

First, take the problem of Denmark's natural German population. Germany took Slesvig from Denmark in 1864, and in 1920, following a plebiscite, the area was split between the two countries, South Slesvig going to Germany. In the meantime the Germans had succeeded, to some extent, in Germanising the Danish minority in South Slesvig; and today the Danish Government's hope is for the problem to be solved by 'Danish-mindedness' growing in the Germanised area until the majority of its inhabitants opt for union with Denmark.

Christian Möller, leader of the Danish Conservative Party, put it to me in this way: 'You can be sure that if we held a plebiscite in Slesvig today, tens of thousands of Germans there would opt for Danish nationality simply to gain short-term advantages. Later on, when the ration scale is the same on both sides of the frontier, these "Danes" would once again become Germans, and the Danes in Slesvig would be in a minority. It will be time enough to hold a plebiscite when the Germans and the Germanised Danes in South Slesvig opt to be Danes for the long-term advantages this would offer.'

Divided on most other issues, Danish Conservatives and Communists are one in insisting that the Danes should resist British pressure for a plebiscite to be held in South Slesvig at an early date. As forcibly Danes of all parties reject the British attitude on the future of Denmark's refugees.

#### Slesvig Still a Problem

From the Great Powers' failure to support Denmark against Germany in 1864, the Danes concluded that in future their national salvation would depend on their own efforts. This conclusion still persists and, given a free hand, the Danes would undoubtedly lose little time in expelling

the refugees from East Prussia and Poland. Forcibly they say: 'Not only are these Germans steeped in Nazi ideology and therefore a threat to the future security of Denmark, but if they remain in Slesvig they'll prevent the growth of Danishmindedness there.' But the British attitude is that you cannot send these refugees back to an area now under Russian and Polish control; and the Danish suggestion that at least some of them be sent to the British Zone brought the counter suggestion that Slesvig should accept a quota of German refugees from the overcrowded British Zone. The Danes grudgingly admit the impracticability of deporting their refugees to the east, but the suggestion that Slesvig should accept a further batch of the hated Germans has caused a real sense of grievance.

Meanwhile, all Danish parties are agreed on another issue: that the British Military Government is denying full political freedom to the Danish minority in South Slesvig; and they are most vocal in demanding that this should be rectified.

Denmark is a land of hard-working people, and they are striving to bring the abundance in their homes and shops up to the 1939 level. But Danish pride has not made the Anglo-Danish problems easy to handle. Nationalism has reached a new high level among the fundamentally patriotic Danes. The retort of a prominent politician to my remark that the British Empire was proving a stabilising force even greater than the Roman Empire, was typical: 'And don't forget that between the British and the Roman Empires there was a DANISH Empire.' A government official in Copenhagen demonstrated this widespread pride in being a Dane with the words: Remember, when you write about my country, that "Schleswig" is spelt S-L-E-S-V-I-G in Denmark; and remember that "S-N-A-P-S" is the Danish for the drink you seem to like so much—S-C-H-N-A-P-P-E-S is German.'

This pride was apparent throughout the Occupation; and it is still illustrated in endless tales of the Resistance. What the Danes sometimes forget is that from the bombs and the Gestapo has risen a new level in valuations.

The Briton in Denmark receives a warm welcome. The Dane cannot do too much for British troops on leave, or for tourists and business men from this country. One introduction suffices to secure a dozen invitations. Naïvely, the Dane says he likes the British. But sooner or later every conversation with Copenhagen business men or Jutland farmers embraces the problem of Anglo-Danish trade relations.

'You won't give us a fair price for our produce,' they say, 'yet when it comes to buying from you, the sky's the limit.' Copenhagen newspapers, including the level-headed Politiken, charge British manufacturers with being high-handed (largely true, I would say), and the British Government with forcing the Danes to subsidise their farming industry so that we can eat cheaply.

The last Anglo-Danish agreement on prices for farm produce has done nothing to appease the Jutland farmer. The fact that the prices are in cases above those for farm produce from the Dominions means nothing to him when he is told they are so low that an increased farming subsidy may be necessary, with a consequent rise in food prices within Denmark.

The Danish business man says bluntly that Russia is driving a less hard bargain, and that if Britain wants long-term trade advantages in Denmark, she should be prepared to meet the Danes now.

I believe the matter of price for Danish produce, and the question of Schleswig will be solved amicably in the next few months. There are several signs to this end. But in the meantime the above arguments are advanced in every drawing-room, farm parlour and city café from Esbjerg to Copenhagen. The Dane is intensely anxious to regain his pre-war level of living. What he does not fully realise is that, after Belgium, Denmark is nearer to attaining her goal than any of the once-occupied countries.

# What can we expect of the Universities?



International Universities?

#### JAMES EASTWOOD

THE present situation is that in almost every country affected by the war young people with academic and professional aspirations are eagerly, perhaps a little desperately, trying to make up for lost time. In England, an uncomfortable shortage of accommodation adds to the difficulties of settling down. Indeed, it is doubtful if the old and, given the right temperament, delightful academic seclusion, so characteristic of the older universities, will ever quite return. The universities called 'Redbrick' have never known it. Then, too, students and staff have changed with the world about them. During the war, Science won an easy victory over Arts, and the attitude of mind that made this victory possible persists.

The emphasis is increasingly on the statistical and practical aspects of knowledge, and so, in addition to all the old

science courses, there are courses in a variety of professional subjects, in planning, physical and sociological—heralds of the new attitude. Both American and Russian influence is discernible here. In both countries there is a constant endeavour to to keep the universities in touch with 'realities', to give practical significance to what goes on in the lecture rooms and libraries. Thus, in the United States, courses in accountancy, business practice, advertising, journalism, and what have you, abound. In Russia students prepare to be efficient members of the Communist State.

As for the European universities, the rôle they are to play in the task of reconstruction, important or otherwise, is still obscure. Continental academic life has all sorts of ideological overtones, ranging from Communism and the aftermath of Resistance politics to neo-Catholicism and

Existentialism. Yet no really strong intellectual movement has yet made itself apparent at any Continental seat of learning.

#### Nationalist Universities

In Europe, especially Central and Eastern Europe, the universities have had a more spectacular part in national life than in Britain, just because they afforded an obvious means of expressing rather selfconscious national cultures. The student and professorial bodies wielded a direct influence on policy and events in a manner quite foreign to England, where it is only on rare occasions that, say, a Union debate makes news, and stimulates controversy of national significance. The new trends in Britain, however, are likely to change this. The statistical spirit now has a direct bearing on government and affairs. The time has gone when a course in Greats was considered the best training for statesmanship and the Civil Service. These were the academic qualifications of the 'gentleman', and that frequently charming and often maligned fellow is somewhat unfashionable. So the universities must now provide us with specialists instead. This is natural in an age obsessed with the idea of national technical efficiency. But in consequence we have to face the fact that, great though the need for specialists undoubtedly is, there is a growing danger that the universities, following the drift of the times, will become essential parts in the machinery of the modern, highly technical, but ethically anachronistic, state or blocs of states. Commodious 'back rooms', as it were, in countries versed in the refinements of atomic science (and warfare), and with systems of administration adapted to technological rather than human considerations. To all except the specialist it is a depressing prospect. Is there an alternative?

The answer, surely, depends on whether the universities are ready to accept a wider, international responsibility; more precisely, since the universities are essentially a creation of the Western spirit, on whether they are able to give a new impetus and vital meaning to that spirit.

The problem is vast and complex, challenging all the acumen of the scholar and the zeal of the reformer. Questions concerning funds, broadening the basis of admission, and other political and economic considerations are important, but secondary. The real issue is intellectual and goes to the very heart of the present crisis. European civilisation is in transition. Can the universities, as organic elements, guide that transition into truly humane channels? The foundations of the Western tradition derive from Greek, Roman, Jewish and Christian origins, and upon them, vitalised by the spirit of inquiry, the university came into existence. These threads have not outlived their usefulness. Far from it—without them Europe would be a mere geographical expression indeed. But they are singularly out of touch with the statistical, quasi-scientific attitude I have described. The result is that modern Europeans possess no generally accepted (though necessarily provisional) world view which would enable them to live in accordance with the best knowledge available, whether traditional or scientific. Contemporary culture may be likened to several marvellously fertile and productive oases of knowledge —historical, humanistic and scientific, but all of them separated by deserts of incomprehension, and therefore quite incapable of producing a flourishing interdependent community. The universities reflect this state of affairs. Courses in the sciences and the arts are quite unrelated. Specialists are many and brilliant. But I think it is true to say that there is at present no intellectual centre from which there is the promise of a new *synthesis*.

Of course, it is possible that the university as such will not prove to be a leading institution of our time. It may prefer to be led. Varying from country to country, and century to century, the monastery, the princely court, the country house, the artist's studio, the coffee house, the salon, the opera house, have been the points of crystallisation of particular phases of Western civilisation. Today the

community centre, the film studio, the community of radio listening, the press, may prove to be the really typical means of cultural transmission. But, though often decadent and somnolent, the university alone has survived as a living institution of international significance. An astonishing and hopeful record, rivalled only by the Church.

#### Ortega y Gasset

It is curious, perhaps significant, that the most messianic expression of the function of the university has come from one of the rather un-European lands of Europe, from a Spaniard, Ortega y Gasset. Significant intellectual and spiritual developments have shown a distinct tendency to move from the fringes of Europe to the centre: Christianity, the practice of mathematics and medicine, for example. Anyway, perhaps Ortega's 'non-central' origin accounts for the comparative neglect of his thought in Britain, but though a Spaniard, it would be difficult to imagine a more self-conscious 'good European'. And it is just because he is a good European that his interpretation of the crisis confronting the universities rings so true.

Most universities, either by occasional lectures or society activities, try to round off students' special studies and professional training with some ornamental and rather vague general culture. It is in this aspect of university life that Ortega sees the mere 'residual stump' of what, in the Middle Ages, was the whole meaning and purpose of the university: to impart 'a repertory of convictions which became an effective guide to the existence of mediæval man.'

The early universities, in short, transmitted culture. In our time the world has acquired over-tones, Bloomsburyish and Rosenbergian, which do anything but assist a discussion of Ortega's thesis. 'Culture' has become the preoccupation of intellectuals essentially at variance with the world in which they live. But for Ortega it is neither a superficial gloss nor an escape;

<sup>1</sup>Mission of the University. Princeton University Press.

it is 'what saves human life from being a mere disaster'; it is the repertory of convictions by which men live. Now it is precisely culture in this sense that Europe today so conspicuously lacks, and this is one of the deeper causes of the crumblings away and upheavals that the last two generations, especially, have witnessed. It is a general spiritual disintegration, a sort of mass schizophrenia. Ortega believes that the modern university could become the means for re-assembling the disjecta membra of Western culture and effectively transmitting it. Therefore, though admitting the great importance of research and professional training, he thinks they should give precedence to this more general social task. Today, this idea would seem revolutionary, if it were not so old.

The heritage of Western culture is immense. To absorb it in all its richness in the three or four years spent in a university's lecture rooms and libraries is beyond the capacity of any student. Thus Ortega insists that, in this transmission of culture, the emphasis should be on the learner rather than the complexity of the subject matter. This is in accordance with the general historical advance in pedagogy, following the precepts of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel and German idealism. The student should be taught only what he may reasonably be expected to absorb, and what is strictly necessary for the life of the man now a student—a life lived at the 'height of the times'. The aim is all-round enlightenment.

A Faculty of Culture, then, is the nucleus of Ortega's reformed university. Of course, any attempt to translate theory into practice will be strenuously resisted: by professors who cannot (or will not) see beyond the confines of their own subject; by scientists and purely academic scholars who believe that anyone who asserts that research is not the essence of university life must be guilty of heresy; perhaps even by students who look upon their time spent in college purely as a stepping-stone to a safe and possibly lucrative career. And, of course, the idea will be called impractical.

The task of working out a syllabus for such a faculty would indeed strain the ingenuity of the astutest and most learned committee of professors, especially if the teaching of a profession had to be included in the time available. Ortega gives the essential subjects as: physics, biology, history, sociology and philosophy-none of them, observe, connected with 'culture' as it is popularly understood today. The 'scandalous consequence' of this is that the modern deity, 'science in the true sense, i.e. scientific investigation, does not belong in any direct constituent capacity among the primary functions of the university.' Ortega is interested in the results of science, and how they can be synthesised with other branches of knowledge to produce his working repertory of convictions. True, the content of culture in our age comes largely from science, just as in the Middle Ages it emanated from ecclesiastical authority. Still, one may disagree with Ortega in allowing so great an importance to science-especially at a time when science applied and misapplied has so strong a hold on the imagination of the world. But in his insistence that each of the disciplines taught must be vitally related to life, there is a chance of humanising science itself.

#### Synthesis Badly Needed

Obviously, a new type of professor will be needed. He will have to display a talent for synthesis (the very opposite of specialisation), and he will have to be a good teacher. It is curious indeed how the methodology of higher education has been neglected. It is the immense and varied bulk of modern knowledge that is the principal reason, paradoxically, for the new barbarism. Hence the need for a synthesis, and the vital necessity of being able to put it across.

An apparent objection to Ortega's proposal is that a Faculty of Culture would produce a regimented, almost authoritarian system of university education. He himself, however, as a professor was anything but oblivious of the need for an intimate,

personal relationship between professor and student. And, too, the synthesis offered would be organic, evolving, and therefore subject to constant criticism. Indeed, the most probable first result of trying to put his theories into practice would be a sudden ferment of ideas, which in itself would do much to distil a minimal unity, an agreed repertory of convictions from which Europe could take new strength.

For, obviously, a reform on these lines could not be carried out in one country only. The universities must be international; the synthesis of knowledge must comprise a certain synthesis of national cultures—though allowing always for the maximum national and regional diversity which is so necessary for the health of Europe. But, in fact, if the European universities took upon themselves this mission, there would be repercussions far beyond the frontiers of Europe. The world being what it is today, it could not be otherwise. A situation of extreme delicacy would be created—but also an immense opportunity, for if there is to be any genuine understanding at all between nations, surely it must rest on a solid intellectual foundation. In short, would Russia agree to cultural exchange of this kind? Or are the basic assumptions upon which the civilisations of Russia and the West stand so radically different as to preclude an attempt at a synthesis? Spengler was convinced that any attempt by two widely differing civilisations to come to an understanding on values was bound to fail. That is the pessimistic view: civilisations are discontinuous. The great graph of history predicts the decline of the West, and the rise of a new and different civilisation elsewhere. Ortega, however, unlike Spengler, examines contemporary Western culture for signs of self-renewal, not decay. And Europe is perhaps still capable of experiment, which is a sign of health. If this is so, then his belief that differences are merely alternative means for realising the same universal human aspirations, and for solving the same human problems encourages an intensive effort to come to

agreement on means. If it is indeed to be 'one world', this is almost certainly the straight and narrow way; the universities will have to do the surveying and prepare the travellers. It means that, as the various cultures evolve, they must gradually converge, with deepening agreement alike on objectives, the conditioning ideas of physics and biology, and on instrumental values as philosophy and the social sciences illuminate them.

#### Russia and America?

Russian and American influences of the most diverse nature are already at work in Europe, with scarcely encouraging results. Unfortunately, the best aspects of a country's life are seldom seen abroad. It would be all to the good, therefore, if each country put the best of its culture into the common pool, while Europe herself in these internationalised universities would have an unrivalled means of reasserting her own influence. The world is certainly in need of it.

But a beginning has to be made. And for bold experiments, what better place than Germany? For it is there, where the Western tradition has been most seriously undermined, that the very chaos makes a new approach to educational problems of most vital concern. There are many thousands of young people waiting with an increasing sense of frustration for an end to the no-man's-land existence between East and West. Frustration may well find tragic and dangerous outlets. Disquieting symptoms are not lacking. Of course, the ex-officers, Nazi-trained, are attending the universities; and there have been nationalistic demonstrations. Even during the war, however, there was another spirit curiously akin to that which inspired the underground movements in other countries. It was a spirit sustained by a vision of a United Europe, in which Germany would have an honourable place. A body very like a secret parliament met at Whitsun, 1943, at Kreisau, the Silesian estate of the Moltke family; and the so-called 'Kreisauer Papers' which have survived make it clear

that the hoped-for New Germany would have been based on the very institutions which are most international in character—that is, the trade unions, the Church, and the universities. The vision changed into a nightmare; after the bomb-plot against Hitler, few of the leaders of these men of goodwill survived. But now, after the war, is not the time ripe, over ripe, for a new approach to European unity on the Kreisauer lines? The universities offer the best opportunity of bringing men of different political opinions and faiths together. Why not begin with them?

Now, the German university as a purely academic institution, in pre-Nazi days, was comparable with any in Europe. For thoroughness and respect for research, it was, indeed, unrivalled. But it had the defects of its virtues. The typical German scholar was the very personification of the unresilient specialist. And higher education, in the usually accepted sense, did nothing to prevent Germany, and German students in particular, from swallowing the Nazi myths—a fact which should chasten all who look upon education as a sort of universal cure-all without having properly thought out exactly what 'education' is supposed to do. It is precisely as a corrective to such vague sentiments that Ortega's ideas are so interesting. German education, especially, has lacked that sense of Europe which is the very basis of his thought. A working synthesis is Germany's most crying need. Her need is not by any means unique, but it is the most urgent.

#### Germany?

Germany is still one of the key nations of Europe. In her present state, therefore, she is the test case of Europe's ability to recover as a cultural force. Furthermore, what happens during the next few years in Germany may well decide whether Russia and the West can live together in friendly co-operation. The universities there will be the stage for the as yet unwritten drama. Russia has expressed her desire for cultural and intellectual

co-operation with the West. In Germany

she has her opportunity.

One of the first necessities is freedom of movement for students. The young gentlemen of the Grand Tour enjoyed the freedom and amenities of the courts, embassies and studios of Europe. Earlier, in the Middle Ages, the monks, wandering scholars, and students, were united in a somewhat disreputable and hilarious brotherhood of the road. In the past such men, to the extent that the spirit of their times allowed, helped to create and sustain the unity of Europe. War, poverty, politics, scarcely halted their peregrinations. But today politics, ideologies and high prices have Europe in a stranglehold that would have seemed unbelievable before the 1914-18 war. This is intolerable. What is needed is a vastly improved conception of the Wanderjahr, with the doors of every university and hostel throughout the world thrown open to any student, no matter what his or her nationality. This means international administration, new buildings and cheap travel. Students are not tourists with a lot of foreign exchange to throw about. Nevertheless, in any long view, their needs come first.

Scarcely less important is exchange of staff. This is no new thing in the West; but it should take place on a greatly increased scale, especially to include Russia. (Professors could travel with considerably less fuss than football teams and the 'secretariats' of delegations.) Very little is generally known in the West of Russian academic life. And there is probably a corresponding ignorance in Russia. These deficiencies could be made good—to the great benefit of all concerned.

However, the problem of intellectual co-operation in the international field cannot be solved by pious sentiments. A practical beginning must be made. Ortega has suggested how this can be done. The next step seems to be for one of the leading universities to work out a provisional syllabus for a Faculty of Culture on the lines Ortega has indicated; and then, under the auspices of the United Nations Educational Social and Cultural Organisation, hold a grand international conference of universities, to debate, and modify, the proposals with a view to universal adoption. This would be, in a sense, a revival of the mediæval practice of public debate between learned men.

In the twelfth century, Peter Lombard, a pupil of Abelard, compiled his *Sentences* with the idea of summarising orthodox theological doctrine in a form which the student could easily assimilate. In fact, he had started a healthy controversy which echoed throughout Europe. By this stimulus to intellectual effort, the infant universities benefited enormously. New methods of teaching were evolved simultaneously with the appearance of new material to be taught.

There is a striking parallel here with what Ortega proposes. He is, in fact, advocating a twentieth-century reproduction of the conditions which shaped the first universities. A working synthesis and a reform of teaching method—that is the essence of his plan for using the modern universities to keep Europe from

another Dark Age.

Whether this mission can succeed without spiritual or religious sanctions (to complete the analogy) is, however, another matter.

A general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another.

John Stuart Mill

Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease, Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

Chr. Anstey, Epilogue

#### STENDHAL'S

# Le Rouge et Le Noir

#### REVIEWED BY RICHARD WILLIAMS

In December 1827 the Court of Assize sat at Grenoble. One case on the calendar was to have an importance out of all proportion to the impression it made at the time. A young man, Antoine Berthet, was being tried on a charge of attempted murder. The account of the trial as it was recorded day by day in the Gazette des Tribunaux was ordinary enough. Berthet, son of a poor artisan and a brilliant scholar, attracted the attention of the curé of Brangues where he was born. The curé, impressed by his ability, obtained a post for him as tutor to the children of M. Michoud, a rich landowner in the locality, whose wife, Berthet claimed at the trial, eventually became his mistress. Complications and the threat of scandal caused Berthet to leave. He entered the seminary at Grenoble where, however, he only stayed a short time before leaving to take a post as tutor to the family of a M. Cordet. The result was another love affair, this time with M. Cordet's daughter. When the intrigue was discovered, he was summarily dismissed and is next heard of as a member of a lawyer's domestic staff. Embittered against society and believing Mme. Michoud, his former mistress, to be the cause of all his misfortunes, he shot her during Mass in the church of his protector, the curé of Brangues. The court found him guilty and he was guillotined at the age of twenty-five.

The end of this story is the beginning of another. Stendhal read the account of the

trial and saw in it the ideal framework on which to build Le Rouge et Le Noir. It is, of course, not unusual for a novelist to seek the skeleton of his plot in some incident that actually took place, and in Stendhal's hands a local drama, important only to those involved in it, was transformed into a tale which is both a brilliant dissection of the motives of men and the criticism of an age. Stendhal was a child of his time who constantly raged against it. His intellectual gifts were never adequately utilised by the government of the day; he never rose higher than French Consul in the small Italian town of Civitavecchia—a job which he detested. Nor did his books achieve during his lifetime the recognition they deserved. A few discerning critics like Balzac and Sainte-Beuve greeted him as a great writer, but the public largely neglected him. He himself accepted this verdict, appealing instead to posterity. 'I am taking out a ticket in a lottery,' he wrote, 'the winning ticket of which is 1935.' It was an over-modest prophecy.

Some knowledge of his life is essential to an understanding of the philosophy implicit in his novels. The conflicts of his childhood followed a pattern which modern psychology has made familiar and significant. His mother, whom he loved passionately, died when he was seven; in after life he could never bring himself to speak of her without emotion. The father, an unsympathetic, close-fisted character, never gained the

confidence or the understanding of his son, who laboured constantly under a sense of tyranny and left home as soon as he could. These unhappy formative years permanently coloured Stendhal's life and had a deep influence on his development as a writer.

After turning his back on the country which had rejected his talents, Stendhal spent most of his adult life in Italy. In the warm south he felt at home. The people, with their spontaneous emotions, their gaiety and charm, had mastered the technique of love, and love remained for Stendhal the major pre-occupation of his life. There was hardly a time when he was not in love with someone: precariously and hopelessly in love. For all too often his own feelings evoked no response. Even today his more intimate confessions, his passionate avowals and the casual indulgence with which they were greeted, make painful reading.

I told my love, I told my love, I told her all my heart, Trembling cold, in ghastly fears.

—Ah, she doth depart!
Soon as she was gone from me A traveller came by, Silently, invisibly,

—He took her with a sigh. Stendhal's love affairs remind one constantly of Blake's poem. Physically he was ugly and unattractive. An inordinate sensitiveness and a sardonic manner obscured his charm. In early life, too, he had contracted the venereal disease which eventually killed him. He was not what we should call a ladies' man. There is no doubt, however, that for all his failures and apparent credulity—he would convince himself on the slightest pretext that a woman loved him-yet, fundamentally, he was not deceived. He developed his own armour against fate, and his weapon was the irony which cut like a sharp knife through the flocculent romanticism of the time. It is not for nothing that, in answer to a question, he gave his calling as 'an observer of the human heart'.

There has been considerable speculation over the title of *Le Rouge et Le Noir*. Some

see in it the opposition between Napoleonic militarism and the Church, both of which Stendhal condemned; others, a symbol of the conflict between the Republican Left and the legitimists of the Restoration, gathered under the banner of the Congregation. The book embraces both theories and a good deal more. When he seized on the trial of Antoine Berthet as the raw material for his novel, it is obvious that—to use his own famous phrase—Stendhal's imagination had 'crystallised'; the theme had shaped itself in his mind. The hero, Julien Sorel, brilliant, single-minded and without scruple, was to climb from the most lowly beginnings to the height of fame, and the same firmness of purpose which brought him there was to end in his self-destruction. It is the last ironic touch, and typical of Stendhal. He projected a great deal of himself, not as he was, but as he would like to be, into the character of Julien Sorel, whose strength and weakness are dissected with the precision and detachment of a



STENDHAL (Henri-Marie Beyle), 1783-1842

surgeon. This quality of lucid analysis is the outstanding feature of the book.

Le Rouge et Le Noir is sub-titled A Chronicle of 1830, and it is clear that Stendhal, through the medium of a psychological drama, intended to write a history of the manners of his time. France was still enfeebled after the Napoleonic wars. Stendhal saw second-rate men in power everywhere, with all the prizes reserved for the nobility. The twin forces of ambition and frustration have frequently in history turned men to revolution and violence; in Julien Sorel they led to a ruthless self-aggrandisement in a chosen milieu, that of the Church. He might well have repeated to himself the advice which Talleyrand used to give to his young secretaries: 'Guard against your first reaction: it is always generous.' Julien's behaviour was, in fact, as anti-social as that of the well-born whom he condemned.

#### The Hero

Roughly speaking, the hero of Le Rouge et Le Noir re-enacts the tragedy of Antoine Berther. Through the good offices of the Abbé Chelan, a friendly old priest who is impressed by his talent, Julien obtains a post as tutor to the children of De Rênal, mayor of Verrières. His status as a domestic —an affront to his pride—is constantly emphasised by the greedy materialism of the mayor. Mme. De Rênal, young, bored and sentimental, is increasingly conscious of Julien's romantic good looks and his qualities of intellect. They spend hours together, while she teaches him the social graces and listens to his brilliant talk. Meanwhile, Julien calculates that there can be no better way of getting even with the mayor than by having an affair with his wife. After days of vacillation-and Stendhal is at his best in describing a painful state of mind—he makes his way to her bedroom at night. Outraged and alarmed, Mme. De Rênal repels him. Then follows a typical Stendhalian scene. Julien's mood of calculation forsakes him. He reverts to his real self and breaks down in tears. And

it is then, out of compassion, that Mme. De Rênal yields herself to him. For a time, except for her sense of guilt, they are both happy. But Julien is destined for greater things. He leaves for the seminary at Besançon to continue his studies. Stendhal's description of his stay there is a masterly portrayal of clerical hypocrisy. The Abbé Pirard instructs him in the way of advancement and Julien concludes that: 'It is the way one eats a boiled egg that shows the progress made in the devotional life.' For the first time he is introduced to the methods of intrigue and nepotism essential to worldly success. The Abbé is an admirable mentor and Julien an adept pupil. After adequate schooling, he is sent as secretary to the Marquis de la Mole, one of the premier nobles of France. Here, in Paris, he is chosen for an important secret mission to England, which he performs successfully. From then onwards his career is assured.

The Marquis has a daughter, the proud and beautiful Mathilde, a mediæval figure obsessed with her family's noble lineage. In Julien she recognises an opponent of a stature that matches her own. After lengthy manœuvring which gives the author once more an opportunity to display his powers of ironical analysis, the two are drawn together. Mathilde, to test his courage, challenges Julien to climb from the garden into her bedroom at night. Discovery would mean disaster, but equally a refusal to pay the price which Mathilde had placed on her love would damn him for ever in her eyes. An improbable scene! But in Stendhal's hands this conflict of taut wills and overweening pride is made to seem inevitable. Julien accepts the challenge. Mathilde opens her bedroom window as he appears on the ledge.

#### Up the Gardener's Ladder

'She had decided that if he dared to come to her, as she had prescribed, by using the gardener's ladder, she would be wholly his. But never were thoughts so tender expressed in a tone so cold and polished. Until then the interview had been frozen. It was

enough to turn love into hate. What a moral lesson for an imprudent young man! Was it worth jeopardising his future for such a moment?

'After lengthy incertitude, which might have appeared to a superficial observer as the result of the deepest hatred—so difficult was it for the feelings that a woman owes to herself to give way to a will so firm—Mathilde ended by being a lovable mistress.'

Thereafter nature takes its course; Mathilde is pregnant. The Marquis, after his first outburst of fury, agrees that they should marry; a title will be found for Julien and suitable funds to uphold it. At this stage Mme. De Rênal reappears. In a letter to the Marquis she denounces Julien as a common adventurer, thereby confirming the Marquis' worst fears. After this betrayal, which Julien regards as a final insult from the hated bourgeoisie, the dénouement follows rapidly. Julien shoots Mme. De Rênal during Mass at the little church of Verrières. Strenuous efforts are made to secure his acquittal; Mme. De Rênal, who recovers, is overcome with remorse and begs him to fight for survival, while Mathilde prepares grandiose romantic schemes for his release. Julien's cell is hardly ever free from callers. 'The worst misfortune of prison,' he reflects, 'is that one cannot close one's door.'

With so much influential testimony on his side, Julien's acquittal is almost assured, but at the trial he sees the rows of complacent, prosperous bourgeois sitting in judgment on him and he seals his doom by saying precisely what he thinks of them.

Few writers have dealt with death so simply and nobly as Stendhal in *Le Rouge et Le Noir*. The ending has been criticised as improbable, and so it might be in other hands, but Julien has the sincerity of the uncompromising anarchist; he remains true to himself and to his conception of human

integrity.

"The unhealthy air of the cell became insupportable to Julien. Happily, on the day when he was told he was going to die, bright sunshine irradiated his nature, and he was full of courage. To walk in the open air was for him a sensation as delightful as a sailor experiences when he sets foot on land after a long absence at sea. "Well, let's go," he said to himself, "I do not lack courage."

'Never had his head looked so poetic as in the moment when it was about to fall. The sweetest moments that he spent formerly in the woods of Vergy crowded his thoughts with extreme energy.

'Everything happened simply, with propriety, and with no affectation on his part.'

#### Criticism and Prejudice

To pass judgment always involves a certain impertinence, and to abstain from judging a certain cowardice. Since we must judge, then, let us do so. But if every writer is here an accused and each new work a felony until proved the contrary—and it is incumbent on the work itself to provide the proof—the author has the right to know the principal articles of the code (or, if one prefers it, the principal prejudices) according to which the critic will presume to judge it.

Novelists and essayists usually know in which paper they will get a favourable review and in which an unfavourable one; they know also that they cannot expect to be praised at once by the Jesuits and by the Communists... What security, what confidence, such criticism—praising the orthodox, condemning the heresiarch—gives to the writer. It is before the independent critic that the writer feels himself disarmed. Like every really, 'open-minded' judge, the literary critic who obeys no other law but that of his own mind and his own taste seems somehow absurd...



#### Too Late! Too Late!

'Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now!' England, as the foolish virgin of Europe, hears once more that sad word of doom. Lord Salisbury, when he addressed the House of Lords on the opening day of the Session, abstained from the plaintive lamentation natural to his part; but there is no mistaking the gravity of his confession. England has awaked too late to a realising sense of the incurable rottenness of Turkey. Forty-four years ago there came to her the day of decision, which might have been the day of grace; but she refused to listen to the warning cry. And now it is too late! In 1853, Lord Salisbury told the Lords, there were statesmen in Europe who recognised that fundamental fact of the situation:

Among those was the Emperor Nicholas I. He made proposals which, I imagine, if they were made now would be gladly accepted... The parting of the ways was in 1853, when the Emperor Nicholas's proposals were rejected. Many members of this House will keenly feel the nature of the mistake made when I say that we put all our money upon the wrong horse.

Metaphors from the turf are perhaps more familiar to the Peers than those drawn from the Gospel; but whether as foolish virgin or as the backer of the wrong horse, England's mistake is unmistakable.

#### The Policy of France

When it was announced that the newly appointed Foreign Minister would pay a visit to M. Hanotaux in Paris and call at Berlin on his way home, there were many shakings of the head in Vienna. But it is natural that the adjoints should meet, and impossible for Count Mouravieff to return to Russia without calling at Berlin. So far as can be seen at present, England has everything to gain from Russia's ascendency in France. Russia has practically entered into heavy recognisances to keep France quiet. The war of the Revanche has been postponed indefinitely, and there is

reason to believe that the Tsar, although not intending to give England that sovereignty over Egypt which his grandfather offered us, has no intention of allowing France to go to extremities with us about the Nile Valley.

#### Cyclomania Morbus

DR. SHADWELL contributes to the National Review an alarmist article concerning 'The Hidden Dangers of Cycling'.

Various causes are assigned for these nervous troubles. Some blame the saddle, others the vibration or the mechanical defects of the machine; and no doubt anything which increases discomfort tends to aggravate the mischief. But all these factors are common to the tricycle, which has been found void of offence. The vera causa seems to lie in the extreme instability of the two-wheeled machine, which can never be left to itself for a single moment without dismounting. In this respect bicycling differs from any other occupation whatever. The strain of attending to it may not be very great in itself-sometimes it is. and sometimes it is not-but it never ceases, and this incessant tension is the thing which tells upon the nerves. Has anybody ever seen persons on bicycles talking and laughing and looking jolly, like persons engaged in any other amusement? Never, I swear. Doubtless they can at a pinch, but in practice they don't. All their attention is given up to the road and the machine. With set faces, eyes fixed before them, and an expression either anxious, irritable, or at best stony, they pedal away, looking neither to the right nor to the left, save for an instantaneous flash, and speaking not at all, except a word flung gasping over the shoulder at most.



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and nothing but the truth'
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## New Books

#### NATIONALISATION—CHAOS OR CURE?

By John Baker White, M.P. Falcon Press. 3s.

Somebody has divided Members of Parliament into those who say more than they know and those who know more than they say. To the second group belongs John Baker White, Conservative Member for Canterbury. His book, *Nationalisation*, well justifies his reputation for wide and accurate knowledge. Here can be found, in short readable sections, the truth about experiments in nationalisation made outside Great Britain.

Can we learn anything from overseas experience? I am the first to echo

'Britain is

A world by itself, and we shall nothing pay For wearing our own noses.'

Because a foreigner or even a Dominion cannot do a job, that is no reason why we should fail. All the same, we are practical people and it would be foolish to shut our eyes to the weary record of failure that has marked state-ownership in other countries: government shipping lines in U.S.A. and France; state-owned coalmines in Germany and Australia; nationalised railways all over the world. Baker White sets down from official documents the dismal history of many such adventures.

Why were these various countries fool enough to begin the experiments in nationalisation? I find no instance of any government nationalising an industry primarily to give the public a more efficient service, such as cheaper coal or better transport. Ministers may have included efficiency among their declared aims but it was never a serious motive. They nationalised in response to pressure from some group who were out to do two things: first to take the industry away from the private boss, and second, to secure special advantages for those who worked in the industry under stateownership. Baker White's catalogue of failures shows quite clearly that nationalisation in democratic states has been essentially a producer's game played at the expense of the consumer.

That is a valuable lesson, and it will be repeated in Great Britain. Some of my consti-

tuents-good friends of mine who support the Labour Party-are railwaymen from the G.W.R. works at Swindon. When I ask them why they want to see the G.W.R. nationalised they invariably answer: 'Because we shall get better pay and conditions.' Then if I go on to suggest that the efficiency of a nationalised railway might decline and the costs increase. they are not interested. These railwaymen want nationalisation because it promises them a reserved slice of the national cake. They do not see that their hopes would be defeated if more than a small number of industries were nationalised. For the nationalised railways and the nationalised coal-mines must have a large private industry on which to batten, otherwise there will be no tit-bits to be extracted by political pressure.

The next thing I looked for in Baker White's book was some answer to the question whether the quality of management is affected by nationalisation. If nationalised industries always make a loss, it might be entirely due to bad management. The experience of most of the industries examined in the book was quite definite. Management under political control is always cumbrous and sometimes corrupt. Socialists like to think that the wage-earners will serve and the managers will direct a state-enterprise with a greater willingness and a greater unselfishness than are found in the ordinary run of private business. Of course it is not true. Men and women are not made good or bad by a change of ownership in the firm which employs them. They work hard to get on in the world and to do a job which stimulates their pride and desire to create. If the work is dull and the conditions inhuman, it does not matter who owns the business, the output will be low; and there is no evidence to show that the state is anything like as good an employer as the best in private industry.

This brings me to a point which Baker White does not examine in detail. Socialists say we ought to nationalise because private persons have so grossly abused the power which is given by the ownership of industrial assets. They believe

that under private ownership mass unemployment and intolerable differences of wealth are inevitable. Therefore they ask the electors to take the power away from the private individuals and put it into the hands of the Socialist politicians. Conservatives will never kill the nationalisation bug until they have proved that unemployment and privileged wealth can be banished without striking at the root of a free society. For nationalisation destroys liberty, as we can see in Russia. Men are asked to give up personal freedom in exchange for economic security. The unemployed man thinks the bargain a good one, but a British workman would never look at it if he believed a society

existed where he could have both a steady job and his personal freedom.

In time the ordinary citizen of this country will be hurt by nationalisation and then he will react against it, and those who do not believe in Socialism must then be ready to make the real experiment of twentieth-century democracy, which is without doubt the building of a society where abundance and justice can be squared with personal freedom to buy and to work where you please. Among the books worthy of study by all who are determined to make this experiment I can thoroughly recommend Baker White's factual record of nationalisation.

DAVID ECCLES, M.P. for Chippenham, Wilts.

#### STATES AND MORALS

By T. D. Weldon. John Murray. 9s.

A famous literary critic has laid it down that the reviewer of a book has a three-fold duty. In the first place he should give some summary of the subject matter; secondly, he should indicate the relative importance of the subject; and finally, he should express an opinion as to the success or failure of the author's treatment of it.

It seems right, in this instance, to begin by tackling the second task, and to make some assessment of the value (or futility) of political and moral philosophy for those of us who have neither the time, desire nor aptitude for the study of abstract and academic subjects for the mental exhilaration of the process itself. In a world faced with urgent practical problems, universal shortages and international unrest, is the time and concentration required for the study of such a book as this 'worth while', in the sense that it can have any bearing on the solution of such problems? For several reasons the answer is most definitely in the affirmative. For, whilst all theories deal with abstractions, it was Rutherford's 'theorising' which eventually made Hiroshima possible, and it is the political theorists, such as Aristotle, Rousseau, Hobbes, Locke, Hegel and Marx who have provided the dynamic from which subsequent political action and historical change have been brought about. Moreover, moral principles concerned with the relationship of the state to the individual are often involved in what appear at first sight to be discussions about simple problems of practical expediency, such as nationalisation or housing. Again, a working knowledge of the elements of

political philosophy enables one to avoid deadlock and misunderstanding by attaching precise meanings to such used and abused words as, 'state', 'society', 'government', 'democracy', etc., and to decide whether varying ends are mutually consistent. This in its turn makes one proof against the 'nonsense-thinking' derived from the uncritical assimilation of slogans pedalled by political adventurers. Finally, it is in the last analysis moral issues which lead to domestic and international political conflict, and an understanding of ethical and political theories and their relationship is vital if confused thinking, leading to irrational action, is to be avoided. Enough has been said, then, to justify the claim that this book deals with an important

To give a synopsis of the subject matter of the book is well nigh impossible: for it would entail summarising the chief political and moral theories that have commanded attention and moulded opinion from the time of Aristotle to modern times—and this, in fact, is what Mr. Weldon has done. His method is empirical as opposed to rationalistic. The rationalist philosopher holds that his definitions of the state of human nature are not hypotheses, but are selfevident truths about the real world from which he can infer conclusions; whilst the empiricist holds that political theories are only working hypotheses, whose only claim to validity rests on the possibility of confirming or refuting than by an appeal to the facts. This approach leads the author to state that 'the aim of this

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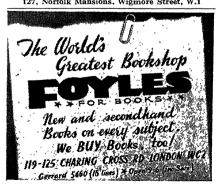
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book is to show grounds for believing . . . that no single statement of what the state is or ought to be can command universal assent. . . . Different and incompatible theories are sincerely held, and in spite of their incompatibility with one another, they are all logically defensible.'

With many permutations and combinations political theories can be divided into two. The Organic, of which Aristotle, Rousseau and Hegel were the main protagonists, maintains as its fundamental principle that the state is actually and not metaphorically an individual person, and that, as such, it has the same unqualified control and demand for allegiance over its subordinate members as is sometimes allowed to reside in a biological organism. Nazi Germany was such a state. All this is denied by the Machine theory in which the state or government is considered as a device and contrivance of human wisdom designed for the provision of human wants. The state, in this context, may be defined as the product of either force (Hobbes), or consent (Locke), as in the democratic state. Marx is in a class of his own; as a Communist state is a contradiction in terms, though the preliminary stage of dictatorship of the proletariat conceives of the state as nothing more than a committee for the administration of the consolidated affairs of a particular class. The chapter on Marx is fair and most valuable, showing, as it does, the major theoretical inconsistencies in the doctrine caused by the conflict between Marx, the humane reformer, and Marx, the scientific historian. In his attempt to reconcile his belief in the importance of the individual and the inability of his 'force' hypothesis to accommodate it, he was led astray. Marx always denied he was a Marxist himself. Had he been alive today, his denial would indeed be passionate! He would have realised that he had mistaken historical laws for what in reality were tendencies (stronger in his times than now), and by so doing had encouraged his followers to actions which have led to the negation of the ends he desired.

The chapters on Russia, Germany, United States and Great Britain as exemplifications of two types of organic states, and of radical and individualist democracies respectively, are of great interest. The difference between the two latter is that individualist democracy values John Smith as an individual with definite hopes, fears, etc., whilst radical democracy is apt to exalt him because he is a specimen of humanity. But though they may differ in details, the gulf between them and organic states, such as

Modern Russia, particularly in their interpretation of justice, is vast. Mr. Weldon's pages on the relationship between moral beliefs and political theories, in which he expresses his own views, decidedly need concentration, which is amply repaid by interest: 'My moral and therefore my political obligations derive from particular relationships to other individuals and these relations are describable in terms, not of general laws, but of particular judgments... my own system of personal relationships is fundamental and no obligation is real except as an element in it.'

He denies that any one political or moral theory can rightly claim universal acceptance. For him there is no ideal state suitable for all. British democracy is not an exportable product. There is no objective moral truth capable of being recognised by men of good will and translated into political action for the satisfaction of the basic needs of human nature. In this I cannot claim to prove that he is logically wrong-any more than he can that he is logically right; but because human consciousness has reached different levels of development in nations and human beings, leading to different ethical and moral standards, it does not surely follow that there is not ultimately an objective right conception of human nature, and consequently a right ordering of society which should command universal validity? There has been a remarkable degree of agreement on first principles amongst the great seers of history, such as Christ, Buddha, Lao Tze, etc.

Whilst agreeing that Russia and the Western democracies (which are themselves leagues removed from perfection) must for the moment agree to disagree on first order principles, and agree on purely functional and economic matters, and that risk of war would be lessened by a mutual abatement of propaganda, yet one can still feel strongly that our conception of the relation between individual and state has closer approximation to an objective ideal than those at present finding expression behind the 'Iron Curtain'. However this is a most stimulating and valuable book, which, while suffering from a certain overlapping of material, and at times a slight pedantry, gives a background against which, whilst disguising none of the difficulties, the reader can exercise his own judgment to form an intelligent appreciation of the political forces at work in the world today.

GEORGE LOWTHER

#### IN THE RAIN AND THE SUN

By the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H. Hutchinson. 21s.

It is sometimes overlooked that public men can have private lives and private interests. Lloyd George and farming, Churchill and paintingwe look on these as exceptions; but if we think about Attlee or Eden—or other Ministers or politicians—there seems to be a feeling that their public duties can leave little opportunity to partake of the pleasures of life. In In the Rain and the Sun the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery proves that this is not necessarily the case. He might be described, and that with all respect, as a dual personality: Amery the politician, Amery the lover of the open road, the mountaineer. This volume, which is a continuation of his earlier book, Days of Fresh Air, describes most of his journeys abroad between the years 1914 and 1945, and whether such were made as a soldier, as a Minister or just as a holiday-maker, he grasped every opportunity of being with nature, especially if nature were to be found on the summit of an extremely difficult mountain.

On first opening the book one feels the need of maps, many maps, but after a few pages they become unnecessary: the word pictures are so complete that one is actually with L.S.A.; walking where he walks, climbing where he climbs, his close companion in many lands. The book is a delight for the armchair traveller and perhaps even more so for the mountaineer who has not had the opportunity to climb in so many places: the Alps, New Zealand, South Africa, the Rockies.

As Secretary of State for the Dominions he had some interesting and strenuous experiences: during his Dominion tour of 1927-8 he in one

day, at Christchurch, attended seventeen functions and made twelve speeches! This tour was undertaken after the Imperial Conference of 1926 and the passing of the Statute of Westminster, in order to make personal contact with the peoples of the Dominions and 'to make it clear that independence involved, not isolation but free co-operation, and that equality with the United Kingdom meant the equality of Imperial nations, each and all responsible for the welfare and security of the Commonwealth in the field of world affairs.' Some results of his efforts can perhaps be seen in the actions of the Dominions during the recent World War.

One cannot end better than by quoting Amery's views on the value to him-and indeed to all of us-of an open-air life: 'If in one sense detached, my open-air life has not been without its influence on the other, the life of work and politics. It has, I doubt not, given me much of health and strength with which to carry on through long years and heavy tasks. But it has, I think, done much more than that. It has given me detachment in another sense. Not loss of keenness, I trust, or of intense conviction. But a certain perspective, perhaps, and a certain philosophy. Public life is very much like mountaineering. It needs determination and endurance. It needs judgment of what lies ahead and skill in dealing with each problem as you come to it. It needs, not least, a steady head on exposed summits.'

A book to read and re-read.

J. CONRAD FULLER

#### I TALK OF DREAMS

An Experiment in Autobiography

By Kenneth Walker. Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.

We are invited to spend a few hours in the distinguished company of a man widely known as a surgeon, philosopher and writer; and we are shown his way from 'the uncultivated strip of our London garden between the bicycle shed and the garden wall' to Harley Street. A long way indeed, which will be best appreciated by the many who have failed to arrive at this exalted goal. In his case the road was particularly meandering, as reveries before the Taj Mahal, silent colloquies with the Sphinx,

shooting lions in Uganda and lassooing cattle in Paraguay do not, by any professional standards, lead particularly directly to the 'Citadel'. Those experiences, interesting and sometimes exciting as they are, would hardly have justified writing this book, still less calling it an experiment. But for Walker, as for every real philosopher, facts are only the outward appearance of a meaning behind them, only the result of those mysterious forces which shape the human personality. This book is an adventure story

with a message. The question to which Walker wants to find an answer in his life is the age-old one: 'Who am I?' 'What is the discriminating agent in the child which chooses the models for his own behaviour?' Or, as modern psychology formulates the problem: Do 'I' possess my faculties, or am I only the sum total of them?

Out of 'that medley of thoughts, emotions and imaginings which was and still is myself' the author sorted out four characteristics whose co-operation build up his personality and life. They are: the capacity for endurance, love of adventure and danger, the spirit of a crusader, and a sense of greatness. To these four, later on a fifth was added: the awareness of a spiritual element in human nature. This 'later on' is not quite correct, because the discovery of this spiritual element took place in one of the most delightful and beautifully described experiences the author had when still a small boy. He discovered his Ego, his existence, through a sense of utter loneliness—and how he did this should be read in his own words.

What, then, is the message Walker sets out

#### DEMOCRACY: SHOULD IT SURVIVE?

A Symposium. Dennis Dobson. 7s. 6d.

These 'remarkable papers' (T. F. Woodlock in the introduction) analyse the veritable bases of democracy and, though approaching the subject from a wide variety of angles, they point with a singular unanimity to the only hope of democratic survival. A mere list of contributors, Protestant and Catholic, drawn from both sides of the Atlantic, is a guarantee of interest. It contains among others Gerald Vann, Luigi Sturzo, Sir Stafford Cripps, Walter Lippmann, Louis T. Achille, H. J. Massingham, Jacques Maritain and Lord Lindsay. Their hope rests on a renewed respect for the dignity of man and of labour, a recognition of the true nature of human personality, and a universal acceptance of the Christian philosophy of life. The problems of today—the totalitarian state, the growth of industrialism and the approach of the atomic age, the decline of religious belief, the philosophy of 'instrumentalism', the clash of colour, the status of agriculture—are boldly faced. This is eminently a book to be read and carefully pondered on by all who are seriously concerned at the manner in which we seem to be drifting to the destruction of those values on which our civilisation rests.

J. A. HUTTON

to deliver? It is a philosophy of human existence derived from an analysis of his own life, and runs like this. In the foreground of life's stage our every action is the outcome of a struggle of those five component parts mentioned above: 'In this voyage through life I have been a passenger rather than a navigator. I have been lived rather than I have lived.' 'It is the parts which play us, and not we them.' That is true. painfully true, of the action in the foreground. true of the trivialities of life. But there are moments when another force from outside takes the floor—the 'Intruder', Walker most aptly calls it-and assumes command. There are moments in life when we are allowed to catch glimpses of the spiritual behind the material, and to see a little further into that 'void Deep' which encloses us. These are the moments in which the great changes in ourselves take place, when we discover truth beyond the reach of our intellect. As a philosopher of the seventeenth century says: 'Le cœur a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas.'

O. SCHWARZ

#### AIR AGE WORLD MAP

Edited by Professor E. G. R. Taylor and E. M. J. Campbell. George Philip & Son. 10s. 6d. This is an entirely novel form of world map, and compared with it all previous maps and atlases are misleading. Today, speed of communication, whether by radio or air travel, is so great that all our greatest problems become of instantaneous world-wide significance, which makes it very necessary to train everyone to be world conscious. The most accurate type of map is, of course, a globe, but it is inconvenient in that form. All flat maps lead to distortions which give a false impression of the world. Professor Taylor's solution is rather like a simple jig-saw puzzle. You can set it up as a many-sided globe, but you can also arrange it flat on the table in many different ways, centred for instance round Great Britain, or round Japan. The map is keyed from the point of view of air travel, and probable air routes are indicated. This production should be of great use as a piece of educational apparatus in schoolsof fascinating interest to young people-and it teaches the adult a lot too. It is a good example of the value of looking at customary things with an entirely fresh eye. It comes with a full and clear explanatory booklet and the necessary scales (marked in air travel stages).

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### PALESTINE: THROUGH THE FOG OF PROPAGANDA

By M. F. Abcarius. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

'A party paper is not likely to give space in its columns for the publication of any material advocating the cause of an adverse party. No one in his senses would turn to *The New Judea*, for instance, for the hospitality of its columns for the publication of the Arab case.'

In these two sentences Mr. Abcarius throws a beam of light on the Palestine problem. Such bitterness has been engendered that neither Zionist nor Arab will admit that the other has a case at all. But if, as Mr. Abcarius says, the Zionist cause achieves greater publicity in this country, it is not because there are Jewish newspaper proprietors, but because the Zionist understands better the workings of Western democracy and the British tradition of impartiality, and bases his appeal accordingly. Had Mr. Abcarius studied the British press last year, he would have seen Lord Beaverbrook given the freedom of the Daily Herald and the Kemsley press reporting at length the election speeches of the Labour leaders.

This book, therefore, is not an impartial survey of the problem, but an extremely tendentious presentation of the Arab case. After quoting British authors to prove the political maturity and innate honesty of the Arab (the Arab proverb: 'To lie is the salt of a man, the shame is to him who believes' is not mentioned), the author expatiates on the delights of the nomadic life and the idyllic existence of the fellah; here no reference is made to the ubiquitous moneylender, whose practices so add to the amenities of village life, though later his continued presence is used as a stick with which to beat the government. There follows the inevitable barren discussion of the contradictory promises made by the British during the first world war, and of the clauses of the Mandate; no fresh light is thrown on them, and their treatment by means of contrasting sentences torn from their context will only mislead any reader not conversant with the full texts.

He next lays bare the hesitations and lack of initiative of the mandatory government and the steady decline of public security—it is a sad commentary on our rule that under the Turks some forty-five police and 425 gendarmerie sufficed to maintain order in the Sanjak of Jerusalem (the whole south of the country). Then he has no difficulty in pricking the bubble of the more exaggerated Zionist claims. Finally, he underlines the conclusion of the Peel

Commission that the mandate is unworkable, because there is no way of solving the conflict between the promises to the Jews and the rights of the existing inhabitants, though he does not accept its recommendations or those of the Woodhead Commission which followed. Hissolution is the creation of an independent Palestine within the terms of the 1939 White Paper.

While laying a smoke-screen rather than dispersing the fog, the book has importance: for a solution will only be found when we grasp the Arab viewpoint and the Arab understands the British mind.

1. A. HUTTON

#### THE PERSONAL NOTE

By H. J. C. Grierson and H. Sandys Wason. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

On the face of it, this collection of forty short works by poets, men of letters and philosophers from Chaucer to Hardy, seems haphazard and factitious. What is the special link between, say, Fielding and Doughty, to justify their inclusion? The title supplies the answer. Sir Herbert Grierson and Mr. Wason have collected a number of introductions, prefaces and epilogues to illustrate 'the personal note'-the man behind the book, the author in his shirt sleeves; and the more impersonal the book, the more revealing, very often, does the preface become. There are two very good examples in this anthology: Johnson's noble preface to his 'English Dictionary' ('I may surely be contented without praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me?'), and Raleigh's introduction to the Historie of the World. Both reflect a similar pride and disillusion. But these authors' pugnacity and indifference to their readers is exceptional; most prefaces, oddly enough, strike a defensive note. 'There are an hundred faults in this thing,' says Goldsmith as he introduces The Vicar of Wakefield; Trollope asks to be allowed to say 'one word of apology' for himself; Sir Philip Sidney, in The Arcadia, speaks of 'this idle child of mine', which he is 'loth to father.' No doubt this diffidence and detraction is a mere formality which should not be taken too seriously, but there is a little too much of it in The Personal Note. An example of Mr. Shaw belabouring his critics would have made an admirable counter-weight.

Even so, there are some very good things in the book and Sir Herbert Grierson has written his own introduction to introductions which puts each author tidily in his place.

R. A. WILLIAMS



The Windrush enters the main street of Bourton from the Mill. From The River Windrush. By Wilson MacArthur (Cassell, 10s. 6d.)

#### POWER POLITICS By Martin Wight.

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND THE PUBLIC By John Price.

'Looking Forward' Pamphlets, Nos. 8 & 9.
Royal Institute of International Affairs. 1s. each.

Now that foreign affairs have become the politics of the parish pump and the merest child holds decided views on Britain's 'interests' and Russia's aims, one is ready to welcome anything which will explain in simple terms the intricacies of foreign politics. This series, of which he above are the concluding numbers, has set a very high standard under the general editorship of Harold Stannard.

Martin Wight, with a wealth of historical examples, explains the exact meaning or implication of all the terms involved in any discussion of power politics; and though there may be a difference of opinion as to the interpretation of some of his more recent examples, this in no way diminishes the clarity of his explanation. John Price sums up the series, giving a survey of the subject-matter of foreign affairs, of the machinery — national and international — by which they are conducted, and of the interests which a national government must safeguard. Finally, he welcomes this modern interest—'It is therefore important that a knowledge of foreign affairs should be spread more widely' —but stresses the vital fact that this interest must be well informed—'It is therefore of the utmost importance that the voter should be able to see clearly and to judge shrewdly.'

#### BEYOND THE URALS

By Elma Dangerfield.

British League for European Freedom. 2s.

Do not be misled by the title into assuming that this pamphlet is yet another account of the almost legendary feats of industrialisation by

which the U.S.S.R. sustained its war effort. It describes another facet of life within the Soviet Union—the tragic story of those Polish citizens whom the Soviet Government executed, imprisoned or deported between September 1939 and June 1941, in that area of pre-war Poland which lay east of the Ribbentrop-Molotov line. During the war, for reasons of high policy and owing to the difficulty of collecting and sifting the evidence, the full tale could not be told. Here the facts are allowed to speak for themselves.

Perhaps the most touching picture is conveyed in an appendix where two Polish children recount their personal misadventures. It is not easy reading: long lists of Polish names, conveying little to the English reader, interrupt the flow of narrative. It is not pleasant reading: many of us are sated by horror stories of Nazi concentration and Japanese prisoner-of-war camps. But when, regrettably, an increasing number of people in this country are asking, 'Why don't the Poles go home?' I recommend this pamphlet as supplying in large part the answer. Is the picture authentic? I cannot vouch for the details, but as one who in Tehran had many contacts with the Polish refugees, I can youch for the general truth.

J. A. HUTTON

#### Cross-Section

#### OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

#### Facts to Face

COLLECTIVE totalitarianism has, ever since the end of the war month by month, day by day taken special pains to demonstrate to free world opinion that it is unfit to join the comity of free nations. It has sabotaged the establishment of any kind of international order, throwing Europe into wild, chaotic confusion. A handful of frightened men, hermetically isolated behind the walls of the Kremlin, has been nourishing its predatory fanaticism for years with false, distorted information about the West which has been served up to it obediently by robots of its own creation: the NKVD, the officially directed press and Communist Fifth Columns in all countries. In order to attain their own 'security', these men have torpedoed the security of the whole world. Their own feeling of 'safety' and 'freedom' has been somewhat increased by the incorporation since 1939 of 300,000 square miles with a population of 25 millions, in addition to which they have placed the nailed boot of their occupation on 120 more millions of Europeans. But since there still are some free people in the world, their panic fear is growing at an ever accelerated pace.

Neither Hitler nor Stalin has ever disguised his intentions. Eighty million copies of Hitler's Mein Kampf were available all over the world for study and examination. The cruel theory, practice and tactics of Nazism were fully stated in it ten years before it all was beginning to be put into effect, but nobody in the West troubled to take it seriously. Of Stalin's Problems of Leninism far over 100 million copies have been printed in all languages of the world. Instead of reading in it the plain, undisguised truth about the way of thinking and the plans of the Soviet dictator, a large number of experts still keep pondering the 'Russian enigma'. Those who are unwilling or unable to read the truth in it were told by Stalin as recently as on 6 February, 1946: 'The first World War was the result of the first crisis of the capitalist system of world economy, and the second World War was the

result of a second crisis.' It is clear that those imbued with Marxist doctrine must now prepare for a third war 'because a peaceable settlement of economic conflicts is impossible under present capitalist conditions of the development of world economy.'

Baltic Review

#### Planning and Democracy

It is as well to recognise that there are limits to the amount of planning that a democratic government can do. Some of the limits are set by the fact that such a government finds it much more difficult to compel people to do what it wants them to do than to prohibit them from doing other things. It is also an absolute condition that the state must retain the confidence of its citizens and be able to secure the execution of its plans without tax evasion or black marketeering-which, in its turn, imposes limits on what it can ask the citizen to do. In short, the democratic planner, like the physician, must accept the basic anatomy and physiology of the patient on whom he is working, though he can do a great deal by 'purposive direction' to change his features, to hasten or retard the processes of change and to keep him in a steady state of health. There is no cause for regret in these limitations; on the contrary, they are merely an illustration of the happy moderation in policy that the democratic system enjoins. But it would be just as well that the enthusiasts for planning should recognise them-and just as well also if they would recognise that the real limitations on democratic planning are not imposed by any difficulty in controlling the businessman or curbing the profit motive, but that they lie much deeper. They will not be removed by nationalisation; what stands in the way of complete planning-and it is fortunate that it is so—is the ordinary man's unwillingness to let other people tell him where he shall earn his living or how he shall spend it.

Economist



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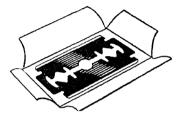
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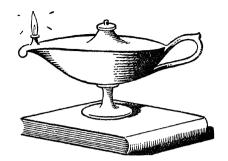
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### International Dictatorship or Democracy?

WE know today that there are no longer any islands and that frontiers are ineffectual. We know that in a world in constant acceleration. in which the Atlantic can be crossed in less than a day, and Moscow can speak to Washington within a few hours, we are compelled to solidarity, or to complicity, as the case may be. What we learned during the past six years was this: that the wrong done to a student in Prague struck at the same time the Parisian worker: that the blood spilt somewhere on the borders of the Danube led the Texas peasant to shed his on the soil of the Ardennes. There was not, and there is no longer, one single isolated suffering, one single remote distress in this world which hasn't its repercussions on our everyday life.

Many Americans would like to continue to live enclosed in their own society. Many Russians would like perhaps to continue to pursue their étatiste experiment aloof from the capitalist world. They cannot do so, and they never will be able to. In the same way, no economic problem, however secondary it may seem, can today be settled independently of the rest of the world.

Thus we all know without the shadow of a doubt that the new order which we seek cannot be merely national or even continental, nor, especially, Western or Eastern. It must be universal. Partial solutions and compromises are no longer possible. . . .

What are the means of attaining this unity, of realising this international revolution through which the world's resources in men, raw materials, commercial markets and spiritual riches can be better distributed? I can see only two, and those two methods determine our ultimate alternative. First, this world can be unified from above by a single state more powerful than the rest. Only Russia or America can aspire to this rôle. . . .

But unification by this means cannot be brought about without war, or at least without an extreme risk of war. And whether or not it is an atomic war, tomorrow's Armageddon will leave humanity so mutilated and impoverished that the very notion of an 'order' will become positively anachronistic. . . We must, therefore, revert to the second method of assuring this universal order: that is, the mutual agreement of all the parties. It is pointless to ask

whether this method is feasible, because in fact it is the only one that is possible. But we must ask ourselves precisely what it is.

This agreement between the parties has a name, which is international democracy. Everybody talks about it at UNO, of course . . .

But what exactly is it: What is democracy, whether national or international: It is a form of society in which the law is above the rulers. this law being the expression of the will of all, represented by a legislative body. Is that what we are trying to build today? There is, indeed, talk of an international law, but that law is made or unmade by governments, that is, by the executive. We are, therefore, under a régime of international dictatorship. The only means of escaping from it is to place international law above governments. The first thing is to create that law, which means having a parliament, which must be constituted by means of world elections in which all the peoples will participate. And since we haven't got this parliament, the only thing to do is to fight this international dictatorship on an international plane by means which will not contradict the end pursued. ALBERT CAMUS in Combat

#### Best of Both Worlds?

The view that the Royal Commission on the Press should consider the system of ownership now proposed in Prague for the Czechoslovak Press, under which all papers were sponsored by political parties, trade unions, co-operatives or cultural organisations, was expressed by Kingsley Martin, editor New Statesman and Nation, speaking to the Fabian Society last week on 'The Journalist in the Socialist State'.

Stating that we had made political education of the masses a by-product of the business of selling news for money, the speaker set his face against adoption of the Soviet system of a nationalised and controlled Press and of leaving the political education of the public in the hands of Press peers, but suggested that the above far-reaching proposal appeared to be the proper Socialist solution.

At the same time he stressed that the independence of the editor, which is vital for a critical and intelligent paper, would have to be safeguarded if the paper was owned by a committee, just as much as if it was owned by a single proprietor.

World's Press News



## Progress against Pain

¶ Some of the oldest prescriptions known to medical science were engraved upon pillars of stone by the Egyptians, about the seventeenth century B.C. From these prescriptions no physician was allowed to deviate, upon pain of being held responsible if the patient died.

¶ It took many years for medical science to realise that knowledge is not static but progressive.

¶ One recent discovery, for instance, is that a small quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed up by the right combination of other drugs.

¶A direct outcome of that discovery is 'Cogene', a scientific combination, in tablet form, of four separate drugs, three being pain relievers and the fourth a stimulant. Because a minute quantity only of each is present, there can be none of the harmful after-effects that might attend the taking of a

larger dose; yet the combination of all four in scientifically balanced proportions is so effective that 'Cogene' will 'reach' the most harassing nerve pain more rapidly than could any single drug. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get your share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

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#### £ s. d. and the Writer

In a recent number of *Horizon*, twenty-one writers answered a questionnaire on the Cost of Letters. They were asked to give their views on the income necessary for a writer, the chances of earning this by 'serious' work, the advantages and disadvantages of a 'second occupation', what, if any, this should be, the question of state assistance, and finally, whether they had any advice to give to young people.

The answers in their variety demonstrated one fact: that the writer is no different from other men and women with tastes and upbringing similar to his own. Nonconformist, feudal, suburban, cosmopolitan his background may be, and so, at heart, he will remain. Everybody, whatever his work, has his own income level; in the Horizon group the annual sums considered essential range from £,300 to £3,500. There have been writers with a taste for money on a large scale for its own sake (Arnold Bennett), or with a need for it (Scott). but most of them want it, as other people do, for spending on pleasurable necessities. What are these? 'Pictures, gramophone records, travel, lovers,' suggests one of Horizon's twenty-one. 'Married life, and possibly a fairly small child,' says another. Mr. Connolly requires 'calme, luxe et volupté' in order to produce ordre et beauté'. Mr. Day Lewis thinks too easy a time will not do: 'it is in his struggle with the ordinary business of living, even more than in his struggle with the problems of technique, that the writer finds his own level of seriousness.

But almost all are agreed on one thing: that books and poetry alone will not bring in the necessary income.

Tribune

#### Challenge to UNO

YET it is ignorance more than evil that moves the democractic powers. Once their eyes are opened, they will be only too ready to do all in their power to make amends. When that time comes, and may it not be too late, they will realise that the three Baltic States of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania had for centuries under Russian rule held up their national democratic cultures, their own non-Slavic traditions, their own Western mode of life; that the period of independence had shown them fully conscious of their Western heritage; that



NEW YORKER

they had progressed along Western lines and that their downfall was the result of those same totalitarian forces that had precipitated the Second War. They belong in the United Nations; their refugees deserve international protection and help, and the restoration of their national independence; and the renewal of their democratic institutions will be a sure sign that the United Nations are definitely to produce a new world in which human rights and justice will be established and the fear of unjust attack and of aggression will be banished for all nations, large and small, and mankind in a newfound unity can proceed to live according to the principles of the Golden Rule.

Baltic Review

#### Mein Kampf

Berlin police recently reported to Counter-Intelligence agents that two German youths had been arrested 'surreptitiously' attempting to sell two American soldiers two copies of Hitler's Mein Kampf.

Upon investigation, intelligence agents discovered that the German youths had found the two copies of Hitler's one-time best seller in an abandoned attic, and had offered to give them to the two soldiers for three cigarettes each.

New York Herald Tribune

## Black record

The record of State ownership, State management and State control of industry is punctuated by failure after failure.

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The British Omnibus Companies
Public Relations Committee

#### Depression?

The U.S. economy is an equation with fixed and variable elements. As everyone knows, the fixed elements are favourable to a continued boom. Never before has the average man been so ready and able to buy things. Furthermore, we have enough productive capacity to meet this huge demand—war-expanded factories and machinery galore and the largest labour force in our history. . . .

Depressions don't have to happen, but when everybody wants to buy things and nobody wants to make them, depression is the likeliest result. No government action (certainly by the present Administration) can be counted on to prevent it. Businessmen can't be counted on to prevent it. Nor can labour leaders, for too many of them are the political prisoners of their own rank and file.

Nobody can be counted on to prevent it except the individual American with a job. Unless he regains his willingness to work and curbs his eagerness to spend, the age of plenty will never arrive. Instead all will be poorer. That doesn't have to happen. The individual American must soon decide. If he follows his conscience, it won't.

Life

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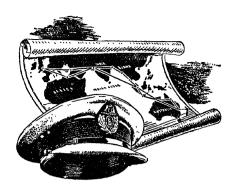


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#### Freud-in Hollywood

A SET entirely encased in celloglass has been completed at Columbia film studios for a night-club sequence in *The Guilt of Janet Ames*, where Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas play a big love scene.

Since the set represents the background of a dream, director Charles Vidor will bring his principals into focus only outside the celloglass. The background, the musicians and the mght-club crowd will show as glittery dream-substance, in which all forms are recognisable but do not come into realistic focus.

This, according to studio psychologists, is exactly as Dr. Freud describes dreams, and is a direct antithesis to the Dalı type of dream in which Hollywood has heretofore indulged, with lump, bent watches and dreary, grotesque backgrounds. Dreams, Dr. Freud is quoted as saying, can be fun, too.

News from Columbia Pictures Bulletin

#### U.N.E.S.C.O.'s Task

THE task Unesco faces is a staggering one. It is a grim fact that more than half of the people of the world are living under some degree of political censorship. It is a grim fact that more than half of the earth's population—and not the same half—is illiterate. The hopeful side of the picture is that men everywhere have an innate yearning for understanding. Further, they have the capacity to achieve it. The anthropologists have demonstrated that, biologically, all races and peoples have, in roughly equal measure, the same potentialities for understanding and for creative work. Men have struggled for centuries to bring into being the ideal of political democracy: the streets of this beautiful city have run red for that ideal. More recently, men have struggled for economic democracy. I propose for Unesco the development of means adequate to a third goal—the goal of cultural democracy; the opportunity for all to share in the ideas and knowledge that will enable them to participate intelligently in the affairs of the world community.

Unesco does not believe, and cannot believe, that peace is to be obtained through the intellectual and cultural subjugation of the world by any single political philosophy or through the conversion of the world of the spirit nor the forced standardisation of the world of the mind can give men peace, but only a world demo-

cracy of mind as well as spirit. Cultural democracy implies cultural integrity, as true political democracy implies the freedom of the person and his personal integrity and self-respect. The cultural democracy which Unesco proposes is a democracy of mind and spirit in which every culture shall be free to live and develop in itself and in the great community of common culture. Free men do not fear ideas; free men are not afraid of thought; free men are eager to confront the differences and rich varieties that life presents, and to determine for themselves the things they take as true. This, from the beginning, has been the path of freedom.

WILLIAM BENTON

#### Taking the Cake

A PARCEL delivered in Wellington from Britain contained one crumb and a Ministry of Food note saying: 'Wedding cake withdrawn and destroyed. Against regulations.'

Daily Express

#### Self-sufficient Students

HALF the college students in America pay their own way through college. Many of them start saving up years before, from the money they earn. American parents believe in making their children self-sufficient. Very few of them give them pocket money; many don't provide clothes, amusement money or vacation costs. In America, hand in hand with the real spirit of democracy, of equal opportunity for all, is the money standard. The acquiring of money is an important end. There is a money snobbery in America where there is no snobbery in the means of acquiring it.

#### Utopia? No, Russia!

THE Constitution guarantees to the working people freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, including the holding of mass meetings, and freedom of street processions and demonstrations. And it is laid down that: 'These civil rights are ensured by placing at the disposal of the working people and their organisations printing presses, stocks of paper, public buildings, the streets, communications facilities and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights.'

Soviet Weekly News



'You see, darling, I wanted to make sure I wouldn't forget our rendezvous this morning'

LES LETTRES FRANÇAISES

#### Man-directed Economy

IT was because economists and statesmen, including those who claimed to be Adam Smith's disciples, acted as though the laws of supply and demand did not exist that the trouble arose. In matters of industrial relationships—in wages, labour conditions (and therefore costs), in taxation and fiscal concerns, they profoundly, even if often reluctantly, mitigated the operation of these laws by interfering to delay their processes. But they overlooked the elementary fact that, by delaying the processes of natural law in one operation of the intricate economic machine, they had inevitably affected it in every other. They ought, accordingly, to have made adjustments there also, but they omitted to do so. The prime cause of those terrible economic dislocations that, by causing simultaneous poverty and idleness whenever new wealth-creating machinery became available, have everywhere discredited and endangered individual freedom, was the failure to adjust the operation of the laws of supply and demand in the flow of money to accord with the adjustments already made in the remainder of economic practice. It was this mathematical absurdity that caused the prolonged deflations and the occasional violent resultant inflations that so embittered the life of men in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. For the natural balance of the universe is equation, and wherever deflation or inflation exists, it is a sure sign that the man-made mechanism of finance and trade is in some essential particular out of gear with the laws of supply and demand.

ARTHUR BRYANT in Illustrated London News

#### 'Waisted' Advice!

'Our factory is planning a fancy-dress ball and to save wastage of money and material we are all to go in old-fashioned dress. I have a lovely gown of 1890 vintage that was worn by my mother at her first party, but the waist is only 18 inches, and I am a modern miss with twenty-three inches round the midriff. How can I get into the gown? I have no corset of that era, but I have some whalebones Any suggestions?'. Writes A.G.

Answer—First of all you can't tight-lace five inches in at one go, according to old-fashioned notions. You have got to do it gradually. Also you don't need a special corset to do it if you adopt the method used by Betty Grable.

She used a binder. Just a roll of stout flannelette, which she wrapped and pinned around her waist, pulling it in about one inch every three days, until at last she could wear a small-waisted dress in comfort. Or, if you have some fine canvas or linen, make a corset, running in the whalebones, and machine half an inch of the material up a day as your waist gets smaller. You will find that this does the trick fairly well.

You'll have to start early if you want to be comfortable at your dance, and if you can't achieve the full reduction, slit the gown at the back for more room, and cover the slit with a big taffeta bow. It won't show, and the wide-bustled hip-spread will make your waist appear small. We certainly don't advise you to tight-lace to discomfort point if you want to enjoy your dance.

\*\*Draper's Record\*\*

#### The Farmer's Wife!

In the south-east corner of Essex and a farmer's wife to supper. She is a solicitor's daughter, and her parents, disapproving of her marriage, prophesied disaster. After a two-day honeymoon in London they went back to the farm. At midnight her husband leapt from their bed, hurling the bedclothes all over the floor, ran to the window, and flung it wide to a wintry blast, howling and yelling like a dancing Dervish. Then he rushed to the door and out of the house. As the wife lay shivering she heard a shot outside and fancied that she really must have married a lunatic, only to learn later that he had heard a fox at the chickens and was just in time to put paid to its account.

The Countryman

## Well I'm baffled!

The A104 is already known as the "Baffle Set"—and a very good name too. For it is in fact just a large (and beautiful) baffle board with the 'works' attached at the rear. You may not know or care what baffle board means

but your ears will tell you what this design means in improved reproduction. Orders for this model are very big indeed and you may have to wait a bit for delivery. But the A104 is worth waiting for!



A104 A.C. Mains only, Price £30.11.1. inc. Purchase Tax Murphy Radio, Limited, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

# PILL MANUFACTURERS' HEADACHES

Pills that have to be easy to swallow are not always easy to make. Problems of coating, to make the pill more palatable, or to protect the ingredients from deterioration, have caused many a production difficulty. With recent developments in the use of *sodium alginate* (a pure seaweed derivative called MANUCOL) for the coating of pills and tablets, Albright & Wilson have now provided new and better answers to such manufacturing problems.

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#### This Number England...

THE WEEK END-once denounced by go-getters and moralists alike is now approved even by the efficiency experts. Only one amendment is now necessary-that it should begin on Thursday and end on Wednesday, so that, to the accompaniment of Balkan Sobranie, slavery may finally be abolished and merit get the holiday it deserves.



#### These 5 Rules all help against INDIGESTION

- 1. Eat only at meal times.
- Do not drink during meals.
- 2. Eat slowly and chew thoroughly.
- 4. Secure adequate daily exercise.
- 5. Turn to "Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges" for quick correction of Digestive Disorders whenever the need arises. Introduced by Dr. Jenner 150 years ago; prescribed by five generations of Physicians. 1/5 and 3/42 from Chemists, or send a Id. stamp for Sample and Literature to: Savory & Moore Ltd. (Dept. S.B.), 143 New Bond St., London, W.I



#### A Modest Editor!

In Christian marriage ceremonies the bridegroom is supposed to require the assistance of a person known as the 'best man'. Not, however, being a Christian myself I have never been able to understand the precise significance of this dignitary. But of this I am in no doubt—namely, that he does subserve some useful purpose: as, for instance, putting the groom in question through his (matrimonial) paces, as it were, encouraging him by word and gesture, lending a certain indefinable grace and dignity to the proceedings which, but for his presence, may well lack those charms.

The editor of the Journalist does not (God be praised!) stand in need of any of these adventitious aids; for, through a comparative stranger to the field, he has done ample justice both to himself and to his latest love, and, in the process, contrived not only to make his magazine the glorious success that it is but also to earn a reputation for himself as working journalist. We, in this hapless country, are not unaccustomed to what I may call merely ornamental editors. . . .

It was bad enough that people, arrogating to themselves the tittle of journalists, should have, in the plenitude of their ignorance, drawn such smears of ugliness on the fair face of the 'King's English'—that, as the Eton College's Chronicle has recently reported, 'ill-bred and offensive words' should have contaminated newspapers with 'roving participles and the remains of shattered infinitives'. It was an unpardonable aggravation of folly that editors could be found to publish them in their respective journals for all the world as though they were the apotheosis of polished expression.

The editor of the Journalist, however, can meet the Recording Angel with an unsullied conscience in this respect. He has, amidst his multifarious preoccupations (and the ending of the Journalist is the least of them), taken infinite pains to see that his contributors are not guilty of such offences as the above.

The Journalist and Nation, India

#### The Right Spirit

Wanted, a partner unafraid of insecurity. Owner of Brixham trawler yacht intends seeking his living aboard, abroad. Expects to find much hard labour, little money, great content.

Advert. in New Statesman



'But if the gag's never been done before, how do you know it's any good?' NEW YORKER

#### Democracy

The real essence of democracy was fairly enough defined by the first Napoleon when he said that the French Revolution meant 'a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind.' Such might be paraphrased by calling democracy that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance—and knew that he had it. Trek, S. Africa

#### To Encourage Repatriation

THE pressure on Displaced Persons to return to their own countries has been mentioned many times in the Bulletin. We give today three fresh examples which have reached us:

At Hanau there is a warehouse packed with clothing provided by UNRRA; this clothing is distributed only to those Displaced Persons who consent to be repatriated. A voluntary society recently offered to supply clothing to some of the Displaced Students; UNRRA head-quarters objected.

At Munich, a hostel which provided accommodation for the several hundred D.P. students who are studying at the University has recently been closed. The students are now obliged to live in camp, a three-mile walk from the university, and can get their meals nowhere else.

'All Polish newspapers, not of Warsaw origin, will be burnt.' This was the order recently issued by the Director of UNRRA Team 162.

British League of

European Freedom Bulletin

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 $I^{\mathrm{F}}$  you are one of the millions who suffer from colds during the winter, Serocalcin may help you. We do not claim definitely that it will, nor do we pretend that it is infallible. But many thousands of regular users find in Serocalcin the means of successfully preventing and treating colds - and so may you.

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#### SAFEGUARD THEIR FUTURE

The men who brought us Final Victory may count on the help of the British Legion in times of adversity, after Service. A legacy to HAIG'S FUND, Cardigan House, Richmond, Surrey, will benefit ALL ranks of ALL Services: their families too.

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

#### Let's Play Uno

When one reads the reports of Uno conferences, or international negotiations of any kind, it is difficult not to be reminded of L'Attaque and similar war games that children used to play, with cardboard pieces representing battleships, aeroplanes and so forth, each of which had a fixed value and could be countered in some recognised way. In fact, one might almost invent a new game called Uno to be played in enlightened homes where the parents do not want their children to grow up with a militaristic outlook.

The pieces in this game are called the proposal, the démarche, the formula, the stumbling block, the stalemate, the deadlock, the bottleneck and the vicious circle. The object of the game is to arrive at a formula, and though details vary, the general outline of play is always much the same. First the players assemble, and somebody leads off with the proposal. This is countered by the stumbling block, without which the game could not develop. The stumbling block then changes into a bottleneck, or more often into a deadlock or a vicious circle. A deadlock and a vicious circle occurring simultaneously produce a stalemate, which may last for weeks. Then suddenly someone plays the démarche. The démarche makes it possible to produce a formula, and once the formula has been found, the players can go home, leaving everything as it was at the beginning. GEORGE ORWELL in Tribune

#### Respect for the Law!

At last we hear, from an official source, what is wrong with Ireland. A friend of mine went into a saloon bar to see if he could get a little extra petrol. His furtive request was overheard by a sergeant of police, who advised him to try a garage down the road.

My friend went away and returned to report a disappointment.

'Did you tell them who sent you?' asked the sergeant, growing red in the face.

'I did,' said my friend.

'There's Ireland for you,' said the sergeant bitterly. 'There's no respect for the law at all.'

Observer

#### Half-Baked

MASTER baker seeks new position, can handle union and other un-American elements.

Advert. in Bridgeport Telegram, Connecticut

#### Wash-and be Brave!

LION fat soap recovered from marauding lions on farms on the banks of the Limpopo is now being made because of the soap shortage.

South Africa

#### Change of Occupation

Prague. A twenty-year-old waiter who was weary of his job in a café decided to get rid of his dinner tacket and dress in the uniform of a policeman. He went to a busy crossroads and there directed traffic, fining pedestrians and drivers who transgressed his orders. The cash, of course, found its way to his private pocket, and he was just making up his mind that this was a pleasanter way of earning money than the waiting profession when two of his potential colleagues, two real policemen, approached him and led him off to a place where he will probably live longer on the earnings of that afternoon than he could have lived on them at home. Czecho-Slovak News

#### Disarmament

Thus, Mr. Molotov's proposal is in its essence that the Soviet Union should demobilise and that we should disarm. If this proposal were adopted, the Soviet Union would indeed have every reason to insist upon effective inspection. For inspection cannot alter the fact that Russian man power can be mobilised by a decree calling men to the colours. But inspection to see to it that we did not maintain and develop our technological advantages would alter radically the balance of power. The Soviet Union would remain capable of exerting its full strength at short notice, and we should be incapable of exerting ours except after years of reconversion and preparation.

WALTER LIPPMANN

#### Descriptive English?

After seeing Glenn Ford in his new Columbia film Gallant Journey, an American bobby-soxer wrote him the following letter: 'Dear beau boy, you melt me. You're number one on the hep parade. I'm not guy-goony, but you're strictly king size and home-cooked. Please stay as you are and don't go brush mush.' Ford plans to answer the letter as soon as he can find someone to interpret it for him.

News from Columbia Pictures Bulletin

### Father, Hypnotist or Widowed Loon?

A ROMANTIC psychologist attributed Sinatra's eminence to 'a sort of melodic strip tease in which he lays bare his soul.' 'His voice,' he continued, 'haunts me because it is so reminiscent of the sound of the loon I hear in the summer at a New Hampshire lake, a loon who lost his mate several years ago and still is calling hopefully for her return.' Sinatra's appeal to his fans, whether they think of him as a father, a hypnotist, or a widowed loon, can probably be ascribed simply to the desperate chemistry of adolescence.

#### The Doctor's Dilemma

The resistance movement is rooted in something deeper—a conviction that the Act represents the first stage in a Socialist policy which would eventually transform the character of medical practice as a free profession and profoundly injure the personal relationship of doctor and patient.

The objectors find grounds for this conviction both in the Act and in the public utterances of some influential Socialists. The Act confers sweeping powers on the Minister: he may, for example, withhold from publication the annual report of the Central Health Services Council on the working of the Service if he finds any reason of public interest for so doing, and he may determine a doctor's right to continue in the Service without appeal to the Courts. . . .

Inveterate planners are impatient of principles; having set their heart on a scheme, they want above all to make it work. They are more interested in the results expected from it than in the methods employed, however harshly these may bear on human scruples or human relationships. There is no doubt that a National Health Service is greatly needed, and that it could bring great benefits to the community. The resisting doctors recognise this; but the present Act seeks to obtain benefits by methods which they cannot reconcile with their conscience and sense of medical duty. They are standing on a moral issue and for this they should be given credit, even by their opponents.

Observer

#### Better Not Wait!

.... In short, the Government should help the railwaymen to get some of the benefits of nationalisation in advance.

Daily Worker

#### Price Note!

It probably doesn't matter much to most people in Socialist Britain, but the price of a Rolls-Royce touring limousine has now been hiked to £,4,696 IIS. 8d.

New York Herald Tribune

#### What's a Gal to do?

An attractive female with courage enough to speak her piece on politics and foreign affairs is rarely taken seriously, by our potentates in pants. They're too busy contemplating her curves to listen to her mental quirks. Women who wear tailored suits and straightforward hats to look formidable enough to get a hearing are tagged 'unwomanly'. What's a gal to do?

Letter to Life

#### Tom-tom Tax

THE method of collecting the Annual Tax by means of beating the tom-tom is considered primitive and highly degrading. It is suggested that the authorities should have posted up in the streets and on the N.A. Office public notices announcing the time-limit, and then watch the result. This crude method lowers the prestige of this place and should be stopped.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

#### Real Cost of Living

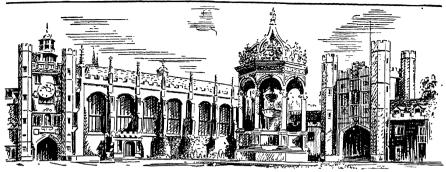
Two interesting answers were given last week to Parliamentary Questions about food subsidies. The first stated that if all food subsidies were removed, and if retail prices rose by amounts equivalent to the subsidies, it is estimated that the cost-of-living index would show an increase of 55 instead of 31 per cent over September 1939. The second said that the cost of the food subsidies was equivalent to about one-third of the present 9s. standard rate of income tax.

Economist

#### Text for Mr. Bevan

'And it came to pass at the end of twenty years when Solomon had built the two houses. . 'I Kings, ch. 1x, v. 10

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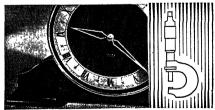
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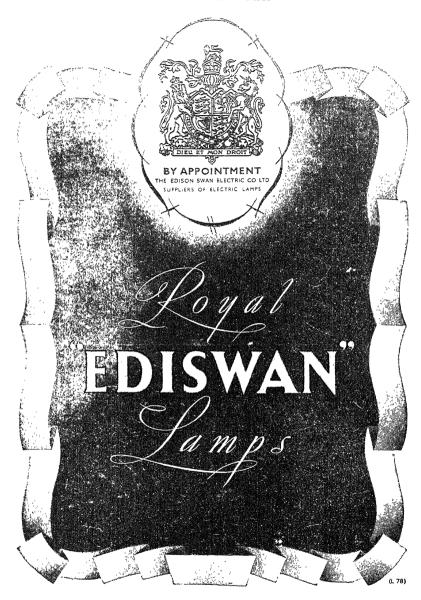
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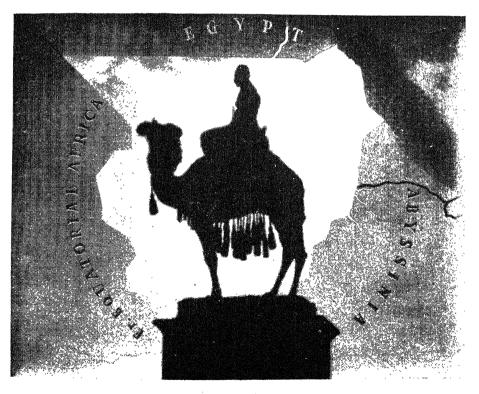


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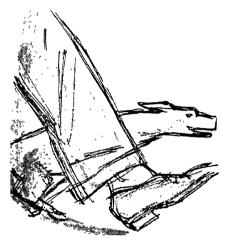
# Review



THE PROBLEM OF THE SUDAN by Major-General S. S. Butler, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
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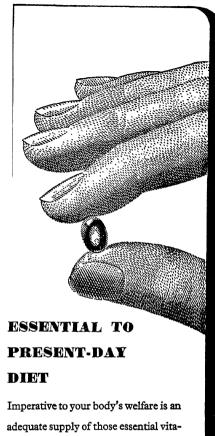
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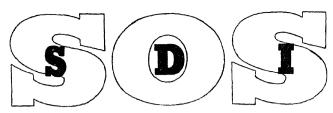


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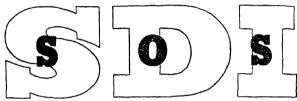
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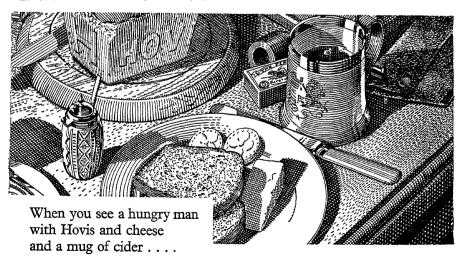
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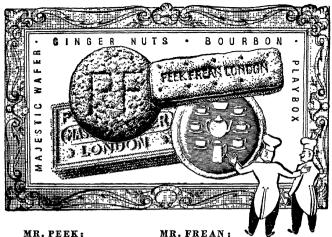
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## World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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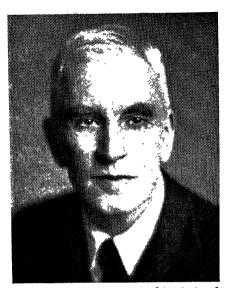
#### TOYNBEE-CIVILISED MEN-D.P.S BUREAUCRACY

#### Is History Bunk?

In the world as a whole, and particularly in politics, events move with such speed nowadays that the ink is scarcely dry before any comments are out of date. On top of this the closing down of printing works under the government electricity cuts has not done much to help. These notes, therefore, abandon the unequal struggle for contemporaneity. Suffice to note, therefore, that the Nemesis of events is rapidly catching up on us and destroying much of the wishful thinking engendered by election promises. It was hard to imagine how, after six years of the most destructive war in history, to which we had devoted our resources and overseas investments, that the following years would not be a time of great difficulties even for a government of archangels. Those who had been encouraged to look on the state as some rich third party with a bottomless pocket, capable by itself of producing prosperity and the 'good life', are now being told the hard facts that no statedevised machinery can produce Utopia, and that there is in fact no substitute

for personal effort, initiative and responsibility.

In these days of austerity, with the news consisting chiefly of political disagreements and economic difficulties, some form of 'escapism' during leisure becomes a necessity. There would seem to be three methods. One way is to depart temporarily into a world of imagination through the medium of fiction, films, etc. Another is to be taken outside the flux of events by appreciation of works of art and good music. The increase in attendance at all concerts, and the crowds flocking to see the King's pictures seem to bear this out. Another method is to attempt to see our contemporary problems in the perspective of history. This may indeed seem cold comfort. For history, through the method of teaching at school, has come to be regarded as a dull matter of remembering dates for examinations, and studying periods which appear to have little or no relevance to current events. In fact many agree with Henry Ford's dictum that 'History is bunk.' But if one reads a book such as A. L. Rowse's *The Use* 



DR. ARNOLD TOYNBEE, author of 'A Study of History', also Director of Studies at Chatham House and Editor of 'Survey of International Affairs'

of History,1 it rapidly becomes apparent that this view is wrong. 'History,' said the late R. G. Collingwood, 'is selfknowledge'—and self-knowledge, as the Greeks well knew, is the essential prerequisite of rational action. Now a wise journalist avoids both prophecies and superlatives. The former for obvious reasons, the latter because Hollywood has succeeded in rendering them meaningless. Yet I cannot resist saving that A. J. Toynbee's Study of History will rank as a magnum opus of our times. The recent publication of an edition, abridged into one volume by D. C. Somervell,<sup>2</sup> has brought this gigantic work of over two million words, hitherto published in six volumes, within the scope of the average reader. Toynbee paints on a vast canvas. He identifies and traces the course of the twenty-six civilisations the world has known. As Mr. Tangye Lean says in

<sup>1</sup> English Universities Press, 4s. 6d. <sup>2</sup> A Study of History. Oxford University Press, 25s. his excellent article,3 'Toynbee has made a life study of death.' For in tracing the rise and fall of civilisations, he is attempting to find some pattern in history to account for their rise and their disintegration. He recognises the virtual impossibility of prediction in human affairs, but maintains that collapse can be averted by a conscious recognition and mastery of certain tendencies. Civilisations come into being through response to a challenge, and continue to grow so long as they meet the various challenges by an adequate response. When creativity and spontaneity dry up, when men make idols of their institutions, or their technical achievements, or parochial sovereignty. and fail to make the necessary adjustments, then the fissions in society begin and a time of trouble ensues.

#### Philosophy and Character

It would be an impertinence to attempt a summary of so great a work. Suffice to say that its diagnosis of recurrent patterns never ends in anything so crude as a theory that history repeats itself. His wide scholarship and selfdiscipline prevent such an easy path. But rather like C. L. Woodward he would say: 'History does not repeat itself but historical situations re-occur.' It is the most exhilarating book I have read for some time, for it is in itself a challenge. Unlike Spengler, he is no determinist. Civilisations do not move in arbitrary cycles or get destroyed by their environment. They are not at the mercy of some blind and inexorable fate. They are all suicides. For him there is still hope for our civilisation as we have free wills, capable of dealing with situations and moulding events if we consciously avoid mistakes made in the past. To the non-Christian his

3'Study of Toynbee.' Horizon, January.

philosophy may have little appeal, for he is a moralist as well as an historian, but the skilful arrangement of such vast scholarship, the vividness of his analogies and the vast scale of his picture cannot but help impress anyone.

The character of Toynbee himself, his interest in practical affairs personifying his own philosophy of 'withdrawal-and-return', his humility, his immense self-discipline and his sense of humour<sup>1</sup>, compels an even closer attention to his conclusions. This I am told by my more learned friends is a false attitude. Character and validity in thought, they say, are not connected. I remember once writing a short skit on the behaviour of a philosopher who behaved in a most unphilosophic manner when he mislaid a book. The comment of a man of letters to whom I showed it was: 'Your essay is interesting and amusing, but your thesis is wrong. Schopenhauer was on speaking terms with no one. Kant was hardly a crony. Nietzsche was so eccentric that, when he was found kissing a cab horse on the lips outside Innsbruck station, no one realised he had actually gone mad. Herbert Spencer was so choleric that, when he wore a suit of clothes he called "my angry suit", no one in his household was allowed to talk to him!' Maybe it is true that there is no relation between character and intensity of thought when applied to analytical or abstract problems. But personally I like to know what sort of a chap my adviser is! Therefore I stick to my guns.

#### Civilised Men

It is all very well talking about civilisation, but what constitutes a civilised man? The other night after

<sup>1</sup>He says of the 'intelligentsia'—'Indeed we might almost formulate a social law to the effect that an intelligentsia's unhappiness increased in geometrical ratio with the arithmetical progress of time.'

dinner at his house, Dr. Joad called for silence and from Burckhardt's Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy he read out some astounding facts about a certain Leon Battisa Alberti (1404–1472): how as a gymnast he could spring over a man's head with his feet together, of his accomplishments in music, painting, modelling, mathematics, astronomy, poetry and prose writing, and making humorous after-dinner speeches, and of the sympathetic intensity with which he entered into the whole life around him. Enough to induce an inferiority complex in anyone! But many-sidedness and development of all the potentialities of personality, the exercise of reason and a sense of values appear to be the hallmark of a civilised man. This view is reinforced by Clive Bell in his book, Civilisation,2 in which, incidentally, he says that he sees no sign of civilisation either on the Stock Exchange or in the T.U.C.!

<sup>2</sup> In Penguin Series.



SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. Author of 'Education for a World Adrift', 'Portrait of Socrates', etc. A great scholar and educationalist

But even if these august establishments are deficient in this respect, there are a number of highly civilised men in this country today. Professor Gilbert Murray, Sir Richard Livingstone, Harold Nicolson, Sir Kenneth Clark, and Arthur Bryant are outstanding examples. Harold Nicolson is a man of wide accomplishments. He has been a diplomat, retiring after acting as Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin in 1929, a Member of Parliament and a Governor of the B.B.C. His books cover nearly all fields of literature from biographies of Verlaine and Byron to the story of the Congress of Vienna and the Versailles Peace Conference, from satirical fiction to essays and belles-lettres. His knowledge of architecture and painting is wide and he is an enthusiastic gardener. Above all, and this to me signifies the difference between a cultured and a civilised man, he is personally a man of great charm who will take infinite pains to help the most insignificant of his friends. The same may be said of Sir Kenneth Clark, whose encouragement of young artists has been most marked, and of Arthur Bryant whose study of history has led him to active participation in trying to solve the social and economic problems of today.

#### Deplorable Fate of D.P.s

The reaction to Edward Hulton's remarks in the January issue of World Review about the treatment of certain Polish displaced persons by the Norwegian authorities has had quick and violent repercussions. The Oslo daily paper, Verden Gang, published the article under the heading of 'Evil-tempered attack on Norway in English Review'. The same paper published a long démenti by the Norwegian direktorat in charge of D.P.s, which also answered a lot of

charges that had not been made. In addition the Counsellor of the Norwegian Embassy in London wrote to Mr. Hulton. It is strange what a dynamic effect a little publicity has! For the Duchess of Atholl, and Sir Clifford Heathcote Smith, Vice-Chairman of the Refugee Defence Committee, led a delegation of the British League of European Freedom to the Norwegian Embassy on 28 November 1946, to inquire about the alleged ill-treatment of Polish D.P.s in Norway. It was because no answer was received that Edward Hulton published the facts given by a reliable Norwegian correspondent, who had already written several articles in Norwegian papers, documenting abuses without any success. Now comment is free, facts are sacred. We now have all the facts from both sides before us. They are too long to list here, but our correspondent has made a detailed reply to the Norwegian authorities in an interview with Verden Gang, and is willing to go to court if necessary. We still say, therefore, that the facts published were substantially correct and can be proved.Whilst, therefore, recognising that the problem of displaced persons is a difficult one for any government to handle, it is to be hoped that in future the Norwegian authorities will adopt a more humane attitude towards the remainder of these unfortunate people.

There is, however, a potentially much more terrifying position in Italy. The Refugee Defence Committee, of which Lord Beveridge is Chairman, estimates that there are at this moment approximately thirty-eight thousand Yugoslavs in Italy, made up of civilians, Serbs, Utashi, Slovenes, Mihailovich's men and Yugoslav Navy. Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, has been conducting negotiations with Marshal

Tito, and it is probable that one of the concessions extorted by Tito in exchange for the return of Italian prisoners-of-war is the forcible repatriation of these Yugoslavs. Tito would probably class the great majority of these as war criminals. Judging by what happened in May 1945, when several thousand Slovenes were handed over by the British Army, the return of these unfortunates would be the signal for their wholesale massacre. The Acting Bishop of Gibraltar, in a statement, said: 'I know a young officer who was ordered to hand over Yugoslav D.P.s on our Eastern Occupation line. He had to march the men to the bridge, over a deep ravine, to be received by the authorities on the other side. Half of the men committed suicide by jumping off the bridge and the other half were executed the other side.' There is further evidence in horrifying detail of what happened on similar occasions from a leading Red Cross official, a British officer, and a Yugoslav eye-witness who escaped. Whilst at the time the British public knew nothing of this, the forcible repatriation was stopped on an order from Field Marshal Alexander on 4 June 1945.

A grievous and irreparable harm may be done if these Yugoslavs are not removed before the withdrawal of the British and American fighting forces, which will be reduced to five thousand each in May 1947. No Yugoslav soldiers must be repatriated unless they have been proved to have been war criminals in the WESTERN sense of the term, otherwise innocent men will be sent to their death. It is estimated that only two thousand could be put in this 'war criminal' category.

Failure of Bulk-Buying

One of the most distressing things about this world is that—and it is particularly applicable to politics-anything that appears on the surface to be the obvious solution to a problem, is generally found, on closer investigation, to be also the wrong one. Take the case of bulk-buying by the Government. At first sight, it might appear to be far easier and more practicable for the Government to be the sole buying agency of commodities we require in bulk from abroad. Yet however much this practice may be justifiable and necessary in time of war, it seems to have a series of drawbacks in peace. One of them is psychological: if a private firm drives a hard commercial bargain with a seller in another country, the latter may well feel discontented, but the feeling thus engendered does not reach a political or national level. If however, the British Government drives a hard bargain with, say, Denmark over farm produce, or with Ceylon over tea, then it becomes a political matter, and national bitterness against this country as a whole is spread. On the economic side, too, it has bad results for the taxpayer and the consumer. In June 1946, the Government undertook to purchase all surplus rubber produced by the Malayan planters at 1s. 2d. per pound. More rubber than expected was produced, and when American contracts to buy at that price were exhausted, America refused to buy further supplies at more than Is. per pound. The Government was therefore faced with considerable loss. It then went back on its word to the Malayan planters and made rubber a free market. The Americans bought it at 1s. per pound, whilst British manufacturers have had to buy governmentpurchased rubber at 1s. 2d. It is quite easy to buy in bulk on a rising market, but not on a fluctuating one. In the case of linseed, the price rose from £,55 per ton to £,135 overnight—a change which had never taken place in the most so-called chaotic conditions of the free market. In 1946 the British cotton control bought American cotton almost at the top of the market, and when they left the market there was a sharp slump in raw cotton prices. The result was that on the very day that the Government increased the price of cotton supplies to British mills by 5\frac{1}{2}d. per pound, or 25 per cent, the price of cotton in America fell by 31/d. per pound or 15 per cent. Thus British spinners will have to purchase their raw material at well above world prices, putting them at a serious disadvantage in the competitive export market. The Liverpool Cotton Exchange, which earned a million pounds of valuable foreign currency, was abolished against the advice of the whole cotton manufacturing industry. Their opinion seems to be right. Again, owing to the arbitrary allocation of wheat bought in bulk at the controlled price, bearing little relationship to natural price levels, much wheat has been fed to livestock in America and lost to human consumption. Whilst of the Argentine's maize surplus of two million five hundred thousand tons, at a time when we desperately needed feeding stuffs, our 'bulk-buyers' only managed to secure a beggarly two hundred thousand tons. These facts seem to indicate that bulkbuying is not, after all, the attractive and orderly proposition it might appear to be at first sight.

#### Present Question Conference

At any given moment there are numerous leagues, societies, etc., for the propagation of anything and everything. It is an art in itself to decide which are esoteric sects of cranks, and which are inspired by that most worthwhile mixture, commonsense and idealism. Under the latter heading must come the Present Question Conference. It originated in the mind of H. Westmann, a Jungian psychologist who discussed his ideas with Brigadier Torrie and with Dr. Graham Howe. who lectured at the recent Personalist Conference. They asked themselves what was the growing point emerging from recent world experience and suffering, and what was the question emerging as a result of the war and its antecedents. There were too many answers with short-cut solutions to our present problems. What they wanted to discover was the central question, and let the answer evolve. They realised the danger of any organisation with a narrowly defined purpose, so planned a groupless' Group. It was to be like yeast, spreading from a centre, without control.



DR. GRAHAM HOWE, psychologist, author and Chairman of the Present Question Conference

At first the group consisted of a few people: doctors, psychologists, parsons of various denominations, social workers and ordinary citizens of both sexes. To start with, the discussions were general, directed to defining difficulties of co-operation between the scientific and religious standpoints. However, they soon realised that this nowhere, and co-operation literally meant finding a common focus on which they could work together. So they planned a Conference on the pattern of a wheel: so that there should be two speakers focusing their attention on the common question from opposing viewpoints. The central question was: 'Is the present chaos caused by lack of scientific planning or by failure to recognise the reality of spirit?' At the actual conference at Exeter the mornings were devoted to lectures. On the first day the philosophical viewpoint was put by the Dean of St. Paul's and Professor Ritchie. On succeeding days the psychological, creative, religious, and political viewpoints were all put forward by distinguished speakers holding opposite ideas. Afterwards study groups met and produced written questions to clarify the issues which were given in the evening to the speakers to answer. There was then a general discussion. At the end of the conference there was a Brains Trust consisting of the speakers. One of the questions put to them was what had they learnt as a result of the conference! What was the effect on the two hundred and twenty delegates after a week of intense intellectual work and discussion? I quote Dr. Graham Howe, Chairman of the Conference:

'We knew by then that there was no intellectual solution and no immediate answer, but that each one had to meet the problems which confronted them,

personally, on the level of their own lives, each in his own special way. We all felt the Conference was a personal experience from which our own problems emerged, confronting us more clearly with a better understanding and a new hope for the future. Although no organisation was set up and no plans laid down, with all left fluid to evolve itself, the resulting repercussions from the Conference have been various and exciting. It has been discussed in high government circles and in industry; reports were published in many places, including the Neue Zeitung, which is read by several million readers in Germany. Moreover, the proceedings of 1946 are being published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in book form.'

Another Conference planned on similar lines, which over three hundred delegates are expected to attend, is planned for 24 July in Birmingham. Attention will be particularly directed towards the practical aspects of the question of human relationships as it affects Industry, Education and Politics. It is expected that Personalism will be much to the fore. Though the practical dividends may seem low, yet for one I am convinced that a movement such as this does more good than any number of organisations passing pious resolutions or sending deputations to Cabinet Ministers. One can only take successful action after discovering what at the basis is the problem to be solved.

#### Trades Union Policy

Mr. George Woodcock, Assistant General Secretary of the T.U.C., has recently clarified Trades Union attitude on two important issues. They do not believe in the so-called 'Workers' Control of Industry'. They have made it clear that they realise that, in business decisions, the authority of management,

whether the industry be nationalised or private, must be preserved. It would be putting a Trades Union official in an impossible position of divided loyalties between his duty to the workers whom he represented and to the executive of which he is a member, if he were placed on the board. They quite rightly favour broadening the ladder of promotion to executive rank, and the closest cooperation between management and men on joint production committees and all other matters concerned with conditions of work. Many firms also have co-partnership and profit-sharing schemes, and at Rowntrees the chairman after making his annual speech to the shareholders, makes a similar speech, explaining the position of the company to all employees. It is this problem of relationships within industry that is the crucial one, and it is not a matter that can be dealt with solely by legislation. Oscar Wilde defined a cynic as 'a man who knew the price of everything and the value of nothing.' The modern cynic thinks the size of the pay packet is the only incentive in industry. It is not. Men and women wish to feel they have some status and interest in the industries in which they work, and are not mere automatons.

Mr. Gibson also made it clear in a recent broadcast that the T.U.C. is opposed to any national wages policy which involves the arbitrary freezing or fixing of wages by a Central Authority. This would cut clear across the long-established tradition of collective bargaining, and reduce Trades Unions to mere agencies of the Government. It is on this point that there is most likely to be friction between the Trades Union element and the remainder of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Many of the non-Unionists in the Party have long been urging the Government to pro-

duce a national wages policy, designed to attract manpower where it is most needed. It remains to be seen which side will win. What is really needed is a scientifically worked out wages policy in which reward is directly related to the skill, worth-whileness and/or unpleasantness of the particular job.

#### **Bureaucracy Marches On**

There has been a great increase in the number of Public Relations Officers in Government Departments. The justification for P.R.O.s is that they are necessary to deal with press inquiries. An obvious danger is that P.R.O.s may become 'boosters' for Ministers, and easy-going journalists may tend to rely increasingly on official 'hand-outs'. Altogether there are 1,104 P.R.O.s costing f,878,000 annually. But the system works haphazardly. Why should there be 40 P.R.O.s at the War Office which also has thirty-five abroad, while the Admiralty employ sixteen and the Air Ministry seventeen? Meanwhile, the number of Civil Servants goes on rising. With local government services they now total over two million, or one in ten of the working population. The number of staff at the Ministry of Supply is nearly forty-three thousand, and the number of workers engaged in manufacturing supplies to the Services is four hundred and seventy-five thousand. One Civil Servant for every ten workers. For every fourteen men in the Services, there is one Civil Servant. In the case of the Navy, the proportion is one in five. In American industries they employ experts to cut down the number of non-productive personnel (paper workers) to the minimum consistent with efficiency. Might not a Government Commission be well employed along these lines in the Civil Service?

### Disillusionment of Peace Weakness of Russia German Peace Treaty

### SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

This article is the last in a series begun twenty months ago; German resistance had just collapsed, the San Francisco Conference had ended in a compromise over the veto. With occasional interruptions from Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden was still in charge of British foreign policy. The war in the Far East dragged on, with growing rumours of a suing for peace. The atomic bomb was no more than a subject for whispers. One heard of strange experiments in the New Mexican desert. . . .

The intervening period has been one of the saddest epochs of disillusionment in history. Alliances rarely survive victory. Four years after the end of the last war, anti-British feeling in France was stronger perhaps than at any time since the Fashoda episode. But nothing equalled the speed with which the 'Big Three' flew off on their separate courses in 1945. It was, I think, with no little pain that the British observed the end of a fiction. During the war they had been taught to believe that Russia was a democracy almost on the Western pattern. But within a few months of the Potsdam Conference, they had come to accept a proposition that the miseries of the war had been in vain, that the Soviet system was as much our enemy as ever the German had been, and that the issue between Western liberty and the totalitarian machine was yet to be resolved.

Since fighting ended, the history of international relations has been largely one of Russian truculence, impatience with the small nations and the youthful concept of a world authority; above all, it has been a Russian struggle to assert against the hopes of UNO the rough realities of the 'Big Three'; but even here, Russian

diplomacy has stultified itself by a ceaseless suspicion of the United States and this country. In the end Russia has been left isolated, finding allies only in the dependencies upon her western border: in Czechoslovakia which, with rare discretion, has contrived to remain a sort of bridge between the Soviet and the Western Powers; and among the Communists of France and Italy.

Nor, it seemed, did she need allies, so confident were her assertions of immeasurable strength. As she put pressure on Persia, on Turkey, as she extorted flagrantly advantageous economic agreements from the Austrians and the Hungarians, as she incited her client Tito to defy U.S.A. and the United Kingdom, many Englishmen and Americans began to wonder whether the U.S.S.R. had not decided to force a conflict upon the West without delay.

But now confirmation has come that Russia's truculence sprang from weakness and muddleheadedness, rather than from strength. We have long known that the Soviet armies flung back the Germans to the Oder by submerging the enemy's defences, so to speak, beneath a wave of Russian corpses. The Russians admit to twenty-six million dead during their four years of war—a higher percentage of population killed than in any other war of modern times in all probability. Almost the whole of the Black Earth Region was badly devastated by the invaders; the industries of European Russia were plunged into ruin or confusion. Now the Russians are unable any longer to conceal another tragic catastrophe. Over almost the whole of the richest agricultural



Symbol of Russia in Eastern Europe. STALIN's picture displayed in a Vienna street

land in European Russia there raged last year a ghastly drought. The Ukraine and White Russia were already weak enough to need help from UNRRA-a help that unfortunately ends this year. Now comes this new misfortune, worse, it seems, than the notorious drought of 1921. It is, no doubt, the memory of 1921 that has inspired much of the Russian truculence and secrecy. Twenty-six years ago the Western Powers tried to wrest from a harassed Bolshevik Government certain economic concessions as the price of their help against the drought. Today, the Politburo, having convinced itself that the hand of every non-Communist state in the world is turned against Russia, might well argue that the slightest confession of weakness could only invite attack or at best

the driving of hard bargains—an attempt, for example, to push Russia back to the Curzon line.

#### Russia and the West

Much as we may want to see Berlin and Saxony cleared of Russian troops, and Poland free, we must attach no conditions, I feel persuaded, to any help we may accord Russia in her new plight; we must not even protest against the intrigues by which the Communists in Hungary are seeking to overturn the present Small-holders' Coalition Government.

Instead, we must reflect that Russia's present calamities will probably stop her trouble-making during the next generation at least. We have fifteen, perhaps twenty years, therefore, in which to convince her that we want nothing of her except a respect for our institutions as great as we accord hers, and that we are—up to a point—prepared to overlook her hostility to our system of life. There should be no question of appeasing Russia. With her historical inability to understand other nations, she would certainly misconstrue any gesture of conciliation as weakness. But we should do all in our power to persuade her that there is room in the world for both our systems. Almost impossible though it may be to convey our point of view to the Soviet masses, one has an uncomfortable feeling that His Majesty's Government are inclined to give the task up as a bad job. But there are two factors which we cannot ignore, even in Russia's time of weakness, viz:

I. Unless we revive Germany's strength to a point where she again becomes a menace to the world, we must resign ourselves to the fact there exists no longer any obstacle between the Slavs and the North Sea. The Russians to all intents and purposes have become our neighbours.

2. The individualistic nations of the West are inspired even in 1947 by the basic assumption that Life is preferable to Death. And the higher their level of education, the less their stomach for a fight. It was quite as much intelligence as

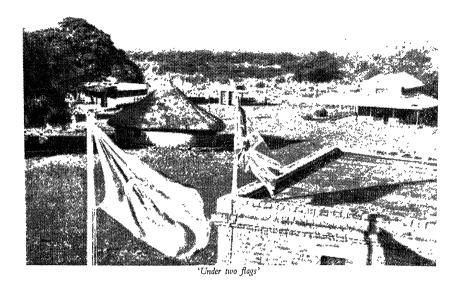
decadence that caused the French to abandon the struggle in June 1940. Though our tactics and strategy improved in the late war upon 1914-18, it seems clear that the average British soldier fought less doggedly than did his father. And why? Because he was better educated, because life in 1939 was on the whole less disagreeable than in 1914. But in the hard world the other side of the Oder-in Prussia, to some extent in Poland, and certainly in Soviet Russia, you find an almost oriental impulse towards self-immolation, a desire of the individual to sacrifice himself in order that the mass shall triumph. This habit of mind allows the Russians to face the prospect of further wars—even atomic wars—with far greater equanimity than we could ever command. We should not lose sight of this fact when we attempt to take advantage of the present breathingspace to bring Russia back into what was once called the comity of nations.

### French Suspicions

There is another country which still labours in woeful misunderstanding of our intentions—France. As I write, negotiations are in train for a full Anglo-French military alliance and for a close economic agreement. At the same time, the average Frenchman is bitterly suspicious of our suspending deliveries of coal from the Ruhr (a measure consistently advocated in this column since the autumn of 1945, and which now may well have been applied too late). With that curious, blind tenacity which made them preside over the dismemberment of the Habsburg Empire long after Germany had replaced Austria as their traditional enemy, the French can still see no other danger in Europe today but Germany. They do not realise how closely German industry has been built into the general framework of European economy. They regard the mines and factories of the Ruhr and the Rhine as ripe only for plunder or destruction. And now, our pitiful efforts to revive industry in those areas they tend to regard as the play of British stupidity,

or of sinister British super-capitalism. Much of these French suspicions could be dissipated by sensible British propaganda, and by the adoption with certain modifications of the French plan for the internationalisation of the Ruhr industries. Surely such a plan could easily be made to accord with the British plan for the nationalisation of those industries. Nationalisation, of course, postulates ownership by the German people; internationalisation has about it a ring of colonial exploitation. But if the Ruhr workers were represented upon the international body that thereafter owned their plants, surely French fears and the claims of justice could be reconciled?

Meanwhile, little progress is apparent in the matter of the German treaty. Here again, everything would seem to turn upon an improvement of our relations with Russia. What inducement can we offer them to abrogate the Potsdam Agreement, and to accept the institution of a central authority for the whole Reich, with powers to move food if necessary from the predominantly agricultural Russian Zone into the Anglo-American one? Very little, I fear. The Russian answer would probably be that famine within Soviet territory was at least as severe as in Germany, and that any exportable surplus of food from Eastern Germany must be reserved for Russian needs. Moreover, the Russians cannot be shedding many tears over the failure of the democratic powers properly to administer and feed their areas of occupation—a failure that one could foresee even at the time of Potsdam. From Germany and Italy come reports of a growing disillusion with the principles for which the Western Powers are supposed to stand. Crypto-Nazism or Communism  $_{
m in}$ Germany, L'Uomo Qualunque or Communism in Italy the drift seems to be away from us and towards some sort of violent desperate principle. The goodwill, the hope that greeted our landings in Europe three and four years ago, are almost dead. Can we revive them at this late hour?



### THE PROBLEM OF THE

## SUDAN

MAJOR-GENERAL S. S. BUTLER, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

After many years' experience in the Sudan, Gen. Butler became Kaid of the Sudan Defence Force 1930–35, and was again there in recent years

There seldom can have been a time in our history when so many apparently almost insoluble problems of foreign policy have combined to give the British Government such a splitting headache! Apart altogether from the task of Peace Treaties, they are faced with an outlook in India which is threatening, a situation in Palestine that seems to get worse daily, and now the long-drawn-out negotiations with Egypt have been wrecked over the question of the Sudan.

It is incredible that this situation should not have been foreseen as, to all who know Egypt and the Sudan, it was obvious that it must arise. Not even at the fall of Khartoum, or the reconquest of the Sudan by Lord Kitchener, has world interest been so concentrated on that vast territory, the condominium of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the estimated area of which is some 967,500 square miles.

To understand the present discussions about the future of the Sudan, it is advisable to look at its history since the early part of the nineteenth century, when the Egyptians first invaded Nubia, as the Northern Sudan was then called. It was in 1820 that Mehemet Ali ordered the invasion of Nubia, probably tempted by the supposed mineral wealth of the country, its abundance of potential slaves and the fact that the last of the Mamelukes, whom he wished to crush, had

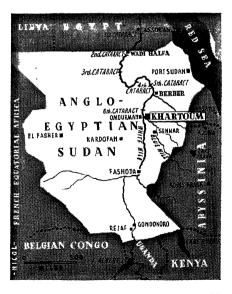
gone to Dongola. Ismail, Mehemet Ali's son, was in command of the invading army and, overcoming considerable opposition, he reached Khartoum and proceeded up the Blue Nile to Sennar. In 1822 he moved north again, to quell outbreaks against Egyptian rule, but he and his chief officers were burned to death at a feast given in his honour by the Mek of Shendi. However, Mahommed Bey, Mehemet Ali's son-in-law, defeated the Mek and burned alive most of the inhabitants of Shendi.

### Defeat of the Mahdi

Having conquered Nubia, Sennar and Kordofan, Mehemet Ali appointed a Governor-General to the Sudan. There was a series of these Governor-Generals, sent from Egypt; but the majority of them had but little thought for the welfare of the Sudanese. The country suffered much under their rule and the slave trade flourished, slaves, in fact, being the main export of the country. Under these Governor-Generals the state of the country got worse and worse, and in 1869 Sir Samuel Baker, that great African traveller, was made Governor of the Equatorial Province by Ismail Pasha, his main task being to endeavour to crush the slave trade. He was succeeded in 1874 by Colonel Charles Gordon, but neither of them could achieve much success, so little support did they receive from the Egyptian authorities in Khartoum. Gordon gave up the Governorship in 1876, but the following year, at the urgent behest of the British Government, he accepted the appointment of Governor-General of the Sudan. During his period as Governor-General (about two years) several risings were successfully dealt with and the slave traders in the south broken up. Gordon was succeeded by Raouf Pasha, under whose rule the state of the Sudan rapidly deteriorated. All the old abuses came back, and it became once again as bad as it was in the days of Gordon's predecessors.

Then in 1880 arose Mahommed Ahmed, a Dongalawi. His appeal to the Sudanese

was two-fold and powerful. He not only proclaimed himself the long-expected Mahdi (guide) of Islam, but called on the Sudanese to rise and free themselves from the Egyptians and the abuses of tyranny, extortion and misrule which flourished under their rule. By the spring of 1884, having inflicted a crushing defeat on an Egyptian army at El Teb, the Mahdi became the ruler of a large proportion of the Northern Sudan. In April of that year, his sphere was also extended in the south where Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahrel-Ghazal, surrendered, his troops and officials having gone over to the enemy. The situation was considered so bad after Hicks Pasha's defeat in November 1883 that, urged by the British Government, the Egyptian Government sent Gordon to Khartoum in January 1884 to endeavour to arrange for the evacuation of Egyptians from the Sudan, Gordon, who had been nominated Governor-General, succeeded in evacuating many Egyptians, but the power of the Mahdi continued to increase, and by May 1884 Gordon was shut up in Khartoum. An Anglo-Egyptian force was sent from Egypt to relieve him, but it arrived too late. Khartoum fell in January 1885,





Moslem influence—The Faki Dervish monks have got many children to read out for. But they teach Arabic only

and General Charles Gordon was killed on the steps of the Palace.

The whole of the Sudan now came under the control of the Mahdi, who died at the zenith of his power in 1885. He was succeeded by the Khalifa (Abdulla), who remained in undisputed control until 1898, when Lord Kitchener, with a force of British, Egyptian and Sudanese units, after inflicting severe defeats on the Khalifa's dervishes at the Atbara and Omdurman, reoccupied Khartoum. The Khalifa was killed in battle in Kordofan in 1899.

The Condominium agreement was signed in 1899, the British Government claiming that they had the right to share in the settlement of the administration and legislation of the country, inasmuch as the country had been reconquered by the 'joint military and financial efforts' of Great Britain and Egypt. Lord Kitchener was appointed the first Governor-General under the new régime, and British Governors ruled the Provinces under him. He left for the South African War at the end of the year, and was succeeded by that most able administrator, General Sir Reginald Wingate.

Under the Condominium, the Sudan

prospered and became a happy and, except for a few small risings, a peaceful country. Such was the state of affairs when, in 1924. Sir Lee Stack, Governor-General, was brutally murdered in Cairo by Egyptians. This horrible crime occurred after much anti-British agitation, directed from Egypt. in the Sudan. As a result of this assassination of Sir Lee Stack, who was not only a firstclass Governor-General, but a most charming and much-loved man, the British Government, in addition to other demands, required the Egyptian Government to remove at once from the Sudan all purely Egyptian units of the Egyptian Army and any Egyptian officers serving under the Sudan Government. The implementation of this request caused some trouble in the Sudan where certain Egyptian units refused to move, at first, and the 11th Sudanese mutinied, incited by Egyptian officers serving in the battalion. The Acting Sirdar (Col. Huddleston, now Lt.-Gen. Sir H. Huddleston, Governor-General of the Sudan) took (in the words of Lord Lloyd) 'gallant and personal' charge of the situation, but the mutineers would not return to discipline until military action had been taken against them, with resultant heavy casualties.

### System of Administration

After these troubles the Sudan Defence Force, consisting of purely Sudanese troops under British and Sudanese officers, was formed. The Sudani has always proved himself a magnificent fighter, and the Sudan Defence Force gained a high reputation which it has always maintained, particularly during the recent war when the Force did most excellent service against the Italians in Ethiopia and in North Africa. Since the time of the 1924 troubles, things have gone smoothly with the Administration of the Sudan under British officials and the country has continued to progress.

The Sudan is governed by a Governor-General. Ordinances are made and the budget passed by the Governor-General in Council. Since 1943 there has also been an Advisory Council for the Northern Sudan.



Primitive peoples who are better not under Egyptian control. (1) Dinka, (2) Shulluk, (3) 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy'

consisting of members chosen by the Provincial Councils. The country is divided into eight Provinces under Governors, which again are subdivided into Districts under District Commissioners. In Districts certain Sudanese officials work under the District Commissioners, and there are in most cases Local Administrations under the control of Sudanese Local Government authorities. In many towns also there is a majority of Sudanese on the Municipal or Town Councils. In the administration of justice, also, the Sudanese have considerable powers, and Sheikhs' or Chiefs' Courts, with varying powers, administer civil and criminal justice in accordance with native custom. The Islamic laws are, of course, administered by the Mahommedan Law Courts.

It can be seen, therefore, that the Sudani is taking an increasingly large share in the administration of his country, which can be directly attributed to the success of the educational system of the Sudan. The chief seat of learning is The Gordon College, which has now acquired University status. Its faculties include Science, Arts (including Law), Teacher Training, Administration, Medicine, Engineering,

Agriculture and Veterinary Science. The College has turned out a large number of young Sudanese well qualified to assist in the conduct of affairs in their country.

### Progress in the Sudan

In the Secondary School at Omdurman there are over 500 pupils, and there are Junior Secondary Schools to educate boys in commerce and agriculture. There are eleven Intermediate Schools, 117 Elementary Schools (1945), as well as Technical, Teacher Training and Girls' Schools. There are also 165 sub-grade schools and 180 state-aided Khalwas (indigenous Koranic schools). In the south, education is mainly provided by the various Missions.

The increase in the public security and education in the Sudan since the days of the Khalifa (less than fifty years) is indeed noteworthy, when it is remembered how intensely barbarous and uncivilised the country then was. Facts speak for themselves; the population of the Sudan is now 6,590,000, whereas in 1905, when it was already recovering from the ravages of the Mahdia, it was only 1,853,000.

The Sudan has been lucky in the men who have been responsible for its great



Picturesque Moslem procession through Khartoum North

progress, for the results achieved in so short a rime have really been remarkable.

The Sudanese are most likeable people, and there is a very strong bond of friend-ship between them and their British helpers, for whom the work is truly a labour of love.

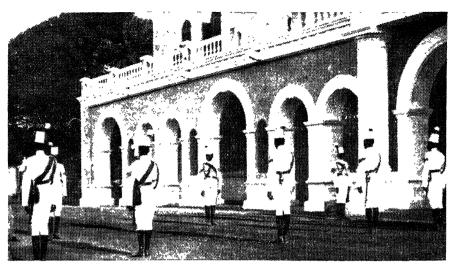
What is perhaps not realised outside the Sudan is that, as in India, there are several different races inhabiting the country. Among the Arabs of the north, where great waterless spaces of bush or desert prevail, the *tribe* is the unit, and the viewpoint of the tribesman entirely parochial. He cares but little about the welfare of the other tribes and has not much interest in the Sudan as a whole. In the case of the townsman and the 'intelligentsia', this is not the case—they are the politically minded people and naturally the ones whose views are most publicised.

The Northern and Southern Sudan are two quite different countries. In the North the population is predominantly Arab and Islamic, while in the South the inhabitants are negroid, pagan and of many different ribes, with different languages and customs, and as yet almost entirely uncivilised. Arabic is not spoken, but English is making headway. It can be realised from the above

that the creation of a self-governing Sudan, including the South as well as the North, would present serious difficulties.

### Why Change the System?

The outcry for the immediate self-government of the Sudan has been brought about by the doubts created in the minds of the Sudanese as to the intentions of the British Government, and the fear that the country may be put once more under the suzerainty of Egypt. Various public statements in Egypt did much to foster this belief, and it was to allay this fear that the Governor-General made his recent statement in Council that has caused so much umbrage in Egypt. No one with any knowledge of the Sudan could support the claim now being put forward for immediate selfgovernment. Less than fifty years ago the country was in a state of complete barbarism, and though great strides have been made in the education of the people and their training in administration, yet it must be some years before they are themselves fit to govern satisfactorily a country larger by 100,000 square miles than British India, with a revenue of six and a half million pounds a year (risen from £,35,000 in 1898!), a country moreover of great



British neatness-a Sudanese Guard at the Palace, Khartoum

international importance, lying as it does athwart the land and air route to South and East Africa. The Sudanese advocates of immediate self-government may point to Ethiopia, but is this a satisfactory standard to which to aspire? Let the Sudanese 'make haste slowly.' Undue haste may easily wreck a most hopeful experiment. Much progress has already been made in fitting the Northern Sudanese to regulate their own affairs. The Northern Advisory Council, that is being given increasing powers, is a big step in this direction, and excellent experience is being gained by Sudanese in administrative posts in the Districts, in Local Administrations and on municipal Town Councils.

If, as is to be hoped, the administration under the British is not changed, then no doubt more and higher posts will be taken over by Sudanese until such time as the Government of the Northern Sudan is entirely Sudanese, except for a few senior foreign experts acting as advisers in the various departments and services. This final stage will take some time to reach, in the opinion of the writer certainly not less than a generation.

It will be noted that the Northern Sudan only has been referred to in the scheme adumbrated above. Inasmuch as the Sudanese of the North are themselves now being educated towards self-government, they will have their work cut out trying to make a success of their own selfgovernment when they achieve it, without taking on the onerous task of governing a large territory inhabited by people entirely dissimilar in colour, creed, tongues, to the Arab. Nor would it be fair to put these primitive pagans under the Northern Sudani, whose creed and whole outlook are so different from theirs, and who in the old days were responsible for much of the slave trading in the South. If and when the Northern Sudan achieves self-government, the administration of the South should remain as it is, under its British administrators, who have already done so much to improve the lot of the natives of those parts. Eventually in the somewhat distant future the natives of the South should be allowed to opt whether they wish for self-government or fusion with the North.

Let us now consider the outcry in Egypt for 'Egypt and the Sudan, one and indivisible'. These claims seem to be based on the grounds of (1) Right of conquest; (2) Brotherhood with the Sudanese; and (3) Egypt's need of the waters of the Nile.

To take the claims seriatim:

(1) It is true that Egypt did, with Turkish help, conquer the Sudan, but after a period of gross misrule and oppression she was forced by the Mahdi to give up the whole country and evacuate her nationals. The reconquest in 1898 was by a combined Anglo-Egyptian force under British command. The campaign cost the British much in lives and treasure, and it was on the grounds of it being a joint operation that the Condominium

was agreed to.

(2) Brotherhood with the Sudanese. This, to put it mildly, is a very 'unilateral' claim! Most Sudanese would object very strongly to being called 'brothers' of the Egyptians, whom they have always disliked and spoken of with scorn. There has never been any fraternisation between Egyptian and Sudanese troops. The Sudani, like the elephant, 'never forgets', and the misrule of the Egyptians before the Mahdi will long be remembered. Neither racially, morally, nor in their customs is there affinity between the Egyptians and the Sudanese. Even the Arabic spoken by the Egyptians differs from that spoken in the Sudan. Islam is their only point in common. Although it is very vocal, the party in the Sudan advocating fusion with Egypt is very small. It does not represent the sentiments of the great tribes, and is composed mainly of certain of the so-called 'intelligentsia' and coffee-shop frequenters. The pagans of the South know little and care less about the Egyptians.

(3) Egypt's need for the Nile water is recognised by all, but suzerainty over the Sudan is not the answer. It seems to have been forgotten that the waters of the Nile also flow through Uganda and Ethiopia! The Egyptian Irrigation Service is functioning in the Sudan, and if the Egyptians wish it, there seems no reason why they should not have garrisons at certain points on the Nile. They already have a garrison at the Jebel Aulia dam. In the event of no

other solution to this question being found by the British and Egyptian Governments, some form of international control of the waters of the Nile could be established.

The Sudan is *already* partially under the Egyptian Crown in virtue of the Condominium. Why should the present status be changed? Certainly not for the benefit of the Sudanese.

### Egyptian Claims Invalid

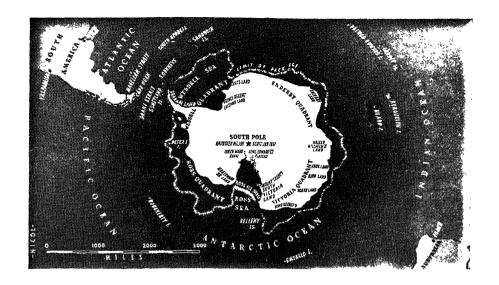
The Egyptians do not appear to have any legal claim to the Sudan, but even if they had, should we (or the United Nations) be justified in assuming that they have the ability and the qualifications necessary to train up in sound and decent methods of self-government a backward nation, comparatively recently emerged from barbarism, like the Sudanese?

Does the state of the fellahin, hygiene in towns and villages, and the public security in Egypt—to mention a few points—warrant such an assumption?

So much heat has been engendered in Egypt over the question of the Sudan that any attempt at present to bring back more Egyptians to share in the government of the Sudan would be a most dangerous experiment and might easily lead to the

1924 troubles once more.

To sum up-Egypt's claims that the Sudan and Egypt are 'one and indivisible' have no real validity, and even if these claims were strong, the Egyptians are in no way suited to take on the task of fitting the Sudanese to govern themselves. It is by no means clear, though, from public statements that this would be their aim were the Sudan placed under their suzerainty. As far as the Sudanese are concerned, the great majority of them are strongly averse to fusion with Egypt, and if steps were taken to enforce it, would probably resist by force. Were this to occur, the stay of the Egyptians in the Sudan would be very brief, for as fighting men the Sudanese and the Egyptians cannot be spoken of in the same breath.



# Antarctica

Eight nations are planning to send expeditions to the Antarctic. This can be no coincidence—so what are the motives? B.B.C. correspondent,

Frank Illingworth, defines the territorial, economic and scientific reasons behind this invasion of the 'sixth continent.'

### FRANK ILLINGWORTH

Interest in the Antarctic Continent has never before been so pronounced. Eight nations are looking towards the south polar regions. Britain has maintained a small but well-equipped party at Marguerite Bay, due south of Cape Horn in the Falkland Islands Dependencies, since 1943. The United States has two self-contained expeditions in the Antarctic: that under Admiral Byrd, comprising four thousand men with twenty supporting aircraft and thirteen aircraft tenders and ice breakers, is the largest ever to sail 'south', resembling a task force more than a polar party.

Australian plans for an Antarctic expedition are well advanced, and both New Zealand and the Union of South Africa are planning to send parties into the south polar regions. A joint Anglo-Scandinavian scientific 'mission' will leave for the southern continent this year or early in 1948; and both Chile and the Argentine are preparing to send an expedition. Lastly, Soviet Russia is reported to be planning the first all-Russian Antarctic party since Bellingshausen discovered the north end of Alexander Island in 1821.

What is the reason for this sudden and

marked revival of interest in the five million square miles of wilderness at the bottom of the world? The answer is that the argument over frontiers is not restricted to Europe. Such popular press headlines as POWER POLITICS IN THE ANTARCTIC, and the false report last January that Britain had asked New Zealand to forestall an American landing in territory officially claimed in the name of the Commonwealth, have exaggerated the proportions of the argument over ownership of the southern continent. But there can be no doubt that the various expeditions are designed to test the validity of conflicting territorial claims between Britain, the United States, Chile and the Argentine. The fact that we anticipated delicate post-war diplomacy over the Antarctic is suggested in the Colonial Office's persistent refusal to state the need for maintaining semi-permanent parties in areas claimed by other countries.

#### Uranium not the Prize

Was it a coincidence that the present British 'mission' in the Antarctic slid away unobtrusively in 1943, at a time when we were hard pressed both in Europe and Asia, and as unobtrusively built a base within a few hundred yards of Admiral Byrd's old base at Marguerite Bay, in the Falkland Islands Dependencies: Pressed for an explanation, Whitehall said the expedition was engaged in 'secret work'; and its members have not been allowed to throw any worthwhile light on their work among the icefloes. Undoubtedly they have put their time to good effect since 1943 in meteorological research and in studying the habits of whales. The British mission comprises five research parties. They cover areas disputed by the Argentine and Chile, as well as the Marguerite Bay area; and their continued presence 'south' appears to be political rather than scientific.

The United States expedition to Marguerite Bay is tactfully described in Washington as 'unofficial'. It should not be confused with the 'official' American party under Admiral Byrd, now based on the Ross Ice

Shelf in territory discovered by Americans. The size of Byrd's party suggests that it is concerned with more than showing the Stars and Stripes. The expedition is presented as romantic exploration amid the floes that rim a continent estimated at oneand-a-half times the size of Europe. It comprises service men, helicopters, aircraft with wing spans up to ninety-four feet (the biggest machines ever to operate from carrier-decks), and an assortment of naval craft and military equipment. In short, in men and materials Byrd's expedition is considerably wider than the joint U.S.-Canadian 'Operation Musk-Ox' that tested military equipment in the Arctic this time last year. And like Operation Musk-Ox, Byrd's expedition, described in Washington as a 'mission', carries a military name — 'Operation Highjump'.

One reason freely advanced to explain the revival of Antarctic exploration is the search for uranium deposits. This has been stated in Washington as one purpose of the present American expeditions. This statement has only served to cloud the real issue, for although in some parts of Antarctica the geological formation of the mountains resembles that of uranium-bearing districts of arctic Canada, explorers are agreed that, even if uranium were located in the far south, its practical value would be precisely nil, at least until science learns to melt the southern ice cap! Not only is the Antarctic sheathed in a moving ice-cap averaging 3,000 feet in thickness but, except for a few weeks in the year, sea-ice and blizzards render it utterly inaccessible.

There are fairly extensive coalbeds in the New Zealand Dependency of Victoria Land. But the coal is soft and brown and, coked by lava action, much of it is useless.

Geological formations suggest the presence of gold, silver, copper and oil. But even if the primary minerals were found in commercial quantities, it would be impossible to win them at present. The Antarctic Continent, devoid of harbours, lashed by constant and intense gales (about which more later), hemmed in by ice, is beyond the power of man to develop today.

Why, then, are eight, and possibly nine, capitals interested in the ownership of the

south polar regions?

Weather conditions in the southern hemisphere originate in the Antarctic. Meteorology is still in its infancy in the far south, and a string of weather stations there would benefit air transport over a wide area of the south Pacific and the south Atlantic.

Meteorology is the purpose of the proposed Australian and New Zealand expeditions; and it is the ostensible reason for the Argentine's Antarctic expedition now in course of formation.

The Argentine, despite her lack of interest in Antarctic exploration up to now, has persistently disputed British sovereignty to the Falkland Islands Dependencies of Graham Land and Coats Land, and to the nearby South Sandwich Islands, South Orkneys and South Georgia. The Argentine's claims to this area, permanently administered by Britain and possessing its own magistrates and postage stamps as a sign of British sovereignty, are based on nothing more concrete than that she is the nearest power. Her claims, and those of Chile, originated in a desire for a bigger participation in the whaling industry.

The Antarctic produced more than twenty million pounds' worth of whale products in 1939, and even with the advent of 22,000-ton whale-oil factory-ships, the 'Southern Islands' are invaluable to a prosperous whaling industry. Indeed, claims to Antarctic territory originated in

the whaling industry.

The joint British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition, to be equipped with snow-jeeps and supply aircraft, will be concerned with far-reaching aspects of glaceology, geology, meteorology and climatic history. The south polar regions also offer interesting conditions for the study of cosmic rays. Bound for an ice-free valley to the south of Crown Princess Martha Land and Princess Astrid Land, this party will be led by Professor Hans Ahlmann; and it is probably the only expedition entirely disinterested in territorial claims.

How is it that Antarctic exploration has deteriorated from the fine, selfless endeavours of brave men to the level of international diplomacy:

The argument over ownership of the Antarctic wilderness began with the Amundsen-Scott race to the South Pole in 1912. Steadily it increased as the United States, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Britain followed their expeditions with claims to large segments of the 'White Continent'. Subsequently the two previously mentioned South American countries entered the field with claims.

The map shows the Antarctic divided into segments by straight lines radiating from the south pole, with the Australian, New Zealand and Falkland Islands Dependencies by far the biggest and among the most easily accessible areas. But in actual fact the 'frontier' lines are purely hypothetical. Only the area between longitudes 20°W. and 40°E. is generally accepted as Norwegian, because its exploration was carried out by Norwegians. In other areas the manner in which surveys have overlapped and contradicted each other, and the rival claims of explorers who annexed certain areas in the names of their governments, has added to the confusion.

### U.S.A. not after Territory

The United States has consistently refused to accept the 'gifts' of her Antarctic explorers. Although Marie Byrd Land and James Ellsworth Land were discovered by Americans, Congress has never claimed these areas. Neither has Congress recognised the claims of other nations to Antarctic territory. To clear up any possible misunderstanding on this point, the U.S. Acting Secretary-of-State (Mr. Dean Acheson) reiterated this view concisely last January.

The present interest in the Antarctic was postponed by the outbreak of war. It was revived by the departure of the British party, under Lieut.-Commander Marr, in 1943. The dropping of flags from aircraft (at one time a favourite method of claiming new territory) and ground surveys are

insufficient to support claims to new land. Hence the permanent British 'token forces' interritory either claimed by other countries, or liable to be claimed, as in the case of the Marguerite Bay area, in the Falkland Islands Dependencies.

Admiral Byrd's main base will be on the Ross Ice Shelf, near Little America; and while some of his ships make a two-way circumnavigation of the southern ice, a second expedition, under Commander Finn Ronne, will make for Byrd's old base

at Marguerite Bay.

The (then) proposed American landing at Marguerite Bay was the subject of carefully worded statements from Washington and London late last December.

### International Co-operation

The Foreign Office denied reports that the United States had asked for the British party at Marguerite Bay to be withdrawn from its base 'IN BRITISH TERRITORY WHICH IS PART OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS DEPENDENCIES.' This British statement served the purpose of reiterating the firm British claim to this area. And it drew from the U.S. Acting Secretary of State the tactful reply that the Ronne party, then ready to leave for Marguerite Bay, was 'unofficial'.

In the gentlemanly way that lifts the argument over the Antarctic above the general run of territorial claims, the Foreign Office stressed that every assistance would be given to any American visit to the Marguerite Bay area. On 24 December, it was stated that the British mission there would, to give the Americans more elbow room, move to another site three hundred yards further from the hutments left by Byrd ('without prejudice to British territorial claims'). But at the same time the Foreign Office stressed that there was insufficient room in the Bay for two full expeditions, and that there were not enough

seals there to provide food for more men and dogs.

The maintenance of Admiral Byrd's main party on the Ross Ice Shelf is a major undertaking. Mobile survey parties will be supplied by air, and an airfield is to be built on the Ice Shelf, possibly with a view to testing the establishment of permanent airfields in the Antarctic. It must not be forgotten that Arctic areas, merely names on the map ten years ago, are now important strategically, and to world air transport.

There can be no doubt that the powers are now looking ahead in the Antarctic.

Responsible scientists with personal experience of Antarctic gales suggest that these may one day prove a source of power. For example, an air 'river' fifty miles wide sweeps across Adélie Land at a consistent average speed of fifty miles an hour for most of the year. Harnessed, this could prove an immensely valuable source of power in the possible development of the Antarctic Continent.

This is looking very far ahead. Meanwhile, how are the conflicting claims to the southern continent to be settled? The answer is that they cannot be settled until the Antarctic has been adequately explored, surveyed and mapped. Even with the aid of aircraft this will take many years; and it will be accomplished only at the price of considerable physical endeavour, great expense, careful planning, and a continuance of the spirit of give-and-take illustrated by British willingness to share the Marguerite Bay area with an American 'mission'. Later, survey parties comprising nationals of all the interested countries would pave the way to a settlement satisfactory to all. The coming British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition could prove a model for future international expeditions on an even wider scale before calling a round-table conference to divide up the sixth continent.

Together let us beat this ample field, Try what the open, what the covert yield.

### The Prospects of

# VIET NAM?

The recent flare-up of fighting in Indo-China has focused world attention on the new-born state of Viet-Nam, carved out of France's rich Far Eastern Empire under the ægis of one of the most mysterious of oriental leaders—the slightly built, wisp-bearded figure called Ho-Chi-Minh. What are the facts?

### JEAN LARRAINE

Hardly a few days after the Japanese had surrendered to Lord Louis Mountbatten, it became evident that the ancien régime in that area would never return. The Dutch had more trouble than they could cope with in Indonesia, while in Indo-China the French found their prestige considerably reduced and the fate of their colonies in the balance. Some 40,000 French colonials, headed by a Vichy-appointed Governor-General, Admiral Decoux, had surrendered to the Japanese almost without a struggle and, willy-nilly, had to allow the invaders to run the five countries of Annam, Cochin-China, Cambodia, Laos and Tonking.

The young, well-educated Emperor of Annam, Bao-Dai, who had professed to be a good friend of the French in pre-war days, now welcomed the sons of Nippon with open arms. Annamese nationalists, whom the French had treated harshly, lifted their heads. Many exiles came back. To encourage native nationalism suited the Japanese well, as their main objective was to wipe out white supremacy wherever they found it.

There is little doubt that the foundations of the Viet-Nam Republic were laid during the Japanese occupation. To what extent the Japanese played the rôle of godfather is still to be determined. It is true



that many natives never collaborated, but evidence either way is almost non-existent.

From the start, the Annamese independence movement was so well organised that it was clear its moving spirit was a trained revolutionary, a man with vision who had waited through the years for such a chance as this. That man was Ho-Chi-Minh. Through his background and early experience he was well suited to the task. The son of one of the early Annamese nationalists who served the Emperor of Annam in a minor position, Ho-Chi-Minh, got his first taste of exile when his father was chased out of the country with his entire family. The young man-he is now presumably about fifty—began to roam all over the world; worked as a seaman and studied Socialism in Paris, where some people still remember him for his unfailing attendance at meetings. Nowadays, Ho-Chi-Minh never fails to declare that he is first and foremost a Communist. As Song-Man-Cho, one of his many aliases, he spent seven years in Moscow where he was trained by experts to become an international agitator. From then on, wherever trouble could be found in the Far East, he was on the scene. He served as an officer in the Chinese Communist armies in the days of the Canton régime, and he also left traces of his stormy passage through Siam in the files of the Bangkok police. The French now say that this extraordinary little man was behind the abortive revolt of the Annamese in 1930.

### Uprising Against the French

Since 1943 Ho-Chi-Minh has not played any more disappearing tricks. He had found his chance. In the name of Nguyen-Tan-Thanh, he headed Vier-Minh, a loose confederation of nationalist partisans and guerrilla fighters who ambushed French and Japanese alike. It has been alleged that, more often than not, he played the Japanese card. Once again, there are very few who know the truth.

In August 1945, the Japanese surrendered. In the few days that elapsed before

the British and French troops landed in Cochin-China, Ho-Chi-Minh came out in the open. With his well-armed guerrillas. he controlled the most important part of Indo-China, from Tonking to Saigon. The Viet-Minh Party then put out its claim of complete independence for the old empire of Annam. One of the events that took place in those hectic days could only have happened in the Orient. Emperor Bao-Dai graciously abdicated and left his palace on Hue's River of Perfumes. He put on a plebeian coat over his glittering robes and declared that he stood with Viet-Minh. In the elections which the party held a few days later, commoner Bao-Dai was elected as a Viet-Minh deputy.

Meanwhile, the British under Major-General Gracey and the French under General Leclerc had landed in Cochin-China and occupied Saigon, the largest city in Indo-China and one of the best ports in the Far East. In the north, a Chinese Army had occupied most of Tonking. The Allies had expected that their main job would be the disarming of the many thousands of Japanese troops in the country, but they were given little time to accomplish that. On 2 September, the Viet-Minh Party proclaimed the independence of Viet-Nam—the old name for Annam, 'the Land of Peace'. Ho-Chi-Minh was elected President. His watchword was: 'Fight the invaders (i.e. British and French) all along the line.' And fight the Viet-Namians did. For seven months the rich rice land of Cochin-China was afire. Some of the French settlers and officials were thrown into concentration camps; the others were constantly in fear of their lives. With the stubbornness of a newly found patriotic fervour, the partisans ambushed, sniped and sabotaged with every weapon they had.

For the French, it was hard to understand where all this hatred had sprung from. Since 1884, which marked the beginning of their rule over all Indo-China, they had governed the country and given it peace. They had built magnificent roads like the new 'Mandarin' highway which

runs all along the coast from North to South, and founded great modern cities like Hanoi and Saigon. Many Annamese had worked and studied in France and tasted of the fruits of French civilisation.

For the whole of their empire, the French had, during the war, evolved a plan which gave all their colonial peoples a great measure of self-government within a federal French Union. In spite of Viet-Nam's opposition, the plan was beginning to take shape in Indo-China. On 4 November, the ancient Kingdom of Cambodia, a French protectorate since 1863, was granted full freedom in its internal affairs and became a member of the French Union.

### Conference in Paris

With commendable realism, the French soon came to see that force would never solve the differences between themselves and Ho-Chi-Minh's supporters. On 9 March last year, Viet-Nam was recognised as a sovereign state within its own borders. Ho-Chi-Minh had won the first round.

But a lot of ground had yet to be covered before a final agreement could be reached. At a preliminary conference held at Dalat in Northern Annam, it became obvious that the two main demands of Viet-Nam were the real stumbling block. With his republic already holding sway over Annam and Tonking, Ho-Chi-Minh now wanted Cochin-China to become part of Viet-Nam. Secondly, he wanted complete freedom, including diplomatic representation, in the field of foreign affairs.

While Ho-Chi-Minh was on his way to a high-level conference in Paris, the French played their trump card. They recognised Cochin-China as a sovereign republic within the French Union. In a matter of days, its first president, Dr. Nguyen-Van-Thing, had taken office.

Ho-Chi-Minh must have found Paris a very different place from the gay capital of his revolutionary days. In spite of his attitude to the French, he was acknowledged as a Chief of State, and received as such. He was given a suite at the Royal Monceau Hotel, and was able to hold a

press conference at which he used his oriental ability to create mystery to the best advantage of his cause. On 6 July, the greying, bearded little man sat down at a mahogany table in the palace of Fontaine-bleau. Beside him was his Prime Minister, Pham-Van-Dong. Opposite sat the representatives of the French Republic. They soon saw that Ho-Chi-Minh had not altered his demands.

He still wanted Cochin-China. He maintained that, to deprive mountainous Annam and industrial Tonking of their rice basket—the low, flat plain around Saigon—was to condemn Viet-Nam to obscurity and subject it to foreign influence. Cochin-China's yearly rice production of nearly four million tons helped to feed Annam and Tonking which produced less and had a greater population. It was Cochin-China which made the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula one of the greatest rice-exporting regions in the world. To the newly born Viet-Nam republic, possession of Cochin-China's paddy fields meant stability and a chance in the future. The old empire of Annam with its beautiful cities and towering mountains was the cradle of Annamese civilisation, but, apart from Laos, it was the least fertile part of the country.

Ethnically speaking, Ho-Chi-Minh argued, Cochin-China was part of Viet-Nam. Both Tonking—whose king was a vassal of Hue—and Cochin-China were ceded to the French by the defeated Emperor of Annam. Both were inhabited by peoples of Annamese race (Annam—6,200,000; Tonking—9,250,000; Cochin-China—4,600,000 inhabitants).

The French were unimpressed by such arguments. A union of the three countries into a state hostile to France would inevitably mean the end of the long-planned Indo-Chinese federation. A strong Viet-Nam could easily intimidate the old, unwarlike Cambodian Kingdom (three million inhabitants) and annex the wild tribal lands of Laos (1,200,000 inhabitants).

Ho-Chi-Minh's case for freedom in foreign affairs was, for the French, even

more difficult to accept. He had demanded autonomy and he had had it. He had desired to have his own army and navy and the French had granted him both. Without any agreement having been reached on the matter, Ho-Chi-Minh had set up his own finances which threatened to create chaos in the country. Word had even gone round that he was minting coins with his own image. Viet-Nam, with its own envoys abroad and the right to conclude treaties with whomsoever it liked, could mean many things. It was not easy to forget Ho-Chi-Minh's ideological sympathies, his own leaning towards Moscow and his revolutionary training there. The French were not keen on helping another Tito to help himself.

Ho-Chi-Minh insisted mostly on matters not directly affecting the national life of Viet-Nam. How was he going to run the country? He proclaimed it was a democracy, but the post-war world knew several kinds of democracy and there was no way of ascertaining which one he meant. Few people, except perhaps French settlers who did not find it easy to contact their countrymen outside, knew what was happening inside Viet-Nam. Ho-Chi-Minh's men had, nearly everywhere, stopped molesting French men, women and children, but many were still held in isolation. He was unwilling to discuss the fate of French assets in the country except to say, somewhat cryptically, that the good results of French rule, the schools, roads, hospitals would be used for the good of the state.

Once, when the conference came to a deadlock, Ho-Chi-Minh did the Gromyko act. He walked out. But when he came back after a few days of Olympian isolation, agreement was still far off. The practical result of several weeks' work was a *modus vivendi*. Both parties agreed to stay put in their positions until a new conference was summoned in the spring. Ho-Chi-Minh went back to his capital of Hanoi.

The new bout of guerrilla warfare which started on 19 December occurred because of local differences in Tonking, and showed

clearly that the modus vivendi was not even a temporary solution. The French complained that the Viet-Namians had violated the cease-fire agreement by attacking members of the French War Graves Commission. Ho-Chi-Minh's Government replied by accusing the French of introducing into the country more troops than they were allowed. While fighting was taking place almost all over Tonking, the French Minister for Colonies in the Léon Blum Cabinet, Marius Moutet, went to the spot to study the situation. Before going on to Hanoi, held by the French but surrounded by the Viet-Namians, he paid lightning visits to Pnem-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, where he met King Sihanouk, and to Luang Praban, the capital of Laos, where he was received by King Sisavang Vong. After his conversations with Cochin-China's President, Dr. Le Van Hoach (Nguyen Van Thing committed suicide in December), it was clear that the three non-Viet-Nam Indo-Chinese states were none too friendly towards Ho-Chi-Minh.

But, although some of his erstwhile friends have now deserted him, Ho-Chi-Minh is still the main force in Viet-Nam. He has risen as one of the new leaders in the Far East. He is clever, clear-headed, and has a surprising knowledge of international politics. As time goes by, he is likely to gain in stature as a national leader. The future of Indo-China lies, to a great extent, in his hands. It can be a bright one, if he can bring himself to compromise when compromise is needed, and if he has it in him to rule regardless of ideological principles which, in any case, are markedly foreign to the toiling, uncomplaining, honest Annamese peasant. From the French, Viet-Nam has a legacy of solid, if rather unimaginative, administration. It has ample manpower and sufficient natural resources, coal in Tonking and untapped mineral riches everywhere. Whatever happens now, the next few months will certainly show whether Ho-Chi-Minh, who learnedhis job the hard way, is really the man to put Viet-Nam in the Society of Nations.

# This Irresponsible Behaviour!

### A PSYCHOLOGIST'S VIEW

Why are ground-crews failing, people going on unofficial strikes, and children stealing?

### By L.B.

EVERYBODY knows, vaguely, what irresponsibility is. In fact, at present no one can escape from the irritations and dangers caused by irresponsible people. Examples of accidents which happen through irresponsibility are legion. Even our economic life is threatened.

I will therefore try to define, in psychological terms:

(a) The irresponsible individual;

(b) suggest what causes this attitude of irresponsibility, and

(c) discuss whether it is possible to diminish it in the next generation.

### What is an Irresponsible Individual?

An irresponsible individual is one who, through lack of care, or because of egotistical tendencies, or other factors, shrinks from his duties, to himself, his family, and the community. In more psychological language, an irresponsible individual is one whose psyche is not equipped to deal adequately with reality; and who, because of this, takes flight into a world of fantasy, where no effort will be required from him.

## Responsibility in Normality and Abnormality

Every normal individual has a certain amount of responsibilities or duties, from the small child, whose first duty is cleanliness (that is, duties to his person and personal effects), to the thinking adult, whose duties are many. If the child, and the adult, do not conform to their duties, that is to what society demands from them, they will have to bear a certain amount of discomfort. The punishment that the child may incur for his lack of cleanliness from his nurse is one of his first encounters with the realities of life.

Conversely, an abnormal individual is devoid of the sense of responsibility. He is kept in institutions which assume responsibility for his actions; though not all abnormal people are entirely devoid of the sense of responsibility. Morons, for example, are given a certain scope; and can learn to do easy jobs.

Assuming responsibility for one's actions means living a life of reality, while incapacity to assume responsibility means flight from a life of reality—into a life of fantasy.

One of the definitions of 'normality' is therefore reality-thinking, as opposed to fantasy-thinking.

It stands to reason that there are degrees of irresponsible behaviour. Just as there are many stages between the normal and the insane.

Many an individual has taken flight from reality on one, or several, occasions. This may have happened because the strength of his ego has been sapped, through strife, worry, or illness. In this case, he may not be able to cope with the difficulties of life, and prefers to take refuge in a world of fantasy. In some cases the responsibility might be too great for

him, and not be in accordance with the degree of responsibilities his ego can deal with. It might also be that the tackling of a certain problem might involve him in a situation which would bring back painful memories of childhood, which he subconsciously is trying to repress.

'Nervous breakdowns', which are so frequent nowadays, are for many people the 'easiest' way out of a too arduous responsibility. To what extent an illness of this sort is caused by one's own subconscious wishes must be left to the doctor

attending the particular case.

It is supposed that people go through various stages of irresponsible behaviour, and very often one of these stages occurs during puberty. As everyone knows, puberty causes a certain amount of strain on the individual. With the onset of maturity the balance is often restored. Some people, on the other hand, although considered normal, show a great deal of irresponsibility (naturally in varying degrees) through the whole of their lives. We usually describe them as 'perpetual failures'. But, according to Freud, outside circumstances play a much slighter part in the life of man than was formerly thought. His actions are mainly determined by his own subconscious wishes. An individual who constantly fails in his ventures might subconsciously wish to remain a failure, and therefore shirk the responsibilities that success might entail. He would, however, probably 'rationalise' his constant failures. That is, explain them away, to himself and others, rationally and plausibly, and therefore remain ignorant of the real reason for them.

There are many so-called involuntary acts which are really caused by sub-conscious wishes. Being run over through carelessness might mean a subconscious desire to escape from life. 'Accidents', such as an overdose of sleeping draught, often happen to people who for some time have been involved in emotional difficulties, but who have never tried consciously to take their own lives. Their subconscious aim was therefore escape into a non-reality life,

as opposed to a reality life. Indeed, the whole concept of 'fate' is maybe an intellectual 'escapism' from reality. Man ascribes to it the responsibility for his actions, instead of ascribing them to himself. Superstition is the form this takes among the least enlightened.

Pagan belief in numerous gods, to whom responsibility was ascribed, was a very ingenious way of escaping the 'guilt feeling' which one's own failures entailed.

### What Causes Irresponsibility?

We have now seen what the definition of 'an irresponsible individual' is; and we also know that a subconscious desire to 'escape' from difficulties (or responsibilities) lies buried, to a greater or lesser extent, in the subconscious mind of most people. Before we discuss its causes, it must be said that we are describing a stage of irresponsibility which is clear-cut enough to constitute a 'neurosis'. A neurosis is a state of the psyche in which an individual, although he need not go into a home, cannot cope satisfactorily with life, and therefore needs treatment.

What are the causes of a neurosis of this kind, and what are its origins? We know that the irresponsible individual flees from reality into fantasy. What can the world of fantasy offer that reality cannot? It can give him a sense of omnipotence that he lacks in real life. In the world of fantasy, which he builds for himself according to his own wishes, he is the master of his destiny. However difficult and fantastic the situation, it can always be solved for his benefit.

When is an individual 'omnipotent'? The feeling of omnipotence occurs at the beginning of life. Although opinions differ on this subject, it is very possible that the foundation of the 'personality' is laid while the child is still in the womb, and, of course, the infant's life inside the womb is devoid of responsibility and effort. The child is gently rocked by the mother's movements. He is fed without involving any muscular efforts, and he is surrounded by a protective liquid. Birth is his first

encounter with reality. It is believed that very much in man's make-up depends on whether the birth was easy or difficult. Some neuroses are the outcome of a difficult birth. However, whatever the birth, the infant is soon brought back to the conditions of pre-natal existence. For he is wrapped up, rocked to sleep, and fed without much effort on his part, since sucking soon becomes automatic. All his wishes are complied with. As soon as he cries, adults try to distract his attention. He is, in fact, the centre of a small universe in which he is the only 'omnipotent' being.

The first non-compliance with the wishes of an infant constitute perhaps the foundations of the grievances of man against the world. Very often throwing a toy out of his cot is a symptomatic act which means revenge for not granting his desires. The infant identifies the toy with his mother, and therefore is able to 'kill' her.

It is the belief of psychologists that most deviations from the normal patterns of behaviour are due to a regression to a certain stage of childhood. If a child has not been able to pass from one stage to another in the normal way, a 'fixation' occurs. That is, he remains 'fixed' at this specific stage. His neurosis would therefore be a 'regression' to this specific stage.

We have seen that the behaviour of an 'irresponsible' individual is very much akin to that of the child in first infancy. 'Irresponsibility' is therefore a regression to this period. Freud terms this regression 'a narcissistic state'. In the ancient legend, Narcissus beheld his own reflection in a lake; and he fell in love with himself, thus becoming at the same time the lover and the loved object. Likewise the 'narcissist' directs all his libido towards himself. He is his own love-object, and therefore entirely absorbed in himself. He forms a complete circle, since he needs no one but himself to satisfy his sexual urges. This state is very much akin to that of the infant at the pre-natal period, where the libido has not yet found a love-object distinct from the self, and where no responsibility

is felt through the non-existence of the rest of humanity.

Often a narcissist has a fixation on a certain part of his body. The preoccupation of a person with a specific part of himself, such as the belief of a hypochondriac that he has a tumour on the brain, although there is no medical evidence of it, can be traced to a 'narcissistic state'. A narcissist is apt to become a homosexual, through only taking an interest in a person like himself.

Often neurotics of the narcissistic type complain of a feeling of non-reality. Objects around them seem dream-like. This is due to the fact that, owing to their neurosis, they have withdrawn their libido from the exterior world, and concentrated it on the self.

Psychic disorders, such as where a man imagines himself to be some august personality, or persecution mania, which often occurs among homosexuals, have a narcissistic basis. For the person ascribes to himself an undue importance, an omnipotence.

According to Freud, narcissism is probably the first original condition in mankind, out of which object-love can derive, without for this purpose entirely destroying the narcissistic condition. Sleep, and especially the preservation of sleep, being one of the 'duties' of the dream, seems to suggest that all our urges, libidinal and other, are withdrawn into the ego, and that it is the usual mechanics in all of us.

Narcissism seems therefore to have a pre-erotic basis, which in time is invested with infantile-erotic impulses.

Whether an irresponsible person is primarily a narcissist or an egoist is impossible to say without individual treatment. An egoist centres his 'interests' (non-libidinal) on himself; but this is not likely to cause a neurosis. In most cases where a neurosis exists the irresponsible person is both narcissistic and egoistical.

In these situations 'egoism is the selfevident, the constant element, narcissism the variable one.' (Freud.)

# Is it Possible to Diminish 'Irresponsibility' in the Next Generation?

Since 'narcissism' is probably the original state of mankind, it is impossible to eradicate it completely from humanity. Many of our everyday acts, such as curling up in bed and going to sleep, that is, leaving the action-world for a world of non-action, are but symptoms of our subconscious wish in this direction. Nevertheless, it is possible to diminish narcissism to a certain degree if proper care is taken in infancy, although it is impossible to alter the conditions of the child inside the womb.

The first months of life are of great importance. And the behaviour of the parents can do much in counteracting a tendency of this kind. Too much pampering, too much adulation can be very harmful. Yet it is probably just as dangerous to go to the other extreme, since harshness and lack of affection can produce a neurosis which, although having different causes, may produce the same symptoms—namely withdrawal into the self.

'The infant must make his acquaintance with reality at more or less the appropriate times.' By 'reality' is meant that the infant must be shown that he is not the most important, nay, the only, being in the world. The appropriate time varies. But, naturally, the sooner the better! Nature herself, however, does a lot to teach the infant these lessons at an early age. For too much greed gives pain. Yet nature alone is not sufficient. A well-known method for an older child is the 'displacement' of pain from his person to the object. If the child bangs himself against a table, the table is 'pitied' by the wise parent, instead of the child. This discourages

the child from taking too much interest in his own sensations, and helps him to 'transcend' them. It is a fact that 'only children' are more prone to narcissism, just as they are more liable to suffer from a strong Œdipus complex than members of a large family, who have to *share* the attentions of their parents.

Present life does not tend to make the next generation a very 'responsible' one. The end of individualism, that is the end of the responsibility of the individual for his own material needs, and his great dependence upon the State for subsistence, will perhaps not endow the child with a great desire to fend for himself, and be responsible for his failures. Children follow, much more than adults think, the trend of 'popular feeling'; and their minds store the words into their 'subconscious', only to bring them back to the surface later.

Film-going is certainly an 'escape' from reality, which may very likely be harmful to the child. In admiring the heroes, he identifies himself with them; but he does not take responsibility for their acts. Fantasy-thinking is encouraged. Although it is believed that no neurosis based on a pre-erotic stage can start at a comparatively late stage of childhood, it is probable that 'mismanagement' can be instrumental in bringing on one, especially if it happens to be dormant in the personality.

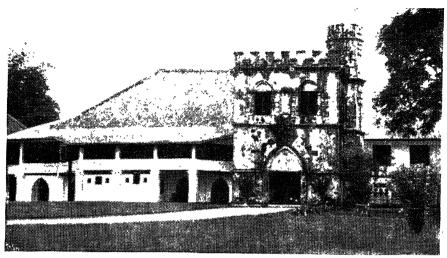
Will the changes in science and economics we witness daily modify the foundations of the psyche? We do not know. We only know that, for men and women to remain normal, a balance must be kept between instincts and 'conscience'. Certainly if they do not remain reasonably normal in the psychological sense, there can be no success, and no happiness.

Whenever I met with a boy particularly mischievous, I made him a monitor. I never knew this to fail.

J. Lancaster—as quoted by Sydney Smith, Lecture No. 22 (1805)

THE plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities.

Ruskin, Lectures on Architecture and Painting



Not the least curious feature of Sarawak—the Rajah's Palace at Kushing, the capital, a mixture of Malaya and Magdalen!

### The Sarawak Scandal

### O. S. EDWARDES

On 24 September 1841 James Brooke became the first of the White Rajahs, the English rulers of Sarawak.

By a treaty dated 14 June 1888, with the second Rajah Brooke, the British Government gave Sarawak nominal protection, and assumed control of the State's foreign relations, but reaffirmed her internal sovereignty.

On 24 September 1941, the third Rajah Brooke gave the State a constitution to signify the end of his autocracy.

But on 6 February 1946, Mr. George Hall, as Colonial Secretary, told Parliament that according to the Rajah 'the time had arrived when the territory should be ceded to His Majesty the King.' Mr. Hall added later that steps were being taken to ascertain whether this proposal was 'broadly acceptable to the native communities.'

At a meeting of the State Council in May, the native members, by a majority, duly rejected the proposal.

But on 26 June, by an Order-in-Council, the British Government decreed that 'as from the first day of July 1946, Sarawak shall be annexed to and shall form part of His Majesty's Dominions and shall be called the Colony of Sarawak.'

Those are the salient, published incidents in a story that has become notorious only since the last of them. Others have been obscured by the mud flying from duels between a cross Cabinet Minister and James

Brooke's great-great-nephew. When more has been told—especially if the whole truth can be told—you will see it is a credit to the British and discreditable to their Government: three successive Governments. Why



The wife of the last Rajah, a daughter of the 2nd Viscount Esher, and once a well-known figure in London

a credit? Because for a century an English family's administration of Sarawak was such an exceptionally good example of identity with 'native' interests that the people resent the ending of it. Why the disgrace? Because of the tactics that achieved and followed



VALERIE, one of the beautiful daughters of the last Rajah and Ranee

that Order-in-Council of last June-the first token of acquisitive Imperialism that any British Government had perpetrated for many years.

One of the variable pretexts for these tactics was the Colonial Office's argument that 'in public estimation and in fact' the British Government was already responsible for the administration of Sarawak. The more probable truth about public estimation' is that it varied from an exaggerated notion of the Rajah's powers to a vague recognition that Sarawak was where a Ranee with two interesting daughters came from. The Colonial Office's 'fact' was disproved easily enough by the State's history.

James Brooke, an ex-officer of the East India Company's forces, became a private trader with ideals. He helped the Sultan of Borneo to deal with counter-piracy and rebellion, and the Sultan gave him Sarawak-not only in return for his services but because its insurgents looked to Brooke

for protection from misrule.

Sarawak is about the same size as England. It has half a million people of various tribes and languages. Brooke's avowed policy was 'to go on slowly and surely, basing everything on their own laws, consulting all their head men at every step, instilling what I think is right'; and 'to rule for the people and with the people and to teach them the rights of free men under the restraints of government.' The work cost him his fortune, so that he had to borrow from friends in England, but he had two early rewards. The first was American recognition of Sarawak's sovereignty, long before the U.S.A. was to recognise the sovereignty of any British Dominion: it came with a message from President Taylor, in August 1849, congratulating Brooke on his 'noble and humane endeavours to bring his subjects and neighbouring tribes into a condition of civilisation.' Another was the then Lord Derby's comment, as Prime Minister in 1858, that 'although Sir James Brooke by his personal influence had been enabled to keep up good relations with the native tribes, it did not follow that the same consequences would ensue if the Settlement [sic] were made over to the British Crown.

#### There was Self-Rule

That was prophetic. The people of Sarawak were never disarmed: no 'forces of internal security' were inflicted on them, other than the police, of whom fewer than ten were Europeans. Yet the recent agitation against cession to Britain is the first political trouble the country has had since an insurrection (by Chinese settlers) nearly ninety years ago. I have quoted the simple reason. From 1855 onwards, government was mainly by the Rajah-in-Council, the Council having a native majority many years (surely) before such a thing was known in any Colony. So had the Council Negri, or legislature, created in 1867. The State remained an autocracy in the sense that the Rajah's right of veto was absolute, but this was seldom exercised, and it was severely restricted in the Constitution of 1941. Under that Constitution 'the sole power of legislating' was vested in the Council Negri, and the Rajah could not veto any Bill more than twice. He was legally bound to refer it back to the Council, and to give it his assent at the third time of asking. The Colonial Office objected to this concession. The Colonial Office said it 'might have results which it was difficult to foresee and provided another reason why His Majesty [meaning Whitehall should have ultimate authority.'

A more probable and understandable reason was suggested in a newspaper report after the annexation. This referred to the oil of Sarawak. The country has oil, rubber, gold, coal and other desirable resources, but under Brooke, more than in any Colony more or less endowed, the income from them remained where they belonged. Over ninety per cent of the rubber was worked by native smallholders. The result for years had been a consistently favourable balance of trade and a surplus Budget. That is not to say the State was a paradise by European (peacetime) standards. But there is no evidence that the people wanted

standards other than the best their own Brookes could teach them on lines familiar to them. However, in 1903, after investigating Sarawak as Colonial Commissioner of Chicago University, Mr. Alleyne Ireland wrote (Far Eastern Tropics): 'With such knowledge of administrative systems in the tropics as may be gained by actual observation in almost every part of the British Empire except the African



Dayak head hunter with trophies

Colonies, I can say that in no country which I have visited are there to be observed so many signs of a wise and generous rule, such abundant indications of good government, as are to be seen on every hand in Sarawak.' During its campaign against the State's independence, the Colonial Office agreed there were no grounds for complaint of Sarawak's internal administration.

The campaign began with skirmishes behind the iron curtain of the Official Secrets Act, roughly about the time of the Cairo Declaration that 'the three Great Allies...covet no gain for themselves and have no thought of territorial expansion.' That, of course, was when the Japanese held Sarawak, and British officials of the State were representing it in London. To them, and to the Rajah, the Colonial Office at first made overtures for greater control over the State. They replied that any such proposals must at least be discussed with the people, and must therefore wait until this might be possible. The Rajah then, for a time, dropped out and delegated his authority to a Provisional Government.

The pressure continued, and resistance to it. There were meetings at the Colonial Office, and something like an ultimatum when 'the Secretary of State sounded a note of warning that His Majesty's Government would have to decide on their own course in the event of a failure to proceed in agreement.' The Sarawak delegates seem to have contested the British Government's right to talk to them like that, but the Colonial Office was pretending, as I have shown, that it had this right 'in public estimation and in fact'. To buttress its case, on 24 April 1945 it produced what it called 'the considered view of the legal advisers of the Foreign Office and Colonial Office'. They must have been unusual legal advisers for, in spite of historical facts, they said, among other things, that: 'From the point of view of international law the State of Sarawak possesses no personality whatever and is simply a territory within the British Empire. The independence of Sarawak is purely a domestic matter with which no foreign State has any concern. . . . From the point of view of international law, Sarawak is British territory and not foreign.'

### Was Sarawak Independent?

It would be interesting to know whether this 'considered view' was submitted to President Taylor's successor in Washington. The Sarawak Government did submit it to Sir Henry (now Mr. Justice) Wynn Parry, K.C. and Sir Arnold McNair, K.C. —who is the British Government's own nominee to the bench of the International

Court of Justice. They soberly tore the 'considered view' to shreds. The least effective of their answers was a reference to the latest (1940) edition of the Government's own Dominions Office and Colonial Office List, which mentions that in 1863 Britain recognised Sarawak as an independent State. From internal evidence at the same source they inferred that Sarawak was 'not regarded as an integral part of the British Empire.' In the terms and language of the Anglo-Sarawak Treaty of 1888, and its supplement added just before the war, they found proof that the Treaty 'was undoubtedly made between two independent States, operates within the field of international law, and derives its efficacy from that system of law.' The internal independence of Sarawak was compared favourably with that of Johore and Kelantan, where the 'usual attributes of sovereignty' had been upheld by the High Court of England on the strength, very largely, of documents put in by the Colonial Office. Counsel cited other authorities to the same effect, and they might have introduced redundant allusions to the comments of several British statesmen. Ninety years ago the Law Officers of the Crown agreed that 'as a question of Constitutional law, it was legally competent to Her Majesty to permit one of her subjects to assume the sovereignty of an independent State'; and on another occasion Lord John Russell 'fully recognised the inhabitants of Sarawak as a free people whose consent would have been necessary to any transfer [to the British Empire].

But after the Atlantic Charter, the Colonial Office was plainly bent on this transfer, with or without consent. The Parry-McNair opinion made it impossible to argue any longer that Whitehall was technically the State's master already. The Provisional Government still refused to surrender. So if Sarawak was not in the British Empire, it must be brought in. The only thing to do was to circumvent the 'resistance movement' by going over its head to the ageing Rajah himself,

conveniently in England. A first complaint to him-that the Sarawak delegates were being 'personally unresponsive'—came back to the Provisional Government. That was as it should be, since the Rajah had delegated his powers. But then, in circumstances known to nobody apart from them, the Rajah was suddenly persuaded into a complete change of front. He dismissed the Provisional Government; re-assumed the powers he had forsworn; and, without consulting his heirs, submitted himself to negotiations for the outright cession of Sarawak. Whether he was within his rights is a matter of controversy. The answer depends partly on the terms of his accession, partly on interpretation of the letter rather than the spirit of the Sarawak Constitution.

First, the terms of accession. They were testamentary, as they had been to his father, Sir Charles. He inherited under a will containing provisions which bequeathed the succession of sovereignty to his brother Bertram (Vyner having no sons) and 'urgently enjoined' that no material developments or changes in the State or government thereof shall be initiated by my son Vyner without first consulting my son Bertram. . . . Bertram survives as Tuan Muda, and is entitled to succeed as Rajah. Anthony Brooke, the Rajah Muda, is Bertram's son.

#### The Will

When Vyner duly became Rajah, he took an Oath of Accession: 'We undertake on behalf of ourselves and of our successors as Rajahs of Sarawak to abide by the conditions expressed in the will of Rajah Sir Charles Brooke: and we swear to obey and carry out the wishes of the late ruler, as forming the constitution of this State.' (Sarawak Gazette, 1 August 1918.) It was from the B.B.C. that Bertram first heard of the Rajah's assent to the most complete of 'changes in the State or in the government thereof'. In answer to Bertram's complaint, the Rajah maintained that their father's will was 'merely the expression of wishes' and not binding on him.

Secondly, in the Sarawak (centenary) Constitution the present Rajah reaffirmed his intent 'to ensure that our beloved subjects shall ultimately enjoy their inherent right to control their own lives and destinies.' It also contained the following (the numbering is mine):

- (1) 'Sarawak is the heritage of our subjects and is held in trust by ourselves for them.'
- (2) 'The general policy of our predecessors and ourselves shall be adhered to by our successors and our servants and all who may follow them hereafter.'
- (3) "The Rajah" means the sovereign ruler of Sarawak and includes an officer appointed under the provisions of this Order to administer the Government. [Anthony Brooke was this officer during the unsuccessful stages of the Colonial Office's vendetta.]
- (4) 'Such officer shall assume all the powers and prerogatives of the Rajah subject to the provisions of this Order.'
- (5) 'The "Rajah-in-Council" means the Rajah acting with the advice and consent of the Supreme Council. . . . All the prerogatives of the Rajah shall be exercised by the Rajah-in-Council."
- (6) 'There shall be a Council Negri consisting of twenty-five members' [whom the constitution then specifies as certain members ex officio and others appointed by the Rajah-in-Council].
- (7) 'As from the date of the coming into operation of this Order [24 September 1941] the sole power of legislating by the enactment of Orders is vested in the Rajah acting with the advice and consent of the Council Negri.'

In spite of (4) and (5), the Rajah's arbitrary dismissal of his Provisional Government in London may be defended on the ground that his appointment of it was equally arbitrary in the circumstances of Sarawak's occupation by the Japanese. But was the Colonial Secretary right when he said (on 6 February 1946) that 'the Brooke family has, through the Rajah, the right of giving cession'? On 27 March, wisely eating the earlier words, he said: 'I am sure the House will appreciate that Sarawak is not British territory.' But the intention was to make it so, and the Rajah was to help: he was admittedly being given facilities that were withheld as long as possible from opponents of the cession. The Colonial Secretary added: 'The Rajah is the supreme ruler and it is a matter for him.' Was that consistent with the Sarawak Constitution? Or with the British? If it

was, why the pious affirmation on the same day respecting native opinion?

The Government has suggested that the Council Negri which debated the cession 'probably' consisted of the Rajah's personal nominees, notwithstanding reference (6) to the Constitution. He certainly exerted all his influence for the cession, though he did not attend the debate. But in spite of that, and of more material pressure from another source on the same side, despite an urgent appeal by the British chairman, and although the impressive reply by a British missionary was not translated into a native language, a majority of the native members voted against the cession. The voting was:

	For Cession.	Against
Native members (i.e. Dayaks		-
and Malays)	• 9	12
Indians	_	1
Chinese	2	_
Eurasians	I	_
Europeans	7	3

So even if, with the more important native vote, you count all the representatives of immigrant Asiatic minorities, you still have a majority against. The day was won, for the Colonial Office, by seven Europeans, of whom four were heads of Government Departments in the Rajah's capital. The three Europeans opposing cession were men having more intimate daily contact with the rank and file of the people.

### **Bureaucracy Triumphs**

Soon after the Council's session, some of the native members who had voted for the surrender discovered its implications for the first time. They had not realised it meant the substitution of a remote bureaucracy in Whitehall for the intimate associations of 'Brooke raj'. They were deeply shocked. A typical reaction was a cable to London on 19 June 1946 from the Malay National Union and Dayak Association, in which they 'request His Highness Tuan Muda [Bertram Brooke] to assume prerogatives of Raj of Sarawak

since Sir Vyner Brooke repudiates oath of accession and has voluntarily relinquished position by acquiescence to cession of Sarawak.' Another message said: 'If our independence is violated, what do Atlantic Charter, United Nations Organisation and Political Will of Sir Charles Brooke stand for?'

Criticism of the Rajah can be too severe. He was aged and weary. He had no son. He had made his home in England, and was subject to strong family, political and other influences. He had had no direct contact with the people of Sarawak for some time. He may have supposed that the Japanese occupation—though it had proved the futility of the Anglo-Sarawak Treaty—had inclined them to look for more powerful protection than his own administration had been able to give them.

It is difficult to think of similar excuses for the Colonial Office. At each stage of its campaign it must have known the relevant facts I have cited. These were underlined by popular reaction in Sarawak to the country's annexation after the Council Negri's vote. There was even less justification for this act than for those designs on the States of Malaya which the Government has gracefully modified. There was no obvious reason why a Labour Government should continue, and aggravate, the Imperialist conspiracies of its predecessors. One of the 'cardinal principles' of the Sarawak Constitution was that 'freedom of expression, both in speech and in writing, shall be permitted and encouraged.' The new régime has substituted a rule restricting public discussion of the cession, and banning the Rajah Muda's return to the State on the pretext that he might 'encourage' such discussion. The Government has been asked, in vain, to say whether these arbitrary firmans are consistent with Article 4 of the Cession Order-in-Council, whereby the Crown reserves 'power to revoke, alter, add to, or amend this order.' Here is a wide-open chance for Parliament to do the right thing.

## In Defence of Philosophy

### EDOUARD HERRIOT

The distinguished French statesman and man of letters

makes a plea for the disinterested pursuit of knowledge as a moderating and synthesising

influence in a technocratic world

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century, Fontenelle once tried to introduce a marquise to the fundamental principles of philosophy. After supper, in the cool of the evening, he took her for a walk in the park, where the light of the rising moon 'made a delightful contrast of brilliant white against the green foliage that now looked almost black.' As was fitting, the austere conversation began with some polite reflections on the fair beauty of the day contrasted with the dark charms of the twilight. Not to put off the lady, Fontenelle explained Nature to her by analogies with the conventions of the Opera. Then he reached the real subject of the conversation: 'All philosophy', he declared, 'is founded on but two things, an inquisitive mind and bad eyesight. We all want to know more than we can see; there is the difficulty. True philosophers spend their lives never believing anything they see and trying to guess at what they cannot see at all.' And while her witty guide explained the genealogy of the Sciences, the marquise raised her eyes like a shepherd of antiquity towards the golden stars and the blue depth of the sky, and took such sensitive delight in this classification that she could be heard murmuring to Fontenelle: 'Oh please, go on speaking to me in your Chaldean tongue!'

Our guide today would show us early philosophers gathering together the enigmas—to decipher which humans have tortured themselves to distraction—and setting down in obscure or apparent formulas all these problems that torture the soul of man. Philosophers have prepared, from age to

age, inventories of knowledge, and have incorporated in the moral and social fabric of life the truths they have gained, little by little, from the initial chaos. Philosophy gives birth to a variety of sciences as it groups them and binds them together. And of each science philosophy demands an ever-increasing knowledge of its own method; makes comparisons between the sciences and searches for a synthesis within which would be regained both the unity of the natural world and the unity of the spirit.

### Mother of the Sciences

Philosophy retains the right to control and criticise, in her rôle as mother of the sciences, and in this sense is faithful to the classical definition in Plato's Republic. For instance, Philosophy guards jealously the right to examine the concept of 'space' which other branches of knowledge consider sufficiently well-defined for their use. By so doing, philosophy becomes a science in its own right and makes a gift of its achievements, gained by observation and analysis, to the provinces of knowledge named logic, ethics and æsthetics, or to the unfortunately named psychology. This is a simple, broad, and we think true, view of the rôle of philosophy—despite some very striking contradictions. The true philosopher does not wish to resemble the mad Athenian who believed, in his strange imagination, that all ships standing off the Piraeus belonged to him. Plato, who gave to philosophy the widest definition, instructed his pupils, even in his own day, in the discernment of the ideas from which the whole future has developed. Theetetes, that 'young Socrates', who was a model to the students of the Academy—a young man at once brave and wise, still marked with the wounds of battle and yet quiet in his thoughts, which flowed, in the simile of the ancient text, like the silent pouring of oil—this Theetetes was a geometrician. And to him Socrates, before embarking on a metaphysical discussion of truth and error, put a long series of questions on the conclusions he had reached in his own studies.

How has this relationship between philosophy and the sciences developed in the course of the centuries? The question poses a problem too vast for us to dare even to approach it. It is not perhaps the most valuable of achievements to have given to researches that would be content with a less pretentious label, the title 'epistomology'. But knowledge of man surrounded by realities has clarified speculations on the nature of man in the abstract; æsthetics has been enriched by all that history, day by day better informed, has brought to it; and logic is strengthened each time a researcher. such as Descartes or Claude Bernard, applies himself to analyse the instrument of mind that he has employed.

Shall we say, then, that philosophy is condemned to lose all that science has won? Must philosophy diminish like the famous peau de chagrin? Even if philosophy became no more than an exercise of mind, acting only as a permanent invitation to ratiocination; even if it were reduced to an art, it would retain, by virtue of disinterestedness, its irreducible value.

To find is beautiful, but to seek is indeed more noble. One can say that it is the crowning of other studies by philosophy that has given Europe so many vigorous and subtle minds brought up to freedom of thought and endowed with the faculty of criticism. No, it is certainly not in times like the present when realities are tyrannical that we should think of suppressing the activity of speculation.

Philosophy, it has been said, is above all the art of 'not knowing'. The philosopher keeps a daily record of our certitudes and doubts.

The intelligence of man, assuredly, is measured by what he knows himself unable to understand, just as we are able to verify the limits of our action. An action, it has been said, is in itself an affirmation. To one who thinks, it is also the rejection of all possibilities but one. From which arises the necessity for modesty.

### A Philosopher Agrees

Instead of encouraging the student to devote himself to his studies for the sake of studying, instead of encouraging in him a real love for his subject and for inquiry, the student is encouraged to study for the sake of his personal career; he is led to acquire only such knowledge as is serviceable in getting him over the hurdles which he must clear for the sake of his advancement. In other words, even in the field of science, our methods of selection are based upon an appeal to personal ambition.

From The Open Society and its Enemies by K. R. Popper

### So Does America

We entirely agree that Exeter must stop catering to a single social and economic class. . . . But it is totally fallacious to reason that Exeter must teach a boy a mass of archæology or science merely because he comes from a coal-mining town. . . . This new curriculum [will] lower Exeter to the level of a vocational institution whose graduates are skilled in the business of doing, not the business of thinking.

Time

We apologise for having stated that Mr. R. T. Paget was Socialist M.P. for *Nottingham* on p. 35 of our February issue. This should have read *Northampton*, and was due to a printer's error.



### DAMON RUNYON

### JAMES DOWDALL

When Damon Runyon died last December, he entered a special corner of Valhalla reserved for outstandingly American Americans. Will Rogers is possibly its chairman in the twentieth-century cell, and Runyon was followed there by W. C. Fields. Its graduates all possess that combination of toughness and sentimentality, wisdom and foolery, cynicism and humanity, which is found, in a slightly different form, in the barrack-rooms of England.

Apart from his character, future historians studying the America of his time will no more be able to overlook his writings than students of Hogarth's London can overlook his cartoons. For Runyon

was the literary Hogarth of the Broadway underworld as it was between the wars—an underworld which may prove to have been one of the very last strongholds of the old-fashioned, uproarious, round-the-clock lawlessness which for hundreds of years could have been found in a select district of every capital in Europe.

Runyon's bootleggers, crap-shooters, bums, drunks and dolls are the lineal heirs of the denizens of Hogarth's thieves' kitchens where Death sat astride the barrel and murder was part of the joke. Their world was as small and parochially intimate as Hogarth's Covent Garden. Their isolation from the world of Youth Movements, civic consciousness and global

thinking was as complete, as hedonistic and as tipsy as that of the pirates on Treasure Island from the affairs of England and France. Even in the late 'thirties, when most of the Western world was living on an unrelieved diet of fear and indigestible sociology, Runyon's small coterie of gunmen, rum-pots and broken-down originals had neither interest nor knowledge of anything which went on outside their own savage and boozy little warren. Their particular brand of predatory individualism, wry, humorous fatalism and strange, topsy-turvy streaks of puritanism all belonged to another age.

Runyon, to use his own idiom, 'gave them plenty the best of it', and he painted his characters in very different colours from those of the old gangland anthologies. But he was the best man of all to write about them for a generation which divided its loyalties between the gorilla and the swoon-crooner, between Dillinger and Disney, and whose strip-tease burlesque artists sang of rose-covered cottages and Mother McCree.

Hollywood's attempts to mix toughness and sentimentality are inclined to be embarrassing, and the press audience in London who, in a pre-war gangster epic, listened to the epitaph spoken over the bullet-ridden body of a gallant but alcoholic news-editor, 'Gee, if there's a special corner in heaven for worn-out newspapermen, I guess he'll go there', found it very amusing. But Runyon got away with it, not only in America but in England as well. Within a few years of his stories appearing in Britain, he had acquired an enormous public and some of his most zealous adherents could be found at the Benchers' tables, in the Houses of Parliament and in University senior common-

The indoctrinated irresponsibility of P. G. Wodehouse's characters made him the standard holiday reading of some of the most exaltedly responsible personages in the land. Possibly the uncompromising devotion of Runyon's to civic disorder partly accounts for their popularity as an

antidote to present-day preoccupations. But his success goes far deeper than that. For his knowledge of human nature was a kind of scholarship, and he was, judged by any standard, one of the great story-tellers of the century.

Many of his recipes are as old as Androcles and the Lion and as tear-jerking as 'Don't steal my prayer-book, Mister Burgular.' The Bad Man befriends a Good Fairy—a cat or a down-and-out mother of ten—and in the last act the Good Fairy either saves his life or reforms him. It is a pattern which, handled by a lesser man than Runyon, would raise the kind of laughter which greeted Young England. But Runyon, by a brilliantly professional adaptation of the pantomime formula by which the fairy-tale takes place against a background of roaring burlesque, provided himself with an alibi and an exemption from the rules, and took whatever liberties he liked with perfect success.

### Literary Footwork

He also developed a kind of literary footwork by which he always managed to duck any charge of sentimentality or heroics. For a second he would seem to drop his guard by saying that one of his thugs was cited for gallantry at Château-Thierry; but at once he remembers 'hearing that what Blondy is cited for is for not robbing the dead.' It is a magnificent piece of cheating. Blondy's citation remains, but nobody can do anything about it.

It is bromidic to describe his style as 'inimitable'. Apart from the little band of writers who have tried to plagiarise him with abysmal results, he cannot even be parodied except to his own glory and the shame of the parodist. Juxtaposing a paragraph of original Runyonese against an extract from a parody by Cecil Beaton, a famous critic observed: '... which proves that there is no more resemblance between Cecil Beaton and Runyon than between Mrs. Beeton and Runyon than between Mrs. Beeton and Bunyan.' Yet, had he cross-coupled Runyon and Bunyan, he might have found at least one bond between such laughably incongruous

bed-fellows, for both of them produced literature with a vocabulary hardly larger than that of a schoolboy.

The small catalogue of R.A.F. slang with its 'types' and 'bods' could, when handled with the dry, philosophical humour of a certain type of young pilot, become a splendid vehicle for absurdity. A gang of filthy importunates in a North African back-street are simply 'these chums', whose behaviour is 'not quite the clean potato'. Runyon has mastered a similar technique with his 'citizens', 'importers', 'dolls' and 'ever-loving wives'. Thus the gin-raddled gutter-hag, Madame La Gimp, is simply 'a busted down old Spanish doll', and Milk Ear Willie 'is known to have knocked off several guys in his time so he is considered rather a suspicious character.' And as a kaleidoscope produces an infinity of patterns with the aid of a few chips of shoddy-coloured glass, so Runyon produced a hundred vivid stories which flicked in a second from pathos to farce at a turn of his wrist, using only the coarse equipment of the semi-literate underworld half-breeds.

With the same ease with which he gave a hypnotic power to the unrelieved use of the historic present—which acquires a numbing monotony in the hands of his imitators—he made a virtue out of prolixity; and that in an age which aims to purge its style of every unnecessary syllable. Thus, '... we have a few doses of rock candy and rye whisky on both propositions and by this time Good Time Charlie runs out of rock candy, and anyway it is a lot of bother for him to be mixing it up with the rye whisky so we have the rye whisky without the rock candy and personally I do not notice much difference.' Sixty-three words to say nothing; and at

the end of it you can hear the first notes of a barber's shop harmony quartette.

Runyon chose his names with as much care as Dickens, and though their descriptions are often as short as '... who is a crap-shooter by trade', his characters materialise with a strange and preposterous clarity. In one story where they appear in force they achieve the effect of a Christmas cartoon where the personnel of half-a-dozen strips all get mixed up in one frame. In through the door they file: Dave the Dude, Big Nig, Little Manuel, Tony Bertazola from the Chicken Club, Skeets Bolivar, Good Time Charlie Bernstein, Rochester Red, Nick the Greek, The Pale Face Kid, Death House Donegan, Guinea Mike and finally, 'in pops Wild William Wilkins who is a very hot man at this time, being wanted in several spots for different raps.

Since nearly all these characters appear at some time or other in the rosy light of Runyon's benevolence, one might have thought it would have set him a poser to find a villain for them to shine against. And since they are all referred to with self-effacing respect, he might also have found it difficult to find his villain a proper description. However, having chosen for his corpse an unsavoury millionaire sugardaddy, he would give the clue that he was on the wrong side with some such sentence as, 'personally I consider Mr. Justin Veezee nothing but an old stinker.'

To talk to the foremost critics of England and America in this language and persuade them that you are writing something like immortal prose was the measure of Runyon's achievement; for only the sourest of intellectuals stood against him in the end. And it is probably something which only an outstanding American American could have done.

Men are pleased enough if you expose follies in general, always provided you indicate no one in particular. Each one applies to his neighbour the satire which belongs to himself, and so all men laugh at the expense of each other.

Voltaire Dialogues, No. 9.

### 1. The Foundations: Post-Impressionism

### R. H. WILENSKI

SINCE the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition burst upon London in 1910 with the explosive impact of a blockbuster bomb, Modern Art' has been the subject of violent and bitter controversy, culminating in the erription produced by the famous Picasso-Matisse Exhibition in the winter of 1945–46.

The article which follows is the first of a series designed to interpret the modern movement—this 'truly astonishing renaissance in the arts'—to the average educated layman. It does not claim to provide an exhaustive survey of the period, but it will aim to cover all its more important aspects.

I HAVE never found out who first applied the term Post-Impressionist to the four artists whose works are reproduced here. But the label is a good one because in itself it means nothing more than 'after the Impressionists', and this is accurate since all these artists produced their finest pictures after the Impressionist Movement, in its creative phase, had come to fruition, i.e., after 1880. Cézanne, born more than a century ago, painted the Mt. Sainte-Victoire about 1885; Seurat, born in 1859. painted The Bathing Place in 1883-4; Gauguin's 'Faa Iheihe' was painted in Tahiti in 1898 and Van Gogh's Yellow Chair was painted in 1888 at Arles. But the term Post-Impressionist has come to mean also Anti-Impressionist in the sense that these artists are now recognised as having

been to some extent opposed to Impressionist doctrines; and this, too, is accurate because there is always a swing of the pendulum in these matters, and each generation of creative artists tends to react in some manner against the last. In fact, all these artists owed immense debts to the Impressionists, who had presented them with the tradition of the spectrum palette (i.e., the possibility of painting pictures wholly or mainly in the colours of the spectrum with little or no brown or black) and their work is unthinkable without this pioneer achievement of their forerunners: but though they all made use of the gift and acknowledged it, they all felt a desire to paint pictures that in one form or another would be more coherent in design and structure than the deliberately spontaneous-looking pictures by the Impressionists, and they all felt that they wanted to go still further in resonance or brilliance of colour. And thus it came that, in the event, three new art 'movements' were launched by these four artists—the Cubist-Classical renaissance by Cézanne and Seurat, the Rhythmic-Decorative Movement by Gauguin, and the Expressionist Movement by Van Gogh.

#### The Cubist-Classical Renaissance

I have discussed this aspect of Post-Impressionism in three books—The Modern Movement in Art, French Painting and Modern French Painters. Here I need only remind you that, whereas the Impressionists were concerned to persuade us that their pictures were visual impressions of scenes accidentally encountered and recorded



VAN GOGH The Yellow Chair



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The Bathing-place

SEURAT

GUIN



without change of design in the lights and colours which happened to be upon it at the time, Cézanne and Seurat selected a scene and then studied it as a jumping-off point for a deliberately designed pictorial composition, and they avoided the copying of momentary effects of light and shade, their aim being rather to symbolise the generic character of sunlight or grey light or whatever it might be. Their work was classical in that sense; and it was cubist in the sense that it laid the foundation of the Cubist Movement which took as its slogan 'Architecture is the Mother of the Arts'.

The literature on Cézanne's paintings is enormous. Venturi's catalogue of his works, published in 1936, lists over a thousand books and articles, and much has also been written since that date. This has happened because people whose ideas of landscape had been formed by Claude and Rubens, the Dutch naturalists, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable and Corot, and who had been persuaded by another mass of literature to understand and so enjoy the Impressionists' productions, found them-selves baffled when they first heard Cézanne spoken of as a great landscape painter, and those who passionately enjoyed his pictures therefore wrote book after book and article after article to explain to the others in what exactly Cézanne's eminence consisted. This took a long time because it was so hard to persuade people that Cézanne was not trying (and failing) to paint like any of the artists I have named above; in particular it was hard to explain to people who had only recently learned to enjoy the delicate atmospheric perspective in pictures by Corot and the Impressionists, that Cézanne rejected such imitation of distant mistiness as a passing photographic effect and made the distant hills in his landscapes quite definite in form and colour and dovetailed them into his composition by an arch of tree-boughs flung from a foreground tree or by some other deliberately architectural procedure. But the books and articles did in the end break down the prejudices; and many thousands of people everywhere are now, as it were,

'conditioned' to enjoy this painter's work. Here in England all these people now want to see actual paintings by Cézanne because though reproductions, and especially colour-reproductions, are a great deal better than verbal descriptions of paintings, the whole range of qualities in a fine painting can only be apprehended from contact with the painting itself. In England there are not yet many pictures by Cézanne in public collections; but there are a few good examples in the National and Tate Galleries, and here I may remind the younger generation that they owe nearly all of them to Mr. Samuel Courtauld who bought them and presented them some twenty years ago.

It was Mr. Courtauld also who gave to the Tate Gallery Seurat's The Bathing Place, one of the six large compositions by this artist, who died in 1891 at the age of thirty-two. Seurat used the Impressionist spectrum palette in the creation of a new monumental classical art for which not veolde-Greek-and-Romans and pseudoclassical architecture, but everyday people and everyday scenes were the material selected. In Seurat's Tate Gallery picture we have the essence of sunlight spread over a deliberate design—the art of Monet imposed, as it were, upon the art of Piero della Francesca. When the frets of life and a London winter have oppressed you, go to the Tate Gallery and sit for twenty minutes before this noble picture (there is a seat provided) and thereafter you will be armed for ever against those who tell you that art nowadays has no meaning and no justification unless it serves the priests and purposes of Fascism or Communism or patriotism or the Conservative Party or modern commerce or this or that religious faith.

I must add a word here on Seurat's technique—though the way a picture is painted is mainly of interest to professional painters, and all questions of technique are really secondary questions since all techniques are merely the means used by the artist to attain his particular ends—so that when an artist is original he is generally driven to invent his own technique (which is one of

the reasons why the work of original artists is often, at first, so hard to understand). Seurat evolved for his Piero-Monet target an individual technique of countless juxtaposed little dots of mainly spectrum colours applied to a design in which the relations of straight lines and the various curves were at every point most carefully considered. He used this system in his most famous composition, Sunday Afternoon on the Grande Jatte Island (now in the Chicago Art Institute) which is even larger than the Tate Gallery picture; and for a picture of that size it was, of course, an immensely laborious procedure requiring infinite patience and also a sure grasp at every stage of the architectural composition as a whole. Seurat retained that grasp because he never began a large picture till he had made a great many preliminary studies-Impressionist sketches in oil for the colour, charcoal drawings of each figure for the light and shade and the linear formalisation and compositional sketches for the general design; and he thus knew exactly what he was aiming at from start to finish. In The Bathing Place, which was the first of his large compositions, his individual technique is not yet fully developed; nevertheless you can see its beginnings in many passages if you examine it closely.

#### Rhythmic-Decoration

The literature on Gauguin, creator of the modern rhythmic-decorative movement, has been less concerned with his work than with his remarkable life—his early seafaring and then stockbroking days when he bought pictures by the Impressionists and Cézanne and became himself an amateur painter, his resolve at the age of thirty-five in 1881 to risk all by becoming a professional artist, and, later, his self-imposed exile in the South Sea Islands where he 'went native' and painted rhythmicdecorative compositions with Tahitian and Marquesan natives and landscape as his material. But Gauguin's work has had a conspicuous influence on modern painting: for it is one of the foundations whereon Matisse has built his own rhythmic,

colourful and calligraphic art, and it is thus a foundation also of all that has been built upon the contributions of Matisse.

To understand just what Gauguin himself contributed, we must remember that the truly astonishing renaissance in the arts. which goes by the general title of the Modern Movement, has been all along in character a series of enlargements of æsthetic experience by the artists. Cézanne. Seurat and the Cubists enlarged formal aspects of æsthetic experience; their æsthetic apprehensions were basically architectural and geometric; and from the abstract architectural statements in their pictures their æsthetic passed into architecture proper and into the applied arts so that all modern architecture, modern furniture and textiles (and even built-in kitchen cupboards) are results of the Cubist-Classical renaissance in painting. But Gauguin's enlargement of æsthetic experience was in a different field. His feeling was for organic as distinguished from architectural and geometric form, and his aim was to create a pictorial pattern which would appear to have grown as a plant grows or to flow as a stream flows, and after he went to Tahiti, to invest these growths with tropical richness and abundance. The two apparently hostile aspects of æsthetic can be found united in 'nature' as enlarged photographs of plant forms have convincingly shown; but in art they seem to destroy one another unless they are kept separate—for what offends more in architecture than such organic fantasies as the famous seaweed balconies on Barcelona houses? And Gauguin was surely right to follow his own æsthetic instincts and decline to be side-tracked by the architectural instincts of Cézanne whose power, as noted, he was one of the first to discover.

In Tahiti Gauguin almost achieved what he was after. There is grandeur as well as organic rhythm in the pattern of his designs and his colour has the complex sonority of the great Venetian paintings, so that, more and more as I study him, he seems to me the heir of Titian, Veronese and Tintoretto. But Gauguin, nevertheless, does not reach the heights where those masters on the one hand, and Cézanne and Seurat on the other, are peacefully enthroned, because his art is basically hybrid. When Renoir heard that Gaugum had gone to Tahiti he said: 'Why? One can paint so well in the Batignolles suburb of Paris'; and though Gauguin's work, as we know it, would have been impossible without the Tahitian adventure, it retained to the end so much deriving from the Parisian suburbs, that it had to be, as it were in self-defence, self-consciously and rather defiantly exotic.

#### Expressionism

The whole of the Modern Movement in painting known as 'Expressionism' comes directly from the paintings by Van Gogh. Expressionism is the right label for this particular æsthetic adventure because Van Gogh did nothing but record in each picture a personal excitement he was bursting to express. This applies both to his early paintings in dark colours and to his later work, where, influenced by the Impressionists and Gauguin, he painted with pure vivid colours as they came from the colourman's tubes. The tragic story of his hard life is now so widely known that I need not repeat it. But to understand his art and its limitations, we must remember that he was nearly thirty before he became a painter; that he killed himself at thirtyseven after a number of attacks of madness. and that he was a Northerner who left the mists and cold of Holland for sudden contact with the glaring light and burning heat of Southern France. Incapable of sustained mental effort or control, illeducated and without cultural standards of 'taste', his art from 1887-90, when he painted all his finest pictures, was wholly the product of his own violent æsthetic reactions to life in the burning South; and as it was the intensity of the light, warmth and colour of the South which excited him, it was those qualities that he set out to symbolise in his pictures, and so anything -a cornfield, an old woman in front of a

flowered wallpaper, a wooden bed against a white wall, a straw chair on a red-tiled floor—was good enough as a peg on which to hang the record of the excitement. He is the least of the four great artists I have been here discussing, because, owing to his illness, he lacked the power to analyse and direct his own impulses, to put brakes on his excitement, and when need was, to be patient, to wait and ponder before bursting into paint. But he had also the qualities of his defects. There is an intensity about his vision that excites the spectator, a sincerity that convinces and, above all, there is a vitality striking from the actual colours which do veritably seem to contain in themselves the light and warmth he was so eager to convey. It is Van Gogh's achievement with colour that has chiefly influenced the course of modern painting. In England Van Gogh's work was unknown till 1910. In that year there were twenty-two of his paintings in the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries which enraged the Royal Academicians of the period but opened new vistas to receptive visitors; and some English painters—notably Gilman of the Camden Town group—were then affected by Van Gogh's pictures as Matisse, Derain and Vlaminck had been affected by them ten years earlier in Paris. Since then there have been many London exhibitions of Van Gogh's paintings and in recent years, both here and in America, his achievements have been widely enjoyed—even, I think, in some cases to excess. For Van Gogh, we must remember, really was a mental invalid, and the greatest art is the product of personalities who have vital impulses, æsthetic reactions, surges of the spirit and strong minds. It is stupid to dub every painting that seems to you incomprehensible or uncontrolled 'the work of a madman'; but it is equally stupid to rank the work of a veritable madman—even his work in lucid periods—with works of those who have his powers and qualities and are able, by better mental equipment and better fortune, to stay sane.

#### THE THEATRE

This article is the first of a new series on the theatre. Without attempting to review current productions, Mr. Gibbs will paint a background picture of prospects, personalities and tendencies within the British theatre

## Mr. Priestley's New Play

#### PATRICK GIBBS



URSULA JEANS and MR. PRIESTLEY discussing the play, Ever Since Paradise

London stages have of recent years been so occupied by revivals, adaptations of novels and by importations from America that, to glance at any time down a list of productions, is to receive forcibly the impression that either we have no active playwrights or that we are being denied the opportunity of seeing their work.

Such a view of the English stage is short, the resulting impression distorted. A moment's reflection, a closer examination of the list, and there arise in protest the names of such dependable authors as Emlyn Williams, Terence Rattigan and J. B. Priestley, each of whom has allowed

hardly a single year to pass since he started writing for the theatre without producing at least one new play which has as often as not been a success.

A greater rate of production is hardly to be expected, or, having regard to the quality of the work, desired. Those who lament the dearth of new plays, therefore, can only wish for a multiplication of sources, for a larger body of playwrights as dependable as the three I have mentioned.

This wish, I suspect, is unlikely to be gratified, nor in my opinion is it altogether reasonable to believe that it should be. When in the history of our theatre were there a score or even a dozen authors sending plays regularly to the theatre, plays that were successful in their day? Not even in Elizabethan or Restoration times, those halcyon days of playgoing, was there at any one time more than a handful of dependable playwrights. Then, as now, many wrote for the stage, but few with continued success over a period of years: why should it today be otherwise?

If there have been recently as many revivals to be seen in London as new plays of quality, the reason is to be traced to a development in the audience rather than to a deficiency in playwrights. Half a century of compulsory education is making its influence felt; its immediate effect, it seems, has been to produce observers rather than creators. The standard of audiences has risen; the ranks of playwrights have not been increased in proportion.

Fifty years ago the London theatre might offer one or two classic revivals, generally ill attended, one or two plays of quality by a Pinero or a Henry Arthur Jones, and a large number of plays by contemporary authors of a standard no longer tolerated. Today, rather than a bad new play, the audience will have a revival: it does not necessarily demand a great play, but it insists, in general, on a good one.

#### Three Leading Playwrights

So it is that managers are looking into the past, often the quite recent past, and bringing out plays by such authors as Maugham, Lonsdale and Robertson. These pieces cannot, in the nature of things, have the power of a new play to excite the curiosity or arouse the expectation, but at least they have quality. That plays are revived, adapted or imported, then, does not imply that we have no playwrights; that this generation is stricken with a poverty in dramatic creation—it merely means that the audience has become selective, and that there are few contemporary authors whom it will patronise.

In the absence of the new playwright who can be expected to emerge eventually from the ranks of mere writers of plays, theatre-goers must look for their excitement to the acting and production of revivals and to the seemingly rare new play from the pens of established authors, such as the afore-mentioned Emlyn Williams, Terence Rattigan and J. B. Priestley.

These three names are not intended, of course, to constitute an exhaustive list of contemporary playwrights worthy of attention. They are, however, chosen as representative of a type of playwright very attractive to the average playgoer, in that they write often and well. Each produces a play so regularly that he is hardly ever unrepresented on the London stage; each has a body of work behind him proportionate in size to his experience in playwriting; and each appears to be now at a most interesting stage in his development.

The last plays of Emlyn Williams and Terence Rattigan indicate that both may excite in future with their choice of subject. The completely successful entrance by Mr. Rattigan into the realms of drama with *The Winslow Boy*, coming as it did after a notable series of light comedies, suggests that, while he may continue to produce an occasional comedy, his main interest will lie in the straight play with serious theme.

Similarly, *The Wind of Heaven*, Emlyn Williams's last play, showed a departure hardly less marked from the handling of subjects often serious, but always mundane, to the treatment of a theme so elevated that it can only be described as spiritual. This ambitious and not unsuccessful play, it will be recalled, dealt with the birth of a Messiah in a Welsh village and the effect this event had on the lives of four characters closely involved in the short life and sudden death of the mysterious child.

#### Priestley, the Unpredictable

From Terence Rattigan, it can be concluded, we are likely to see good plays; from Emlyn Williams, on the evidence of this last example, it is not impossible that we may be given a great one. But what of Priestley: With twenty-five plays to his credit, many of them successful, he remains, because he is the most experimental, the most unpredictable of these three. To Williams and Rattigan the conventions of the theatre—its fourth wall, its three rigid acts, its formidable limitations of time and place—appear to present no irksome restrictions to the exposition of their chosen subject; but to Priestley, it seems, they are uncomfortable fetters which he must continually attempt to cast off before he feels himself free in the theatre to obtain the effect he desires.

At intervals, increasingly frequent intervals in his play-writing career, he has appeared to have become weary of the conventionally well-made play, which he seems to create with such facility; the result has been a series of experiments in which unusual subjects have been given unusual presentation, not all by any means completely successful, but none without

the merit of originality so rare in our conservative theatre.

Johnson over Jordan, produced in 1939, depicted with much poetic feeling the prolonged dream-like state which man is said by certain mystics to endure immediately after death. Strange characters entered the stage from no known place, acted strangely, talked strangely, and then disappeared seemingly without reason. It was in many ways a brilliant dream-world that the author created, not unattractive to a public that is drawn to look at surrealistic paintings with, it seems, the fascination that draws a crowd around a street accident. They Came to a City brought together a collection of characters representative of many walks of life, and did little more than give them opportunity to express their ideals, yet it was a play which had an enthusiastic if limited public during the fourth year of war. Music at Night was another, earlier experiment in the detachment of character and the use of a stage within a stage, not altogether successful but not without some very effective moments.

#### Priestley's New Experiment

Yes, indeed, Mr. Priestley dearly loves to experiment, and since his success with the novel makes him virtually independent of the theatre, one can guess he will continue to indulge his fancy in this direction. To speculate, however, on what form his next experiment will take is in this case unnecessary, for I have before me as I write a typescript of his latest play which has not yet been published and which is not to be produced in London until the spring.

Entitled Ever Since Paradise, the new play is described by the author as 'a discursive entertainment chiefly referring to Love and Marriage.' The description is apt. Despite the fact that it is fitted into the conventional form of three acts, this piece is decidedly less a play than a diversion, one that is both scintillating and serious.

To glance at the list of characters, read through a description of the setting and progress but a few pages into the opening

dialogue is to discover immediately that Mr. Priestley has come under the influence of Thornton Wilder, a discovery which filled me at first with the greatest misgivings.

When I saw that author's The Skin of Our Teeth on its recent London production. I was as much delighted as disturbed. This was undoubtedly a brilliant exhibition of dramatic tight-rope walking, but my admiration for this feat was somewhat damped by the fear that its success would give rise to a host of imitations. I visualised with horror our theatres filled with plays in which characters advise the audience at regular intervals that the entertainment is indifferent; in which scenery departs into the flies without warning or reason, and the stage is roamed perpetually by understudies, stage managers and, perhaps, in an extreme instance, by an author in search of his characters.

The Skin of Our Teeth was indeed a sparkling box of dramatic tricks, many borrowed from the music hall; its weakness was that these tricks were produced solely for the sake of effect and bore little relationship to the statement of theme, which was, in fact, trivial. Any attempt to repeat such an exhibition, I felt, would hardly deserve from critics or public a sympathetic response.

However, Mr. Priestley is not the man either to imitate or to be intimidated. Here he is, attempting the task of providing not an imitation of Mr. Wilder's play but a successor in the logical line of development, and, as far as can be judged from the success of the new play on its recent provincial tour, he has succeeded brilliantly where failure seemed all too easy to achieve.

There are basically three pairs of characters: the Musicians, Philip and Joyce; the Commentators, William and Helen; and the Example, Paul and Rosemary. The play opens with an overture which the musicians play on two pianos placed upon either side of the stage. At first all goes well; then the music begins to sound ragged until finally, with a discordant crash, the musicians stop, glare at each

other and begin bitter recriminations. William, one of the commentators, enters to settle the quarrel, apologises to the audience, as if improvising, then proceeds to lecture the musicians on their behaviour. Helen, the other commentator, now appears to interrupt him, and the argument moves from the general to the personal with the two women taking sides against the men, defending the foibles of their sex.

#### Theme and Treatment

'We ought to look into this a little more, this man-and-woman business,' says Helen. The others agree and decide after some discussion to take as an example some acquaintances, Rosemary and Paul, and see what can be learned from their behaviour together. The musicians play; the commentators step aside, and the curtain rises on the inner stage to reveal Rosemary and Paul—waiting in a solicitor's office to arrange a divorce!

There follows a series of similar little scenes, charming in their variety, telling in their effect, each illustrating some important stage in the couple's courtship and marriage, emphasising by what trivial and cruel misunderstandings they came to the brink of divorce. Whenever a third or fourth character is needed to enact a situation on the inner stage, it is supplied by one of the commentators, both of whom are thus required to make some rapid changes in costume and make-up.

The commentary, carried on in the main by Helen and William, but in which the musicians join in, particularly when the commentators are absent, changing or acting, takes place for the most part between scenes, though an occasional pungent remark is to be heard now and then while a scene is in progress. Indeed, there is a large degree of flexibility in the handling of musicians, commentators and actors, and little ceremony in the raising and lowering of the curtain which divides them.

Mr. Priestley—let me hasten to set minds at rest—is not represented in this play in the rôle which in my opinion becomes him ill, namely that of public moraliser; here he is content to observe, to illustrate, to underline, and he restrains himself manfully from pronouncing one of those priestly judgments on mankind which even his admirers are apt to find somewhat tiresome and which his detractors consider pontifical and ridiculous.

Here he is concerned not to deliver a message but to explore the differences in attitude which exist between the two sexes. While wit abounds, and there is always much to amuse in the predicament of those universal lovers, Rosemary and Paul, and not a little to intrigue in the not dissimilar relationship between Helen and William, those prejudiced but deeply observant commentators, there is also much to give rise to serious thought.

The weakness of The Skin of Our Teeth was that its theme of man's survival was nothing; the tricks were all. The strength of Ever Since Paradise lies in the fact that theme and treatment are integral and complementary. Nor is this a solitary merit. The play offers occasional music from the two pianos to give atmosphere to the scenes and supply an effective but wordless commentary to the action; it offers a variation in dialogue ranging from the cynical patter of modern comedy to the full-blooded cadences of blank verse; and it offers in the parts of William and Helen and the many characters they portray superb acting opportunities for a versatile actor and actress. These rôles have on the recent tour been played with riotous success by Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans. It is satisfactory to know that, when the play is seen in London in the spring, they will again head the cast.

Meanwhile, one can but await the production with impatience, at the same time hoping fervently that no more playwrights come under the dangerous influence of that father of all plays which tilt at the conventions of the theatre—Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author—or that if they do, they will show skill, restraint and wit equal to that demonstrated by Mr. Priestley in this most stimulating new play.

#### » A Book of Yesterday <

#### OSCAR WILDE'S

## NTION

#### REVIEWED BY BRUCE BAIN



OSCAR WILDE

The Irish writer, it would seem, loves to enter the arena and to play picador to the English bull. He does this, of course, for the good of the bull, for he keeps it angry and therefore alive, but he often becomes so absorbed in the deft provocations of a clumsy opponent that he forgets the way back to the study. Mr. Shaw, that venerable fighter, still hurls his little lances, though it is true that nowadays they tickle into laughter, and Mr. Shaw has some ado to attract the bull's attention at all, but Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wilde was not quite quick enough fifty years ago. The

bull got him first. In the consequent inquests on Wilde—and the verdicts have often been bovine enough—the anger has survived, and the carnation and the trial still obscure that real talent which just fell short of genius. We have forgotten in England that Wilde was not only a picador and a playwright but a critic, and it is as a critic that his place in English literature is assured.

In 1891, at the age of thirty-five, Wilde had published little since the appearance of his Poems ten years earlier and two now forgotten novels, although he was already a well-known figure in London life, the resident wit of Mayfair and the country houses and the Aunt Sally of the popular press. In this productive year there appeared The Picture of Dorian Gray, The House of Pomegranates, The Duchess of Padua, and Intentions. In the hue and cry raised by Dorian Gray, the little book of critical essays called Intentions has too often been forgotten, but it has influenced not only Wilde's fellow-picadors, such as Mr. Shaw, who in that same year published his Quintessence of Ibsenism, and George Moore, but the less aggressive Celts and Saxons who led the new literary movements. W. B. Yeats, for instance, who was then wandering round the cliques in a black cloak and the credit of Wanderings of Oisin, was strongly influenced by the Wilde doctrine of the masks, and by the many suggestive hints dropped in his essays, such as the need for a return to the voice in poetry.

Intentions contains four essays, 'The Decay of Lying', 'Pen Pencil and Poison',

The Truth of Masks', and 'The Critic as Artist', the principal essay. Though somewhat disparate in text, the essays are unified by the dexterous and deep-searching wit of Wilde, and by his informing purpose, which was, in spite of his obstinate professions of insincerity and immorality, didactic. He was at heart a determined moralist and indeed a sentimentalist, as the relish of his melodramatic plots clearly shows, and his gospel was the need for the recognition of beauty and of the independence of art. Throughout the essays, Wilde, in a sequence of paradoxes, proclamations and pictorial dithyrambs outlined his 'new' æsthetic, a system of critical theory deeply indebted not only to his immediate English masters such as Pater and Ruskin, but even more to the French symbolists, to Baudelaire and to Gautier, yet nevertheless a personal system, stamped with his own wit and incomparable enthusiasm.

Ennui was one of Wilde's favourite attitudes, but it was an attitude of the picador, presenting the profile of the tired Hedonist, as Wilde himself described it. In 'The Critic as Artist', for instance, a brilliantly sustained dialogue between two Mayfair exquisites, he argues the creative nature of criticism. Exaggerations and attitudes a little too premeditated fail to mar the truth and passion of the argument, though Wilde often paused consciously in the middle of an analysis to hurl a lance, to grimace to the clique, to be a clown for England's sake. Over the Chambertin and ortolans, the indistinguishable Gilbert and Ernest discharge verbal surprises, discussing, with suitable panache, Art, Ethics and Life (Wilde was unfortunately fond of capital letters) and staking a claim for the creativity of the critic which culminates in the assertion that 'Creation is always behind the age. It is Criticism that leads us.' Criticism was a creation within creation, the supreme art. It is true that much of the force of the argument rests in the ambiguity of the undefined opposing terms, and that he gained much of his effect by a deflection of everyday terms of thought and speech into his own contexts

of style, but this essay remains a brilliant work, rambling, contradictory, repetitive, but always supremely intelligent.

In 'The Decay of Lying', Cyril and Vivian, two more foppish dummies for Wilde's ventriloguism, advance in a witty dialogue the argument for the lie as the basis of all art. This is one of the wittiest essays in the English language, and behind the paradoxes and the cynical reversals of established platitudes lies a genuine seriousness which his contemporaries failed to detect: the seriousness of the artist. 'No great artist eversees things as they really are. If he did he would cease to be an artist.' Such is the thesis of this essay, the very exaggerations and failures of judgment of which are in a consistency of tone. There are delicious absurdities and acute critical dicta. and in the course of the argument many epigrams and incidental judgments, such as this verdict on Meredith: 'As a writer he has mastered everything except language; as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate', or the assertion that 'Truth is entirely and absolutely a matter of style.' (We might, in a parody of one of his own epigrams, reply that in this life things are never entire and rarely absolute.) With a delicate fantasy and a faculty, rare in English, of surrender to the logic of the moment, Wilde 'proved' that life always imitates art, and that 'the only real people are the people who never existed.'

The essay on Wainewright, the poisoner, 'Pen Pencil and Poison', is also interesting, not only in the properly sinister character of the subject, but in Wilde's examination of Wainewright's criticism and painting. The poisoner—for it is as such that we remember him—had some considerable talent, and was the friend of Lamb, Macready, Clare and many other celebrated men of the age. Blake admired his pictures, and he may have suggested to Wilde the figure of Dorian Gray, that fantastic incarnation of evil so close to caricature and recently parodied by Hollywood. In this dandy, moreover, there was much of Wilde himself—a deliberate fastidiousness of dress and personal style, a certain contempt of the bourgeois, but without the genial good humour that endeared Wilde to all who knew him. Epigrams here are as liberal as in the other essays—'All beautiful things belong to the same age'—and statements which now appear to us as commonsense, but to Victorian critics appeared as heresies—'Crime in England is rarely the result of sin. It is nearly always the result of starvation.' Wilde said this with some asperity, as a self-conscious devotee of sin and a good picador, but it was a revolution—

ary opinion at the time.

In 'The Truth of Masks', an argument for accuracy of historical detail in the presentation of Shakespeare and other dramatic classics, there is much valuable criticism of dramatic theory and practice. 'A theatre,' said Wilde, 'should be in the hands of a cultured despot.' We remember Diaghilev and Meyerhold with a sigh. In England we have the theatrical despotism, but not, alas, the culture. At the end of the essay Wilde does a pirouette for the sake of the immovable and austere spectators round the bull-ring. 'Not that I agree with everything that I have said in this essay. There is much with which I entirely disagree.' He could not resist the demonstration of a mask, or the temptation of a somersault. (The bouleversement becomes compulsive, as with Mr. Shaw, or, as in the style of James Joyce, turns inwards to the constitution of words themselves.) A nod and a wink could always deflect him from the object to the audience: it was the bad manners of a good stylist.

In some degree Wilde showed the tactics of an art in opposition, taking its pleasure in denials and reversals. He attempted the unexpected and usually succeeded. He made a protest with his life and his work against the industrialised de-personalised society of his time, rebelling against the new dominion

of journalism and of the bourgeois classes in the field of culture. He preached individualism to a generation of puppets, and this led him to an excessive advocacy of æsthetic solipsism as a way of life. Gautier's red waistcoat, Baudelaire's morbid immaculacy, Wilde's carnation, and even Mr. Shaw's celebrated Jaegers were forms of aggression, banners of revolt. He had no centre, but for lack of anything else, he stuck to Brook Street while he preached socialism, a socialism which was an æsthetic preference rather than a political programme.

That 'the way of paradox is the way of truth. To test Reality we must see it on the tight-rope', was the belief not only of Wilde, but of Chesterton, who used many of Wilde's weapons in a different battle, and used them too often. This spectacle of the balancing of truths has not endeared Wilde to the public in this century any more than the last century. Insincerity and superficiality were then, as now, the most frequent charges, and he welcomed them with a disconcerting volte-face. 'What people call insincerity,' he wrote, 'is simply a method by which we can multiply our personalities.' He opposed the contemporary sentimentalities, but he had, of course, his own. He wished to preserve the sense of luxury and the opportunity of mystery, to keep the veils drawn across the sanctuary even when the ark had been removed. He knew quite well that it had been removed, and this led to the curious oscillations, pauses and flurried prophetic attitudes.

Arthur Symons once called him an artist in attitudes, and the description was not inapt, but the attitudes, the exaggerations, and the histrionics sprang from the same root—the desire for abundance and control, for that order of all great art which is the basis of the good life.

#### Wilde on War

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

From Intentions



#### Sir Alfred Milner

After the great event of the month—the sudden emergence of Europe armed cap-à-pie with an international fleet and international army-there are few things that have cheered me so much as the appointment of Sir Alfred Milner to the High Commissionership of South Africa. Last December, hearing of Lord Rosmead's failing health, I wrote to my old friend and colleague, who for years rendered me loyal and invaluable service on the Pall Mall Gazette, that I proposed to nominate him in the January Review as Lord Rosmead's successor. He wrote in reply pointing out half a dozen cogent reasons why it was impossible for him to contemplate his selection for one of the most critical posts in the Empire. I did not care a straw for his reasons, but an observation made to me by Mılner himself in the old Pall Mall days deterred me from nominating him as the best man in the January Review. It was just after the death of the Bishop of London that, acting on the suggestion of Canon Liddon, I nominated Bishop Temple, then of Exeter, for the vacant See. When Milner read the article, he remarked, 'The appointment would be a very good one I have no doubt, and if you had not made the nomination yourself, he probably would have got it; as it is they will most likely object to appear to have had their hands forced, and the See will go to someone else.' Fortunately Mr. Gladstone being Prime Minister, Milner's foreboding was not realised, but it certainly seemed to me that I should not increase his chances of acceptance by Mr. Chamberlain if he had been the victim of a preliminary boom by the author of 'Blastus'; so, like Brer Rabbit, 'I lay low and said nothing." Mr. Edmund Garrett declared that he had not before believed me capable of such self-abnegation as to refuse to make my own nomination in advance, for fear it might lessen the chances of the best man getting the place.

#### The Abyssinian Mission

WHILE the British cause has been prospering by the force of arms on the West Coast, it would seem that we are going to try and see what we can do on the East Coast by diplomacy. Mr. Rennell Rodd, it is announced, has been ordered to proceed on a special mission to the King of Abyssinia. He takes with him a considerable suite, and will no doubt do all an astute and enterprising Englishman can accomplish who has not behind him the *ultima ratio* of force. The Abyssinian King is flushed with victory over the Italians, and buoyed up by promises of support from France and Russia.

### 'Could Spain Thrash the United States? Yes!'

A COMPARISON between the two fleets shows that the United States fleet, though stronger in powerful battleships and guns, does not, from a naval point of view, form a unit, lacking as it does the necessary auxiliary vessels for combat, such as swift gun-boats, torpedo destroyers, and torpedo-boats.

The Spanish fleet is perfectly homogeneous. Her battleships, while by no means as powerful as the American ones, are swifter and carry a full complement of officers and men, which, thanks to her system of conscription, can be kept up by drawing on her reserves.

These, however, are not the only advantages Spain would have in a naval encounter with the United States. Her plan undoubtedly would be to protect Porto Rico and Cuba to the best of her ability, and wage a naval guerrilla war on the coasts of the United States, dodging all serious engagements on the high seas except when the advantages were in her favour and her risks limited. With her auxiliary vessels, numerically stronger than those of the States, she would harass the American ships until officers and crews would be exhausted by the strain of vigilance and double watches.

Spain, before attempting to inflict serious damage upon places on the American coast, would certainly try to cut off the connection between the two American squadrons operating in the West Indies and to attack each separately. Should she succeed in doing this, or be able only to force the American fleet into a position where she could make an attack front and rear in the seas between Cuba and Porto Rico, I cannot see how the American fleet could escape serious injury, if not defeat.

To conclude, then, it is evident that the United States in such a war could do but little lasting damage to Spain, while the latter power, though she would not be able to defeat the United States, could easily inflict losses amounting to many hundred millions of dollars.

A Foreign Naval Officer in North American Review



The occupation of Crete by the Powers will perhaps solve the problem: How the Powers are to live in peace in Europe Kladderadatsch



Parisian costume, 1776



Parisian costume with Dutch coiffure, 1800

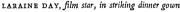


English style, 1902



Costumes and hats as worn in 1911







Latest Paris design. Return to hobble skirt of 1912?

#### A LETTER TO A YOUNG GIRL

#### By JAMES LAVER

Home & Van Thal. 3s. 6d. REVIEWED BY B. H. LIDDELL HART

Much wit and wisdom is compressed into this slim book. It can be read in half an hour—for its thirty pages have such ease of writing that they are easy to read—but it contains an essence of good thinking that expands in reflection. Mr. Laver deals with clothes in the spirit of a philosopher, yet often in the tone of a jester. His touch is so light that it may conceal almost too well the serious aspects of his subject and the importance of his conclusions. Indeed, either casual readers or concrete-minded readers might end the book with a feeling that it reached no conclusions at all. That would be a profound mistake on their part.

Mr. Laver's deliberate lightness may be due to a fear of repelling feminine readers. For, as he remarks, 'when women in general talk "clothes" the last thing they care or think about is the

philosophical meaning of the latest thing. Their interest in it is practical, intensely practical and professional. . . . He realises that what he has to say will not seem to them immediately relevant from this point of view. For he finds it impossible to predict the trend of fashion in the coming years. 'The trouble is that the Future of Clothes is bound up with the Future of the World and he would be a very bold man in this unstable age who should claim to know, or even guess, what is going to happen to the World in the next ten years.' It may by then have been blasted by the atom bomb or other weapons of wholesale devastation, in which case the human race may be extinct or reduced to savagery. It may have become the Brave New World of super-scientific planning and total control, with dress made strictly utilitarian and sex-attraction condemned as politically and socially undesirable—which would be as sure, if not quite so quick, a way of extinguishing the human race.

Mr. Laver believes that this ominous trend will be defeated by woman's deep instinct, which comes to the surface in her clothes, and that the dynamic force of Fashion will prove of service in the salvation of humanity. But he seems apprehensive of appearing to be too serious about a subject that, though fundamentally of the utmost seriousness, is apt to be regarded as frivolous by modern women who take themselves and their studies seriously. Or perhaps his light manner may be intended as the fly on the hook to catch the attention of the more normal women, less studious but sounder in instinct, who may count more in preserving the race. He clothes his message in a gossamer fabric that accords with the phrase parlons chiffens; but although it may seem to avoid closely-woven conclusions, its implications are clear—especially in the light of reflection.

He considers that the Utility Principle, which is so much stressed by dress-reformers, has little effect on the course of fashion either in men's or in women's clothes.

Men's fashions, he thinks, are mainly governed by the Security Principle—woman's desire that her man shall conform to a type that appears most likely to assure 'the security of her brood'. In primitive times 'that security was best attained by choosing, or submitting to, the strongest male. The strongest male, quite naturally, had not only the first choice in women (thereby moulding them in the image of his desire) but the best share of the plunder; more beads round his neck, more feathers in his hair. . . The most gorgeous male was therefore the most desirable.'

#### Society, Sex and Fashion

As civilisation grew, the security of property came to be protected by law, and hereditary classes became established. The top class continued to distinguish itself by splendour of dress.

The aristocracy of birth was superseded by the growing power of the bourgeoisie. Mr. Laver emphasises that this development followed the French Revolution but, curiously, does not mention the Industrial Revolution. The latter was the mainspring of the social change. 'Henceforward security meant "securities"; but securities are things you keep in the bank, not things you put on your back. The bourgeoisie was not by nature gorgeous, and it managed to put it about that gorgeousness in men was not quite "good form".' It succeeded in bringing

the aristocracy down to its own level of business-like attire, respectable but dull, while distinguishing itself from the manual workers by a highly cultivated cleanliness of body and dress. 'Its symbol and fetish was clean linen.'

Mr. Laver's thesis is very convincing. Continuing along that line—though he does not do so himself—it would be natural to expect that, when the bourgeoisie in turn began to succumb to the proletariat, men's dress would abandon a dignified formality in favour of a cultivated slovenliness suggestive of physical toil. And this is exactly what is happening. The discard of waistcoats and gloves; the popularity of the pullover, of the collarless or soft-collared shirt, of cordurory slacks, and of pseudo-overalls are obvious symptoms.

When men's general desire is to sink to a lower level of life in appearances, it is natural that there should be no real leaders—as distinct from demagogues who practise crowd-appeal—and that the civilised world should be sinking to lower levels of behaviour. In these respects, too, the trend of the twentieth century has followed the signpost of its clothes.

As so often happens in the field of strategy, there is nothing so insecure as to press the desire

for security too far.

Returning to Mr. Laver's exposition, we come next to the question of women's dress. Here the Seduction Principle governs. 'Men choose their partners by their sexual attractiveness. Women's clothes are therefore designed to enhance whatever sexual attractiveness their wearers may possess.'

Mr. Laver remarks that his investigations have led him to the conclusion that if nudism were normal 'the love-impulse would become seasonal like that of the animals.' The invention of clothes has caused the difference that enables man to 'make love all the year round.' Through them the female body is 'eroticised'. Bernard Shaw and many other investigators have expressed the same conclusion.

Fashion has accentuated different parts of the body at different times. Women are amazingly plastic, and are able to alter not only their appearance but their actual physique as fashion moves them to do. 'Women are moulded by the clothes they wear, in particular by what are so rightly known as "foundation garments".' As Mr. Laver remarks, 'it is obvious that the study of foundation garments is the necessary foundation of the study of Fashion.' For centuries—with the notable exception of the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic era—the

corset has been used to emphasise womanliness by emphasising the slenderness of the waist and the breadth of the hips. But shortly before the First World War burst upon us, it was used to confine the hips, while letting the waist spread. 'Women were saying, as plainly as their symbolic dress-language would allow. 'We do not intend to have large families'.' That trend continued during the unstable peace that followed and into the Second World War. 'The dress of 1850 said precisely the opposite, for women were then so anxious to exaggerate the hips that they surrounded themselves with the wire frame of the crinoline. And the population of England doubled itself in a generation.'

Fashion is not a frivolous matter. In the main, it is moulded by the Spirit of the Age—by the vital political and social trends. Thus 'stratlaced epochs (in the literal sense) are always periods with a rigid standard of morality. . . . They are also periods of large families, social stability and safe investments.' Looking at the current state of the world, Mr. Laver does not think that the girl of the period will be showing an hour-glass figure in the near future, but he is equally sure that she will if stability and prosperity return.

#### Fashion, Aristocracy and Totalitarianism

The modern 'emancipation' of women is not likely to affect the outcome. 'We are already beginning to realise that the thing itself is largely an illusion. So long as only a few women are emancipated, those few are free to do all kinds of things previously impossible. Now that all women are "emancipated", all women are back in the kitchen—or at the factory bench.' That is a poor prospect for a woman of brains; they are dulled in such servitude. So, using her head, she may begin to realise that her grandmother was shrewder—and freer.

Mr. Laver suggests that by 1956 the world will either have 'hardened into totalitarian states with a managed economy, controls and rations, and no liberty at all', or be emerging into a new Victorianism, complete with crinolines.

In saving us from the ant-state, he counts on the help of Fashion—and of Russia. 'Already in Russia is growing a new aristocracy.' As a natural sequel we may expect that 'the wives of the Commissars—and perhaps the Commissars themselves—will be as gorgeous as peacocks. The generals are putting up quite a good show already.' While British generals efface themselves in battledress, the Russians shine out

in superb tunics and long white kid gloves

Mr. Laver might well have gone further into the combined relation of fashion and the aristocratic principle, especially on the psychological side. Virile types of men instinctively desire women who appear highly feminine. A negative proof of this has been noted in the way that the homosexually inclined tend to prefer the opposite sex, in so far as they care for them at all, to approximate to their own. But it can be seen even more obviously in the way that the weak type of man so commonly pairs off with the dominant type of woman. In the periods and classes where men were highly virile, they naturally imposed their desire. The result is reflected in the basic similarity of Elizabethan, Georgian and Victorian fashions. For although in the Victorian age the aristocracy were becoming feeble, the bourgeoisie were full of enterprise in their own line; hence, while having no taste for display in their own dress, many of them conformed to the aristocratic idea of wanting their womenfolk to be resplendent, in a feminine style. It is only in our time that the desire to rise has given place to a shrinking trend down to a dead level of equality.

Mr. Laver is not so penetrating as usual when he remarks—'when a man says that the fashions of the year (whatever it is) were the ones he liked best, the important thing is the date, for that is when he went out of business. It merely means he is getting old.' That remark does not account for the immense popularity that crinoline styles have enjoyed on the stage or film ever since the First World War. Hardly any men now living have ever seen a crinoline in normal wear. So the outstanding attraction they exert must represent some deep craving that is timeless—though the instability of our time may have tended to intensify it.

But the fact that such feminine styles have not returned to fashion in ordinary life suggests that the men of this period are not strong enough to impose their desires—or that their instincts are not strong enough. That conclusion corresponds to what has happened in other spheres. There would not be so many dominant women if there were more dominating men. The lack here makes for the insecurity of women and their brood. It is a vicious circle. The typical Englishman or Frenchman of this period has had an appeasing and unenterprising attitude compared with his forbears. The symptoms of a decline in his virility preceded the decline in the position of those countries. Fashion was prophetic.

### **New Books**

#### WAR OR PEACE?

By Lionel Curtis. Oxford University Press. 3s.6d.

#### THE ANATOMY OF PEACE

By Emery Reves. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

#### REVIEWED BY PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN

Mr. Lionel Curtis is the great pioneer of the Federal Union idea in our generation. The words themselves, 'Federal Union', are to be found in Gibbon's Decline and Fall. The constitutional idea was worked out in The Federalist. World government, or a 'cosmopolitical institution', as the only way to end war, was put forward in his Perpetual Peace (1795) by the philosopher, Immanuel Kant. For years the idea lay fallow. Andrew Carnegie and others wrote only in terms of regional union. The notion of some political relation more intensive than the League of Nations—sovereign nations—was revived by Mr. Curtis in book after book, beginning with his Civitas Dei (1934). Since then Lord Lothian, Mr. Clarence Streit, Professor Lionel Robbins and Lord Beveridge have laboured in the vineyard, and there now seems to be some indication that Mr. Ernest Bevin and others are prepared to enter into their labours.

My personal feeling, as that of one who first wrote on this theme twenty-one years ago, is that the pioneers, the Nestors, have been inadequately honoured. But in the case of Mr. Curtis, it may be precisely his knowledge that stands in his way. A book with a Latin title will scarcely start a popular movement, although it may appeal to an Oxford common room. It was unhappily significant that Streit, when he wrote his Union Now, had never heard of Curtis's work. Also Mr. Curtis tends to write too much as if from an annex of the Foreign Office, judiciously recommending modest first steps, although one suspects that he cannot count the Foreign Office staff among his chief supporters. The mass of humanity neither thinks nor feels this way. Men tend to be either perfectionists or traditionalists. And the politicians often enough follow the mass which they lead, although the present Foreign Secretary here offers a cheerful contrast.

Mr. Emery Reves, on the other hand, mentions neither Kant nor Curtis nor Streit. And yet one feels that this naturalised Hungarian, British subject and American resident, who is a first-class salesman, will get things done and will impress the simple minds of the politicians. He thinks that William the Norman ended the Heptarchy, and cheerfully puts contemporary Communists and Socialists together in one lump. But what does it matter? Most people have never heard of the Heptarchy anyhow. Mr. Emery Reves's book is written in the tradition of Sir Norman Angell, who believes that the test of a first-class mind is ability to reduce every subject to terms of ABC. Mr. Reves makes straight for the fundamentals, and treats Marxist explanations of war in the same brief, brusque fashion in which the Marxist pamphleteers treated their opponents. He goes into battle with flags unfurled, and drums beating. His book is 'the answer the whole world was seeking'. It is 'the book of the century'. Literary critics stand by to say that only The Federalist bears comparison with it. It is the answer to Hiroshima. The author of this last remark was Professor Einstein. For those who have never read Kant or Lothian's Patriotism is Not Enough (1935)—both of whom anticipated the answer—I think the remark to be true.

I ask World Review readers to ask themselves whether they have in fact read either Kant's book or Lothian's pamphlet; and then to act. Buy Reves's book. Among the Americans over a thousand discussion clubs have made it a subject for their discussions. In Britain, Federal Union organisations languish from lack of interest. When is Britain going to be here as far ahead of America as it is in research on jetpropelled aerial torpedoes? Are we not far too smug about our 'moral leadership'?

Federal Unionism long preceded the San

Francisco Conference. But the demand for world government, as distinct from world Kremlinism, arises from disappointment with the United Nations Organisation—into which Roosevelt and Churchill led the reluctant Russians at Yalta by dangling the carrot of the veto in front of their noses. It arises from this, and from alarm over the new engines of war.

The atom bomb and the veto are the core of the matter today. The atom bomb means that I can vaporise you instantaneously, ten thousand of you—although bacteriological and gas warfare may be actually more unpleasant violations of Kant's maxim that 'no state at war with another shall countenance such modes of hostility as would make mutual confidence impossible.' The veto means that, if my friend or I contemplate aggression, you cannot legally take steps to check it because I shall forbid it.

There are some emment writers who think that to demand the reduction to impotence of the veto, as advocated in effect by the Prime Minister, is to bark up the wrong tree. Mr. Curtis accuses Walter Lippmann of believing, like the late Frank Simonds in his Price of Peace (1935), that nations will not sacrifice their sovereignty. Walter Lippmann's adoption, in his U.S. War Aims, of my suggestion of the need (at least within certain regions) for 'organic consultation'—and this as Number One American war aim—points in the opposite direction. But Mr. Lippmann has certainly urged that a potential aggressor will not be content merely to use the veto, but will set to work to constitute for itself a dynamic alliance, as Hitler did, or a majority of votes. This is entirely true. But I fail to see that an aggressor should be provided also with the propaganda advantage of being put in a strong legal position to block preventive methods and seem sanctimonious. The veto will neither cause nor prevent war; but it is a lethal weapon against the effective organisation of a league to enforce peace.

The unanimity rule is another, more polite, name for the veto. The Times has made the suggestion that, if no votes were taken, no vetoes would be heard. One suspects here the hand of Professor E. H. Carr. Basically this view rests on defeatism about inspiring the vetoing will with a proper respect for the force it is up against. It is cowardice and Municheering at its worst; and (as usual) an unnecessary concession which fulfils its own worst fears. And to add that this rule of unanimity was the pious hope and abstract formula of the little warring sovereigns of the past, before the

bomb, does not seem realism but irrelevance.

The bomb and the veto, however, are but the incidents of the moment in the power game, and in the long struggle to emancipate mankind from war. Mr. Reves finds the root of all the evil in national sovereignty. This is the cause of war. As the best propaganda attack, I agree with his slogan. It is nearer the bone than to say that the cause of war is the repression of liberty or, with the Marxists, that the basic cause of all ill is capitalism or wrong economic distribution.

But indeed the lawyer's doctrine of sovereignty is not the cause, but the symptom, of the disease. Did lawyers but accept a change of words and the older American theory of jurisprudence whereby there can be 'a greater and a lesser sovereignty', this 'cause' would be at an end. If national sovereignty is the evil, why have men for three centuries so earnestly wanted it? If they wanted it to repress disorder. then the disorder is the cause of the trouble. Sometimes this impulse towards disorder is called the sacred urge to class liberty or to national liberty. Everything is not all so simple, short of a radical analysis. We shall make no advance until we recognise that we are dealing with a deep human instinct to acquire power, based on fear and insecurity-on a fear that turns (as every psychologist knows) to aggression. The provision of security, in part by re-education and in part by the rule of law and observance of due process of law, must take first priority. Economic just distribution and substantial liberty alike presuppose this security, which the U.N.O. tied to the veto cannot give. It can only be given by some closer approximation to a federation of all nations-or of all nations which are like-minded in the cause of peace and law and which also hold decisive and overwhelming power.

The oldest rule of domestic law is that, before issues of equity are decided, the authority of the court must be accepted. This we shall have to fight for in international affairs. We must have a world court. But if this court gives its judgment, who shall execute it? It is Andrew Jackson's old question to John Marshall. The answer must be a world executive. The people are ripe for this answer and even, as Mr. Bevin suggests, to elect peoples' representatives to legislate to this end. Except among those with different designs, the barriers are of lath and stucco. Mr. Reves is the latest of a line that leads the assault; and a Gallup Poll would soon confirm their judgment to be right as to the will of the common man among all peoples.

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It is fashionable to debunk the heroisms of history; and statistics are valued above human deeds. Miss Wedgwood protests against these modern tendencies: 'Everyone should know what the conditions of the working classes were in the early nineteenth century, and the economic causes of the Hundred Years' War are not to be neglected. Yet be the mind never so full of facts, the education of the heart is incomplete if no time has been left for Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen.'

Yet how is the true hero to be distinguished from the tyrant in the welter of historical fact and opinion that has been handed down to use It is one of the essential gifts of the good historian to be able to recognise the rare quality in human beings. Miss Wedgwood possesses that intuitive feeling that knows the quality in a work of art or a human being—a welcome gift in an age when cynics and fanatics shout loudly.

M. CRICHTON-GORDON

#### THE LIVING NOVEL

By V. S. Pritchett. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

There is nothing pretentious in the title which Mr. Pritchett has chosen for his latest collection of criticisms. Although he deals with thirty-odd novelists, his book has a pattern—the pattern of life itself. Mr. Pritchett is not writing in the seclusion of his study; he is down in the market-place, beckoning to his subjects as they pass. It is perhaps significant that he was not moved to write about Henry James, that perfect novelist of the interior.

Not all the articles have the same importance; occasionally, as in the case of J. Meade Faulkner, he digs up a half-forgotten figure of the past to look at him again in a new light. The result is always interesting, for Mr. Pritchett has always something new to say, but he seems to be most at home among the French and the Russians. The essay on Balzac is among the best in the book. It begins with a description of the house at Passy and the trap-door through which 'the fat and breathless novelist of 41 went stumbling and blurting, like his own prose, to the Seine. Felicitous touches like these can be found on every page. A great deal of preliminary work must have gone into the writing of these 2,000word articles. Mr. Pritchett's method is to explore the milieu first, collect the important biographical data, and then assess the writer against the background of his age. The resulting portrait is alive and vivid.

If there is one criticism to be made of these complete and rounded assessments, it is that they are too brief; they whet the appetite for more. But Mr. Pritchett has certainly achieved his purpose of 'catching the novelist in the throb of writing.'

R. A. WILLIAMS.

#### THE SILENT REVOLUTION

By Peter Baker. Falcon Press. 1s.

Anyone reckoning up the balance of loss and gain that war involves should place on the credit side of the ledger the opportunity afforded to some, cut off from their books and lacking the stimulant of the daily and periodical press, to search into their minds for a restatement of their philosophy. While a prisoner of war in Germany, Peter Baker wrote this essay to a fellow prisoner why he was (and is) a Tory. It is the work of a writer—and a poet—whose mind is steeped in the past, such indeed is the essence of his Toryism, and yet whose eyes are fixed on the future. Having scant respect for the politicians of either the present or the recent past, the author recalls the political and cultural creativity and greatness which marked this country's history under Elizabeth and Victoria, and, with the prospect of a second Elizabeth ascending the throne, he summons us to rival the achievements of the Elizabethan era. In brief compass he includes an essay in historical analogy with a penetrating analysis of both the evils and needs of present-day politics. The unfortunate addition of a bitter and irrelevant epilogue detracts from the burning moral fervour which marks the original essay. J. A. HUTTON

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#### WHEN THE GOING WAS GOOD

By Evelyn Waugh. Duckworth. 158.

This selection, from Mr. Waugh's travel writings, comprises all that he himself considers worthy of preservation of four books written between 1929 and 1935: Labels, Remote People. Ninety-two Days and Waugh in Abyssinia. The result is a highly readable and entertaining narrative of journeys in Africa, South America. and the Mediterranean. There was a fifth book. Robbery under Law, about Mexico, which he has been content to leave in oblivion, 'for it dealt little with travel and much with political questions.' But though politics is eschewed in the present volume, this is not to suggest that Mr. Waugh has in the least repented of his former political ideas. On the contrary, as he tells us in his preface, re-reading his books after the experience of recent years, he 'found little to retract.' But we can be thankful for the omissions; he has done a skilful job of cutting: the fifty-odd pages he retains of his Abyssinian war reportage, for example, reveal nothing of the vehement prejudice and Fascist-minded spleen which invariably characterise his excursions into the sphere of political polemic. What remains is wholly delightful—a witty and goodnatured account of the trials and troubles, the absurdities and frustrations of life as a war correspondent, and engaging descriptions of some of his more eccentric colleagues, of Ethiopian bureaucrats, of fruitless journeys in strange, remote landscapes.

Even more entertaining is the account, from Remote People, of the coronation of Haile Selassie in 1930—an experience which obviously served as background for that deliciously lighthearted fantasia, Black Mischief. The authentic details of this Abyssinian episode are in their own way as amusing, as picturesque, and as absurd as the imaginary adventures of Basil Seal.

Here, Mr. Waugh is in his element. In the remaining three anecdotes, describing a Mediterranean cruise, a tour of Central Africa and an exploring expedition in Brazil, the writing lacks verve, inspiration often falters, the wit is less acute. The first-named, and chronologically the earliest, is particularly weak-trivial, jejune and rather callow. The others have their amusing moments-flashes of sardonic wit, shrewd character-sketches, curious and fantastic encounters. But only in the Abyssinian passages do we have Mr. Waugh at his brilliant best.

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LINDSAY DRUMMOND

#### CORRESPONDENCE

From: E. H. Price, 90 Queen's Road Richmond.

#### 'Up the Rebels!'

Let me protest against a sentence on page twelve of your January 1947 issue regarding the Socialist Rebels, these Socialist M.P.s who have dared to advance thoughts of their own on foreign policy. The sentence reads—'Vauntingly ambitious and ridiculously self-important long-haired folk, they are of the type which is always "agin" any organisation in which they do not figure in the front of the stage as prima donnas.'

This is not 'thinking aloud'. It is shouting aloud, and shouting of the most vulgar and blatant kind. Whatever one may think of the opinions expressed by Crossman and his colleagues or of the timing of their protest, there can be little doubt of their sincerity and still less doubt that their views were the result of a genuine desire that our foreign policy should lead the country into a period of constructive peace. It is unnecessary to ask then, as you suggest in your next sentence, what their foreign policy would be. It was stated in the debate on their amendment and in their earlier letter to the Prime Minister. It would be fairer and more instructive to your readers to argue on their views rather than abuse the men themselves.

From: Dr. Joseph M. Weidberg, 3511 Flamingo Drive, Miami Beach, Fla.

#### 'Against Terrorism in Principle'

To those of us Americans who consider themselves also cosmopolitan—and the writer 'fancies' that he is to be included among the latter as he, amongst other general world publications, also subscribes to your World Review—your statement about American economists, 'if these persons can be dignified by such a name', is certainly in very bad taste.

Turning to your analysis of 'The Zionist Frenzy', you are quite right in assuming that all thinking people, whether Jews or non-Jews, are against terrorism as such; to use the language of diplomats, 'we are all against it in principle.'

Yet, you had the effrontery to forget the trampling down of Jewish rights, the murderous killing of Jews and even innocent 'Tommies' by your government trampling on its sacred promises, not forgetting the promises and declarations of your previous government. I wonder how, as a cultured, intelligent human being, you use the language of Hitler in making a whole community—'the Jewish community in this country'—responsible and in no veiled terms to be made to pay, 'if a British woman or child is killed.' Is the life of a British woman or child holier than the life of other human beings?

From: Florence E. Key, Little Chantry, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

#### 'What are Women's Interests?'

I buy World Review regularly. Whether this disqualifies me from being regarded as one of 'any woman born', or classes me as 'a very odd woman', is for you to judge.

In any case, I assure you that I also read The Observer and always read Alison Settle's column with great interest, and I am not by any means alone in my appreciation of her commentary on current events as they especially affect women. I can also assure you that conditions of work in the Post Office Telephone Department, and in the shoe trade, are of great significance to women, especially those whose livelihood depends on them. Intelligent women are watching closely the reports of working parties, whose main interest appears to be to attract men into industries and to operations within these industries which have hitherto been traditionally women's work. Women, who have proved during the war that they could justifiably extend their fields of labour, are indeed 'interested' to find that the Evershed Report holds out the prospect of better apprenticeships than for girls, and proposes to restrict women's work there. If you think that today 'women's interests' are confined to dress, cookery recipes and household hints, you are hopelessly out of date. These things do interest women, and Alison Settle does not ignore the fact. But surely in a world where every worker is needed, and at a time when the Prime Minister urges even married women to leave their homes to help in the export drive, women would be unforgivably unintelligent if they were not interested to learn what is to be their status in the world of industry which they are invited to enter.

P.S.—If these articles in the women's columns of the *Sunday Times* and *Sunday Observer* are the results of 'hand-outs', I hope someone will continue to hand them out! But could you not imagine that these women journalists have read the reports themselves?

From: L. Varley, 11 Greenfield Road, Meadowhead, Sheffield 8.

#### 'We Are Bringing Up Delinquents'

I have just re-read the article by I. C. Thimann in the World Review for November on 'The Plight of the Grammar Schools'. The state of things in the world of education certainly makes one think, and it is a little encouraging when such articles are published in papers like World Review. I agree with what the writer says, but surely it is the lack of education in our Primary Schools which needs drastic treatment, if ever we are to have an educated democracy. School milk, school meals, school doctors, school nurses and psychologists do not make children intelligent; indeed I am inclined to think that the meals round the family table were of much greater value and the walk home in the middle of the day was good from every point of view.

We, as ratepayers, have no power whatever—the teachers have no power; the Director of Education with his ever-growing assistants and committees is an absolute autocrat. All we do is to pay an ever-increasing education rate for education which is not there. The low standard of work, the lack of cultural knowledge, and the lack of religious knowledge all need bringing to light. The idea seems to be 'children must not be thwarted', and the result is appalling. The growing number of boys and girls in the schools for delinquent children is the direct result, in my opinion, of the present system.

Unless the present system of education in this country is drastically changed, we shall quickly lose our place among the other nations of the world.

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### **Cross-Section**

#### OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

#### Russian Policy

A GENERAL survey of Eastern Europe and South-West Asia shows Russia busy building up for herself a defence zone and an economic sphere. The barrier thus created, however, is not watertight. Communism has made no headway in Central Europe. But there are signs also that the South Slavs are not anxious to cut themselves off altogether from Western Europe or America, since only from this quarter can help for economic reconstruction come.

They know that Russia is in no position to do this for them, and, indeed, is more inclined to use them as an aid to her own reconstruction. Thus the Western Powers are not without influence in the countries behind the iron curtain. The economic weakness of Russia is liable to create a vacuum in countries like Yugoslavia, where two successive droughts and the winding up of UNRRA may cause a serious economic situation this year.

Against this, one must reckon with Russia exploiting in the interests of Communism all weaknesses in the countries bordering the iron curtain, and the most dangerous spot in this connection is Greece. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, while Russia will avoid war at all costs, she regards disorder and anarchy in countries beyond her zone as something highly desirable and to be encouraged as making in the short run for the extension of that zone, and in the long run for the final attainment of World Revolution.

Nevertheless the outlook is not without some more hopeful features. It is not impossible that Moscow may come to the conclusion that the Western Powers are not on the verge of collapse after all, and that temporary agreement with them is perhaps better than continuous obstruction and hostile propaganda. Britain can help in this by having a policy of her own. Whilst standing four square with the U.S.A. in our championship, wherever possible in Eastern Europe, of civil liberties, we must avoid creat-

ing the impression that we are just playing second fiddle to American economic expansion under such phrases as freedom of trade and navigation of the Danube. The only way to deal with Russia is to be firm, but also friendly. If success is ever to be attained, it can only be in this way. For the rest we can only wait and see how the Russian mind develops.

M. PHILIPS PRICE in Contemporary Review

#### Brave New World

The modern world is advancing towards totalitarian servitude as surely and inexorably as a river flows to the sea—for the very simple reason that a world of machines must itself become a mechanism, and one so complex, with meshes so numerous and delicate, that the presence therein of a single free man will sooner or later appear as strange and menacing as would, in the solar system, a planet somehow exempt from the laws of universal gravitation.

In this march towards totalitarianism, the modern world drags after it whole herds of men who imagine they are leading it, when in fact it is they who are being led, or rather swept along. It is true that man created the machine, and is therefore in a sense the author of the civilisation of the machine. But it is the spirit of money-grubbing and speculation which caused men to multiply machines, much more than the passion for 'modern comfort' which, in spite of what they are led to believe, is by no means natural to them. This passion is fostered in them only by an immense campaign of propaganda and publicity. . .

This multiplication of machines daily introduces new problems, each more difficult to resolve and each marking a further step towards that odious paradise where liberty will be nothing but a monstrous anomaly, a pathological phenomenon. . .

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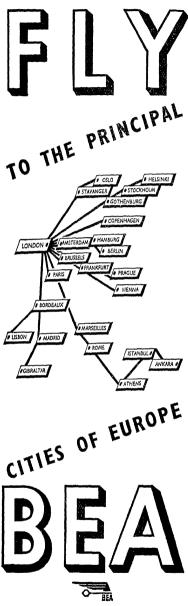
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#### The Price of Full Employment

What the country needs is more output at the present wage rates, but if more output can only be got by paying higher wages, let us have the output. Yet the evidence shows that this is not the way the unions' collective mind is working. Though they are not averse to any increases in wages, what the workers really want, as shown by what they will strike for, is more leisure—the only thing that is quite certainly disastrous to the country.

The Achilles' Heel of the new economics has always been recognised to be the absence of any assurance that full employment would not be wrecked by labour irresponsibility. . . . If, in conditions of full employment, the workers' productivity goes down, then all the fine promises of universal wealth that are based on full employment go out of the window. And if, when the demand for labour exceeds the supply, the workers will not resist the temptation to exploit their bargaining strength to the limit, full employment will merely turn into the old-fashioned price inflation, to be followed by the old-fashioned slump.

On the evidence, as it exists up to the present, organised labour does not for certain possess the flexibility of mind or the responsibility needed to work either a policy for wealth or full employment. Transport House, perhaps, does have these qualities—the sense of responsibility certainly, the flexibility of mind more doubtfully. But it is painfully apparent that the workers will not follow their chairborne leaders; they prefer to follow the shop steward in the street. . . . Every time there is one of these unofficial strikes, the conclusion seems to be reinforced that it is only when there is some unemployment that organised labour will behave responsibly enough to make full employment possible.

This is the conclusion suggested by the evidence available at present. But it is not a conclusion that can make anybody very happy, for if it is confirmed, it means that full employment in a free society is not, after all, attainable and that every democracy will have to choose whether it prefers stable employment at the cost of controls on the freedom of labour, or freedom at the cost of enough unemployment to maintain what is sometimes provocatively, but not inaccurately, known as industrial discipline. In short, how can the rank and file of Labour acquire enough self-control to avoid the necessity for both of the external disciplines—both

that of labour conscription and that of unemployment? This is not, of course, a new dilemma. All that is new is the proof that it is a very real problem, not an academic argument, and the demonstration that the answer is not to be had from the comfortable gentlemen who go to Trades Union Congresses, but from the active leaders of the rank-and-file, the vociferous ten per cent who, without being office-holders in the unions, actually start and lead the unofficial strikes.

The Economist

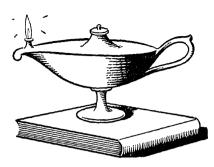
#### An Untragic People?

A MERICA's failure to create first-rate tragedies may not seem like a national disaster. Yet dramatic tragedy has been the chosen medium of history's greatest artists, and our failure in it may betoken some deeper failure in the American character or scene. A people who cannot witness great reminders of the tragic aspect of their own existence are not getting the most out of life and perhaps cannot be ranked among the greatest civilisations. The people of Athens and of Shakespeare's England were able to suffer vicariously with their tragic heroes in an emotional workout that left them wiser and more serene. That, said Aristotle, is the purpose of tragedy—to purge the emotions through pity and fear. But Americans disapprove of fear and want to free the world of it. Are we an essentially untragic people?

To gain a sense of tragedy, Americans must therefore virtually reverse two of their dearest values: on the one hand, we must recover our awareness of evil, uncertainty and fear; on the other, we must gain a sense of man's occasional greatness (which is quite a different thing from the dignity of the common man'). For tragedy, in essence, is the spectacle of a great man confronting his own finiteness and being punished for letting his reach exceed his grasp. The Greeks had two words for this-hybris, pride, and moira, fate—which told them that subtle dangers lurked in all human achievements and that the bigger they are, the harder they fall. But if Americans believe that there are no insoluble questions, they can't ask tragic questions. And if they believe that punishment is only for ignorance or inadequate effort, they can't give tragic answers. They can't have the tragic sense.

That sense is to feel a due humility before the forces that are able to humble us, without wishing to avoid the contest where the humbling may take place. We will be a more civilised people when we get it.

Editorial in Life



## "In the present state of medical knowledge..."

The doctors of the Golden Age were the sun and good fresh air, and man's leisure to enjoy them. As life became more complex it imposed an increasing strain on human nerves-a strain which has perhaps reached its climax in the last few years. That is why even the strongest nervous system to-day must be kept adequately supplied with organic phosphorus and protein-those two essentials which spell nerve health and vitality. In 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic organic phosphorus and protein are chemically combined, in the form most easily absorbed by the system. If you are feeling tired or run-down ask your chemist if he has a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

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#### The New Czechoslovakia

FROM the purely Czechoslovak point of view—especially in the light of the tension which has arisen between East and West—it is hard not to conclude that they are better off as they are. For them there is no 'Russian problem'. That problem was solved even before the country was liberated by a close Soviet-Czech alliance.

Furthermore, though the Communist Party is stronger than it would otherwise have been, it is also more constructive. As the first Party in the State, the Party of the Prime Minister as well as the Party which controls all the economic Ministries with the exception of foreign trade. the Communist Party is determined to make of the Third Czechoslovak Republic a strong. prosperous, and stable country. Being a Democratic Party which relies in large measure for its power on the ordinary workings of a free and secret electoral system, the Czech and Slovak Communist Parties are today Parties based on a mass vote rather than élite Parties made up of convinced Marxists. This, plus the fact that they have also, at any rate for the time being, agreed to work with a real Coalition Government, gives the Czechoslovak Communist Party a distinctive character.

Here in Czechoslovakia is being worked out the practice, if not the theory, of Communist-Democratic collaboration. This has been made possible not only by the 'activism' of the Communist Party but equally by the will to collaborate of the Democratic Parties. The real anti-Communist Parties of pre-war days—the Agrarians, National Democrats, etc.—have been liquidated, and the bases of their power have been removed by the nationalisation decrees, which struck at collaborators as well as Germans and transferred some seventy per cent of Czech firms from the hands of private individuals and companies to those of the State.

In Czechoslovakia is to be found the phenomenon which alone, in the writer's view at least, holds out any hope of progress and peace in Europe—that of the non-Communist Left. The three other Czech Parties in the Coalition Government are primarily non-Communist rather than anti-Communist Parties; hence the possibility of compromise and collaboration. Hence, also, the existence of internal and external stability instead of internal conflict and external interference. World To-day

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#### Incentive

IT should never be overlooked, in particular in our present time, that the level of money wages, however high, does not always guarantee greater incentives for work, even if Lord Brassey's fundamental law of 'high wages, high efficiency' is accepted. Where restrictions of the purchasing power, as they have been in force since 1940, or where very high direct taxation artificially reduce the amount of wages which may be spent on consumption, the stimulating effect of high money wages on efficiency is obviously curtailed. It was recently stated as to coal miners that the high income tax acts directly as a check to greater exertion. A single man working five shifts a week at 24s. a shift will earn after deduction of tax  $f_{240}$  in a full year, or  $f_{48}$  per shift annually. On a sixth shift he will pay out about 11s. in tax, and thus only adds f,34 to his income in a full year. To put it in another way, he pays an average of f,14 in tax on each of the first five shifts, but £28-or exactly double-on the sixth. One should agree when Mr. J. C. Johnstone dealing with the 'Coal Situation' in a thoughtful pamphlet draws from this the conclusion: 'That is hardly an incentive to work a full week.' Contemporary Review

#### The Butlin Technique

It is not easy to estimate the cultural potentialities of Butlineers in mass, as against the level revealed at any one time. The normal entertainment pattern embraces Holiday Lovelies and Knobbly Knees competitions, mannequin parades, table tennis, personal appearances of such people as Godfrey Winn, theatre organ recitals, palm court music, variety, demonstrations by Europe's Champion Stock Whip Manipulator, dancing and massed physical culture. Now and again, however, Butlin throws in surprises such as Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop, playing Molière and Lorca, apparently with success. Recently he has also imported Italian Opera. Reading matter provided by the camp shops is almost entirely of the blood and romance class. . . .

All the characteristics of a Butlin camp entertainment, cultural, eating and accommodation—are in the long run governed by the principle of dealing with the customers in units of a thousand. The long châlet lines are the product of this method; the decoration of the public rooms is of a kind which a thousand



'It says here that this was his non-productive period.'
NEW YORKER

people from an industrial town might be imagined to want. The lavatories and bathrooms are for mass use.

It is quite obvious even at the first glance at any of the three camps now operating that Mr. Butlin has himself a rare genius for large-scale organisation on economical lines. Only three main meals are served, precisely at 8.30 a.m., I p.m. and 6.30 p.m., and the dining halls are commonly emptied within forty minutes.

Naturally, such mass organisation can only work efficiently given full co-operation by the visitor. And, since this must also be given in mass, every effort is made to regulate the holiday-maker's movements so that they comply with the broad pattern of the day's programme. It is the function of Radio Butlin (an immense public address system radiating to all corners of the camp), assisted by the redcoat staff, to secure this, by directives cleverly disguised as affable announcements which punctuate the day from the 7.45 a.m. call and 'waking song' to the Campers' Goodnight.

In addition, the system of 'houses' is cleverly used to produce a sense of solidarity among the people of the 1,000-units whom Butlin knows so well how to handle. . . .

A glimpse of the commercial psychology involved was given us by a pleasant little middle-aged working gardener's wife to whom we spoke. 'It makes you feel so posh,' she said, 'quite like being at a public school.'

Contact

#### Time—and Whitehall!

Passing through a South London street I saw a shop displaying an electric clock bearing the notice: 'Correct Time—subject to Shinwell's manipulations.'

Weekly News Letter



## IT'S THE MOVEMENT THAT COUNTS

Talk on Torque



The Smith electric clock movement has a coil encircling a magnetic rotor. This gives the rotor torque of considerable power and constancy. That is why Smith 'Sectric' Clocks are so eminently dependable. Jewellers, Electricians and Stores will soon be able to supply you from a variety of models.

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#### Wisdom from the East!

How is it that many of the present day women cannot find time for any home work?

Because they have more important business, and so have to spend one hour for toe-nail painting, two hours for finger-nail cleaning, paring, painting and polishing; three hours for lip-sticking, rougeing, painting, eye-browing and lashing; considerable time for hair-dyeing, curling and dressing; and plenty of time for Bioscoping.



Why are young men who marry when they are able to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, but have not even a moustache to bless their soul, called 'Fools', by rash people?

Because those blooming husbands are ignorant of the fact that among the mortals women predominate by fifty per cent, so that a man is not performing a feat by shouldering a burden in a mighty hurry.

Why do some people have great faith in Bribery?

Because it is a Fine Art which enables strong men, who are good wire-pullers, to shower manifold blessings on the black sheep and the worms.

\* \* \*

Why is Civilisation even better than Barbarism?

Because civilisation is preached by educated big bodies (who are mostly baptised Christians), desirous of inculcating ignorant sunburnt people in the art of chopping wood and drawing water; when those fellows don't listen to their auto-harps, the benevolent educated people lose their temper, and out of sympathy for the poor devils wipe them off the face of the Earth by the most expeditious civilised methods under the sun.

W. A. SUMANASETARA

#### Things They Say

WE must put our foot on solid ground before we rush into dangerous waters.

SARDAR VALLABHBHAI PATEL, Member of Indian Constituent Assembly

#### An Englishman on France

THE French mind is the reverse of frivolous: nor is it 'gay'. It suggests the mind of Rome under the Adoptive Emperors as portrayed by Walter Pater. Clarity is its chief characteristic: and this is often tinged with disillusionment. Life is brief; too much must not be expected of it; as it has to be lived, there is wisdom in making the best of what it offers. From this comes a frank interest in the material pleasures among most; and among the intellectuals a disinclination to err in the direction of optimism. Men must not fool themselves with illusive hopes. Clarity of thought in the one section sometimes leads to hedonism, in the other section to cynicism. Its best manifestation is in a robust dignity of mind that is to be found in all classes—not, of course, universally but commonly.

#### A French Girl on England

It was not just their speech; it was the English themselves that I could not understand. I found them different from us in every way, from their manner of thinking to their mode of dress; and what struck me particularly was their similarity—just like the dreary uniformity of the long rows of brick houses as one approaches London. I was more especially conscious of it because of my French mania for defining things and people, for establishing their outline and individuality.

Slowly and by degrees I came to understand that this uniformity was purely exterior. That was one of the most difficult truths for me to learn.

Then another thing struck me and captivated me: in spite of the apparent conformism of his thought, language, conduct, the Englishman has very real independence of judgment and of action. Indeed he is indifferent to the opinion of others. The English remain true to themselves, everywhere, always! This trait is manifest even in their reluctance to express themselves in any other language but their own.

France—England

#### Depends on the Legs

Q. I AM a motorcyclist and am constantly annoyed by dogs, which run out and bite my legs. Would it be lawful to carry and use an ammonia squirt-gun?—Louise.

A. Yes, a lady has the right to protect her legs, even if she has to ammoniate dogs to do so.

Philadelphia Record



'Je regrette, monsieur, mais il est défendu de fumer, ici, dans ce musée.'

#### Peace Treaties and Disarmament

The rate at which the world can move toward a treaty will almost certainly depend upon the rate at which it can advance toward a general settlement of the war. We may take it as certain that there will be no actual atomic disarmament unless there is also a simultaneous agreement in the whole field of military power.

the consequences of this war.

There will be no disarmament, atomic or otherwise, unless the rivalry of the great powers is replaced by a concert of the great powers. As long as they are in fact rivals, as they are now, and therefore potential enemies, agreements, however promising when they are stated in general terms, will be obstructed by disagreement over concrete details.

This is not in reality a pessimistic view. For it means in practice that we shall be discussing disarmament while we are discussing a political and economic peace. The two discussions will be carried on at the same time. Neither can be concluded separately. Either we shall achieve both peace and disarmament, or we shall get neither.

WALTER LIPPMANN in New York Herald Tribune

#### Britain's Best Defence

PEACETIME conscription, a crushing burden of expenditure on defence, and the sterilisation of ill-spared land for military training-this is the price which, in the opinion of the orthodox, Britain must pay for her security and the maintenance of her power in the international beargarden. It is a price which the nation manifestly cannot afford. Britain's ability even to obtain the benefits claimed is open to grave doubt. If there were no alternative, it would be useless to complain. Britain is accustomed to bearing hardships and to taking risks. It is another matter, however, if the hardships and risks are unnecessary, due to an entirely wrong-headed view of the defensive strategy suitable to an island.

Serious attention should, therefore, be given to two important articles recently contributed by Captain Bernard Acworth to the Catholic Herald, in which he discusses the 'Outlines of a Defensive Strategy for Britain' and answers in the negative the question 'Is Conscription Necessary?' His argument rests on the contention that Britain, with her limited manpower and resources, cannot compete with Continental Powers in the 'blood and mud' school of warfare, but that her geographical position and unrivalled naval experience offer opportunities for a type of defence peculiarly her own, and as effective as it is unexacting. The three essentials on which he insists are the restoration of our sea power, the conversion of our air power into a 'potent but purely defensive force', and the rebuilding of a 'small, appropriately armed, long-service professional Army' to garrison the homeland and its communications. It is impossible in a short note to give more than a general idea of his proposals, and it is to be hoped that the articles will be reprinted so that as wide a public as possible may have the chance to consider and digest them. That is the least they deserve when they suggest a way, not only of saving money and lives, but also of defending our national interests successfully without dependence on foreign help. Truth

#### Strange News

In Chicago, Dolores McCrossen lost her dog, asked police to find it. Identifying marks: red nail polish on its toenails.

In Copenhagen, Johannes Madsen got hit by a train, was ordered to pay the state railway for damage to the engine.

Time



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it - Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

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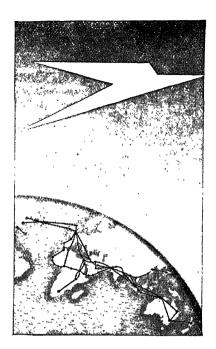
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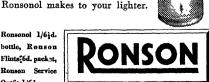
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# Germany's Literary Chameleons

GERMAN writers show a remarkable turn of speed in their Protean self-transformations from one day to the next. In other countries the creative writer sets the intellectual fashion; in Germany the fashion creates the writer. There have been cases where German writers, within a single decade, have changed not only their political convictions, but also their style, and their whole approach to literature and life, and changed them not once only, but three or four times. This supple versatility . . . is one of the most ominous symptoms in modern German history. And it was more than a symptom. As time went on, the German reading public had been trained by experience to give up any expectation that their creative writers would prove consistent, or even in any way ambitious to appear consistent. Literature, even with authors who indulged in ethical or political mouthings, had become essentially a thing of subjective feelings. That this was so was grimly confirmed as soon as Hitler seized power. The heart of the evil was not so much the terrible silence of acquiescence—far worse was the right-about-turn of the German writers, their easy, automatic conversion to National Socialism, which seemed to them no more than a successful literary trend. to which one should attach oneself as soon as possible. One had so often attached oneself to other successful literary trends before. . . . The great majority of German writers, musicians, and men of the theatre, kept silence in the first few months after the capitulation, anxiously and expectantly waiting for the punishment or the liquidation that they feared. But there was no special punishment, with the rarest exceptions, and soon the volunteers began to report for service. The best-known figures of Hitler's German culture began to write in the new German newspapers licensed by the Allied authorities. Their articles began with all sorts of excuses, the most varied assortment of alibis, the most passionate abuse of the Hitler régime, and the most exaggerated glorification of England, Russia and America. Emil Jannings, the actor, the personal friend and film hero of the Führer, publicly announced that he had a Jewish grandmother, born in Russia. Dr. Karl Scharping, the radio commentator, one of Goebbels' closest colleagues, who had been excelling himself a few months before in the most extravagant abuse of Great Britain, solemnly wrote a letter to the B.B.C., asking for a job.

HEINRICH FISCHER in Horizon

# The Rake's Progress

MEANTIME, the American Loan is running out. This was to have been the stand-by which kept us going while we put our house in order.

We spend forty-seven per cent of it in food; 29 per cent on films and fags. The remainder goes to the real job—fifteen per cent to buy raw materials, nine per cent to buy new capital equipment.

It is like borrowing £10 from a friend to 'tide things over', then 'blueing' £7 10s. on a night out before starting work.

FRANK OWEN in Daily Mail

## Good News

Some idea of the ascendancy gained by Britain over the United States in this market is provided by a Buenos Aires survey of a few weeks ago. This stated that, at the time of reckoning, Britain had sold 196 aircraft since V-Day against the United States seven.

By now the figures for Britain at any rate have risen.

Britain's success is attributed by informed observers in Buenos Aires to (a) efforts to satisfy markets at the shortest possible notice; (b) the adoption of elasticity in connection with prices.

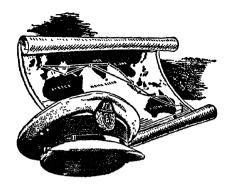
The Americans, they say, tend to concentrate on supplying domestic demands at the expense of exports; whereas Britain gives priority to foreign orders at the expense of her home and Dominion markets.

South American World

# Bringing up Baby

During their first year of existence, the infant delegates (of UNO) have cheerfully bitten into every major problem and quite a few minor ones. They have recommended that genocide be outlawed, armaments be reduced, troops be counted, atomic energy be controlled, culture be exchanged, Franco be unseated, children be fed, island bases be placed in safekeeping in the Grand Central package room, and a universal Bill of Rights be drawn. At this juncture, the United Nations reminds us of a yearold child who has managed to pull down every book from the bottom shelf in the living room and is sitting among them in happy confusion, shoving them about and vaguely conscious of some personal inadequacy somewhere.

New Yorker



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### **Bath Trouble**

ON 5 December 1946, at about 4.30 p.m., a female convict, it is alleged, fought the Prison Matron, Miss G. I. Umoh, at the U.A.C. beach. It is alleged that the prisoner was going to draw water at the U.A.C. beach in the company of other prisoners when the matron ordered her to take her bath as well. The prisoner refused, saying that the place was too open. The matron who could not control her temper, insisted, it is alleged, and soon began to whip her severely. The female convict who could not stomach the agony contumely then retaliated.

While the public are aware that these women as convicts deserve some punishment, they deplore the unnecessary and bestial flogging of these human beings. The public also appeal earnestly to the Prison Authorities to see that a special place is provided for these women prisoners for their bath as this beach is too open.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

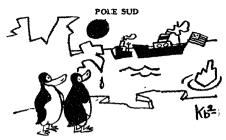
### A Wife's Value

Two recent divorces reported in the Press once more raise the question whether the damages awarded to the injured party should be based on the loss the husband has suffered by being deprived of his wife, or on the fortune of the co-respondent. In one case, Mr. Justice Pilcher, granting a divorce in Leeds to a husband who claimed damages from the co-respondent, a grain merchant, cut the claim from £1,000 to £,75, saying with regard to the wife: 'She is of no great value. She was extravagant and proved extremely lazy and incompetent.' In the other case, a decree nisi with agreed damages of £9,000 against the co-respondent, a captain in the U.S. army and described as a publisher and said to be a man of very considerable wealth, was granted to a husband, who said that he intended to settle two-thirds of the damages on his five-year-old son. Law Journal

# Bureaucracy?

Under at least one Authority a master who wishes to take a party of boys to see the gasworks must fill up in triplicate a form containing twelve headings and have it signed by the headmaster and four different officials three weeks before the visit.

MR. A. E. NICHOLS, of Exeter, at a Conference of Headmasters in London



—Vous y croyez, vous, un débarquement?

# Burr, Burr

In order to make five telephone calls in the Central London area yesterday, I had to try twenty-two coin boxes.

I made the following casualty list: no dialling tone, five; dialling tone continued after starting to dial, four; unobtainable signal started while dialling, three; pennies jammed in slot, two; persistent wrong numbers, two; instrument (mouthpiece, etc.), missing, one. Total, 17.

In two instances the 2d. would not return when button 'B' was pressed and in a third case I obtained a return of 2s. 2d. (belonging to a previous caller?) Letter in Evening Standard

### In defence of the Hen

The hen, if offered human friendship from babyhood, can be affectionate and charming. She can also be intelligent. She is nearly always a devoted, unselfish mother. I have known a cat and a hen to be almost inseparable companions.

Although nearly eight years have passed, I still mourn, occasionally, the passing of a Rhode Island Red hen who came to me with a sitting of chicks. Her devotion to me was complete. She knew the sound of my car, and was always eager to meet me every evening. And when I found her in a state of collapse she had been laying large double eggs; she revived for a few seconds to express pleasure in my return, and then died.

Letter in The Times Literary Supplement

# The Spaniards had a Word for it!

MEMBERS of the Spanish Academy of the Language recently discussed throughout an entire session whether the word estraperlo, the accepted term for the black market, should be admitted into the dictionary. They decided that it should not.

The Times

# Shirt-and Singer!

CUSTOMERS in a well-known West End hosiery shop were not a little surprised recently when a fellow-client at the shirt counter suddenly burst into song. The dark stranger moved from counter to counter buying a variety of merchandise, all the while giving forth snatches of Italian opera in a beautiful tenor voice.

It was Beniamino Gigli, out on a buying expedition.

Men's Wear

# 'Gilbertian' World

The Bill to empower local authorities to establish Civic Restaurants, presented by Mr. Strachey, was circulated on 19 November. It makes provision for the compulsory purchase of land, so local authorities should have no difficulty in securing the best sites, and embodies a clause which, somewhat surprisingly, allows Civic Restaurants to be run at a loss for the first five years.

This clause is likely to meet with strong criticism. It appears to give municipalities five years in which to put themselves—at the rate-payers' expense—in a strong position vis-à-vis their competitors in a highly competitive industry. Here is what might be the thin end of a formidable wedge. If Civic Restaurants, why not Civic Cinemas, Civic Bootshops, and so forth—all, during their years of infancy, indirectly subsidised by their competitors? This (it may be argued) is to envisage a truly Gilbertian situation—but are we not living now in a more or less Gilbertian world?

Law Journal

# Parfum d'Amour Radio-actif

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Advertisement in Point de Vue (Paris)



# MAKING LESS of more washing-up

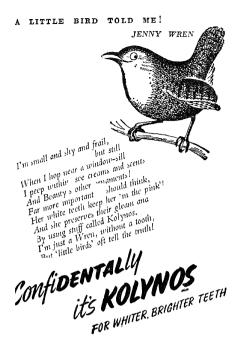
Hoteliers and factory canteen managers, with very large families to cater for, need help with their washing-up machines to make hard water soft and dispel film-forming grease.

Albright & Wilson, from their long experience with phosphates for water treatment, provide a water-softening detergent powder called "Calgonite" which gives a sparkling answer to an otherwise dull prospect.

# ALBRIGHT & WILSON

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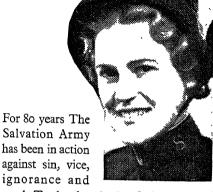
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### WORLD REVIEW

# PELMANISM

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# orld Review



Americans and the New Japan, page 33

UNITY OF EUROPE by Rowmund Pilsudski SCIENTIFIC MAN v. POWER POLITICS: A Review by C. E. M. Joad TURKEY AND THE DARDANELLES by Hal Lehrman

# The answer is in the negative

Has State management of industrial affairs proved so successful that it justifies an extension of controls? Has it proved itself capable of running the bus services as efficiently as they are managed under the present system?

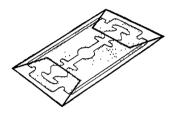


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# World Review

INCOPPODATING DEVIEW OF DEVIEWS

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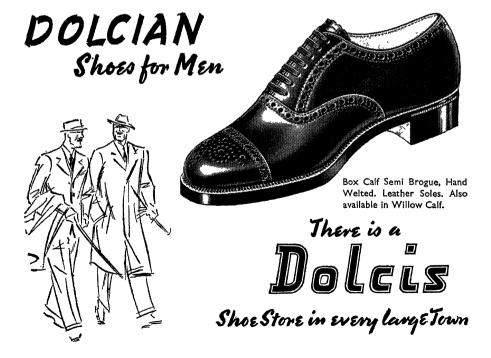
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I HAVE just got back from the Continent of Europe; and during my stay there I visited Switzerland. Now let me say straight away that that country should not be looked upon as a mere piece of snow and ice constituting 'the pleasure ground of the privileged'. In fact there was not always quite enough snow there this year.

The Swiss have other occupations beyond winter sports; and, despite what many people still persist in thinking, 'tourism' is not their first industry.

There is another, or rather there are many other 'Switzerlands' besides the skiers' paradise. Swiss industry is important; the country possesses several big towns of real interest; Swiss democracy is a study in itself and a worthwhile one—it is not true that Switzerland has no politics. This small country is indeed a great education at the moment for all. And one could wish that it were possible for more Britons at the present time to visit the ordinary Swiss town or village. For there he would find life, or rather an example of his own civilisation, more or less as it was lived before the late war. He would find normal men and

women working there and having their being.

There is something very odd about the Swiss when you first meet them again! You soon realise that it is they who are sane, living in reasonably sane surroundings, whilst one lives oneself in something very like a lunatic asylum!

The traveller has only to step off the (very clean) electric express into the enormous (and equally clean) railway station at Zurich to get the general idea. The train is absolutely punctual; despite the lack of Fascism, and in spite of the fact that many parts of the country lie under a mantle of snow. Whether it would pay British railways to introduce the anti-snow devices used on Swiss, German and Russian railways I cannot tell; though I think they might try a few of them.

The first thing that strikes the passenger at Zurich, from the railway station outwards and onwards, is a sense of enjoying a really modern city which does not seem to possess the sordidness that appears to march with modernity in Britain. The city of Zurich is, in fact, very like the best of the United States; or if you will, the best of pre-Hitler Germany—though there is not quite the bigness and the stimulus of America or the old Germany; or the beauty of Italy, or the picturesqueness of next-door Austria.

# Politeness at Last!

THE people, if a little 'solid', are, none the less, efficient, charming, polite, and so un-nervous! Although rations are not much higher than in England, and there is little Black Market, the

people's faces do look as if they were, somehow, built up of solid meat! Foreign visitors in the hotels are given three times the amount of food which the natives receive; and in practice as much as they want of everything, including endless cheese, of endless and diverting varieties. (Cripps, please note!) They have copied most of the French cheeses; and no doubt they will soon make a local Stilton and an Alpine Wensleydale.... The Swiss themselves have to give up ration tickets in hotels.

As an example of quiet efficiency, on arrival at the frontier, the Customs men who board the train-no waiting in 'flu-hatching sheds as in England—hand each traveller a temporary set of ration cards. On the contrary, in France they do not. So that when you are in the dining-car in France, when the attendant asks you for bread-tickets, you have to say that you haven't got any yet. This does not disconcert him or you very much, since he soon produces the bread anyway. This goes on all over France— a series of demands for bread-tickets, the reply that you have not got them yet, and the calm production of breadstuffs without them. Quite a good little example of the working of rationing in the two countries.

A further odd little point is that food parcels for Britain are advertised in Switzerland. Yet, when you go to the bank, you find that, whilst you must pay the money into a Swiss bank, the food is sent from Denmark.

Three-quarters of the exiguous amount of currency which British visitors are allowed to bring into Switzerland has to be changed into 'bons', which can only be cashed in hotels and other caravanserais. This, because the Swiss allege that their seemingly plentiful stocks of nylons and other delightful things were all being bought up by foreign visitors. One can understand their point of view; though the British authorities deny that this was the case.

Talking of nylons and suchlike, Swiss women seem to have adopted quite a different style of dress from the British, French or Americans. It possesses a somewhat German, though very pleasing appearance, and is perhaps inspired by the costume of Renaissance Germany. The prosperous and healthy-looking Bürgerinnen of Zurich and Basle are strangely reminiscent of the drawings of Albrecht Dürer, and Holbein—incidentally a distinguished member of the Basle School, and not a German, though his father was born at Augsburg. Dresses, for example, are often ornamented by the heavy gold chains and ornaments of this period. Good silk stockings

seem plentiful, and they grace most female understandings.

# Up to Date

THE bookstalls, which do not carry many British periodicals, present a confusing variety, like those of France, of native periodicals, none of which appear to have quite the editorial merit or modernity of the best British and American ones. The technique of production is. however, very high; and there is hardly a periodical in the world with better art and colour work than Du (You), published in Zurich—though it costs about 3s. And some of the leading weeklies possess wonderful printing machinery. I asked if there were any old machines. 'Yes,' they said. 'We have one or two old ones of 1939! But as soon as a new machine comes on the market we get it at once.' Much of the machinery was German; but the Swiss are now making their own, largely at Winterthur, where they make the big electric locomotives. The largest-circulation weekly, Schweizerische Illustrierte, is produced with highly modern machinery in a factory which is being largely extended at the small city of Zofingen, in the Canton of Aargau. The firm is a development of an old local paper started by the same family about a hundred years ago. Zofingen is, curiously enough, of great advantage as a publishing centre, since its smallness, and comparative modesty, does not unduly excite the jealousies of other towns. A periodical published in Zurich would arouse great suspicion in Basle, the second city of the country; more perhaps in Berne, the nominal capital, though only third in size; and more still no doubt, in French-speaking Geneva, which is feeling very self-conscious just at the moment. The Schweizerische Illustrierte has a sister paper, known as *Illustré*, published in the French tongue. The German-language one has a circulation of about 200,000; which is not bad in a population of only four million, many of whom speak French, some Italian, and a few Romance, which is now recognised as the fourth official language—to say nothing about the numerous dialects. There is also the competition of the very numerous other publications, local and other, of all sorts and descriptions.

### A Federal Union

ANYBODY who tries to study this interesting country a little more deeply than the ordinary ski-runner soon realises how extremely 'federal'

Switzerland still is. France is extremely highly-centralised; and any other town than Paris is distinctly provincial. The United States, though still possessing a federal political structure, is extraordinarily 'samey' from end to end. Not so the small area of Switzerland, which still partakes more of the character of Germany before the birth of Bismarck. The peasants in one mountain village will speak a different dialect from the village five miles away. But it is far more than a question of peasant pronunciations. The various big towns, and the Cantons, though not hostile to each other, or 'disunited', are really all different. The various parts of the country have had different histories; and these differences are still, very wisely, kept alive by the federal constitution, which is still a big force. Zurich and Basle were independent international trading cities not unlike the Venice, Cologne and Rotterdam of the Middle Ages. Berne and Neuchatel were aristocratic little communities. The Principality of Neuchatel only joined the federation in 1857. Aargau was conquered by the free Cantons, and for some time placed under governors sent from Berne and Zurich. The Bernese were the cleverest diplomats, and were good soldiers; so that is perhaps why their city is now the official political capital. This although Zurich has 400,000 people a tenth of the entire nation—too many for the available houses—and too many altogether, say other cities.

When people declare that to refederalise Germany would be putting the clock back they should spare another glance for Switzerland, the whole of which is considerably smaller than the former States of Bavaria or Württemberg. Indeed the federal character of Swiss politics has been, and remains, an important element in the successful

development of Swiss democracy: because the effective political communities have remained very small; so that people really do know their neighbours, and can pretty accurately sum up their value, or the lack of it.

This is still particularly the case in the smaller Cantons, some of which still keep up the Landesgemeinde. This, as in ancient Athens, is a parliament of the Canton of which every citizen is a member. The citizen has the right to carry a sword at the open-air meetings of this parliament, and still sometimes does. On the other hand, if a citizen who is known to be a local 'bad hat' has too much to say at one of these meetings, his fellows will have no compunction in telling him to 'pipe down'. The Swiss people are a real democracy because, in the course of centuries, they have become really educated in democratic principles. That is why they are not keen that this education should now be diluted in anyway. This is raising a very difficult question about the women, who still have no votes. Many Swiss still think that Votes for Women would mean the introduction of a lot of flighty girls, which would really impair the quality of their democratic life.

Democracy does not cling merely to the picturesque rural Cantons; it is still a big force in the large cities. I lunched with an important business man who had just taken time off to do some voting in the city of Zurich, of which he was a citizen. (In Switzerland, when you are naturalised, you have got to be made a citizen of a city, or a commune, first, then of a Canton, and then you can become a citizen of the whole Bund, or federation.)

My friend had not merely been voting for a list of candidates. The City Council wanted to know his views about certain educational reforms; and also wanted him to appoint certain of the schoolmasters. The first of these institutions is called the Referendum. There is also, both locally and nationally, what is called the Initiative. If a certain number of signatures are collected, the signatories can force the Federal Government to consider any new proposed legislation which they want to see enacted. What will happen about the new Suffragettes I do not know. My friend admitted that all had been quiet in his household until the arrival of Mrs. Častle, who it turned out was not only a voter in the United Kingdom, but the Member of Parliament for Blackburn. He admitted that her arrival had been a bombshell.

Nevertheless centralisation has not been without its victories of late, even in Switzerland. The war made almost mevitable an increase in the powers of the Government at Berne. This is now causing a certain amount of trouble. One aspect is that there are no federal old-age pension schemes, although there are local ones. A friend confessed that during the war they had even become more militaryminded; and there seems to be some evidence of a new spirit of nationalism. In accordance with ancient custom, now that the shooting in Europe is over, the one and only Swiss General, Guisan, has had his title taken away again, and has gone back to being a colonel. Yet it was noticeable that almost every house, whether public or private, sported a picture of Guisan. One of these showed him standing up in his motor car, in an attitude not far short of that customarily assumed by Montgomery. The latter was staying in a chalet which had been lent him at Gstaad by an English banker. There he neither drank, smoked, nor ski'd. (He was injured at the end of the war in an air accident.) But he sometimes was to be seen striding down the chief street, wearing the famous beret with two badges, though in civilian garb, and followed by a young Swiss, carrying odd impedimenta. A figure in the snow not unlike Good King Wenceslas and his page!

# Carnival at Basle

An aspect of the 'normalcy' of the people is that they are still able to throw themselves into the abandon of Carnival in the old way. The Carnival at Basle is a most remarkable affair. In February most of the country indulges in a bit of carnival. But the proceedings at Basle are unrivalled—that fine and interesting city

on the Rhine with its successful combination of ancient and modern, which so many stupid people know only as a railway station.

A modern English person would be inclined to ask, 'What is it all in aid of?' It isn't in aid of anything. In Switzerland they don't have to have so many excuses for enjoying themselves. And enjoy themselves they do at carnival time.

These carnivals are no doubt survivals of pagan rejoicings at the defeat of King Winter. What a pity we can't afford a big bonfire, with an effigy of Shinwell at the top of it! Carnival time at Basle is also a general 'let-up' for a sober and hard-working people. Things are allowed to go on which would not be countenanced at other seasons. Above all, the spirit of criticism and caricature rides abroad. The citizens make fun of their 'betters', and of their governors, both municipal and national. The law of libel is said not to run at this time. I hope this is the case, or some of the revellers may get into quite serious trouble. For three or four days the citizens parade through the streets, accompanied by drum and fife bands, in the most inconceivable masks; and at nightfall there is revelry in every hotel and café. It is not a 'fancy dress ball', in the English sense. You cannot just go as a Chinaman, or a sailor, or a Red Indian. You must purchase from an artist a mask, which is usually a very clever and artistic caricature of human emotions; and you are then free to accost anybody, and tell him just what you think of him, or her. This is done in a special voice, to disguise your own, and accompanied by very droll movements, which are no doubt largely traditional. In the public processions the people delight in skits on current events, local and other. The good citizens of Basle appear to be no respectors.

of American G.I.'s. One carriage was supposed to represent a steamer on the Rhine packed full of comic American soldiers, drinking freely, and making love to their girl-friends and 'cuties'. There has been the usual trouble in the city with rude tramway conductors, and the City Council has recently been forced to promise that their manners will improve. Accordingly, there was more than one float with comic tramway conductors, sprouting angel wings out of their uniforms.

I do not know what the Russian Consul thought of the anti-Communist car. This displayed rolls of newspaper, on which a nasty-looking red spider was crawling. At the back of the car was a water-closet into which the local Communist newspaper had been thrown.

# Too Many Imports

ACTUALLY, although Switzerland is prosperous and booming—it was not necessary for a British journalist recently to describe her as a Poor Little Rich Girl—there is a certain amount of anxiety. For it is not easy to remain rich surrounded by a ruined Europe. Again, Switzerland, which is not able to be very selfsupporting, has unfortunately now gone back to her old habit of importing far more than she exports. The year 1945 was an exception. But, for 1946, imports exceeded exports by 747 million francs. These imports, naturally, were almost entirely food and raw materials particularly for the metal and mechanical industries. Watches headed the exports (in terms of value), with machines, silk goods and chemical products not far behind.

In 1938 Germany was easily first as customer and supplier. In 1946 the U.S.A. had taken both these places. France has remained the second best supplier, and is now the second best buyer.

Curiously enough, the U.K., which was a debtor to Switzerland before the war is now a small creditor. Nevertheless, because the Dominions have been buying fairly heavily, sterling has gone down instead of going up. At the moment profits are high, labour is very scarce, and skilled workers' wages are almost proportionately high. It is soon noticed that

Swiss wines are sometimes, at about fifteen francs a bottle, higher in price than wines imported from France, although these have to pay a stiff duty. This is said to be because of the great cost of labourers in the Swiss vineyards.... (You can get a box of the best Havana cigars for thirteen francs a box of ten.)

However, the bombed Continent cannot easily afford finished Swiss goods; and cannot provide Switzerland with the material resources which she entirely lacks, apart from water-power and the tourist industry.

In Switzerland there is the universal story of lack of power. Coal is extremely scarce and expensive, none being produced in the country; and the water-power is not really adequate. As things stand, there has been a very serious shortage of rain all over the country over the past few months. (At some ski-ing resorts there was not enough snow.) Passenger lifts in works and offices have already been stopped. And, as it does not seem likely that they will make up the rain in the next few months, it looks as though they are in for a very serious situation.

# The Sunday Pictorial Again

I notice that the Sunday Pictorial saw fit to give me some free, and quite unsolicited, publicity on 9 March, anent my comments on that journal's disgusting so-called public poll, asking its readers whether Princess Elizabeth ought to marry Prince Philip of Greece or not. It would be interesting to learn what number out of our 34 million electors recorded their vote in this 'poll'. Yet this, like the names of the shareholders of this little popular pet, was never disclosed. My protest was entirely sincere, since I was disgusted by the gratuitous insult to our charming Princess; and the fact that the alleged 'poll' could only add a further difficulty to an already difficult and painful political situation. Yet I do not think that it is worth while carrying the matter any further in the Sunday Pictorial, which seems still stubbornly set in its very unattractive habits. Had the journal in question been of normal standing, I would have written to it, asking it to correct its latest effusion about myself, as I did when some errors crept into the Daily



MR. HORNER

Mail about my political views,1 which were at once corrected after my letter. But I feel that the Sunday Pictorial is hopeless. So that I shall perforce have to take up a little of this paper, merely to point out that I made no apology, neither did I apologise for Sunday Pictorial readers. There was no question of an apology from myself about anything, since I had done nothing. Neither did I apologise for the readers of the Sunday Pictorial. I merely wished to convey sincerely, and with real respect, my condolences to the Royal Family, and others concerned, that the promoters of the Sunday Pictorial should have felt moved to commit this outrage.

Yugoslav Tragedy

A DREADFUL thing has happened about the recently signed treaty with Italy [See World Review, March 1947]. The British let through a clause to the effect that the Italians must hand over all Yugoslav prisoners to the Yugoslav Government. This means that the soldiers of the old Yugoslav army, and

<sup>1</sup>The Daily Mail erroneously stated that I was a Conservative.

the men who fought for the gallant Mihailovich, would be handed over to the bloodthirsty Tito, when an unmentionable fate would await them. A British mission has now been sent out to Italy to 'screen' the Yugoslavs there, headed, very strangely, by Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, who was one of the creators and original impresarios of the said Tito. Tito demands the return of all 'war criminals'. Now there is no question that these Yugoslavs do include a number of Ustachis and Fascists, and no doubt some 'war criminals', who for some reason, have not been sorted out by us from the others—after two years!

The Yugoslavs should surely have been sorted out into at least four classes. Those who are known to be good men; those about whom we know nothing; those who were Ustachis; and those who are 'war criminals'. To put a man in this last class is to condemn him to almost certain death, or worse, if he is sent into Yugoslavia. I hope that our 'judges' will bear this constantly in mind. We really shall deserve everything that may be coming to us, if we do not stir ourselves just a little more about these things.

Turning to the Displaced Persons in the British Zone of Germany, it is strange that during the war these men and women were hailed by our press as heroes and martyrs. They were the 'Slave Workers' taken by Hitler into Babylonian captivity. Since then they have been treated as the scum of the earth. Now it appears that all the time they were fine fellows; and the governments of the world are beginning to compete excitedly for their valuable services. There is, however, still much disgraceful obstruction in shop steward circles, and Communist cells, in this country. Mr. Horner, turning aside the

agreement to accept Poles in the mines, recently said that he would not have Poles in our pits.

What are the facts? There are about 280,000 Displaced Persons in the British Zone—about 1,000,000 altogether. Of these 280,000, over 30,000 are highly skilled craftsmen and technicianshard-working, sober and reliable. Hitler did not pick these people just to give them a holiday in the Reich. A large proportion of the remainder would make useful semi-skilled or unskilled labour. If we do not act quickly, the Director-General of UNRRA in the British Zone, Major-General Fanshawe, at present an international servant, will have to send the best to South America. Does the 100,000 mentioned in the first White Paper include members of the Polish Resettlement Corps already in this country? The proposed quota of 3,000 a month is much too small.

# Crisis and Its Solution?

WELL, it's a pretty kettle of fish over here! And I am not only referring to the Ministry of Ag. and Fish! What is the basic requirement? It is more production. What stands in the way of this? Very largely the fact that the Labour Party has come to power on a programme of less work. Labour propaganda has consistently been that business men are dishonest, selfish, and also inefficient. The introduction of Nationalisation would not only be a moral good, but would also, automatically, provide the goods. It is not easy for Mr. Attlee now to tell the people that they must work.

The snow crisis could have been a blessing in disguise. Here Mr. Attlee had a chance to appeal to the people as a whole, and I think that they would have responded. What has he done: He has produced no leadership. He has told the

no-collar workers what splendid people they are, and that they are the only people that matter. An army without generals, officers or N.C.O.s! Several Ministers are still saying what a fine standard of life we have, and that everything in the garden is lovely. Socialist leaders have not stopped insulting business men—and the fifty-two per cent of Britain who voted against Labour, even at the last Election.

It is not just that Government publicity for their 'case' has been bad. Because the Government has no policy. It cannot have, while it is still in its present unrepentant mood. Mr. Attlee should have said only one thing, 'work'. Of course, this means defying the Trade Unions, who are still talking about forty-hour weeks, and increased wages, and local bargaining, and are refusing a national wages policy, in spite of the growing menace of inflation. It also means open defiance of the Communists, including many of the shop stewards. The people would certainly be with Attlee on this last; and a great many Labour leaders would like to have a crack at the Communists now. We have got to grapple with this nettle at once, even if it means a coal stoppage, or other trouble.

It must be added that the people, who are really the architects of their own misfortune, have these excuses. They are exhausted after a splendid war effort. And there is much too much austerity. There is not enough food—good red meat to give them energy; and there are not enough nylons and beer to produce the right psychological reactions. (The Economist fails to realise this.)

Now, almost all the power in this country derives from coal. Successive governments have scandalously neglected this. We have not got enough people going into the mines; and we

are not producing even as much coal as in 1938. There must be greater 'profitmotive' inducements for miners-consumers' goods and amenities. This means a privileged class. But it is necessary. Abstract 'equality' is impossible. On the other hand, the mine workers should not be allowed to be a monopoly. Gradually there should be citizens trained who could go down the mines in an emergency. Neither should the mining industry itself remain a monopoly. Other sources of power will have to be developed—water and oil. We have plenty of oil in Persia; though Russia menaces this.

A vital factor is administration. The Socialists have been lusting after more administration; yet, I am afraid, they have fallen down extremely badly on what they have so far attempted. Agitators like Shinwell are just not good enough as administrators. As everybody says, the Civil Service needs improving. It should be increased, in the Administrative Grade, and severely cut down in the minor, and feather-bedding, grades.

Shinwell displayed no knowledge at all during the recent crisis. Asked about electricity for dentists, he answered that they used gas. The man is a mere debater!

Nationalisation? As promised by the Prime Minister, Ramadier, in France, it must be postponed. Even the Socialists could say that we cannot swop horses in midstream.

Manpower? We must have foreign labour, as Mr. Paget, the Labour Member for Northampton has said. A wartime operation would have got them over here in an afternoon. Why are we 'screening' them out in Germany, as if they were to become Fellows of All Souls? In the jobs they will have to do, their political views do not matter too much. Anyhow, not many of them are in the Almanac de Gotha. They are ordinary working men; and the fact that they do not want to live in Soviet Russia, or in any part of her Empire, does not mean that they are Fascists—rather the reverse.

The Economist now says that we don't want a Coalition, but that the Labour Party must reverse its engines. If Attlee can do this, and put some unpalatable facts to the people, whilst resisting the Unions, and smashing the Communists, all right. If not, some form of Coalition will have to come, sooner or later; though later may be too late. I freely admit that Churchill and Beaverbrook would be of no help. They constitute an incubus to their own party; and, what is much more important, they are preventing sensible people from getting together to save our country.

What Attlee is doing now will not do. If he plays with it like this, then disaster is inevitable. Somebody has got to put across the one and only policy. And I am afraid that this is WORK.

# UNITY OF

# EUROPE

# AND THE PROBLEM OF GERMANY

Mr. Pilsudski, an expert on international affairs, analyses the conditions for a European unity. While rejecting the return to the Continental status quo of 1939 of some thirty Sovereign states, and pointing out the dangers of bloc politics which must eventually bring the restoration of a powerful Germany (which must anyway be deprived of its means of aggression), Mr. Pilsudski advocates a European confederation composed of regional federations

### ROWMUND PILSUDSKI

La politique est l'art du possible, says an old French proverb. It might, therefore, appear futile from the point of view of the socalled political realists to discuss seriously the problem of the unity of Europe when the latter is firmly partitioned by an Iron Curtain on the Elbe, and its unity is opposed by one of the two greatest contemporary Powers. To this contention one can, however, reply that during the last few years so much attention has been paid in world politics to what actually seemed to be 'possible', that eventually mankind has landed itself in a complete impasse. Moreover, in politics, as in warfare, there can be either the long-range strategic or short-term tactical approach. It often occurs that the term 'possible' has quite a different meaning in either of these cases. For instance, it is obvious that in the present atomic age the only possible way to preserve our civilisation from entire destruction is to have a World Government. On the other hand, it is clear that

this cannot be achieved today. Does it mean, however, that because of the present difficulties the final goal should be abandoned? Certainly not, for it would be in complete contradiction to our natural instinct of self-preservation.

# No Return to 1939

Similar reasoning can be applied to the problem of the unity of Europe. Apart from all historic and cultural traditions, owing to which the Old Continent forms a distinct entity in the world, there are, from the practical point of view, even more important political and economic considerations which require a united Europe. For what are the other alternatives? A return to the mosaic of some thirty entirely sovereign nations on the pattern of 1939?

To appreciate the impracticability of this idea as a permanent solution, in view of recent scientific and technical developments which require the pooling and planning of immense resources, both in peace and war, it is sufficient to compare the following figures. Europe, being four times smaller than the Soviet Union, and one-third smaller than the United States, has to maintain thirty people on each square mile, while the U.S.S.R. has only three, and the United States seven.

Already before the last war the numerous frontier and Customs barriers dividing the Continent into a kind of chessboard, with political and economic watertight compartments, were the causes of great hardships for the nations concerned. To preserve this state of affairs, when the whole of Europe has been ravaged by war, and millions of her population are still living on a starvation level with no decent roof over their heads, would mean extending the present economic chaos for many years to come, and even making doubtful the possibility of the Continent ever regaining its pre-war standard of life.

# **Bloc Policies Dilemma**

If, therefore, the return to the status quo of 1939 is impracticable, then the only other alternative to the unity of Europe is the consolidation of the present process of its division into two blocs, each of them relying for political and economic support on extra European World Powers. This conception, apart from being in its essence a negative one, based on the assumption of a permanent tug-of-war between East and West, can only be effective as a stabilising peace factor if there exists a sufficient balance of power between the two blocs concerned. Let us analyse if and when it will be possible.

The Éastern bloc is, virtually, already in existence, and is composed of young nations amounting to 120,000,000 people, with a very high birth-rate. It is self-sufficient from the agrarian point of view, and possesses half of the Continent's coal deposits, as well as its only oil wells. The protecting great Power which 'engineers' this bloc lies on its doorstep, with immense resources in manpower and raw material. Together they represent a mass of

300,000,000 people. But that is not all. The sponsoring great Power, having become the mecca of Communism, also enjoys a unique political position *vis-à-vis* her rivals. Against their ideological passivity she pursues a dynamic and consistent policy, with definite objects in view, and has a devoted, as well as a highly-organised and disciplined fifth column all over the world, particularly in Western Europe.

# Weakness of the West

Now what may be the Western bloc? We say 'may', for one is entitled to doubt whether it can ever be formed, owing to the fact that its potential kernel—France is virtually under the Communists' control as they dominate the Trade Union movements. But even if this difficulty could be overcome, where are the other partners on the Continent (apart from Germany which will be dealt with later) which would give to the Western bloc the necessary manpower and resources to counterbalance the Eastern one? The Low Countries would probably join it, but together with France, they amount to only 56,000,000 people. Who else: The semi-Fascist Spain and Portugal with their 32,000,000. Undoubtedly they would be keen for partnership, but could their offer be accepted without compromising the whole conception of the Western bloc as the exponent of a democratic ideology? Italy or the Scandinavian countries? They are too weak and too dependent geographically on the Eastern bloc to take any risk of antagonising it. At the most they will try to remain neutral. Thus, even if one adds to the manpower of France and the Low Countries that of this country, which certain sponsors of the Western bloc (or Western Union as they call it) would like to see as an organic part of it, the total population of such a bloc would scarcely reach the 100,000,000 mark. Moreover, in contrast to the Eastern bloc, it would be composed of old nations with a very low birth-rate. Furthermore, it would be dependent on overseas supplies for its food and most of its raw materials.

Finally, its protecting world power would be 3,000 miles away on the other side of the Atlantic.

# Germany the Gainer

It is enough to compare the above two pictures of what would be the potential of an Eastern and Western bloc to appreciate that the latter, not including Germany, would have little chance, if any, of being a real counterweight to the former. And that is the crux of the problem. For the inescapable truth of the situation is that the Western bloc, to be a political reality, has not only to include Germany, but a strong Germany, which alone can provide it with adequate manpower and economic resources. In accepting such a solution, however, one would take the road which must finally lead to a new world catastrophe. For Germany within the Western bloc would not only eventually become the leading member of it by sheer weight of her population and her industrial potential, but would have an ideal opportunity in it for at last achieving her aggressive aims twice frustrated during the last thirty years. Indeed, Hitler could not have hoped for anything better when he dreamt of a crusade against the East under German leadership.

On the other hand, Germany left out of the Western bloc, as a kind of political no-man's-land between it and the Eastern one, would shortly become a powerful instrument of the latter (with even greater danger for world security), for politics, as physics, abhors a vacuum which must always be filled by something. So, one way or another, the division of Europe into two blocs must inevitably bring the restoration of power to Germany and make her the ultimate gainer between the antagonistic East and West.

Against the background of this perspective, one can see once again how the political realists who, apparently in the name of preserving peace, are willing to accept the present situation of a Europe partitioned in two as a permanent state (because, they argue, it is the only

'possible' way), are compromising their final goal of world security. Leaving them entangled in this obvious contradiction, let us return to the problem of European unity, which remains thus the only positive solution for the future of the Old Continent, as well as for securing a durable peace.

# Obstacles to European Unity

Before, however, this unity can become a political reality, two main obstacles must be overcome. One is of an external character, and consists in the Soviet opposition to the conception of a united Europe. This difficulty, although decisive for the moment, in the long run might disappear if Russia had seriously to reckon with the probability of the formation of a Western bloc, including Germany. Then, having to choose between the latter under exclusive Western influence, or merged within a European Union which could be sponsored simultaneously by the West and East, she might find the second solution preferable.

The other difficulty is of an internal European nature, and is presented by the problem of Germany itself. There is another French proverb which says *l'occasion fait le voleur*. This can be truly applied to the German nation when considering its proverbial aggressiveness. Two factors contributed mainly to make war and conquest its national business. They were:

- I. The geo-political position of Germany which gave her strategic control over Eastern Europe and Scandinavia, turning that huge area into a reservoir of manpower, food, iron ore and oil for the Reich.
- 2. The tremendous industrial potential of the Ruhr.

The key to Germany's domination of East European and the Scandinavian countries was her control of the Baltic. The possession of the Kiel Canal, and naval bases surrounding it, made it possible for her to close completely that sea in time of war. And this, together with appropriate choice of her allies (Turkey in 1914–18 and Italy in the last war) allowed the

Reich to cut Europe into two isolated parts from the Arctic to Africa, and to draw many strategic advantages from this situation.

So, for instance, it enabled the lightning occupation of Norway in 1940 which provided German U-boats with ideal striking bases both against the North Atlantic supply routes of this country and the Arctic route to Russia. Simultaneously it forced Sweden to become the main German supply source of iron ore.

# 'Big Boss' of Europe

On the other hand, the stretching of the German Baltic coast far to the east, with the spearhead of East Prussia (incidentally transformed in the late 'thirties into an important place d'armes), together with German Silesia wedged deeply between Poland and Czechoslovakia, made these two countries, and subsequently the rest of Eastern Europe, strategically indefensible in case of German aggression. In peacetime, alternatively, the port of Stettin and the River Oder, being the natural outlet to the sea of Czech and Polish industrial regions, provided Germany with a powerful instrument of economic pressure against these two nations.

Being able (owing to strategic domination of the area) to consider Eastern Europe and Scandinavia as a supplement to her own economy in case of war, Germany was thus in a position to develop her war industry (mainly in the Ruhr), and to secure self-sufficiency in food and raw materials on a scale far exceeding her own manpower and natural resources. Subsequently, this made it possible for her to challenge the whole world, with a reasonable prospect of success, which otherwise would have been sheer madness.

It is clear that with Germany occupying such a dominant position in Europe, any genuine union of Continental nations would be impossible, for in practice it would mean Pan-Germany with her European dependencies. Incidentally, this sort of 'United' Europe has already existed from 1940 to 1945. It transpires,

therefore, that before European unity can be seriously considered, Germany must be deprived of those means which have been making her a 'big boss', instead of a partner in the European community.

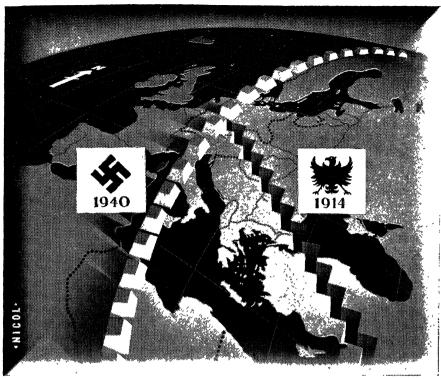
# German Eastern Frontier

One of them has been already virtually removed. The three great powers, transferring by their Potsdam decision the Eastern German territories to Polish administration as far as the Oder and Neisse (which was followed, with those Powers' agreement, by mass eviction of Germans and the repopulation of these areas by Poles) have, in fact, deprived Germany of those strategic advantages which in the past gave her control over Eastern Europe. All that remains to be done today is for the great Powers to give, as M. Molotov said in Paris last September, their 'formal confirmation' to the present demarcation line as being the final German eastern frontier. And independently of how some people in the West may feel from the humanitarian point of view about the uprooting of several millions of Germans by the Potsdam decision, it has removed the important instrument of German aggression and one of the main obstacles to the creation of a Continental union of free nations. Therefore, from the political point of view it should be considered as a necessary, although painful, operation for the sake of Europe.

### Kiel Canal and Ruhr

On the other hand, the problem of the Kiel Canal area and the Ruhr still remains open. There is no reason why the former should not be treated as other ex-enemy bases of international strategic importance for world security, and dealt with similarly within the framework of the United Nations Organisation.

The issue of the Ruhr, however, is a much more controversial one. Among many views put forward on that question, the one coinciding nearest to the interests of the Continent taken as an entity is the proposal recently advanced by Mr. John



Map showing Germany's two attempts to cut Europe in half: In 1914 by a line from neutral Holland to the Dardanelles, and in 1940 from Norway to N. Africa

Foster Dulles, a well-known expert on foreign affairs of the U.S. Republican Party (if only his references to Western Europe had concerned Europe as a whole). Mr. Dulles said: 'The basin of the Rhine, with its coal and industrial manpower, is a good deal like atomic energy. It can generate economic vitality for all Western Europe. Also, as experience unhappily shows, it can stoke the terrible fires of war. It would be futile and stupid to provide by treaty for permanent disuse of this natural industrial centre of Europe. Equally it would be unsafe to leave its use exclusively under German national control relying on treaty provisions, like those of Versailles, to prevent use for military purposes. It would be possible to put that industrial power under the control of a European authority selected by, and responsible to,

the peoples of Western Europe. Then its day-by-day use would not be directed by men who serve only Germany, but by men whose loyalty would be to a more prosperous, more peaceful, and more unified Europe.'

# Confederation of Regional Groupings

But even if all the above-enumerated means of protection are carried out against repetition of German aggressions, it would be rather risky to include Germany within a European Union based on the membership of separate nations. Germany would still be the biggest, the strongest, and the most technically advanced nation on the Continent. Facing other individual countries (of which the largest would be half her size) as partners in a united Europe,

a centralised Germany, by her sheer weight, would be able to outbalance them separately, and if, at the same time, she applied a policy of 'divide and rule', she might eventually dominate them, if not politically, then at least economically.

To prevent this happening, European unity would have to be built up from a certain number of regional groupings, which, in the form of local federations (for instance, Scandinavian, West European, Latin, East European, etc.) including a Federal Germany, could create an internally well-balanced Confederation of Europe. Subsequently the latter, together with the United States of America, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Soviet Union, China, etc., could form the basis for a prospective World Government.

# What Can be Done Now?

Of course, all that has been previously said does not pretend to exhaust the very complex issue of European unity. It leaves aside many important factors which undoubtedly will have a decisive bearing on whether the problem of a united Continent will become a political reality, or will continue to remain only the subject of theoretical discussions and a nebulous aim of various debating societies.

Among these factors one may cite the

unknown psychological reactions of Germany and other Continental nations to the question of relinquishing their sovereign rights within a European community. This problem is all the more complicated as the last war has increased nationalistic feelings in Europe, where they are no longer the exclusive characteristic of Right Wing political Parties, but are also strongly sponsored by the Communists themselves. Another important factor for the future solution of the Old Continent's problem will be the direction in which the extra-European relations among the great powers will eventually develop.

But even so, incomplete and general as it is, the present survey allows us to draw two important conclusions. Firstly, while bloc policies in Europe must lead inevitably to the restoration of a powerful Germany, a united Europe requires that the former should first be made harmless. The implications of each of these alternatives for world security is obvious. Secondly, although the problem of European unity, taken as a whole, remains today beyond the realm of so-called political possibility, an important practical step can already be taken now towards its realisation by drafting the forthcoming peace treaty with Germany in accordance with the requirements of that unity.

# A Surmountable Obstacle

On his return from Russia, Montgomery, the legendary 'Monty', gave a short talk on his trip to the cadets at the Military School at Sandhurst. 'Stalin is a charming man,' he told them. 'But the principal obstacle between the British and Russians is the language.' The Marshal, who is no doubt a polyglot, is undoubtedly a humorist, for, if there really did not exist any other obstacle between London and Moscow apart from that, we feel that little international difficulties would be solved somewhat better.

Les Lettres Françaises

# Complaint

The Army is checking Frauleins carefully before allowing G.I.s to marry them.

Americans at home get no such service.

Boston Globe

# AZZAM PASHA

The unity of the Arab League is now an established fact and plays an increasingly significant part in world politics. A personal interview, exclusive to World Review, has enabled Robin Maugham to paint a pen-picture of Azzam Pasha, its Secretary-General, showing the background and character of this powerful Arab Leader

# The Hon. ROBIN MAUGHAM, Editor of Convoy

ABDUL RAHMAN AZZAM PASHA IS the Secretary-General of the League of Arab States. He is also a revolutionary and a devout idealist. A secretary who has been with him twelve years considers him 'the life and soul of the Arab League, if not of the whole Arab movement.' The French consider him a menace.

Azzam was born on 8 March 1893, in Giza province, twenty-five miles south of Cairo. Hassan, his father, belonged to an Egyptian clan settled there for centuries. His mother, Nabiha (now eighty years old), was the daughter of a locally important family and the grand-daughter of a member of the Khabeiri tribe whose origins were in the desert west of Libya. Hassan had twelve children, six boys and six girls. Azzam was the eighth child.

At the Primary and Secondary Egyptian schools to which he was sent, he learned rapidly. His intelligence was outstanding. At eighteen he took an important decision. He left for England to study medicine at the London University.

One emotion dominated him: compassion. Compassion for the starving, diseased bodies he had seen in Egypt; compassion for the starving minds he saw struggling in darkness. It was, therefore, logical that the young Azzam should study both medicine and politics. He wanted not only to rid the peasants of disease, but to rid them of oppression; for he believed (and still believes) fanatically in the complete freedom of Arab countries from any form of foreign domination. He studied



AZZAM PASHA—revolutionary idealist. Secretary— General of the Arab League since 1943

medicine until war was declared in 1914. Then he saw his first chance of gaining independence for his people.

In 1911 the Turkish-Arab forces had been defeated by the Italians who landed on the Tripoli coast. Only the ascetic Arab and Senussi bedouins in the vast sand-sea of desert could maintain their freedom. In 1914 they were being armed and organised by German and Turkish officers who landed in submarines from Constantinople,

evaded the Italians on the coast, and went down south into the Senussi country. Britain was allied with Italy. Both were infidel countries oppressing Moslems. The Arabs in North Africa were promised complete and final independence. Here at last was a chance. The young medical student left London University and joined the revolutionary forces in the Western Desert. There he fought side by side with men of the tribe whose blood was in his veins. He made a good soldier. He was decorated for bravery and promoted to the rank of captain. But the ill-armed, starving bedouin could not resist aeroplanes and armoured cars, though for two years they succeeded in holding British forces urgently required on other fronts. After their defeat, Azzam escaped from North Africa. A German submarine took him off from the Libyan coast and landed him at Pola, on the Adriatic, in August 1917.

# Communism and the Arab Countries

On his way to Constantinople, he stopped in Vienna. Apparently on orders received from the German High Command, a luxurious apartment at the Imperial Hotel was placed at his disposal. The first night he got into bed, he felt its softness with delight. But he was used to the hardness of the desert. He could not sleep. Then he took his blankets, wrapped them round him, lay on the hard floor, and slept happily.

By now Azzam was an important leader. He joined the Turkish Army in Constantinople and was immediately sent by the Turkish War Office on a mission to Berlin. He returned to North Africa in the official capacity of Counsellor to the High Command.

After the armistice, he refused the order from Constantinople to surrender to the Allied Forces, whereas the Commander-in-Chief and the rest of his colleagues obeyed the order. The war might be finished for the Germans and the Turks: his war was Arab Independence, and that had only just begun. He called a conference

of Arab chiefs; proclaimed the independence of Tripoli; succeeded in organising a Republic with a Council of four chiefs; was elected Adviser to the Council. He fought against the Italians for five years.

When Fascist Italy established its domunation over Tripoli, and the last spasm of resistance had been brutally suppressed, Azzam returned to Egypt. He was amnestied, and a few months later elected as Nationalist member of the first Parliament in 1924.

He was the youngest Member of Parliament, but he had learned one thing. No Arab country standing alone could resist a European power. Alone it was powerless. But suppose it were not alone. Suppose it were a member of an Arab bloc. Gradually the idea of a League of Arab States began to form in his mind. And gradually he became prominent in Egyptian politics. He preached Arab unity. But he needed to travel; his ideas were still provincial.

In 1936 he was given his first post abroad. As Egyptian Minister during the next four years, he visited Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Turkey, Bulgaria and Saudi-Arabia. All the time he was working to translate his ideals into facts, contributing hundreds of articles to the press, training himself for the task.

In 1943 his ideal became reality. The Arab League was formed, and he was elected unanimously by all the Arab States as Secretary-General of the League, which includes Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon, Transjordan, the Yemen and Saudi-Arabia. The first part of his mission was accomplished.

But his mission is not yet fulfilled. Though represented at the League Council meetings, Palestine cannot become an official member until it is independent. The Arab countries of Libya, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco cannot become members of the League until they gain independence. 'The French are piling up troubles for themselves,' Azzam maintains. 'There are twenty-five million Arabs in North Africa. They must be

allowed their freedom.' His war for Arab independence is still not finished. That is why the French think of him as a menace.

Azzam is a quiet, ascetic-looking man with a soft voice, a sensitive, lean face and brown, almond eyes. His black hair and moustache are streaked with grey, but his figure is slender. Azzam is five feet nine tall and weighs 9 st. 10 lb. He is married and has four children of whom he 1s proud. He eats and drinks little, though at meals with a non-Moslem he may, from politeness, take a glass of beer. But he smokes almost incessantly while he is talking.

I asked him about the effect of Communist propaganda which is being spread all over the Middle East.

'Communism will never succeed in Arab countries,' he said, 'so long as the people are religious. The Moslem faith is our bulwark against Communism. One cannot reconcile the materialism of Marx with the Moslem religion. Mohammed, you know, also spoke about equality and payment according to need. Another thing he said was that war was only justified in two cases: for self-defence and for the protection of religious liberty. The prophet did not only mean liberty for Moslems. He meant religious liberty for all.'

Azzam smiled. 'So if the Russians or others, for example, should persecute Christians for faith,' he said, 'the Arabs could legally have a sacred war with the persecutors in defence of the principle of freedom of faith for all.'

'The doctrines which prevail in this century,' he continued, 'are inspired by materialism. The more one follows their practical application in Europe and the United States, the more one is convinced of their utter inadequacy to meet peoples' requirements.'

'The rapid succession of destructive wars, the universal unrest, the vacillation of the peoples of the world prove that materialism cannot solve our problems. Civilisation needs a prop to sustain and guide it in the direction of common good. I believe we should seek guidance in the eternal message enunciated by Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed.'

'God has honoured the Arabs by willing that the last of his prophets should spring from them. Therefore they should set an example. The Arab's power is the spiritual power to survive and overcome materialism. I only hope that the rising Arab generation will prove themselves worthy of this trust. But Islam has a message for the whole world. Not only for the Moslems, but for non-Moslems. The brotherhood inspired by Islam knows no distinction between race, colour or creed. It recognises one and only one truth—that all men are brethren.'

Azzam sipped his beer. 'Christians also get into Paradise,' he said.

### Bedside Advice!

To 'Snorer'.—It's the others who should be embarrassed, not you—you should be fast asleep.

Much nonsense is talked about snoring. Before it can make the noise the tongue must fall backward. (Just try to snore holding it forward.)

Of course you can't go to sleep with your tongue in your hands, but make sure you lie in a position in which it tends to fall to the front of your mouth, not towards the gullet.

Turning unconsciously on your back while asleep may undo you. Tie a pyjama cord with the knot in the small of your back—that will make you roll over again (still unconscious).

ELIZABETH SYKES in Daily Mirror



The late KEMAL ATATURK, founder of modern Turkey who, with ruthless genius, joited forward his country 200 years in 20



ISMET INONU, once Prime Minister under Atatink, and now President of the Turkish Republic A Conservative, a Moslem, and to all intents a dictator

# TURKEY

# AND THE DARDANELLES

What is the motive, and what will be the outcome, of Russian demands on Turkey for a 'share' in the control of the Dardanelles? Hal Lehrman, distinguished American journalist, after several months on the spot, paints a background picture of the situation and summarises the internal Turkish political scene

# HAL LEHRMAN

THE last time I went through the Dardanelles I was on the bridge with the skipper and, as we passed Chanak-Kale, he whipped to attention with a crack that sounded like a rib going. The Turks always salute their World War I cemetery as they chug through the Straits, but this time they put an extra zip into it in pace with the times. For it was June of 1945, and up in Moscow the Russians had just summoned Selim Sarper, the Turkish Ambassador, and notified him in their amiable way that they wanted a slice of this and a slice of that for the Armenians, and for themselves such trifles as fortifications in the Dardanelles and the right to install a

Red Army garrison therein. Rifat Ali, the skipper, standing rigid for three tense minutes, might have persuaded even Molotov that every Turk in Turkey was quite prepared to get his head bashed in before accepting the Russian terms.

Nothing has changed since then—except the British and the Americans. Eighteen months ago, if the case had turned in extremis, I think our pressure would have been on the Turks. We would have tried to cajole Ankara into meeting the Russians more than halfway, perhaps a little more than was safe, and even conspired, if necessary, in a latter-day minor Munich at Turkish expense. Today, if diplomatic

notes bombarding Moscow from out of the West are read aright, it appears that our pressure will be behind the Turks and not against them. It remains to be seen whose is the biggest bluff, and how far the others are ready to go if it is called.

The chips are the same, but their values have changed. Logistically speaking, the Dardanelles are still only a cramped gateway to the Mediterranean, in themselves no deadly threat to lifelines so long as the Greek Aegean stays British. The oil of Mosul has neither shrunk nor expanded. Kars and Ardahan have come no closer to Araby. But the Russians have exhibited themselves at their labours for a memorable year. By their policy in the Balkans they have pretty nearly convinced the other players that the Russian word for 'security' must be a synonym for 'domination'political, economic and spiritual. Soviet intrigue in Greece has suggested to the others that the Aegean may be next on the appeasement programme, after which comes Suez and then surely Gibraltar, for what good is security into the Mediterranean if there is no security out of it? In the meantime the Soviets have broken a Big Three pledge in Iran (by Western definition), and indulged in mid-Eastern manœuvres on a scale sufficient to show that the Kremlin's interest in the Moslem world goes decidedly beyond a class-struggle prejudice for the benighted fellah. There have also been items like the Yugoslav obstreperousness on land and in the air, the Russian tactics at every conference table and the general propaganda campaign against the 'Western bloc' which has seemed slightly overdone coming from a glorious ally. Moreover, the specific heckling of the Turks is not altogether in the spirit of the United Nations and Montreux.

### Russia and the Dardanelles

The Russians may not be troubled by the cumulative effect of all this on Anglo-American public opinion, but already they have to reckon with its effect on Anglo-American policy. Every decision taken last year in the Eastern Mediterranean—

joint support of the Right Wing in Greece, British stiffening against illegal Jewish immigration in Palestine and combined encouragement to the Turks against Russia—was a direct reaction to the Russian drive. It is not putting the cart before the horse to say this. The fact emerges unassailably from the chronology of the diplomatic record.

On the face of it, the Soviets are entitled to feel none too friendly towards the Turks, and to wish for a guarantee in the Dardanelles. The Turks certainly tried to spirit Axis warships into the Black Sea during the war. I cannot say whether the particular incriminating documents 'uncovered' by the Soviets are genuine, but none of us who watched in Istanbul and Ankara doubted that the Turks would have been delighted with a German victory over Russia. Turkish foreign policy, as set by Kemal Ataturk when his republic was in its infancy, rested on a modus vivendi with that other infant republic to the north, and a long-range alliance with the sea-going Britain against the day when the northern land neighbour grew too big for comfort. Thus Ataturk's first friendship treaty was with Lenin, and he sacrificed Mosul without a whimper to buy Britain's favour. His successor, Ismet Inonu, was of somewhat smaller stature; or perhaps it should be said he guessed wrongly.

Reverting to the traditional Ottoman foreign policy of anti-Russianism—and affronted by a Russian snub when his then Foreign Minister, Sarajoglu, went to Moscow—Ismet turned to the Germans, and played both sides knavishly against the middle. He stretched the British alliance close to breaking-point, until the Germans were clearly beaten, whereupon the Turks dropped down, with much gurgling about democracy, on the Allied side. I repeat, the Russians have good reason for a grouch, and so have we.

Moreover, all other things being equal, the status of Suez and Panama does not entitle us to climb on to high and holy ground when the Russians ask for the same deal in the Dardanelles. Downward revision

of Western control over international waterways would be a massive gesture of goodwill on our part. The Russians have hitherto not given the slightest indication of a quid pro quo. On the contrary, they have forfeited their strong moral position. They have amply demonstrated—to the State Department and Foreign Office at least that they are constitutionally incapable of establishing a military position in any country without trying to wolf the entire country. Their demand that only the Black Sea powers regulate the Dardanelles, and that only Russia and Turkey defend it, is read as a simple demand for the Dardanelles. This would do much more damage to our interests than merely cutting Turkey's 'throat', as the Turks aptly call their Straits. It would deposit Turkey irrevocably in the Russian orbit, with all the familiar consequences thereof, including the demise of Turkish sovereignty and of the British alliance. These are consequences which our policy-makers have no intention of inviting. God and the West have therefore come down on the side of the Turkish legions (which are not quite s up to the job themselves, having less than a million men, with antiquated equipment and only foggy notions of how to use it).

### The Maze of Turkish Politics

Whoever is operating this game of power politics handed us a dubious trick when the Turks became our partners. The only justification we can possibly have for playing on their side is that by doing so we may be protecting democracy elsewhere, for there is certainly no democracy in Turkey. The recent introduction of a two-party system will bring little improvement, being merely a grudging Oriental device to make it easier for the West to rationalise in their pretence of preserving a poor little democracy against the big totalitarian bear. The technique is the counterpart, in reverse, of our wartime penchant for wooing Ankara (when Hitler stood with gifts on the Bulgarian border) by honeyed assurances of our belief in Turkey's democratic sentiments. While the

O.W.I. in Washington was writing mellifluous pro-Turkish declarations for Mr. Pepper and other obliging senators to pronounce, and the M.O.I. was duplicating the performance in London, a small band of oligarchs and generals in Ankara were making hay under the Lend-Lease sun. A police State and a jumping-jack Parliament kept the jails and the politicians' pockets filled. Rigid press laws made criticism of the régime tantamount to treason. Foreign correspondents watered down their reports because of censorship, fear of expulsion. or a vague feeling that if they told the truth about Turkey they would somehow commit an undiplomatic-hence patriotic-faux pas in time of war.

The social Westernisation of Turkey was pulled up short when Ataturk died in 1038 and Inonu, one of his discarded lieutenants. wangled his way into power. The Ghazi had been something less than a democrat —he introduced the Führerprinzip into practical European politics—but his reforms jolted Turkey forward two hundred years in twenty. There were no domestic issues involved at the outset of his revolution. Rising against foreign invaders and a 'collaborationist' Sultan, Kemal was the leader of a united people. Until Lausanne reaffirmed the national independence bartered at Sèvres, he manœuvred the Assembly artfully and kept his reform plans under his patriotic hat. Then, his prestige at peak, he began to change the face of mediæval Turkey with a speed and genius which startled the world. To do this he had to become a dictator. None of his comrades in the War of Liberation knew of his schemes. Some followed in bewilderment. others in frank disbelief. His dictatorship was synonymous with reform. In achieving both, he successively eliminated the Sultanate and Caliphate; the remnants of the Union and Progress Party responsible for the 1908 Young Turk Revolution and the 1918 defeat; the clergy, his enemies in the village; the Conservatives and his enemies in the city. Later, as is the way with dictators, he dispensed with friends who disagreed: Kazim Ozalp, for twelve years



Map showing the strategic importance of the Dardanelles, both as gateway to the Mediterranean and a barrier between Europe and Asia

President of the Silent Parliament which nodded all his ideas into law; Ali Tchetin-kaya, Chief Justice of the Independence Courts which terrorised the peasantry into acceptance of his laws; and at the end even Ismet Inonu, who had served him long as an efficient though perpetually shocked Prime Minister.

With Ismet's accession, the élan of the revolution died. The new leader was a Conservative, a Moslem, a late-comer to the Revolution. The natural decadence of a dictatorship in its second generation began to set in. The reformist spirit dried up; the forms of power hardened. Etatism, which Ataturk had inscribed in the Con-

stitution as an ideal of State Socialism, became under Inonu a vehicle for the monopolisation of the national economy by the single 'People's Party'. Trade associations (birlik) and government-holding companies like the Isbank and Sümerbank stretched their grip over industry, commerce and agriculture; the party's hierarchy sat at every board of directors and steadily grew fatter as they pumped prices upward.

# 'Democracy' in Turkey!

The war brought unlimited possibilities. Courted by both sides, the régime accepted favours inpartially from all bidders. Preferential buying by the Allies enabled the Turks to export at prices far above world levels. Party members and their relatives swallowed all the juicy jobs in a bureaucracy swollen from 80,000 to 400,000. Private traders—the Greek, Armenian and Jewish minorities which had built up Turkey's pre-war commerce-were smothered in a red tape of licences controlled by the birliks and official agencies. Cabinet ministers cornered markets in essential domestic goods. By 1945, the cost of living had risen 1000 per cent and Turkey was the most expensive country in Europe. Three leading newspapers were shut down for complaining about the corruption and mass hardship. The timidest private attempt at criticism was handled by the terrorist police as a case of 'Communism', than which there can be nothing more heinous in Russophobe Turkey.

This paradise for Allah's elect in the Party had everything except eternity. Heaven started coming to an end with the close of the war. The victory over Fascism made democracy fashionable and somewhat safer. Disgruntled politicians began speaking out. Some tried to shame the Party into self-correction, and were promptly drummed out of it. There was talk of organising an Opposition. The fight shifted to Parliament and broke into full rebellion over the budget and Land Reform Bills. For the first time, the pupper National Assembly rang with angry debate. 'You have created misery out of abundance,' one deputy actually dared to cry. Premier Sarajoglu, who had coasted serenely under Inonu's orders since 1942, was compelled to demand a vote of confidence. The count was 370 to 5. The five 'nays' were equivalent to a revolution.

Something had to be done. The government's last fling at old-style terrorism came in December. A mob of nationalist students and plain-clothes police, incited by the oratory of Istanbul University's Dean, smashed the printing presses at *Tan* and *La Turquie*, which had sinned by urging reform as well as *rapprochement* with Russia.

After this salutary lesson the régime,

with an eye on foreign opinion, slackened the press laws, legalised a second Party, and prepared for elections by direct, universal suffrage in 1947.

The new Opposition, styling itself 'Democratic Party', found wide popular support in its early stumping. The régime took further alarm, and with typical guile advanced Election Day to 21 July 1946. This crippled the Opposition's plans for organisation of the villages, a long-range operation because of poor or non-existent roads and the decades of People's Party indoctrination. During the campaign, armed Government gangs harassed the voters, and the Opposition's electioneering encountered considerable resistance. (The governor of each vilayet and the chief of each gendarmerie unit were invariably high dignitaries of the Government party.) Legerdemain was freely practised in the vote count. At Smyrna, where the rallies for Opposition candidates had been recordbreaking, all sixteen deputies 'elected' were from the Government party. Nevertheless, the Opposition took 62 seats out of 465, and Independents won seven more. Under the circumstances, this was a landslide for the anti-Government group.

Will the current Opposition have longer life than its tragi-comic predecessors? In 1924 Kemal crushed a reactionary movement within the People's Party by publicly hanging thirty high notables. Six years later the dictator himself tired of his monotonous yes-man Parliament. Drafting four of his friends and his own sister, Makboula, he ordered them to create a 'Liberal Party' and criticise him. The appointees proceeded with infinite caution, but throughout the country the real Opposition elements rejoiced in riot and insurrection. Martial law followed; thirty-two rebels were strung up, and the Liberal Party retired.

Turkey still labours under an abysmal ignorance of self-government's spirit and form. A prominent member of the new Opposition has written me to send him the 'constitutions' of the American Republican and Democratic parties; he wants them as models for proposed revision of

the Turkish Constitution! Djelal Bayar, the Opposition leader, founded the avaricious *Isbank* for Ataturk and was his last Premier, dismissed by Inonu. In my conversations with Bayar, I detected a sincere yearning for civil liberty—but also a sincere resentment against having been kicked out of power. The hero of the Opposition, Fevzi Marshal Chakmak, who would have been President if the régime had fallen, rose up against the Government simply because he had been retired as Chief of Staff at seventy-three instead of seventy-four. If anything, his politics are more reactionary than Ismet's.

Not ideology but a weariness with the Old Gang and its corruption was the reason for the Opposition's success. Inonu's first move after the election was to snatch back press freedom and suspend two papers on grounds of national emergency. (The Opposition, as unshakably anti-Soviet as the régime, formally repudiated Radio Moscow's bumbling attempts to help it during the elections.) Inonu's next step was dismissal of the monumentally compromised Sarajoglu and his Cabinet. The anti-Soviet continuity was preserved by retention of the Foreign Minister, Hasan Saka. Except for three minor holdovers, the Recep Peker Government is otherwise filled with new and clean faces. Four are ex-Army officers. The Interior Minister is a one-time Secret Police chief. The new Premier, who broke with his comrade-in-arms Ataturk over the dictator's reforms, is a diehard militarist. With Inonu still at the helm, Peker may be expected to give short shrift to the new liberalism. The need for national unity in the Soviet crisis will be a convenient cover.

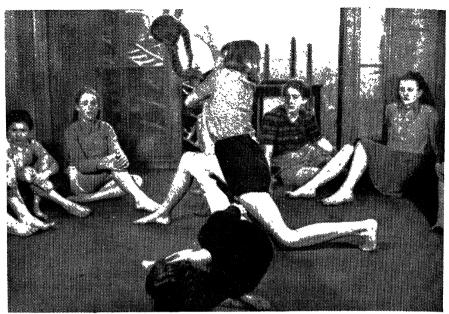
While the diplomatic spotlight was on the Dardanelles, the Russians side-tracked the Armenian territorial issue—but the Turks did not forget it. The new Speaker of the Assembly, General Kiazim Karabekir, is still significantly remembered as the 'conqueror' of the Armenians. The vilayets demanded by the Russians were freely ceded by them to Turkey in the 1921 Kars Treaty. Practically, the Turks blandly

maintain, there is no Armenian problem: literally no Armenians remain outside Istanbul, except in Armenian cemeteries.

There is, however, a minority problem. Since Ataturk, Turkey has systematically ignored the Lausanne Treaty's guarantee of equality for 285,000 Christians and Jews with eighteen million Moslem Turks. The Greek, Armenian and Jewish minorities were excluded from the Army, from political life and from the single Party which until yesterday ruled the State as a private monopoly. During the war they were forced into special labour battalions created exclusively for them. The climax of persecution came in 1942-43, when the notorious Varlik attempted to liquidate them from the economy of the nation. Ostensibly a capital levy on all war profits, the Varlik extorted 180 million liras (\$126,000,000) from the minorities and assessed only 135 million liras from the Moslems. Some 3,200 non-Moslems, unable to meet their deliberately excessive taxes in full, were deported to Ashkale in barren Anatolia. There they were put to hard labour under conditions which would have evoked the Gestapo's admiration for ingenuity. Release came only at the year's end, when Inonu cleaned house before journeying to Cairo as 'democratic' Turkey's representative in conferences with Roosevelt and Churchill. Twentythree deportees were left buried at Ashkale.

Bayar, the Opposition leader, opened his electoral campaign by blasting at the iniquity of the Varlik. Some of Turkey's bolder journalists, notably Ahmed Amin Yalman, a Columbia University graduate, have long been demanding maximum restitution. Recep Peker himself, who was Interior Minister for a few months under Sarajoglu, resigned 'because of health' at the time the Varlik was enacted. His government is expected to sweep a broom through the Sarajoglu stable. Justice for the minorities would be a salubrious beginning. It is time for Turkey to start deserving that support from the democratic West upon which her fate as a nation

depends.



Muscular Education!

# Experiment in Teaching

If education is to be a preparation for life, then it is not enough to cram the mind with facts under the pressure of authority. Burgess Hill School, dropping most traditional ideas, and using modern psychological knowledge, endeavours to encourage social awareness and cater for all aspects of a child's personality

## MARGARET GARDINER

Four blitzed houses at the end of a Hampstead lane—a leaky roof, a step missing on the stairs, a tangled garden—Burgess Hill School is a ramshackle, makeshift place. No well-equipped laboratories and workshops, no gymnasium, no assembly hall. What is it that makes parents send their children to a school such as this, and makes the staff prefer to work in it, at absurdly low salaries, rather than in a state school with its far greater advantages?

Before the war, Burgess Hill School was a successful, co-educational junior day school. Forced to evacuate, it has now reopened for boys and girls from five to eighteen years old, in such buildings as could be found, and with the minimum of equipment.

These circumstances are special, but there is a general case. Experimental private schools, without endowment and government grants, are involved in a constant financial struggle; they lack equipment; the staff are ill-paid and, in spite of comparatively high fees, their existence is precarious. Yet it is these schools that have the most important contribution to make to education, and it is their methods and outlook that are gradually gaining general acceptance and will transform the

lives of our children throughout the country.

The old schooling is based on authority and the academic classical tradition. The adult decides what is best for the child, and makes him do it. And the adult who decides is an intellectual adult, whose main concern is the acquisition of academic knowledge. Whether that knowledge has any revelance for the child is immaterial; indeed, there has been, and still is, a widespread belief that to learn dry facts is good in itself: a kind of mental gymnastic that makes the mind more fit.

This kind of education demands, on the emotional side, conformity to the ideal of authority and leads to its almost inevitable concomitants: clannishness, class feeling and a cultivated intolerance. It starts with a system; the system is right and the child

must be made to fit into it.

The new schooling starts with the child, as a whole, individual personality, with emotional and instinctual needs, as well as intellectual ones. The school is for the child, not the child for the school.

Therefore, there can be no rigid system. This does not mean that there must be no system at all, no order; but it does mean that the system must be flexible and sensitive to the needs of the children in their various phases and in the phases of the school as a whole. For the school, like any other social group, is affected by contemporary happenings; its needs and orientation vary and its vitality can be measured by its ability to change and grow to meet these needs as they arise.

It is often said that education is a preparation for life—a kind of rehearsal. Education is a part of life, and children are very much engaged in living, with an intensity and concentration that is only too often lacking in adults. If the zest for knowledge and experience and the powers of application shown by small children could be retained in later life, society would be transformed.

It is a commonplace of psychology that learning is most easily and most effectively accomplished when the interest is engaged -when the emotional as well as the intellectual needs and drives are taken into account. This is generally accepted in regard to young children, for whom 'play' methods of teaching are almost universally adopted. But once en route for examinations, these ideas are usually dropped, and life becomes real and earnest with a vengeance —drab and difficult, with a consequent sharp slump in vitality and interest. No wonder that the traditional schoolboy creeps unwillingly to school, and that his innate desire for knowledge is too often perverted into a dislike for it, while his energy finds its outlet in devising methods of dodging and defying authority. This, oddly enough, is considered to be healthy and typically 'boyish' by the orthodox.

In the experimental schools, such as Burgess Hill, the idea of arbitrary authority, based ultimately on a system of punishment, is dropped. The far more difficult, but far more important, problem of maintaining order by willing co-operation is tackled instead. Individuals, whether staff or children, must earn the respect of the community through the part they play in it; and to arrive at this realisation that respect must be deserved is a vital part of a child's education. The staff have to possess the experience, the technical skill and the personality which suit the children, or they will soon find their position intolerable. Friendliness is the keynote, and rightly so, for friendliness is the soil that nurtures growth in human beings. No great stress is laid on a rigid code of manners, for it is realised that what underlies true manners is social awareness and consideration for others, and that if these are acquired, the frills can be added with ease any time.

The acquisition of social awareness is not, of course, an immediate thing; as Professor Dewey says, 'The only way to prepare for social life is to engage in social life.' The children in these schools take an active and responsible part; they hold frequent meetings in which any topic connected with the school may be discussed, and real decisions are arrived at. These meetings are often riotous and chaotic, just as, in general, the behaviour of the children is at times rude, noisy and destructive. This is expected and accepted as an inevitable, if disagreeable, phase because it is by working through and dealing with these phases for themselves that the children discover the necessary limitations of social living, and the need for legislation.

The shifting of the basis of authority implies a different attitude towards punishment and reward. Punishments, in the shape of unpleasant and uncreative tasks, may produce conformity to rules but they cannot foster an inner sense of co-operativeness in social living. If children's behaviour is 'difficult' or anti-social, it is because of some failure to understand or some emotional strain that must be cleared up, not dealt with by force or repression. The stress should be on reparation, not punishment; if duties are evaded or property deliberately destroyed, what was left undone should be made up, and what was destroyed should be made good. The notion that such methods lead to softness of character is completely unscientific. Strength of character and purpose are the outcome of emotional and intellectual clarity. Marks and order lists are also dropped, and individual competition is, as far as possible, replaced by group activities. This, of course, reflects the wider contemporary shift from nineteenth-century laissez-faire and cut-throat competition to co-operative enterprise and planned undertakings.

There is nothing new in all this. There have been experimental schools run on these lines for the past fifty years. Their methods have been proved in practice. They are a success. And their methods have been widely adopted in the education of children of nursery school age. This is because a great deal of research has been done on the teaching and treatment of young children and there is an extensive literature and documentation on these subjects.

When it comes to older children and adolescents, however, little has been done apart from purely psychological studies,

and the traditional methods of subject teaching and discipline are generally accepted. The fundamental problem of relevance, of what the older child should be taught, when and how, has never been scientifically tackled. There are modern schools in which the same principles used in the nursery class are developed and applied throughout, and there are. and always have been, individual teachers of genius who follow up the clues given them by their pupils and make all learning a rich and relevant experience. But the records and documentation that could lead to the building of a scientific theory of education for adolescents and an evaluation of its results are lacking. The questions that must constantly be asked are: What is this child ready for now? What is he interested in, and why? When these have been answered in a really significant number of cases, it will be possible to draw up a curriculum which will enable children to acquire a vital and enduring body of knowledge, because they will be learning what they want to know, what is relevant to their intellectual and emotional needs. and what makes sense to them.

This will probably mean a complete scrapping of the traditional separate subjects, which will be found to overlap and have to be re-grouped under wider heads. It will probably mean the introduction of new subjects. And it will certainly mean a change in the examination system—which is, in any case, at present under official review.

An attempt to collect the necessary data is now being made at Burgess Hill School. The headmaster, a scientist with wide experience as a practising psychologist, has devised a detailed system of observation and record-keeping which should lead to fundamental educational discoveries, as well as provide the theoretical basis for what has already been empirically proved. The importance of this work to education, and therefore to the whole structure of our society, cannot be too greatly stressed. Let us give it all the help and encouragement that we can.

## THE NEW

What is going to be the future of Japan? In this authoritative article the author discusses the possible future trends of American political and economic policy towards Japan and the hearing of Russo-American relations in Tokyo on the length of the probable occupation

#### ROBERT GUILLAIN

## Will Japan Develop into an American Protectorate?

'I CONDEMN you to democracy!' With these words General MacArthur defined his policy towards the Japanese. The transformation undergone by them in the last six months presents a triply paradoxical aspect when you think that it is nothing more or less than a complete revolution run by a foreign dictator in the name of democracy! One is still confused by the ease with which the Japanese have accepted all this. America at the moment is faced with many difficulties in all parts of the world— Germany, Middle East and Italy-and she is beginning to wonder whether, after all, Japan is not the bright boy in the class. We must bear one thing in mind: the United States are far more liable to tire of Germany than they are to tire of Japan.

Is Japan's attitude sincere or calculated? Anyone who has lived in Japan knows only too well that any confidence which you might accord to the Japanese must *never* be unreserved, for there is always a streak of hidden hypocrisy in them. Nevertheless, a foreign visitor to Tokyo will realise at once that the vast majority of the Japanese lend themselves readily to the occupation. The real reason for this is that this majority—the people who were ordered about like slaves in wartime—feel somehow that their

humiliating defeat has been more or less a liberation, and they are grateful to the Americans for having delivered them from years of submission. Another important reason for the Japanese docility is their carelessness and their lack of serious convictions.

In this kind of atmosphere, the occupation was bound to be successful, and indeed it would have been strange if it had not, considering the complete lack of Japanese resistance. Moreover, the Americans hold two trump cards. The first is their unity of command in the hands of MacArthur, who holds the widest powers that a military conqueror has ever possessed, and the second is the simplicity of the political side of the occupation which consists of turning Japan into a good bourgeois democracy on nineteenth-century lines and leaving her to develop into a modern form of state should she so desire.

Thus there is no real difficulty in the political domain, but the same cannot be said in the field of economics. There was trouble when the big trusts were dissolved, and there was trouble over the far-reaching agricultural reforms. Coal production was disorganised by the mass exodus of Korean and Chinese miners, and six months were needed to settle upon a cotton policy. These have all brought hesitations and definite setbacks on this side of the



American soldier looks on at a Japanese street market

occupation. There is one very plain reason for this. Nobody knows how long the occupation is going to last. So long as this question remains in suspense, certain economic conditions must perforce remain unsettled. To judge from the impatience of the occupying forces, who are all sick of the country, it might last only two years. Already military officers are being replaced by civilian ones, but nobody either in Washington or Tokyo will take the responsibility of binding American democracy to a definite promise. It is possible that one day she will, in a fit of impatience, give up the task and simply replace the army of occupation with a handful of sentries and officials. Work of reconstruction in Japan has begun, but it will take a long time before a solid edifice of democracy is built. Is it possible to leave the work to the Japanese themselves, keeping them within bounds by the simple threat of a few atomic bombs in case they mishehave?

It is well known that the Americans always start violently when anyone mentions colonies to them. Even if we avoid this word, it will be seen that it is possible, with the course that Japan is taking under the American régime, that she may become. in effect, an American colony without realising it. Politically, the country has changed its character to be in line with the Americans far more quickly than anyone had supposed possible. However, there are still the economic problems. Unemployment and famine are America's two worst enemies in Japan, and in order that the population may live and have food, it is necessary for them to work; in order for them to work, they must import, and in order to import, they must export. Thus it is absolutely necessary for them to have factories and ships, machines and steel.

For these reasons, the Americans are confronted with a difficult problem; for they only want to be concerned with the political education of the country and they do not want to help to reorganise the old circle of Japanese economy, which can only get going again if it receives a 'blood transfusion'. If it is going to be necessary to supply the Japanese with machines and raw material in order that they may live. why not simply incorporate Japan into the American economic system? Why not just buy up the whole resources of the country and control the whole of their economy? That would be occupation in its true sense. A handful of engineers, economists and bankers would be the army of occupation of the future, and military needs would be met by a few troops in the principal ports.

There is no telling whether any decisions on these lines have been taken by Washington or Tokyo, but there is strong feeling in favour of them in certain quarters. By this process, were it ever to be utilised, Japan would become a kind of branch stores of the U.S.A. Moreover, what is the present army of occupation already composed of? Under the uniforms of generals, colonels, etc., can be found simple 'business men'. The numberless military offices in Tokyo are filled with files—economic files. Huge quantities of statistics and economic and financial observations have been amassed, and never before has the whole structure

of a country been so minutely examined.

Is it really necessary under these conditions that MacArthur or Washington should have a policy at all? Perhaps it would suffice to let things turn out in the ordinary run of events, and in that case we shall see America 'redeem' and take over Japan completely.

## The Truth About Russo-American Relations

However, the domestic situation in Japan is by no means the chief factor governing the American attitude towards Japan or the length of the occupation. We have explained the aims of the American occupational authorities; 'democratising' the Japanese economic system and re-educating the Japanese masses on sound economic lines. Is this the whole story behind the American occupation? Japan is caught today between the American tide and the Russian tide; both are rising and both have a common meeting-place. This, perhaps, is the crux of the whole Far Eastern problem. When you consider the problem from this angle, the questions of Japan itself and the Japanese are only secondary worries, and the real problem is this: is Japan going to be turned into an American armed base for possible use against Russia?

In Europe, the political conflict is between Great Britain and the Soviet Union, with America intervening only as a third party to the dispute. That is the great aim of American policy everywhere—to be the intermediaries in all disputes, a policy which was undoubtedly inspired by Roosevelt. But in Tokyo the whole set-up is quite different; America is directly involved and there is no question of her being the third party. From a territorial point of view Great Britain has lost from the Japanese war, but both America and Russia have gained by entering the frontiers of the old Japanese Empire. The United States have installed themselves in the very citadel of this Empire, but on all their new frontiers they meet with hostile resistance from the Russians.

Take the state of Russo-American



An American G I. on a leave pass asks his way around from a Japanese policeman

relations in Tokyo. They are bad. There is a Russian mission to MacArthur but it is not welcome, and it tries to get in the way. Every day, in the American officers' messes, you can hear strongly anti-Soviet views. In the four-power Allied conferences, where Great Britain and China participate, the delegates oppose everything Russian openly. Diatribes against the Emperor, America's bad conception of democracy, insufficient purging of Japanese leaders, and complaints of American interference with the Japanese Communist Party, are only some of the Russian reproaches with which MacArthur has to contend. But even these are nothing compared with the unspoken reproach which is always there; that the Americans are turning Japan into an unsinkable 'aircraft carrier', which is being prepared for operations against Siberia and Vladivostok.

This has come to pass through Russia having made a capital error—of having badly miscalculated her entry into the Far Eastern war. Russia was late in the field and now she is trying to make up for it. At Yalta, she promised to attack Japan three months after the defeat of Germany. At

that time, according to the Americans' own plans, the war with Japan was liable to last until the spring of 1946, and the Russians thought they had plenty of time. They kept to their promise and invaded Manchuria on 8 August.

#### Russia is Disconcerted

It was too late! Two days before, the first atomic bomb had fallen on Japan and the second bomb, a few days later, brought warto an abrupt end. Russia had confidently expected the war to last at least another nine months, and had even thought she might be able to take part in the landing on Japan itself. But within one month, the Americans, acting nominally for the Allies, had installed themselves in Japan alone. Thus the Russian intervention in the war was made to appear similar to the Italian 'stab in the back', and had all the unfortunate appearances of a last-minute gesture.

Russia was obliged to content herself with positions on the perimeter of Japan, Northern Korea, Port Arthur and the Kuriles, but the mainland proper was denied to her. Washington announced officially on 31 January that Moscow had declined an American offer to participate in the occupation. It appears that Russia had hoped to be given a zone of occupation as in Germany, but MacArthur wanted undivided authority, and for this reason the Russians refused the American offer.

For some time past, the Russians have been talking about the 'steel curtain' which the Americans have put round Japan, and they claim the right to know what is going on there. Molotov has demanded the institution of a system of government by Russia, China, Great Britain and America, but the latter refuses to lose her supreme authority.

After the Moscow conference last December, Russia toned her demands down a little, and the outcome was an Allied Council which was to sit in Tokyo with the four above-mentioned nations on it. This Council, however, would only be consultative and MacArthur retained supreme authority over any question concerning 'The Occupation and Control of Japan'. Russia sent as representatives to Japan General Kuzma Dervyanko, their expert on Far Eastern affairs, and Yakov Malik, former ambassador to Japan during the years of Russian neutrality. The Russian mission to Tokyo is fairly large, and they are keen observers of statistics and figures, both American and Japanese.

Korea today is like a house with the occupants on the first floor quarrelling with those on the ground floor. Russia occupies the part north of the 38th parallel and America the part south of this line. Three conditions are necessary to make the occupants agree: that they do at least meet each other and discuss how they can work together; that they agree on a common policy and that the Koreans, who are, after all, the owners of the house, accept the plans of the occupants. At the present time, the first of these conditions is barely fulfilled. Russia is disconcerted by the fact that America has simply annexed the atolls of Okinawa and Iwojima, apart from many other Pacific islands. Why, ask American critics, should we give up what we have fought for to UNO? Let us hold on to what we have, consolidate our bases and refuse to share our influence.

The whole of the Japanese question is bound up in Russo-American relations. and the length of the occupation depends on these relations. All the problems referred to in the first part of the article are of but secondary importance compared with the real issue at stake: the latent conflict between the two great powers in the Far East, Russia and America. The occupation will continue just as long as this menace exists. The most important political questions have to give way before purely strategic considerations which do not take Japan or the Japanese into account at all except in cases where they might be of use to the Americans. That is the position in the Far East today, and the world has a right to know how much longer it is going to continue.

# This Cruelty

Humanity is shocked by the recent actions of totalitarian armies and politicians. The Curtis Report on children brings the problem nearer home

A psychologist's view of the causes of these things

L. B.

FIRST of all, 'a feeling' is an emotional attitude towards an external object, an internal object (or self) or a situation. A feeling is therefore an inter-mechanism between the ego and the object.

In the present article I want to discuss cruelty, (a) because it is topical, (b) because it is one of the feelings which, although following definite curves, is one of the

most inherent feelings in man.

Before we discuss cruelty, it is necessary to diagnose it as a doctor diagnoses an illness—first the illness, then the patient. Cruelty is the pleasure felt by inflicting pain on an individual. The patient is the person who derives the pleasure by inflicting the pain. In psychological words, cruelty means sadism. Sadism involves self-gratification. The first question therefore is: Does sadism necessarily involve pleasure for the sadist?

If we accept the Hedonist point of view that the goal of every action is pleasure, we must accept the view that the sadist derives pleasure from cruelty.

Examples of cruelty include:

The cruelty of the child towards animals, or towards other children.

The cruelty of a mother, who may suddenly turn against her child, for no apparent reason.

The cruelty of a lover towards his beloved.

The cruelty of a conquering army towards the conquered.

These examples must be analysed separately. The first three belong to the psychology of the individual, as they involve the feeling of one individual towards an object. The last belongs to 'group psychology', as it involves the feelings

of a group towards an object or a group.

Cruelty has no doubt always existed. In fact tales of cruelty have been so much linked with our idea of antiquity that we have been apt to think this feeling was specially associated with the primitive world. Only lately, especially during the war, and in the individual outbreaks of cruelty which we attribute to the effects of war, have we understood that this feeling of cruelty is ever present in our make-up.

In ancient myths, giving pain has usually had prominence, witness the legend of Prometheus, and the Sagas. Fairy tales have more often than not a punitive central theme. In history, great upheavals have been connected with, or followed by, cruelty. Take Christianity's struggle with the Roman Empire, the slaughter of the Christians, the Crusades, the Inquisition, the later wars of Religion, Wars of Ideology, Revolutions.

It seems evident that the more intense the emotion, the more apt is cruelty to take a part in it. It seems also that the emotion cannot be contained in a time-limit. In fact, outbursts of cruelty usually *follow* the conflict, being an after-effect or a continuation of the conflict.

In the individual, cruelty follows a similar curve, outbreaks of sadism in a person occurring during, and following, an emotional disturbance.

It is now time to analyse our examples. First, the cruelty of the child towards animals and other children.

The child is 'the father of the man' and therefore the most primitive organism of humanity. The child is *naturally* sadistic, as he derives pleasure from hurting.

There are two possible mechanisms in child cruelty. (a) Displacement. (b) Fear of being different.

- (a) A child who has committed some mischief displaces his guilt-feeling on another object, and punishes the object instead of himself. For instance . . . a child who in his own mind deserves punishment may hurt an animal. This displaces his own guilt to the animal and in punishing it he punishes himself. He might, on the other hand, displace his desire to punish a member of the family, on to the animal. The desire to destroy one's father can express itself in cruelty to an animal, or another child. This offers certain advantages, namely that of security, as neither the animal nor the weaker child can defend themselves.
- (b) Fear of being different. It is well known that children are often cruel to children not similar to themselves. This feeling is difficult to analyse, although it is probably the most common feeling of man. Have we ever analysed our attitude towards ugliness and monstrosity, or in fact towards any being different from those we encounter in our daily life? Does the child resent the 'alien' (as we had better call him) being different, or does he resent himself for not being like the 'alien'? The fact is that he resents the difference. He resents deviation from the usual pattern, and this deviation deserves punishment. The inflicting of this punishment gives a sadistic gratification to his ego. On the contrary, a beautiful child, although he may be an 'alien', will not be cruelly treated.

A child identifies himself, through wishful thinking, with the beautiful child, and therefore does *not* act cruelly towards him, or her!

Now, the cruelty of a mother who suddenly turns against her child for no apparent reason.

These cases have been much discussed lately. In a broad sense, the mother displaces on her child her hate of either her husband or some other love object. The mother might also feel a particular guilt-feeling towards the child through not

having given it enough attention, and therefore making it responsible for this guilt-feeling. The child may also be unwanted, or a tie of which she subconsciously may want to get rid. Naturally this feeling may in some cases turn into an oversolicitous attitude, atoning for the guilt-feeling caused by a subconscious death wish.

There is a school which says that a child is a continuation of the sexual act for the woman. In this case the mother may transfer to the child her sexual disappointment. An interesting point is that often a mother. good to a number of children, will commit acts of cruelty on only one of them. In this instance it is obvious that the child has provoked the mother or rather awakened the cruel streak in her subconscious mind. Also, cruelty, being one of the most intense feelings, grows in connection with one particular person. The mother gives pain to one child, but would not get any enjoyment from giving pain to another child. It is therefore a love-hate relationship.

It is also known that a woman goes through certain physical cycles which have bearing on her nerves, which in their turn loosen the grip of the super-ego or 'conscience'. The instincts have then more power over the personality. It is a fact that more primitive women have less checking ability over their instincts. I am speaking now of physical cruelty. It is evident that mental cruelty to children is probably as pernicious as physical cruelty, and is present in every station of life.

The cruelty of a lover towards his beloved.

Before discussing the sexual aspect of cruelty, we must say a few words about the orthodox, or rather the Freudian, view of sadism. According to Freud, sadism is linked with masochism, or rather masochism is a by-product of sadism. The mechanism is as follows:

The woman hurts the man with the subconscious desire of being hurt or mastered. If her aim is not attained, she will continue in her sadistic behaviour. In fact, giving pain or being aggressive is a part of a sexual act. The receiving of pain by the aggressor may be his subconscious desire, but there is no *commonsense* evidence that it has reached his conscious level.

Crucity in love has often appeared in myths and Sagas. Even in fashion, woman being curbed by corsets, tight skirts and high heels comes from a subconscious desire of the man to inflict suffering or discomfort. Many sexual perversions are connected with the giving of suffering. In fact, with many sexual maniacs, giving suffering takes the place of the sexual act... the case of Heath for instance.

It is possible, as I have stated, that sadism is only a half-feeling, and that masochism, with the sexual perversities that it has given rise to, completes the

gratification of the sadist.

The flagellations of monks in the Middle Ages was no doubt partly a sado-maso-chistic act, as it gave pleasure to inflictor and to sufferer alike. It is very probable that all sadistic acts, or rather acts of cruelty, are sexual in origin if one discusses them in the deeper psychological sense.

The cruelty of conquerors toward the conquered.

There are two ways to consider this last example, *individually* and *collectively*.

Individually, the cruelty of a soldier, that is a man towards another man, or more often towards a woman, can be explained under the previous individual headings. It is often on a sexual basis, but if one wants to analyse it, one must take examples one by one, taking into account the situation of the sadist, the strength of his emotional strain and also his psychological make-up. That is, whether he belongs to the group of men to whom giving pain gives pleasure. It is evident that if 'mass feelings' of cruelty did not exist, many a soldier would not commit these offences. It is also perhaps true that some armies, and some nations, are most prone to this attitude.

Does this mean that sado-masochism is prevalent in them or that they are going through an aggressive stage similar to that of the child, and will eventually grow out of it: We cannot definitely sav.

What is a mass feeling?

A mass feeling is what is felt by a number of individuals thrown together through circumstances in a certain situation. It has to take into account the individuals, the fact of their being joined to one another, the circumstances and the situation. Therefore it cannot be said that a mass feeling is the mere sum of the feeling of the individuals concerned. It is an (alleged) new, and joint, feeling. It is yrev difficult to psycho-analyse a mass feeling, as psychoanalysis is mainly a 'splitting' rather than an 'amalgamation'. 'Group psychology' has therefore been a millstone round the necks of psychologists and not much advance has been made since Le Bon's theory. Nevertheless, examples of mass feelings should be given. . . . Panic in a theatre or amidst a crowd, whilst an individual would feel no panic and would behave differently.

Although it is difficult to enter into socalled 'group psychology' without generalising, one can say that war weakens the power of the super-ego (or conscience) and therefore unleashes some of the primal drives, of which aggression is one.

A few words must be said about the cases of cruelty which have occurred lately. Are they more frequent or are they apt to attract more limelight? If they are more frequent, it should be attributed to the aftermath of war. In fact, all the latest cases which are the outcomes of individual tendencies have one thing in common—the weakening of the super-ego, which cannot restrain the instincts.

Whether we can find a sublimation for cruelty, which will canalise the strength of this passion into something useful or harmless, is not known. But before an artificial sublimation is sought for, it is well to realise that cruelty in every form, mental or physical, is one of the most inherent and 'well-established' drives in human nature.

## 1. The Domestic Scene

Many writers consider a visit to Washington or New York as sufficient justification for a generalisation about America. However, this shrewd and comprehensive analysis of social trends within the U.S.A. is made by one who has taken time and trouble to travel from coast to coast to meet representatives of all walks of life.

Next month he will deal with the political scene

#### ADRIAN LIDDELL HART

Americans can scarcely object to generalisations about their country on brief acquaintance. From the moment I landed, the opening gambit of conversation was usually, 'How do you like America?' It may be a silly question, but it is a key to understanding America; Americans of all sorts believe it possible to give a short answer; there is such an entity as America, a material entity you can see and get to know even in one place, not an abstract conception.

If I were rationed to one generalisation, I would say that the most noticeable—and fundamental—thing about the U.S.A. is its oneness. Unity is achieved at the political level, but this is the natural similarity of a way of life, the increasing standardisation of a material and cultural civilisation over a vast area inhabited by people of widely different origins and beliefs.

This uniformity underlies the obvious differences of race and creed, wealth and locality; it constitutes, far more than any legal instrument like the Constitution, the framework within which the rivalry of interests is carried on. What Washington threatens to divide, Hollywood may often hold together. This standardisation is most apparent in the newest America of the West—Los Angeles may be the pattern of a fully integrated American civilisation.

The fishermen in Maine, or the farmers in Louisiana, were not picturesque yokels; they were very much like anyone else in America, with the same outlook and way of life. A 'working' family with whom I stayed in Milwaukee lived in a very similar house, owned a very similar car, and in general had a similar way of life as University people with whom I stayed. They had much the same outlook as professional or business people. Differences of education are of degree rather than of kind.

No one, however, can overlook the differences within the United States; the barriers and conflicts between one racial or social group and another, between the South and New England, the East and the Middle West, the widespread antipathy towards New York, the growing assertion by the Far West of its relative importance. Quite intelligent people in New Orleans hopefully predicted to me that another Huey Long would come out of the South to break the hegemony of New York.

All over America anti-Semitism is prevalent; around New York it is marked. Jewish influence in New York is overwhelming, and agitation over Palestine is certainly having an undesirable effect on the Jewish question in America. Many Americans fail to see why a racial minority, which is supposed to be assimilated, should attempt to dictate the foreign policy of the American Government, and feel ashamed that their leaders should try to outbid each other for the Jewish vote by making unconvincing statements.

Nowhere is there greater racial tension than in the capital, where negroes suffer under no Jim Crow laws and enjoy relative prosperity. San Francisco (most international of cities) is possibly the only American town where the sight of a white woman in the company of a negro causes no comment; where one could associate without feeling conspicuous.

Along with the Mexicans in the South-West, the orientals in the West and to some extent the foreign-born in the East, the negroes constitute what the Americans are pleased to call the underprivileged, a lower class with a rather different way of life, who live in lower class districts—the Mexican slums in San Antonio look as grim as the negro slums in Chicago—with fewer opportunities for advancement and a more limited range of occupations.

## **Equality of Opportunity**

In a way there is also an upper class in America, though there is no upper class way of life. More than the local aristocracies of Virginia, Boston and Philadelphia, or the tiny group of the very rich who live a strangely isolated existence in and around New York, absorbed in sporting pursuits and social distinctions, the film stars—the highest income group—perform the functions of an upper class. They set the fashions. tastes, directly and indirectly patronise writers and artists who congregate in California and celebrate their way of life: they sometimes help to reform American prejudices, and embody the changing American prototype. In their own careers they glamorise the American dream—from poverty to riches through some luck and much hard work—and latterly have assumed a more specifically social and political rôle; they not only lend their names and presences to political parties, but pronounce on policy and even arbitrate in labour disputes.



Representatives of the American 'Upper Class', film star Mickey Rooney dines with his ex-wife Ava Gardner

America, as a whole, none the less, is a single class society, characterised like all middle class societies, by many social distinctions—within a community.

Like most middle class societies, it is characterised by a conservatism which I frequently found dismaying, a fear of appearing different which often seemed incompatible with the pioneer tradition: the convention of travelling in one's best clothes is rather symbolic of this attitude.

American society embodies a principle which was formerly associated with the middle class—belief in equality of opportunity. This principle is one to which all Americans pay lip service, like the liberty of the individual. But it is a very real belief -though it may not embrace the underprivileged. Although ownership of basic industries may be in a small circle, into which it is increasingly difficult to break, all self-respecting Americans know of at least one or two individuals who worked their way up to riches, and power. The only rather inaccurate tribute to Mr. Truman that I heard was that he started off by selling newspapers. It is still a sacred tradition for young men, whatever their families, to start at the bottom, and the merit to be acquired by working—or singing in the case of Louisiana's Governor—one's way through college has not been lost to the automatic dishwasher.

Not only at State and local Universities but at Harvard, too, I only heard approbation that facilities should have been stretched to provide for mass education. No one ever suggested to me that the sons of the wealthy should be entitled to a special education fitting them for special responsibilities or the conception of a ruling class. Most Americans consider democracy in England would be more advanced by the abolition of the Public Schools than by the nationalisation of industry.

There has been a great deal of criticism of officers' privileges and officer-enlisted men relations during the war, but this is largely ascribed to the arrogation of a privileged position by a professional group, and is not criticism of a social class—in fact, many of the warmest critics are those enlisted men who were conscious of the fact that, in the Army especially, the majority of officers were of fairly humble background. I heard bitterness expressed against industrialists and politicians, but as individuals grouped together by a common wickedness, not as a social class.

## Barriers Between Age Groups

There is, however, a division in American society, which the ever-changing material civilisation of America accentuates instead of mitigates. The barriers between different age groups are pronounced. Young men and women live their own lives with comparatively little social mixing with their elders. On their side, even intelligent middle-aged Americans find it difficult to avoid being patronising, in spite of the rather pathetic American worship of Youth. It is scarcely surprising that American troops sometimes appear to behave rather childishly overseas when they cannot be served with intoxicants in America under twenty-one.

The marked tendency towards a highage level in responsible positions in a 'democratic' society has been intensified by the increasing premium set upon formal education by the most technically advanced country in an age of specialisation. As occupations become increasingly organised to eliminate unfairness and inefficiency, more and more examinations ensure a slower and slower rise, with the probable result of greater and greater mediocrity.

How does American youth today react to this society? Having known G.I.s in Europe, I expected to see familiar scenes in America. What I found was the reverse—almost no drunkenness, very little expressed dissatisfaction or efforts to change the old way of life, and no shift of power. Most young Americans seemed pleased to be home and law-abiding, quite content and definitely not over-confident of themselves.

### **Idolatry of Education**

It is true that the 'veterans' in one backward Southern town cleaned out the old political gang with guns, and some 'veterans' have been making a name for themselves, notably Mayor Morrison in New Orleans, but these are the infrequent exceptions, and war records fared no better proportionately than in Britain at the post-war elections. Statistics show that the overwhelming majority of veterans have joined the old, conservative 'veteran' organisations, the Legion and the V.F.W., if they have joined any, and are apparently content to let the older men run them until they see fit to hand over. Only a handful have joined the new, politically active organisation, the American Veterans' Committee, which is one of the more promising manifestations in American politics today —the ones I came across were intellectuals anyhow. Even the 'Red' Senator Pepper was largely elected by retired people living in Florida on the strength of his advocacy of pensions. Large numbers of returning young men, according to the complaints in the papers, have joined the 52-20 Club. drawing the guaranteed \$20 a week for fifty-two weeks, often spun out with casual jobs. Many young men seem reluctant to enter the big, unionised industries where, they feel, their war experience will not count as much as if they had been engaged in civilian work.

Over a million and a half have volunteered for the peacetime Army and Navy, including those who are enlisting for the first time. The astonishing success of this recruiting drive in a comparatively short time could well be studied by our politicians. (Some of the recruiting posters appeared rather strange: there was one of gleaming U.S. Marines being inspected by the King of England.)

Hundreds of thousands of G.I.s have taken advantage of the G.I. Bill of Rights to go to 'school'—to the Universities, where they receive generous allowances. These masses of serious young men, often wearing parts of their uniforms or overalls, often living in barracks, if married, with their wives in trailers, and studying almost everything under the sun, are perhaps the most impressive sight in America today.

Unfortunately, if the general level of education is going up, the standard is almost certainly coming down. Degrees are awarded on examinations, plus credits for a certain number of attendances, and these examinations seem to be set on a few text books to which, therefore, teaching is necessarily confined in view of the size of the classes, rather than to test trained intelligence. Individual attention or the subtler methods of instilling culture are hardly feasible when new entrants for a term have to attend the enrolling ceremony in the city football stadium.

But the majority of undergraduates today are not primarily interested in absorbing culture. They have been led to believe that a degree is the indispensable key to a professional career, even to a white-collar or technical job. They are out to get a degree—and the Universities are very reluctant to deny them. The wide extension by the Government of this education has, in itself, encouraged them in this belief. It is likely that many of these veteran students may give up their studies half way; the going may be harder than anticipated; they may be worried about the diminishing opportunities for employment and advancement for the late-comers. But it is questionable whether, in three or four years' time, there won't be a rising tide of disappointment and resentment, particularly if America is then on the way to a depression. This mass education may also have the effect of creating a new caste of the underprivileged.

In these ways, the strongest and most widely experienced group of American youth is being virtually subsidised to remain outside the mainstream of American life, the characteristic society of free enterprise, at a time when that life is in a greater state of flux than at any time since the American Revolution.

# RULE BY RIGMAROLE

THE STREAM OF DELEGATED LEGISLATION UNDER THE TITLE OF S. R. & O.S

CONTINUES IN FULL SPATE—MANY OF THEM INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO THE LAYMAN WHO HAS TO

CONFORM TO THEM. JAMES DOWDALL BRINGS THE SHAFT OF SATIRE TO BEAR ON A MATTER

WHICH THREATENS TO SUBMERSE THE 'RULE OF LAW' BENEATH THE 'LAW OF RULE'

## JAMES DOWDALL

We have come a long way since Chaucer's Summoner discovered the dumbfounding potency of his cry, Questio Quid Juris, when flung into a debate which was not paying him enough attention. For centuries the makers and interpreters of the law have entrenched themselves behind a palisade of terminology and Norman French which kept out intruders and was the exclusive preserve of those who had learned the cabalistic jargon of the trade. But what was once merely an exclusive circle has now become a vicious one; and the law has recently found itself eating its own tail.

For last January ('the first calendar month of the current year' or Geo. 6. Ch. 10, according to which side you are on), the Legislature successfully bewildered the Lord Chief Justice with a phrase contained in the Eggs (Control and Prices) (Great Britain) Order of 1944 as amended by statutory rule and order 645-1945. Lord Goddard (Humphries J. concurring) decided that the order was completely unintelligible to the bench, and he therefore refused to convict a small-holder for not understanding it.

The accused was described as 'a man controlling twenty-five or fewer head of poultry in Yorkshire.' No doubt he thought that he was a Yorkshire farmer who kept a few hens and did not realise that the paragraph referred to him. But what appeared—and stirred Lord Goddard to a fine display of patriarchal indignation—was that the farmer and his kind are now so bomb-happy from the barrage of rules, orders, instructions and amendments which have been launched against them in the last eight years that the English language has ceased to have any meaning for them.

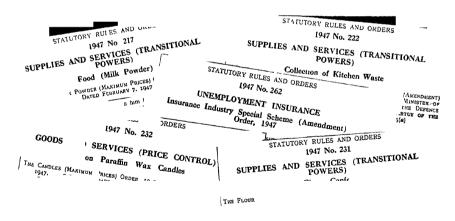
## Puzzle for Poultry-Keepers

Long ago the honest Yorkshireman had learned, with silent but pregnant resentment, the bureaucratic heresy that 'The expression "Bull" shall be deemed to include "Cow".' Before getting a new shot-gun to keep down the rabbits in his paddock, he had had to unravel an amendment to the law about buying firearms which contained the phrase, 'for the word "bought" there shall be substituted the word "purchased".' Wondering, perhaps,

what the significant difference might be, and why 'bought' was a word and 'Bull' an 'expression', he had turned to the regulations about fruit-growing. Here he had found that, apart from being a market-gardener, he might also be 'a grower in relation to any rhubarb', a term which 'includes any person in whom the property of the rhubarb is vested before the severance thereof from the soil.' And he was one of the hundreds of thousands of small poultry-keepers who received a Ministry pamphlet explaining how he should fill in his application forms for feeding stuffs, from which he learned that: 'For any given figure in Column (1) above (representing the number of units entered at (A) in Column (2) of Part 2. (b) of Form F.S.R. 14), Columns (2), (3), (4) and (5) above give the corresponding figures to be inserted at B, C, D, and E, in Columns (5), (7), (9) and (11) of Part 2 (b) of the form.

Moreover, even if he had mastered all these instructions and several hundred similar ones, he still could not guarantee

that he would not find himself innocently aiding and abetting a legal breach by somebody with whom he did business. He might, for example, wish to erect an outhouse for the better control of his 25 or fewer head of poultry. But it would be insufficient for him merely to get permission to do so. For somewhere in Whitehall there might be an order which said that the felt-or 'felting' for short-required for his roof would be deemed to be included in the Board of Trade pamphlet on the sale of carpets, rugs and similar commodities. And those whom it concerns, before even arriving at the main verb, will read therem: 'On a sale otherwise than to a retail customer of goods to which this paragraph applies, whether or not the goods are included in a parcel comprising goods to which this paragraph does not apply, where the total price in respect of such goods, or where such goods are included in such a parcel (exclusive of the appropriate amount of a purchase tax where such tax is chargeable and exclusive of delivery charges) . . . .



Yet it would be churlish of him not to give Whitehall its due. For, in some cases, as Billy Brown might say, 'Their meaning may escape detection, but they are there for your protection.' There is, for example, a carefully worked out scale of charges for gas which might enable him to challenge his gas bill if he only bothered to study it. It adds that, 'The prices per therm specified in any such scale in respect of gas supplied in any differential price area may or shall (as the case may require) exceed to the extent of the differential price applicable to that area the prices per therm specified in such scale in respect of a like quantity of gas supplied in the relevant other parts of the limits of supply.'

#### When Ignorance is Bliss!

Ironically enough, his acquittal before Lord Goddard hinged on the word 'consumer'. For all the words from which bureaucracy has squeezed the last vestige of meaning, the verb 'to consume' is the most long-suffering. The catalogue of goods which he was alleged to consume would shame the digestion of the most omnivorous goat. He had consumed paint and motor-tyres, galvanised nails and packets of cigarettes, Wellington boots and flypapers and, indeed, almost every item stocked by the multiple store in his High Street. It must have been a positive restorative to his sanity when he visited the local inn and read there that he would be well advised to start consuming his last drink five minutes to ten as no extra time was allowed 'for consumption' after closing time. However, in this instance, the Lord Chief Justice held that a man who bought eggs for hatching-or for 'hatching purposes' as it was said—was not a consumer within the meaning of the order. Therefore the farmer had not broken the regulations by selling the eggs at his own price to one who, for once, was not a 'consumer'. Thus agriculture and bureaucracy drew their match; honours were even and the problematically legitimate chickens have probably been hatched out, and may be picking vacantly at a

cabbage stalk contrary to the intention of the statute in such case made and provided.

Yet the matter cannot be left to rest there. For Lord Goddard's ruling suggests that a man may now plead that he had read and studied the law but could not make head or tail of what it meant-and this will be a good defence. Until now, ignorance of the law was no excuse for its violation. But when the doctrine established itself. Sin was an uncomplicated and earthy affair for the common people; and provided a man avoided politics and importunity and took no more liberties with the decalogue than his station in life allowed, he was secure. Now, however, it is a very different story. A small house could be built out of the volumes containing all the details of what may and may not be done-though whether it would be legal to build it is another matter. For big laws have little laws upon their backs to bite 'em; and these in their turn are fruitful and multiply and each begets its own little dynasty of amendments and cancellations and amplifications—and so on ad infinitum. If you start with a general rule restricting supplies of metal, you may end by having to decide what quality of tin may be used for the tags on the bootlaces of sedentary workers in part-time, nonessential employment. It is therefore quite simple for a Minister to impose his discipline on the sale of elastic but it is also preposterous that he should have to concern himself with how much of it may be used for buttoning round a furled umbrella—a point which was the subject of wartime legislation. Yet somebody must be on hand to decide whether the fat hockey mistress at St. Ursula's may be granted a permit to buy an extra six inches for the band of her gym-skirt and whether the bow-string of an Ensa cupid is a matter for the War Office, the N.A.A.F.I., the Board of Trade or the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts. And to this end more than 100 Civil Servants are empowered to make what arrangements they like and have them automatically endorsed by the Minister;

so that, unknown to you—and probably our M.P.—a rule may at this moment be being passed into law making it illegal for you to spend next Sunday afternoon going over the dents in your car with a pot of enamel. The Defence and Emergency Regulations still in operation cover four hundred pages of a book which may be bought from the Stationery Office for a small sum. And if all of them, and those which are constantly being added to them. are to be enforced, others will have to be made to combat their evasion. Is it, for example, illegal to sell ex-Government camouflage netting to a householder who may wish to conceal an illicitly built potting shed in his back yard from aerial reconnaissance by a state enforcement officer? The point should be cleared up!

A strange situation therefore arises. A private builder, having learned the necessary ritual for getting a licence—and it is a ritual of infinitely greater complexity than the ancient game of 'Cardinal Puff'receives permission to start work. Attached to his licence is a warning, printed in red, that this does not exempt him from the provisions of a dozen or more categories of legislation whose titles alone run to four lines of print on quarto paper. He may then read all these regulations—which a lawyer could not fully digest in under a month. And at the end of it he may produce the extremely convincing defence to a charge of breaking them, that he understood no more of their purport than if they had been written in Swahili.

#### Sense from Nonsense?

Even condensing their language would not solve the problem. A famous lawyer once said that he had condensed the whole of an Act of Parliament, covering four folios, to one single sentence containing only twenty subordinate clauses. He was asked if this made anybody any happier. For a long time he chewed over the point and at last, with exemplary lucidity and brevity, replied 'No.' Admittedly it might help if the rules and orders used ordinary English. But this could only be done either

by re-drafting the thousands of original drafts, or by passing an omnibus amendment Act to the whole lot which might make confusion worse confounded. And any farmer or builder or truck-owner who has had experience of Whitehall directives could make a good guess at how it would read: 'As from the date hereof and notwithstanding anything to the contrary, the term "a grower in relation to any rhubarb" shall be deemed to include the term "rhubarb grower". For the expression "usilise" shall be substituted the expression "use". "The price in respect of gas" shall be deemed to mean "the price of gas".' And so forth.

But the clarifying of the orders and the severance thereof from the fussy-genteel tradition of Civil Service jargon would not be enough to enable a man to know whether he were inside or outside the law when almost every act he performs in his waking life is the subject of several thousands of words of legislation (during the war the simple act of fire-watching was governed by nearly four hundred pages of regulations and instructions). Nor will any amount of explanation make sense out of nonsense. No man over thirty is capable of being conditioned to accept the reasonability of his having to redecorate his sitting room at a cost of six pounds in three monthly shifts because he may not do more than two pounds' worth of work in any one month, and those who are young enough to be trained to such a way of thought will end up by becoming incapable of reasoning at all.

Perhaps it is a disciplinary ideal to be aimed at. The Victorian principle 'See what Tommy is doing and tell him not to' produced, among the classes who adopted it, the most well-brushed and nicely ordered generation in English history. But if Whitehall ever do decide to clean up their vast Augean stable of rigmaroleology by scrapping the lot and substituting the general rule that nobody may do anything unless specifically ordered to do so, it will be a sad day for them. For then, to use one of their own favourite expressions, they will themselves become 'redundant'.

#### DOUGLAS COOPER

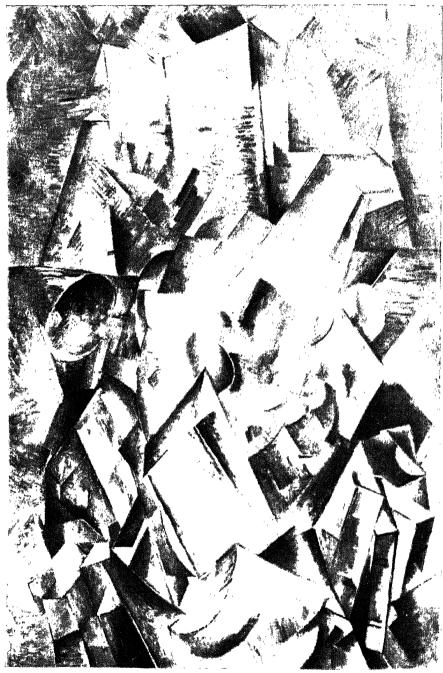
Cubist pictures are really no more difficult of approach than any other, once one knows how to look at them. How many people are aware, for example, of the allegorical and symbolical allusions in Renaissance pictures? How many can recognise individual Saints by their attributes? Yet no spectator should ignore these aspects of a picture, even though it means taking trouble. For it is a mistaken notion that art is an attempt to represent the tangible world as naturalistically as possible, and that in the pursuit of this aim it has developed gradually to a stage of perfection which is now being violated by 'the moderns'. Art serves many different purposes. Now, each of these purposes has resulted in a variation of the artistic idiom, and in addition every civilisation has evolved its own tradition. No work of art will immediately yield up its secret, but if approached without prejudice, its mystery can be understood.

Roughly speaking, the variety of idioms in which man expresses himself artistically can be classified into two kinds: imitative and conceptual. The great division, that is to say, is between those who confine themselves to what the eye sees and those who uphold what the mind knows. Between the extremes of these two forms, the artistic possibilities are endless. Consider the contrast between an Egyptian frieze, a Romanesque fresco and a picture by Veronese. The Egyptian artist ignores space. Where Veronese tries to convey his emotion in terms of light, space and atmosphere, the Romanesque artist ignores light and atmosphere. Veronese uses colour

modulation and perspective to suggest spatial relationships, and takes the eye back. so to speak, through the surface of the wall or canvas on which he has painted. The Romanesque artist indicates his experience of space by superimposing one figure on another, placing one building above the next and so on. The eye therefore travels up and down the flat surface and the spectator has to interpret intellectually what is meant. Veronese represents only what the eye could take in at one glance; the Romanesque artist records things which he can only have known by looking at objects from more than one side and on more than one occasion. Both artists offer us a representation of the outer world. but one tries to imitate his optical sensations while the other makes use of a symbolic arrangement. Everyone will have his preference of idiom but no one will deny that both artists communicate their experiences vividly and pictorially. There was no attempt to express space in an illusory manner (linear and aerial perspective) before the Renaissance. Then the scientific spirit was born: the reality of objects was admitted; they were examined and analysed individually and in relation to others. Art became the visual record of man's discoveries, and linear perspective (a graphic ıllusion, which had just been invented by the scientists) was adapted as an artistic trick to express them. Thus artists began to explore into space, and this led inevitably to the perception of effects of light and atmosphere. At first, light was accepted as the way in which objects were illuminated in space. The artists became



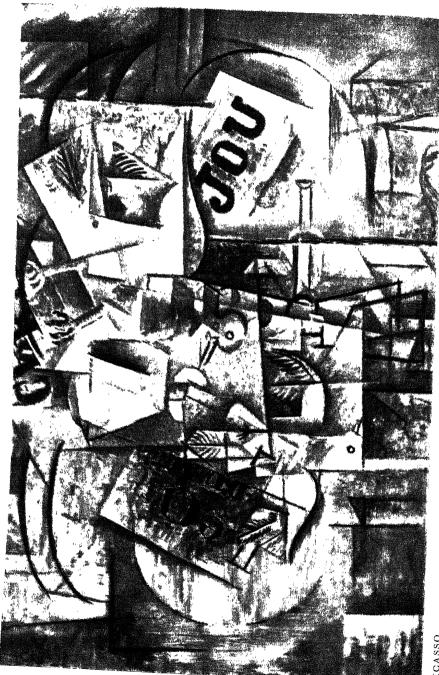
PICASSO Woman in Chair



BRAQUE Composition



JUAN GRIS Still Life with Guitar



aware of the odd tricks light plays with our vision, and this led to the discovery of the colour changes which an object undergoes the further removed it is from the eye. Thus, the red brick castle on the horizon soon ceased to be painted in its true colour and was given an atmospheric substitute.

The history of modern painting can be said to begin with Renoir, Cézanne, Van Gogh and Seurat. Each accepted the great discoveries that had been made, but felt painting had become too ethereal; that it was time to come back to more material aspects. Thus Cézanne talked of 'doing Poussin over again after nature', by which he meant that he wanted the objects in his pictures to be as real as they were imaginary.

The subject-matter of nineteenth-century art can be easily classified. First, there are the pretentious, lifeless costume pieces, scenes in historically remote Egypt, Greece and Rome, pictures devoid of æsthetic merit because they are not the product of a pictorial emotion and have no moral significance either. Secondly, those pictures which tell us pictorially about people, things and places, in such a manner as to open our eyes. It is only this type of picture with which I am concerned, for it is part of the duty of any artist to teach us to see. In considering the course that painting has followed during the last 150 years, it is essential to realise that art has been free, and so artists have not been expected either to provide religious instruction or to inculcate high moral principles. In very few modern pictures, therefore, need we look for a hidden meaning. The nineteenth century was the age in which man's great pre-occupation was to harness the elements and become master of his world. Landscape, therefore, was the subject with which artists were primarily concerned; but, since it was easier to study light effects on something static, still-life was almost equally important. For the first time the idiom then became more important than the content. Cézanne, Renoir, Seurat and

Van Gogh were the first artists to abandon this position. What they attempted was the creation of an idiom in which both the permanent and the fortuitous aspects of a given scene would be blended. Each of them achieved mastery; but a new vision demands a new idiom, and these artists were not revolutionaries.

Cubism was born in the winter of 1906-7, when Picasso, aged twenty-five, completed a large composition, 'The Young Ladies of Avignon'. In that picture, the figures on the left are modelled in the traditional chiaroscuro, whereas the modelling of those on the right is done directly with coloured brush-strokes. Picasso had felt the influence of Cézanne, and for the next few years he continued in this tradition, studying natural objects, analysing their facets, picking out their forms and combining them in a pictorial composition which emphasises their solidity. 'Nude in an Armchair', of 1909, shows this clearly. This picture should not be compared with the spectacle of a nude woman in a chair, for it is not meant to resemble what the eye sees. Picasso presents us with a symbol of his knowledge and visual experience; he is not trying to arouse our lust or pity; his picture is an enduring monument. It is representational, but not naturalistic. Some use has been made of *chiaroscuro*, but recession is chiefly obtained by line. Light does not come from any defined source; it is directed at the artist's will; the picture space is limited by an immediate background, therefore atmosphere plays no part. Picasso has not attempted to simulate space. He has created volumes and makes the spectator aware of depth by this means. The figure in grisaille is made to stand out sculpturally against the green background. This limitation of the range of colour was deliberate, for Picasso (like Braque, who at that time left the Fauves and arrived at Cubism along independent lines) was interested in objects and not in atmospheric effects. At this stage neither Picasso nor

Braque had discovered a method of modelling without *chiaroscuro*; but this they realised implied 'discolouration' of true colours. Therefore, as in Braque's 'Still Life with a Violin' (1910), they worked in monochrome.

In 1010 their art took a new turn, which is of great importance because then they entirely gave up imitating visual experience. The Cubists wanted to paint highly realistic pictures in which there would be no tricks or illusions—and we must be careful not to confuse realism with naturalism. In this second stage they introduced several views of the same object juxtaposed. Thus, in order to represent a complete glass, they presented, simultaneously, views of the glass from in front, below, behind, and from the side, as well as a cross-section. This has been called the 'analytical' phase of Cubism, and it is well represented by Picasso's 'Still Life with Dead Birds' (1912). At this stage Picasso and Braque were still not ready to introduce true colours, but they did introduce 'real' details: the elaborately emphasised feathers, the bold newspaper lettering, the simulated grain of the wood of the table. Next they adopted a technique known as papiers collés in which 'real' details—newspaper, wallpaper or cigarette packages—were actually stuck on to the canvas with the idea of heightening the realism and reducing still more the artistic illusion. It was at this moment that they were joined in their researches by Juan Gris. Then Cubism reached its climax; analysis gave way to synthesis, and a new form of conceptual art was born. This was the great artistic revolution of our age.

In the third stage of Cubism, after 1914, these artists were able to use line and colour independently to suggest two different pictorial aspects. That is to say, the objects in their pictures are represented by symbols which contain much empirical knowledge, some expressed by line and some by colour. True local colours are indicated; no attempt is made to represent all the details, and yet these

symbols (which signify the whole object) are not comprehensible without previous visual experiences. The forms are new: they differ from those of the 'real' objects. and they are only explicable in terms of the picture itself. They are not conventional nor formalised. Consider, for example, 'Still Life with a Guitar' (1919) by Juan Gris. Chiaroscuro and linear perspective are absent: the flatness of the canvas surface is preserved; no object is imitated. Instead of taking our eye through the surface, the artist makes us conscious (pictorially) of the relative position of objects and of their volume by other means. Forms are repeated, in reverse or partially and in different tones; the side of the table is carefully drawn to give the foreground plane; the light and dark tones alternating give planes but do not model. It must be clear what this picture represents, but, instead of elaborate and tricky imitation, the artist opens our eyes to formal and rhythmical relationships between objects he has seen. Light does not concern him; he is interested in things, and with them he creates a new form of pictorial poetry.

I have tried to indicate how the Renaissance tradition had run its course and why, in this more materialistic age, the Cubist revolution in art was inevitable. It may seem a hard and uncompromising form of art; however, despite its geometrical aspect, it is not a mathematical formula. For myself, I have learnt a great deal about the simple objects of daily life from studying Cubist pictures. And to those who protest its ugliness and distortion, I would reply that it has proved malleable enough to permit the pure lyricism of the late work of Braque and Gris, as well as the passionate and devastating late work of Picasso. For Cubism has not been abandoned; it still goes on and is being continually adapted by the younger painters, like Masson and Guttuso. Cubism is not abstract, neither is it flat-patterning. It is concrete, realistic art. Of course, it lacks some qualities which we can discover and enjoy in, say, a picture by Rubens. But for all that, it has other great qualities of its own.







ALUN LEWIS

CECIL DAY LEWIS

LAURIE LEE

# POETRY: The Contemporary landscape

### ALAN ROSS

POETRY is fundamentally communication; by means of imagery, rhythm and form, a pattern of ideas is evolved that conveys an atmosphere, a mood or a thought process. Each poem contains a complete experience. The experiences, the visual impacts, the emotions that life gives to a poet emerge from being ghosts in his mind to the formal reality of expression. Every poem crystallises the whole of past time in its form. But to make that experience intense and communicable, he must limit himself in his

range of feeling and of thought. The mind can only accept a certain amount of distilled life at one moment. So poets choose, or rather circumstances choose for them, a particular aspect or vein of experience which they explore, and reproduce with the hallmark of their own imaginative vision. In fact, at its highest level, the whole poetic process is a voyage of discovery, an exploration into the mind, into the subtleties of mood, and the origins of thought. Poetry should always be exciting; the intense



LOUIS MACNEICE



EDITH SITWELL



STEPHEN SPENDER

nervous excitement of writing a poem should make itself felt in an originality of expression, almost a strangeness, both familiar and unfamiliar, as when life is flowing suddenly into a new form. In this way many poets are visionaries searching within themselves for this beauty, at once what Baudelaire called 'bizarre, étrange et nouveau'.

It follows that there are many kinds of poetry: the great poetry that holds within its compass the whole range of living experience, like Shakespeare's; the poetry that draws its various expression from nature and from landscapes, as Wordsworth's; the poetry that comments on the present by means of fictitious or historical narrative, like Byron's; the poetry that reflects a society in its contemporary implications and changes, like much of Shelley's; and the poetry of personal relationships and moods, such as Donne's or Browning's. But these divisions are convenient rather than exact, and most of the poets I have mentioned combine within their work more than one category. The most important factor about them, though, was that they represented both their age and its activity, yet stood outside the normal limitation of time. Their poetry takes on a universal significance because it is invested with fundamental and human qualities. So all great poetry, by expressing the particular conflicts of its own time, not only places it historically, but reveals through it the imaginative truth to which all art, history and science progress.

I have made these points about the general nature of poetry because it seems to me important in any essay on modern poetry to see it against a background and a tradition. In England the writing of poetry has continued without a break since Chaucer, and the succession of great poets has been due not only to the richness and vitality of the English language but to the acceptance of poetry as an integral and natural part of national life. Poetry is important because it affirms man's belief in living, in the exciting range of human experience; because it makes for significance, for the raising of the ordinary to a

rarefied level, and for the constant realisation of new and hidden beauties, which are revealed in each age through the vision of poets.

How does the English poetical landscape reveal itself today? What major figures are there already established, and what are the discernible prospects for the next ten years?

The dominating figures of the period between the two wars, T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden, have more or less loosed their stranglehold on English letters. Writers who were as much innovators and revolutionaries as they were could not fail to exert enormous influence on the lesser writers of their time. During the 'thirties. this influence was a very obvious one which almost precluded writers from writing in any other way. Thus a whole movement grew up whose common features were easily identifiable. This is in no way a bad thing, and is in any case inevitable where you have such dominating literary personalities. When this occurs, a period of absorbing these influences takes place before younger writers find their real level. This was just beginning to be realised when war came. It thus acts as a convenient time division for the Eliot-Auden era.

It is not in its way an unproductive period. Beside these two dominating figures, poets of considerable stature emerged in Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, Cecil Day Lewis, Dylan Thomas and George Barker. Through the war, an enormous increase in poetry manifested itself. The experience of war created a deeper need for the understanding of our age and of what went on beneath the surface of events; people became more interested in the processes of feeling and the issues which had become so much part of their own lives. In fact, they became more intensely conscious of living and of themselves. It was the poet that could most ably provide this X-ray. During the war three poets who themselves were involved most closely in its machinery revealed, by reacting against the inhumanity of war, the basic emotions and underlying conflicts of the human struggle. They were Alun Lewis, Roy

Fuller and Sidney Keyes. Lewis and Keyes were both killed but not before achieving a number of remarkable poems. Lewis was the simpler and more moving of the two, and his love poems and those of army life have a depth and quality which bring out very well the ambiguities of war and its effect on personality.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> If I should go away, Beloved, do not say 'He has forgotten me' For you abide, A singing rib within my dreaming side You always stay.

Postscript from Gweno

Keyes was far more literary, and, though younger in many ways, technically more mature. He possessed an exciting mind, that was leading him to the verge of new discoveries. Fuller was the only one who had published anything much before the war, but in it he found his own poetic personality; and the hitherto concealed emotional depth of his mind, coupled with the adultness of his approach, produced some of the most exciting poems of the war years.<sup>2</sup>

Pity and love one instant and the next Disgust, and constantly the sense of time Retreating, leaving events like traps: I feel This always, most today. Waiting to be Drafted

On the whole, the output of Spender, MacNeice and Day Lewis was not very great during the war. Caught up in the various Ministries, the atmosphere and time for creative writing was obviously lacking. MacNeice alone contributed in any way to his reputation. His poetry, always exciting in its dazzle and in the implications of its intellectual content, acquired a tautness and a sobriety of form, a control of imagery, that marked him as one of the most mature and gifted poets in Europe.<sup>3</sup>

Exiles all as we are in a foreign city

Can't we ever, my love, speak in the same language?

We cut each other's throats out of our great selfpity

Have we no aims in common?

Babel

Spender turned more and more in his tortured sensitivity towards personal

themes and though some of his love poems show a delicacy of perception and a certainty of touch which his early poetry often lacked, one felt that he was marking time.

Distances did separate.
They drove our lives through that gate Beyond which our impossible Presences became invisible,
Our meeting indivisible.

Meeting

Dylan Thomas has never been prolific, but the one small volume he produced soon after the end of the war contains some of the most perfect poems written in our time. His timelessness, his identification with humanity, his concern with the fundamental themes of human existence—birth, love, death—are stamped with the power of his rich personality. His imagery burns with the authority of exact use; his rhythms and his vowel sounds create a kind of deep organ music which swells out from a great range of stops.<sup>5</sup>

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night
When only the moon rages
And the lovers lay abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labour by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.

With him, as with Edith Sitwell, who in a not dissimilar way uses the same large themes and welds them into an harmonious music of vowels, the romantic vision finds its expression in the repetition of symbols, which are universal, and not taken specifically from contemporary life—heart, mind, sun, water, womb, fire—elemental symbols which convey an almost apocalyptic vision of life. Edith Sitwell developed during the war from a brilliant, rather esoteric technician in a minor vein to a poet in whom the whole historic tradition of English poetry is contained and rarefied. It is a poetic maturing which has few parallels.<sup>6</sup>

6 'O heart, O eyes, O lips, that will not grow old, The waters love the moon, the sun the day, As I love you, my day's darling.'

One Day in Spring

The only other poet who made a reputation before the war, and was still writing with any effect during it, was George Barker. Barker has always been a highly individualistic poet with an easily identifiable manner. His thought is complex and his technique involved, but there runs through all his imagery an exciting, almost passionate, lyricism, which gives his poems a gay, brightly coloured flavour. He has the same feeling and flair for words as Dylan Thomas, a poetical ancestry of Donne, Blake and Gerard Manley Hopkins. Barker's love poems are amongst the most beautiful now being written.<sup>7</sup>

Who pinned you at a crossroad where With four limbs spread
It is you who are glittering like a star and
We who are dead?

Turn, turn your face away

During the war four other poets published first volumes of very great interest—David Gascoyne, Lawrence Durrell, Laurie Lee and Terence Tiller. Gascoyne, who has evolved after many literary flirtations a style of great purity and intensity, is unlike any other English poet. He is an admirer, and translator, of Hölderlin, and their work has much in common. There is in Gascoyne an almost religious fervour which is applied to the analysis of contemporary issues, and the whole body of his poetry is like some skeleton burnt white with the fire of the imagination. He is a visionary who has learnt from surrealism the visual and mental connotation of words, but who has evolved a sufficiently mature technique to control and bend the flashes of his mind to his own use.8

Yet through disaster a faint melody Insists; and the interior suffering like a silver wire Enduring and resplendent, strongly plied By genius's hands into the searching fire At last emerges and is purified.

Cavatina

Durrell, Lee and Tiller are all poets of great original gifts who have found away from England the natural bright background of their poetry. They share a common nostalgia for the sunlight and living dream of the Adriatic and Mediterranean world. With Durrell it is the islands off Greece, with Lee, Cyprus and Spain; with Tiller, Egypt. They write as poets of islands, exiles hankering after a lost Atlantis. Durrell, who is the most conscious of the contemporary scene, infuses his poems with a sense of antiquity, a feeling that the power of the past dies only slowly in the infected dying promontories of Europe. The land-scape of the Adriatic is supercharged with the spirit of classical Greece, evident everywhere in the deceptively untroubled blue scascape of cypresses and white sunlight.<sup>9</sup>

Only we are held here on the Rationed love—a landscape like an eye, Where the wind lashes by Mareotis . . .

Mareotis

Tiller, too, writes poems composed of sun, decadence, slashing colours, beggars and sea. The parallel worlds of visual beauty and material corruption exist side by side in his poetry, which is technically very accomplished and controlled in fusion of intellectual and visual imagery. Laurie Lee, the least consciously intellectual of the three, is perhaps the most pure lyric poet now writing. His poetry is without great structure and exists on its own axis of very gay natural imagery and a very personal and exciting juxtaposition of phrasing. They brim over with a sharp and evocative use of impressionist analogies, so that landscapes and seasons acquire private and original characteristics, woven with the poet's words and relationships into a backcloth of burning colour.10

> Your wound in childhood was A savage shock of joy That set the bees on fire And the loud lark singing.

Thistle

These, then, were the poets who had established themselves by the end of the war. There were of course others, most of whose poetical reputations had been temporarily overshadowed by their activities as critics, novelists or authors—such as John Lehmann and Henry Reed—and who, when time is again available, will undoubtedly produce more good poetry. But at the moment there appears to be a pause, a

period almost of stocktaking, of gathering breath, amongst many poets. What sort or poetry may emerge from it? First, it does not seem to me likely that there will be any new poetic movement, with a common denomination of poetical aim or outlook. Poetic movements as such are valuable in so far as they bring to artistic consciousness and give a sort of group personality to writers who have yet to find their own final form of expression. They are a stage in development. Nevertheless, a similarity of ideas or of approach—as, for instance, a common political attitude of a belief in the validity of certain verse forms or symbols —can cause writers to become grouped together in the eyes of the public. Thus, before the war the common political attitude of the contributors to New Writing or Left Review, and more recently those who, under the leadership of Henry Treece, formed the short-lived Apocalyptic movement, gave them a group label which tended to rob their separate personalities of individuality.

It does not seem to me likely that this will happen again. The various stages of experimentalism have been sufficiently absorbed for the poet to be able to select his own form and to work at the craftsmanship of poetry without relying on some mass symbol or major figure to carry him along. Simultaneously the obscurity of phraseology and the lack of discipline in writing, which characterised the 'thirties, has now largely been eliminated. The shape of a poem now shows a return to a more traditional manner. This is not to say a return to an outworn poetic convention or formula; rather that poetry seems to have found its own natural form without straining after it in the same way.

Highly individualistic poets like Eliot and Auden very often use mannerisms which, when repeated by other writers, are

apt to become irritating. The residue of neo-Auden verse has now almost disappeared, and the fact that no particular group of writers has arisen since the war is, I think, an encouraging sign. There is no lack of vitality in the poetry of our time, which will be all the better for the lull of this first post-war year. With the increase in the broadcasting of poetry, it is likely that there will be a return to the more obvious musical and rhythmic patterns of traditional verse. Recently poetry has been written largely for the music of its thought and for its visual impact, both on the eye and on the inward image of the mind, rather than for being spoken aloud. This too often resulted in a slipshod technique which disguised, under its looseness, a complete lack of knowledge of poetical method. Radio, properly handled, should do much to remedy this. Poetry can only carry a certain amount of thought if it is to remain both comprehensible and poetry.

As yet it is early to make an estimate of the general character or choice of theme in post-war poetry. I think it will tend to the personal and move away from the political; I think there will be a return to the longer poem with its opportunities for allegory, romantic symbolism and historical assessment. As society moves increasingly to the Left, and as a trend in uniformity will threaten the survival of the individual personality and outlook, so I think will poetry continue to re-affirm the natural independence of art and the spiritual values for which it has always fought. Poetry is so much a part of contemporary living that the only danger now is that it will be taken for granted and that it will cease to be an exciting struggle. But the most important thing to remember, as the economic conflict intrudes more and more upon the artist's private life, is that the one and only function of a poet is to write poetry.

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# Something Attempted

This article is the first in which Patrick Gibbs, alternating monthly with his series on the theatre, will write about plans and personalities in the film world.

This month he deals with the work of the film director MICHAEL POWELL

#### PATRICK GIBBS



MICHAEL POWELL, writer of screen stories and director of '49th Parallel', 'A Matter of Life and Death', etc.



JEAN SIMMONS as Kanchi in the film 'Black Narcissus directed by Michael Powell

When I read Rumer Godden's novel Black Narcissus in 1939, I thought what a fine subject for a film, and then, that nobody, of course, will attempt it. Here I was wrong, for somebody has. It was with some pleasure I learned last year that Michael Powell was to direct a film from this strange and moving story of nuns on the Northern Frontier of India; with pleasure and also surprise, for not only is this story far removed from the general run of film fare, but this director has always shown a preference for original screen stories, usually writing his own in collaboration with Emeric Pressburger.

Now that work on the film has finished in the studios and editing is so far advanced that a date has been fixed for the première, my interest is again aroused. What will Mr. Powell have made of his strange subject? And once more: why this sudden excursion into the realms of the novel?

To this last question Michael Powell himself supplied the answer in a long and stimulating discussion which ranged over the whole field of his work, past, present and future. 'The end of the war found us without plans,' he said, referring to his company, the Archers, a member of the Independent Producers' Organisation of which Mr. Arthur Rank is chairman. 'Films have to be planned a year ahead; it was not possible to visualise the requirements of peacetime and difficult, therefore, to prepare suitable original stories. Under these circumstances we decided to make adaptations from some novels, each of which, we believe, has something significant to say.'

So it is that the Archers are making films from Black Narcissus, from Nigel Balchin's The Small Back Room, and from The End of the River by the American novelist, Derek Holdridge: novels to span an interim. That there should be a specifically 'planless'

period such as this suggested, naturally, that the company had been working to a plan during the war and would again produce a plan as soon as the characteristics of the peace became discernible.

This suggestion Mr. Powell confirmed. To the question: 'What are you going to do?'asked so often of middle-aged men on the outbreak of war, he replied, 'I am sticking to my job where I am most needed: I will go on making films.' From that time onward he planned his productions for war conditions, planning of necessity a year in advance of events moving at a pace unknown in peacetime and in directions hardly predictable by the most sage observer. The outcome of this plan was such films as '49th Parallel', 'The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp', 'A Canterbury Tale', 'I Know Where I'm Going', and finally the recent and much-discussed 'A Matter of Life and Death'.

## The New Approach

The details of the intention of the plan Mr. Powell did not see fit to disclose: its success I am, therefore, only able to judge from the results as I saw them in the cinema. The general aim, I have said, was to anticipate the fast-moving events of war with sufficient accuracy to produce a film appropriate to the time at which it appeared. But in what way should it be appropriate? Should it provide escape, comment or influence? The Archers, it seems, decided, or at least contrived, as much perhaps by chance as decision, that these wartime films should possess all three of these characteristics.

This, indeed, was a high aim, one which in my opinion the Archers did not come near to achieving until their last film. Much as I admired certain qualities in the earlier films, I found, too often, their theme clouded in obscurity. If a film leaves me thinking, I am happy; if it leaves me guessing, I am merely exasperated.

Now it seems to me that 'A Matter of Life and Death' is not only more successful in achieving its aim than its predecessors, but that it is a timely conclusion to a plan

devised in wartime to provide appropriate films. The airman suffering from shock is, in these post-war years, a person whom we wish to understand more fully; in this film the Archers have helped us to a better understanding in a moving, imaginative and graphic fashion. After contemplating the adventures of the airman suffering from shock, adventures on two planes, realistic and fantastic, I was left not guessing, but thinking. When Michael Powell says, 'I succeeded', I cannot but agree with him.

Of his other films, this director appears to share at least some of the dissatisfaction I have expressed. Of 'Colonel Blimp' he says, 'It was too long. We should have been able to say it all in a shorter time. "A Matter of Life and Death" ran for only 104 minutes; we learnt how to save three-

quarters of an hour.'

'We learnt'—that, surely, is the key. Every other film which formed part of the plan was, I feel, justified, if it did no more than contribute experience towards the final production. To Michael Powell and his company I am grateful that they are not content with the easy or the inferior: I admire as much what they have attempted in their wartime plan as what they have achieved with their latest success. The experience gained in attempting to solve new technical problems and present adult subjects of vital topical interest is a fine foundation for the future. It is likely that forthcoming films, based on this foundation of experiment, will continue to be stimulating; and likely, too, they will approach ever nearer to achieving their objective.

That future is, in fact, already of absorbing interest, for the Archers, looking forward now into this precarious peace, are once more at work on a plan. The interim, I have said, is already occupied with the making of films from novels. 'Black Narcissus' is likely to be first seen in London on 24 April. Of the film Mr. Powell has high hopes which my enthusiasm for the novel makes me believe are justified.

The novel told of five nuns of an Anglo-Catholic order who are invited by the ruler of a state on the Northern Frontier of India to establish a convent. The building they are given was once a palace in which a former ruler kept his wives. This place has, it seems, an evil influence; a brotherhood of monks who attempted to found a monastery there have left without reason. The palace faces north towards the Himalayas; from these mountains there blows continually a cold, searching wind.

The only white man in the community of tea-pickers is the ruler's agent, Mr. Dean. Despite his bad reputation, the nuns are forced to seek his advice and help on many problems, and he is a frequent visitor to the convent. The Sister in charge, Sister Clodagh, is reminded by him of her former lover and is distracted by her thoughts; Sister Ruth, a neurotic, falls jealously in love with him. The natives are at first friendly to the nuns, attending their school and clinic; but when a child, attended by Sister Honey, dies, they become passively hostile. In an atmosphere of physical and mental strain, Sister Ruth becomes demented by her love for Dean, and commits suicide. The enterprise on which the five nuns set out with high hopes in October has to be abandoned, and they leave before the rains come at the end of the summer, chastened by their experience.

## Richness in Casting

The film has great opportunities to recreate the atmosphere of the strange and the remote, so brilliantly captured by the book. The subject offers also opportunities for out-of-door camera work of which Michael Powell always takes every advantage. The high, snow-capped mountain in the range which faces the convent becomes a subverse influence, distracting attentions from religious duties; between convent and mountain range is a valley through which flows a river; the surrounding countryside is planted with tea.

The five sisters of the Order were, in the book, well-differentiated characters. In the film the Sister in charge is played by Deborah Kerr; Flora Robson, Judith Furse, and Jenny Laird are Sisters Phillippe, Briony and Honey; Sister Ruth, whom

love sends mad, gives a fine chance to a little-known actress, Kathleen Byron. She played small parts in two previous Archers' films; now, Mr. Powell thinks, she will greatly impress. Mr. Dean, the attractive but dissolute agent, gives a similar chance to David Farrar, whose previous parts have not revealed any great acting ability. Sabu has a flamboyant rôle as the son of the ruler of the state who comes to study in the convent. Jean Simmons should be ideal as the luscious native girl, Kanchi, who becomes his mistress.

Here, indeed, is richness in casting, but Mr. Powell hints that acting honours will not be confined to the stars. He refers, no doubt, to the many native characters who appear in the story. What, I wonder, will he have made of the holy man who sits day and night on the high ground close to the convent gazing always north towards the mountains—yet another distracting influence on the sorely tried nuns? Had this film not been made in colour, it could hardly have failed still to be colourful. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger wrote the script; the author has collaborated in the production.

Michael Powell is not himself directing the film from the Holdridge book, called in England 'The End of the River' and in America 'Death of a Common Man'. It is being directed by Derek Twist, with Sabu as the star. The scene is laid in Brazil, where the company has recently been on location.

The story tells of a native boy in a remote community on the upper Amazon, whose whole family is murdered. Upon him, a child, rests the task of avenging their death, and until he does so, he is outlawed by the tribe. As an outlaw he makes his way towards the river mouth and civilisation, meeting for the first time white men in gradually increasing numbers; finally he reaches a city, avenges his family, and is put on trial for murder.

The film opens with a trial scene, and the story is unfolded with the evidence. Much of the film's effect, it would seem, will depend on the performance of Sabu as the young native and of a Mexican actress,

Bibi Ferreira, as the girl he marries. Mr. Powell is enthusiastic over the qualities of Sabu, comparing his personality for magnetism with that of Fairbanks or Colman. 'Elephant Boy' certainly showed him to be an actor of great personal charm. Work on this film, which is not yet named, is in progress now at Pinewood. It will be the next Archers' production to be seen after 'Black Narcissus'.

### The Future of Pessimism!

Nigel Balchin's psychological study, The Small Back Room, is down for production later in the year, with the author collaborating, and Michael Powell, it is hoped, directing. This book, a popular and also a critical success during the war, deals with the relationship between a woman and a scientist who is engaged on the dangerous work of dismantling enemy weapons. Not an obvious film subject, by any means, but one well worth attempting. The two leading characters—the woman, young and with great depth of feeling, the man, lame and tending to introspection—have not yet been cast.

So much for the interim, but what of the planned productions? These will once again be original screen stories written by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger: stories, like those of the wartime films, devised presumably so that they will be appropriate to the time at which they appear. The first film of the series, which goes into production before 'The Small Back Room' is to be called 'Red Shoes'. There are three important characters: a girl with a passion for dancing who becomes a ballerina, a composer of music, and an impresario who brings the two together for the production of a ballet.

The title, 'Red Shoes', is the name of a story by Hans Andersen from which a ballet is being specially devised for the film. Robert Helpmann is to be the choreographer; Allen Gray will write the music, and Hein Heckroth, whose work for the Ballets Jooss will be recalled, is designing the settings.

As Mr. Powell unfolded this project, I could not help catching some of his personal enthusiasm for a theme so rich in possibilities. The composer is to be a man of genius; the ballerina, with whom, inevitably, he falls in love, is devoted to her art; while the impresario, who brings them together, is coldly concerned with nothing but his production plans. In these, the three principal characters, there are many seeds of dramatic conflict, and not a little difficulty from the point of view of casting. Anton Walbrook is to play the impresario; the dancer, Massine, is being tested for a rôle; but the other two important parts have not yet been cast. Mr. Powell is looking for a young actress who can dance, or a young dancer who can act, and has not yet decided who can best convey the genius of a composer. 'Red Shoes' is, of course, a subject of colour. It is strange how ballet has been neglected by film directors, particularly when it is remembered how often they set a story in a theatrical setting. The Archers will, I feel sure, make from the subject something to delight the eye and, perhaps, engage the emotions.

A film suggested by a short story called 'The Promotion of the Admiral', which has a fine part for Roger Livesey, is also under consideration. Further into the future Mr. Powell could not take me. Two hints, however, left me pondering deeply. 'Nothing will influence the world for good now but a doctrine of pessimism,' he said. 'We have an idea, on which Pressburger is now working, for a film to be called "In the Beginning".' Is this to be escape, comment or influence? The last seems most likely. Here is, at least, one producer who appears to take his responsibilities seriously.



#### France to the Front

THE centre of political interest last month has lain not in the Courts of Europe, but in the one nation which has adopted a Republican constitution. France, for the first time almost since the war of 1870, has been recognised as holding in her hand the balance of European power. It is more in semblance than in reality; for though M. Hanotaux has been appealed to on both sides as if on his decision depended the policy of Europe, it is not the less palpable that his power sprang much more from his being the alter ego of Count Muravieff than because he was the Foreign Minister of M. Méline. Nevertheless, for the moment, France has been well to the fore. It was not until the French Minister had explained the policy of the European Concert to the French Chamber that the public, even in England, was informed as to the course decided upon by the Powers; and it was not until that policy had been approved in the Chamber by a large majority that federated Europe knew that unity of action was secured. That France can thus be made to keep in step in a policy of action in the East is one of the first-fruits of the Franco-Russian Alliance for which Europe, as a whole, has reason to be grateful.

## The Victory of the Anti-Gambling League

WHILE the State of Nevada has been affording this astonishing spectacle to a somewhat scandalised world, England has taken a very decided step in the opposite direction. For some years past Mr. John Hawke and the Anti-Gambling League have been struggling in vain to secure a clear definition of the law on the subject of open-air betting. At last, however, a case was brought against one Dunn, a bookmaker, which came before the High Court last month. The case was exhaustively argued, Mr. Asquith leading for the Anti-Gambling League, before a Bench of five Judges, of whom the chief was none other than Mr. Justice Hawkins, a member of the Jockey Club, and probably the bestinformed man about horse-racing and betting that is to be found on the English Bench.

Their decision is one against which there is no appeal. It was unexpectedly emphatic and precise. Mr. Justice Hawkins, who delivered judoment on behalf of himself and the other four Judges, declared that they were unanimously of opinion that any place, whether enclosed or unenclosed, in which open-air betting was carried on as a business, was 'a place'according to the meaning of the Betting Act; and, therefore, anyone resorting to any place for the purpose of carrying on a ready-money betting business commits a punishable crime by constituting that place, even if it were an open heath or market square, a 'place' under the Betting Act. It will take some time, no doubt. before the fact soaks into the magisterial mind. but after some months we may expect to see a vigorous attempt made to enforce the law, which will be met by efforts to legalise betting. As Monte Carlo is a very palace of all the virtues compared with the English turf, there is not much chance of legislation in favour of gambling. Bookmakers will probably find some other way than a new law for driving a coach and four through this Act of Parliament.



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have no money in Turkish Funds wish to light the
bomb of European war.

Il Papagallo



MAX BEERBOHM'S

#### Zuleika Dobson

#### REVIEWED BY CYRIL RAY

It was, if my memory serves me, Mr. Alistair Cooke—who was a film critic once, before he deserted those entertaining shades for the higher fantasy of international affairs—it was Mr. Alistair Cooke who suggested that a splendid film might be made of *Zuleika Dobson*. He was thinking, of course, of what the more learned writers on the cinema refer to as 'visuals':

'The clock in the Warden's drawingroom had just struck eight, and already the ducal feet were beautiful on the white bearskin hearth-rug. So slim and long were they, of instep so nobly arched, that only with a pair of glazed ox-tongues on a breakfast-table were they comparable . . . '

Look at it that way, and Zuleika Dobson is, in fact, crammed with 'visuals', with filmable stuff. There is the opening paragraph, with the undergraduates waiting on Oxford station, 'that antique station which, familiar to them and insignificant, does yet whisper to the tourist the last enchantments of the Middle Age', waiting, did they but know it, for the lithe, the radiant, the omnisubjugant, the fatal Zuleika. There is

the tremendous climax, the mass suicide—for love; what more could a film producer ask?—at the end of the First Division's race in Eights Week, of all Oxford's undergraduates but the poltroon Noaks. There is the neat, the ironic, the inevitable close, with Zuleika's despairing of Bradshaw and ordering a special train for Cambridge.

And all the splendid images between: the sweat glistering on the stern brows of the Roman Emperors who guard the Sheldonian; the Duke of Dorset in his Garter robes going forth down the steps of his lodging house, with every step creaking faintly, 'Oh, I ought to have been marble!' The Garter robes! Of course, it would have to be in technicolor. And not only for the crimson doublet, the blue velvet, the sheen of white satin and silk, the diamond star, which Max Beerbohm writes about so lovingly, so elegantly. There are those jewels that are at the very centre of the plot: the two pearl dress studs that change, respectively, to black and pink for love of Zuleika, whose earrings, one black, one pink, turn white for love of Dorset. Turn, and turn again.

Yes, there is the stuff of cinema here, of the cinema at its most imaginative, most fantastic. And I even know—though I will not say—who is the only actress, the only possible actress to play the literally devastating Zuleika, who is, to me, the only tolerable femme fatale in literature. But who could play Dorset, the unsurpassably beautiful and unsurpassably accomplished Dorset? And who could direct a film that would retain anything of the wit, the irony, the fantasy of Max Beerbohm's one full-length novel?

For this is a novel which is like no other novel in the language—the most un-English, indeed, of English novels, though it could have been written only in English and only, I think, on an English theme. 'An Oxford Love Story', Max Beerbohm called it, and it is, certainly, a story of Oxford: it is a story saturated with Oxford, with Oxford's mists and Oxford's bells, and the sweet, grave nonsense that Oxford can weave out of its miasmal air.

written about as gracefully and as piously as ever an Oxford man wrote about them. But-a love story? Well, yes. For Zuleika loves Dorset, till Dorset loves her in return: and Dorset falls out of love, yet dies for love, inspiring all Oxford to die with its paragon for love of its unattainable Zuleika. But, more than a love-story, it is a fairy-story. And a fairy-story as dry, as unsentimental, as the most primitive of folk-tales, so dry, so astringent, even that it makes all other English writers of fantasy seem to choke over their own thick treacle And if it does that to other English writers. what does it do to the Scots? Zuleika appeared in 1911, and I wonder still that Barrie wrote another word, or lived another day.

#### The Art of Mockery

Nineteen-eleven. And part of the charm of Zuleika Dobson, to those of us who read it first between the two world wars, or who read it now, is the golden Edwardian glory that hangs around it—the period charm of the Duke, straw-boatered, riding his polo pony through the Oxford streets, of Zuleika, be-toqued, driving to Judas in a landau. And the charm of period informs not only those incidentals, but the very cadence, and the very surface polish of the prose.

Max Beerbohm (and it is only yesterday that he was speaking to us on the radio!) —Max Beerbohm had written for the Yellow Book, and there is a flavour of the Yellow Book in his passage about the Garter robes, for instance. Oscar Wilde wrote a little like that, making some monstrous catalogue of exotic precious stones. A little like that; but Zuleika was written in 1911, not in the 'nineties, and this is not Oscar but Max. So there is more here than a relish for fine words about fine things; the wit is kindlier, and there is mockery as well as pride.

Mockery, perhaps, is the keynote of the whole book. But a mockery so delicate, so well-bred, so affectionate, that just as *Zuleika* is like no other fairy-tale, so it is like no other satire. It would be as laugh-

able to compare Max with Swift as it would be to compare him with Barrie. Laughable, of course, to compare Max with anybody: Shaw's 'incomparable Max' has become a cliché, and a cliché truer than most.

But there are writers one can think of in the same breath, as it were. There is a little of the precision of Henry James (whom Max has parodied so precisely) but with none of James's long-windedness; a little of the exquisite callousness and of the wit of Saki, but without Saki's occasional vulgar smartness; a good deal of the mischief of Whistler, whose writing Max has praised, in his own essays, so discriminatingly. Something faintly akin to all these can be found in Zuleika, but it would take a better classical scholar than I to point out accurately the Latin writers whose cadences seem to echo faintly in the prose, a better Gallicist to catch the Voltairean undertones. One has a feeling, simply, that they are there.

But it is all Max, none the less. 'Out through the railings, and across the road, prowled a skimpy and dingy cat, trying to look like a tiger.' Or Zeus, for instance, still at the beck and call of his passions, still too coy to appear in his own person to the lady of his choice, flashing down upon Clio 'in the semblance of Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea (four vols., large 8vo, half-calf)'. And there is the Duke of Dorset's flawless attitude towards Americans: 'The Duke was not one of those Englishmen who fling, or care to hear flung, cheap sneers at America. Whenever any one in his presence said that America was not large in area, he would firmly maintain that it was. He held, too, in his enlightened way, that Americans have a

perfect right to exist.' (A captious critic might say that Mr. Abimilech V. Oover, of Trinity, Rhodes scholar, is a little overdrawn, one of the less happy of Max's creations. I will not have it. Did I not myself, as a freshman, walk side by side, in solemn procession to the Sheldonian, white-tied and subfusc-suited, as the Statutes dictate, with an American member of my own college and have him reply to my question, was he a Rhodes scholar, with 'Guess not. My Poppa sent me over here just to kinda sap up the atmosphere'?)

It is a commonplace of the despairing critic to say that this or that book, for this or that virtue, is unquotable, or quotable for ever. And it must be said—alas!—of Zuleika. For though it is possible to isolate a shaft of wit here, a pregnant phrase there, a neat satiric touch in some other place, the best passages are the long passages—the polished, deliciously priggish speeches that Dorset makes to Zuleika, the paragraph on the bells of Oxford ('the sweet babel of its many spires'), the little essay on the mists from the water meadows, and the spirit of the place, or the exquisite banality of Zuleika's conjuring performance in the moonlit quadrangle of Judas. And it is Max's triumph, incidentally, that he makes Dorset's priggishness part of the fun, Zuleika's banality delectably amusing.

Nobody—it goes without saying—nobody but Max Beerbohm could have written so mannered a piece of mockery, so urbane a fairy-tale (so much better than that other fairy-tale of his, *The Happy Hypocrite*, in having no moral—and in there being more of it). It is dangerous stuff, after all, that notion of Mr. Cooke's: the film producer is still unborn that could be trusted with so gossamer a texture.

#### One Dinner Only?

I maintain that though you would often, in the fifteenth century, have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be off-hand tone, 'I am dining with the Borgias tonight', no Roman ever was able to say, 'I dined last night with the Borgias.'

#### Scientific Man v. Power Politics

#### By HANS J. MORGENTHAU

Cambridge University Press. 16s. 6d.

#### Reviewed by C. E. M. JOAD

This book is an attack upon rationalism in general and upon the application of rationalism to politics in particular. By rationalism, Dr. Morgenthau means the belief that the world in general and man in particular are governed by reason, from which it has been thought to follow that if the truth is presented to men often enough, cogently enough and persuasively enough, they will in the end see it and act upon it. Truth, in fact, like murder, will out. Now it is by educating men and so making them more reasonable, and then appealing to their improved reasons, that we shall enable truth to 'out' more abundantly, thus progressing both as societies and as individuals.

I commend to Dr. Morgenthau, as perhaps the classical expression of this point of view, John Stuart Mill's account of his father's, James Mill's, 'reliance on the influence of reason over the minds of mankind' as being so complete 'that he felt as if all would be gained if the whole population were taught to read, if all sorts of opinions were allowed to be addressed to them by word and in writing, and if by means of a suffrage they could nominate a legislature to give effect to the opinions they adopted.' Regarding this view of man and of reason as heretical, Dr. Morgenthau would, I imagine, repudiate the methods adopted as a young man by John Stuart Mill and his friends to spread the doctrines of utilitarianism. 'What,' says John Stuart Mill, 'we principally thought of, was to alter other people's opinions; to make them believe according to evidence and know what was their real interest, which, when

they knew, they would, we thought, by the instrument of opinion, enforce a regard to it upon one another', since these methods are, after all, only an application to practice of the theory which John Stuart Mill imbibed from his father, James.

As against this view, Professor Morgenthau emphasises the tripartite nature of man. We are 'biological, rational and spiritual', subject, therefore, to 'biological impulses' and capable of 'spiritual aspirations'. In social and political affairs it is the biological, which Professor Morgenthau apparently equates with the irrational, element that predominates. 'Reason itself,' we are told, 'submits to the control of irrational forces.' Hence, the distinctive heresy of the age is to be found in the taken-for-granted assumption that the methods which have served man so well in his relations with the physical world, that is to say, the methods of science by means of which man has won control over nature, will serve him equally well in his relations with his fellow men, will serve him, that is to say, in their application to the social order. This is a heresy, because it overlooks the fact that man is fundamentally sinful; or, more precisely, he is dual, being both virtuous and sinful. Hence, it is a mistake to regard outbursts of human greed and savagery expressing themselves in power politics and political conflicts 'as an accidental disturbance of the order of the world sure to be overcome by a gradual development towards the good'; they are, as St. Augustine taught, an inescapable necessity which gives

meaning to the existence of man and which only an act of grace or salvation in another world is able to overcome.'

This view, applied to the sphere of society, issues in the doctrine that political and social forces 'will not submit to rational control after the model of the natural sciences. . . . They are not technical problems to be solved by those who would blueprint world peace. They are, rather, the result of irrational forces eternally dominating the aspirations of men.' It is because we do not appreciate this truth that we-and by 'we'I mean that recognisable type of twentieth-century man who believes in progress, is an advocate of planning and state control as instruments of progress, who belongs, therefore, to the Left in politics and is probably a Socialist fall victims to a shallow optimism in regard to human nature which leads us to think that the millennium is just round the corner waiting to be introduced by a society of prosperous, adequately psychoanalysed Communists. It is because of this basic misconception of ours that we are always being disappointed, disappointed by the failure of people to behave reasonably, by the subservience of intellect to emotion, by the failure of Socialism to arrive, by the behaviour of politicians, by the masses' preference for the cinema to Shakespeare and for Mr. Sinatra to Beethoven; above all, by the recurrent fact of war.

#### Diagnosis without Cure

This last is an illustration of his thesis upon which Dr. Morgenthau dwells at length. We have at our disposal, as he rightly points out, for the first time in human history all the facts concerning war and peace. We do research, collect data, compile plans. 'More books have been written and more intellectual energy has been spent on the problem of international peace during the last hundred years than in all previous history.' Yet the forces which give rise to the problem of war remain unchanged and we are so far from having found a solution that our

civilisation hangs today manifestly upon the edge of destruction through our inability to increase our wisdom and our virtue commensurately with the challenge of our increased powers.

And so what? It is when he comes to the answer to this question that I find Professor Morgenthau disappointing. His diagnosis finished, he is apt to fall back upon rhetoric for his remedy. He makes pretentious remarks like 'scientific manthe social engineer—must give way to more-than-scientific man—the statesman'; it is the distinguishing mark of the statesman that, knowing that man is weak and political action harmful, he will vet have the courage to act. We are not told how he is to act, but treated to such phrases as 'in the combination of political wisdom, moral courage and moral judgment, man reconciles his political nature with his moral destiny.' Yet even the most successful action can, we are told, lead only to a compromise which will be at best precarious and is, in any event, doomed to disappoint the high hopes by which the action was inspired.

There is much more in the same vein, which amounts to no more than a platitudinous reiteration of Plato's dictum that politics is the art of the second best.

For my part, though I have a good deal of sympathy with the general thesis of the book. I confess to a certain irritation with its method and disappointment with its conclusion. This last is a pessimism, based upon the so-called realistic view of human nature. The pessimism is at least as old as Plato who put Professor Morgenthau's case with infinitely greater effect. The case is—I am stating it as Plato would have stated it—that the ordinary man is, and always will be, incapable of reason. He cannot, therefore, govern himself unaided. Hence, he must be assisted to govern himself by training and education. Legislation framed by the wise and the good can enable him to escape the worst consequences of his folly and stupidity, but even the best of legislators cannot improve his nature;

they can only prevent him from destroying himself. Hence, the purpose of statesmanship is to prevent deterioration, not to introduce betterment; to ward off disaster, not to bring about the millennium. To look to politics to improve the human lot is to pursue a will-o'-the-wisp in quest of which man is in danger of losing through disillusionment and disappointment such poor goods, security and stability as he has hitherto succeeded in achieving.

#### Is Man Rational?

This is a respectable theory well supported by history, but it is not new, and I cannot applaud Professor Morgenthau's method of applying it. I have already mentioned his tendency to take refuge in rhetoric; for pages on end he says the same thing in different ways. His style is often ambiguous. What, for example, are we to make of such a sentence as 'we have no choice between power and the common good', of which he thinks sufficiently highly to print it on the back cover? He makes statements which, at least prima facie, are false, as, for example, that insecurity and anxiety are absent from 'the main currents of philosophy and political thought'-yet here I remind myself that this is an American book and perhaps in America they are absent.

He seems to think that political liberalism of the Bentham, Herbert Spencer, Dewey type still dominates the thought of the twentieth century, whereas, on the contrary, the revolt against both rationalism and liberalism, whether it takes the form of Fascism, or Marxism, or of Freudianism, is the distinctive feature of twentieth- as opposed to nineteenth-century thought. He never seems to make up his mind whether Fascism is an illustration of man's mistaken rationality—'were not the propaganda machine of Goebbels and the gas chambers of Himmler models of technical rationality?'—or of his revolt from it.

Finally, he falls into what seems to me to be serious confusion in his treatment of

reason. Having successfully established three points (1) that man is not completely reasonable; (2) that his fundamental nature is such that he never can be, and (3) that owing to the success of science people made the mistake in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—but not, I insist. subsequently to the war of 1914-18-of grossly overestimating the degree of his reasonableness, he goes on to draw what seems to me to be the false conclusion that we should not, therefore, try as hard as we can to be as reasonable as we can in our individual lives and that we should not try to regulate the affairs of society with as much reasonableness as we can contrive. He holds it to be a heresy that 'in the social world compliance with the laws of reason guarantees success.' But what, then, are we to comply with? With the demands of instinct? With the craving for power or wealth? With the promptings of self interest? If we are not to think with our brains, what are we to think with? Our blood? But we know, to our cost, what comes of that.

Let us grant that it was bad philosophy to over-estimate man's reasonableness; but the cure for bad philosophy is not no philosophy, but better philosophy. If we thought wrongly when we supposed man wholly governed by reason—if, indeed, we ever did—we must now think again and think better; in other words, we must not abandon reason but use it to better purpose. The real trouble with Professor Morgenthau's book is that he offers us no constructive alternative and so leaves us with a conclusion of political impotence and philosophical despair.

For my part, though I agree with his premise that man is partly evil and often irrational, I do not, therefore, accept his conclusion that we should try to make him more reasonable and bring the best resources of our minds to the task. It is not a foregone conclusion that man's life cannot be made better by taking thought. There have been periods in history when it has been made better by precisely this method.

#### New Books

#### IN DARKEST GERMANY

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#### VAIN VICTORY

By Stefan Schimanski. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Gollancz is the best pamphleteer on the Left. Mr. Schimanski is a journalist of average competence with a taste for philosophic generalisation and some talent for description. The importance of his book is that it corroborates Mr. Gollancz's account.

The essentials of the story are already widely known, thanks chiefly to Mr. Gollancz's accurate and indefatigable industry. Even Mr. Hynd has not tried seriously to modify the picture which Mr. Gollancz has drawn, and when the attempt has been made, it has not been particularly successful. What matters now is to establish how much of the suffering which has fallen on the Germans is unavoidable or unnecessary to the higher purposes of Allied policy; who is to blame for what is not, and how it can be most quickly and effectively diminished. It would be easy for anyone to ignore the first question as Realpolitik, to answer the second by a flood of indiscriminating vituperation at the expense of all wicked men, and to by-pass the third with a general exhortation to Socialist virtue. He resists all these temptations. He recognises that defeat has its inevitable penalties; his charges are precise and always qualified by high tributes to the patience and competence of the majority of the occupying army; and his suggestions are, on the face of it, reasonable and practical.

Mr. Gollancz has the best authorities on his side when he attributes the plight of Germany to the Potsdam Agreement. It would be wrong, however, to regard the agreement as the product of a venomous spirit of revenge either in the Caretaker Government which began to negotiate it, or in the Socialist Ministers who signed it. It was, like so much else, the price paid to induce the Russians to abandon some of their traditional and highly profitable suspicions of Allied intentions. So long as industry existed in Germany, the Russians would continue to be plagued with the spectre of German tanks being propelled across Europe by a heterogeneous

assembly of Americans and Western Europeans fortified by Nazi war criminals specially preserved for the occasion. Accordingly, if every effort was to be made to avert a breach, the industry must be blown up or dismantled and distributed among the victims. It is easy to see in retrospect that Russian suspicions are not easily assuaged and that to be as sensitive as all that is not very different in practice from being insatiably ambitious. But policies cannot be condemned in retrospect, and had the rest of the Potsdam Agreement been kept, and Germany been treated as an economic unit, its consequences would not have been nearly so bad.

The rest of the Potsdam Agreement has not been kept. Mr. Bevin has hinted that he intends to renounce it if Russia persists in refusing to perform her part of the bargain. What cannot be explained is why, in the gap which necessarily intervenes between the conception of a Ministerial intention and the birth of a policy, factories should continue to be dismantled, or at

any rate prepared for dismantling.

The explanation of many of the

The explanation of many of these abuses is, as Mr. Gollancz suggests, an apparently complete want of effective contact between Mr. Hynd and the Control Commission. One of the effects of this egregious experiment in decentralisation is that the House of Commons appears to receive little information about Germany which is not contradicted by information supplied by members of the Control Commission to visitors like Mr. Gollancz. This has constitutional implications and suggests possible parallels. Nothing in Europe is more important than the administration of Germany, and it is accordingly not to be pardoned that statements about the food ration in the British Zone made to the House of Commons should be, however unwittingly, either demonstrably inaccurate or so ambiguous as to conceal the truth.

The most serious charge which Mr. Gollancz makes against the Control Commission is that it is developing a *Herrenvolk* mentality. This is credible enough; but you do not promote any useful purpose of military occupation by threatening German hairdressers with expropriation for keeping the wives of British officers

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waiting while German girls have their hair dried. The suppression of behaviour, as dangerous as it is distasteful, should fall within the scope of the military authorities, and for purposes of this kind army wives ought to be under military authority, which already prescribes in detail the conduct of British soldiers to German civilians. On the other hand, it is not, as Mr. Gollancz points out, the fault of the personnel of the Commission that they feed and drink better than British civilians although they are surrounded by starving men and women. There is evidence that most of them hate the privileges which are considered necessary to the prestige of democracy.

There is nothing in the misery which Mr. Gollancz describes half as shaming as the Allied policy of de-Nazification still stubbornly pursued. For years to come the intimate past of many Germans will be investigated by the authorities, and carefully graded punishments will be imposed on those who do not attain the requisite standard of political purity. Literature is being censored. To add to these practical lessons in democracy, the wanton destruction of German industry and the maintenance of a ration below the hunger level, is to make mistakes infinitely graver than any committed in 1919. Yet such mistakes are only the necessary and foreseeable consequences of the kind of selfrighteous nonsense which progressive persons have been talking about the objects of the war for the last seven years. These are not the crimes of Blimps nor of decaying bourgeois civilisations, but of Mr. Gollancz's humane colleagues in the Socialist Movement. They are the hallmarks of victorious democracy and triumphant enlightenment. For saying that the Allies should do whatever was necessary to disarm Germany, and nothing more, a man would at any time during the war have been classified as a Blimp. Only positive purposes of reforming Germany, of meting out punishment to particular Germans in mathematically exact proportion to their guilt, of converting Germany to democracy, of giving her a proper place in the economy of a Socialist Europe, of re-moulding her mind and disinfecting her politics were thought virtuous enough to justify destroying her towns and starving her children. Of all these purposes one thing can be said with certainty: they cannot be accomplished without the use of immeasurable force at the cost of infinite cruelty. A thousand Carthaginian peaces are to be preferred to the governance of righteous men with machineguns. T. H. UTLEY

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#### EXISTENTIALISM

By Guido de Ruggiero. Secker & Warburg. 6s.

When communication with the rest of Europe was restored some months ago, a strangely altered cultural landscape appeared. Fashions and values had changed: new names and books had sprung up; but dominating the scene was a gloomy and forbidding philosophy called Existentialism. France and Italy in particular were pre-occupied with its merits. It seemed that the word Existentialism was on everybody's lips. A new terminology with such dramatic epithets as 'the void' 'anguish' and 'the leap' had ousted the jargon of pre-war days.

This scene, which the lifting of the curtain had so suddenly revealed to us, drew from some of our critics immediate cries of bewildered alarm. Yet no expert has come forward either to describe or to expose the new phenomenon in a satisfactory manner. It is, therefore, timely that this essay, with a useful introduction by Rayner Heppenstall, should be made available to English readers. It must be said at once that Professor de Ruggiero is prejudiced against Existentialism, and his contribution is in parts violently polemical. Yet he does make clear the origins and development of the movement; and, in addition to pointing out its failings, he shows the features which provide its strength.

It is in the works of the tortured and introspective Danish writer, Kierkegaard, that the origin of the theories, methods and much of the terminology of Existentialism are to be found. The influence of this man is becoming increasingly pervasive as his works are translated. At first, individuals such as Ibsen, Rilke and Kafka felt his spell; but now he supports the huge edifice of a philosophic system, with ramifications of which he never dreamed. Whilst he lived, Kierkegaard had no disciples and wanted none, being afraid that his individual message would be corrupted and distorted by followers. This, as Professor de Ruggiero shows, is what has happened. In Germany some twenty years ago the professional philosophers concerned themselves with the implications of Kierkegaard's work. This 'Existenz philosophy', as it was called before the war, was the result of their painstaking examination. The brilliant and tangled skein of his thought was tidied up into a system. It was depersonalised and emptied of religious content.

It is not difficult to see why a philosophy, which the author of this book describes as being in essence a philosophical revolution of nihilism,

should have some appeal at the moment. It is more difficult to understand what a Catholic metaphysician such as Gabriel Marcel, who is the final figure discussed in this essay, should have in common with it. Yet regarding Kierkegaard's work as the point of departure, it is characteristic that a diversity of interpretations should occur and such contradictions as result must be considered inevitable.

In this country, where a very different type of philosopher is dominant and much importance is attached to meaning and verification, it seems unlikely that Existentialism will be considered seriously—at least by the professionals. Yet there is much in Existentialism which 'deals with existence in the manner of a thriller' to make it, as it were, an appropriate mythological background for these difficult times. The overtones, though not the explicit message, were present in much of the experimental writing and particularly the poetry of the last decade. Whether any of our younger writers, the romantic revivalists for instance, will follow their French and Italian confrères in embracing Existentialism, we must wait to see.

DAVID BOWEN

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT PUBLISHING

By Sir Stanley Unwin. Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.

Thomas Campbell said the last word for the authors in their age-long battle with publishers, if it is true that he, and not Byron, wrote 'Now Barabbas was a publisher.' The other side had to wait for Sir Stanley Unwin, whose classic on his own calling, first published twenty years ago, now reappears, completely revised. Not that this book can be regarded as a broadside against authors; he registers nothing more than a mildly exasperated surprise at authors' goingson, and that only at their more outrageous demands or more slanderous accusations.

What he does is to explain how a book is published, from its first appearance at the publisher's office, as a manuscript, to its arrival in the bookshop: the mechanics of the job and the economics, to say nothing of the æsthetics; how books are sold, here and overseas; and how authors, publishers, and booksellers are rewarded.

Sir Stanley is so reasonable a man, so obviously a master of his trade, and so readable a writer, that one accepts his book as the last word on every controversy that has ever reared its head at literary bun-fights. All that personal experience would prompt one to murmur in criticism is that not every publisher is either so business-

like, so enlightened, or so honourable as Sir Stanley himself and that some authors may have legitimate grievances against particular publishers that Sir Stanley rejects as applying to publishers in general. And he is a little less than just, perhaps, to the usefulness, in these days of complicated copyrights, of the literary agent.

But this is an admirable exposition of what to most people is an unnecessarily mysterious process, and it could hardly be more comprehensive—or more fascinating to read. If all authors would read it, many might be spared the dark resentments at the imaginary wrongs they suffer—such as Dickens, for instance, brooded over all his life.

CYRLL RAY

#### AMERICA AT THE MOVIES

By Margaret Farrand Thorp. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Miss Thorp, writing in 1939, suggests that the film will, lıke Elızabethan tragedy, work on two levels. To explore the strata of poetry, one reads Grierson, perhaps, or Eisenstein: Miss Thorp gives us, with gusto, the groundlings. Her book is a well-documented survey of the American commercial film, its audiences and its influence, and it is a survey at once amusing and horrifying, a verdict on a civilisation which seems at times to consist of morons. She relates the incredible story of vulgarity, exploitation, and degeneration with detached irony, describing the false bonhomie, the syndicated fellowship, the carpet-bagging and the art-cribbing. At times the American scene appears as a colossal movie set dominated by mad Philistines. In England the film industry has not yet assumed such commercial importance nor such extravagant stupidity: Miss Thorp's book gives us warning. My one complaint is that she does not follow up her anthropological hints, such as the film fan's identification of food and clothes with his private god, or the new incidence of screen-sadism. This is rooted in a curious insulated iconoclasm, a private revenge on the distant idols which is backed by sexual desire. Miss Thorp discusses the Hays Code, and gives very entertaining anecdotes of its application, but we must go elsewhere for a discussion of the uneasy American ratio of Puritanism to mental sexuality. Her account of the structure of the industry, however, and of the behaviour of audiences is thorough and clearly written, and this amusing book is invaluable for the sociological student of films and of American kitsch. Groundlings will enjoy it too.

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#### **Encouragement for Personalism**

My belief that your magazine was an important cultural factor is reinforced by your comments on Personalism, and by your announcement that from now on each issue will be devoted to one aspect or other of this

philosophy.

Since 1942, together with Stefan Schimanski, I have been working for the Personalist conception. Together, starting in 1943, we have published a yearly miscellany of Personalist essays, stories and poems, at first with Gollancz, and later with Lindsay Drummond. Our contributors have been both British and Continental, and Mounier has been very co-operative with us. He has written an exhaustive essay on French Personalism for us and has described our contribution to the Movement in his magazine, Esprit.

I feel that unless we who are of one mind get together and produce a stable philosophy for the times, the civilisation which many of us have fought to preserve will be allowed to wear itself away to the uninspired accompaniment of The Pink Flag, played on frozen-up penny whistles.

I am only recently out of the Air Force, after almost five years' service. I would go back for another five years if I could be sure that, at the end of that time, we had a country worth living in. Like many others, I am sickened. Like many others, I am powerless to do anything about it. But if I can add weight to a body of opinion such as that of Personalism, then I will do all in my power in that direction.

> Henry Treece, Barton-on-Humber

#### Sartre, the Incomprehensible

Sir.

In your editorial 'Thinking Aloud', in the February number of World Review, you devote some space to the Existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre.

During a recent visit to Paris, I had occasion to see three of M. Sartre's plays and to discuss his 'Philosophy' with Frenchmen ranging from a

Minister in M. Blum's Cabinet to a young actress of the Comédie Française-including business men, architects, artists and a waiter: none of these was able to explain what Sartre is driving at. Indeed, his plays threw no light on 'Existentialism' and seemed largely designed to excite hatred (especially Frenchman against Frenchman-Mort sans Sepulture).

I should be very grateful if you could be so kind as to explain to me what you understand

by 'Existentialism'.

The long-haired young men and the shorthaired young women of the 'Café Flore' and the 'Café des Deux Maggots' were also incomprehensible.

R. Duncan Catterall, London, E.16

The philosophy of Existentialism derives from Kierkegaard. There are now two opposing schools; one led by Sartre is atheistic and nihilistic and the other is of a more positive character under the name of 'Personalism'. See World Review of June and July 1946.—Editor.]

#### A Bouquet

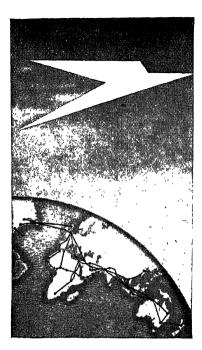
May I be allowed to say, without any suspicion of flattery, that I have been a regular reader of World Review for the last nine months, and that I look forward eagerly to every new copy, which, incidentally, is kept for me by

my local newsagent.

While I am writing to you, I might as well take the opportunity to say, first, how much I appreciate the sane, informative articles you publish on psychology. As a student of psychology at London University, I deplore the trashy, hysterical nonsense that is regularly produced on the subject by the cheaper newspapers. Secondly, I would like to say how greatly I admire and applaud the Editor's condemnation of the disgusting and embarrassing display of bad manners given a few Sundays ago by that filthy little rag, the Sunday Pictorial.

May your good work long continue.

Gerard G. Staunton, London, N.2



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#### **Cross-Section**

#### OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

#### Anglo-American Relations

THE realities of the British-American problem have been glossed over by the solidarity which has existed in opposing Soviet expansion. This solidarity is bound to be fragile. For when two powers work together only because they are opposed to a third, they can be separated and will diverge whenever the third power relaxes its pressure. This in the last analysis was the fallacy of Mr. Churchill's Fulton speech, which, though it was never formally avowed by either government, was an indiscreet statement of the working thesis of the Bevin-Byrnes collaboration. This collaboration depended upon the Russians continuing to employ aggressive tactics and not upon an understanding about the post-war difficulties in Britain, in the Empire, and in America.

In so far as Russia alters her tactics and for the time being reduces the pressure at critical points such as Trieste, the Dardanelles, Austria, Iran, Manchuria, which she shows many signs of doing, the real post-war difficulties of the two English-speaking powers emerge. They cannot be passed over on the easy assumption that a common front against Russian imperialism is the answer to the immense problem of the British Empire, and of America's rôle in its liquidation and reorganisation. For if that problem is not met, if the policy of the two governments is not thoroughly prepared in advance, if the measures they take as the situation becomes critical are too little and too late, we shall all pay a heavy price for having assumed that the British-American partnership is more strongly founded than it is.

The terms of a genuine understanding would, I imagine, have to take account of the fact that the British post-war crisis will develop some years before the American post-war crisis. For the British start with inadequate means of production, which can be made adequate only by a greater investment of capital than they themselves can now supply.

That capital, if it could be exported now,

would prevent the impending British crisis. But by that tume it may be too late, since the British crisis may have run its course and may have produced its historic world-wide consequences which cannot be undone. This, in its barest but controlling essentials, appears to be the problem to which the two countries need to devote their attention.

A forced liquidation of even some of the British imperial and strategic commitments, made necessary by an economic crisis in Britain, would leave a vacuum in some of the most turbulent areas of the world. No one can calculate the consequences of the ensuing disorder. But we may be certain that it would usher in a new epoch in human affairs, which we are not now even theoretically prepared to cope with.

For the history of empires, the old Chinese, the Turkish, the Austrian, the Czarist, tells us that the period of their dissolution is an extraordinarily dangerous period not only for them but for the whole world. The struggle over the succession to an old empire has never yet been settled without war. We dare not doubt that the liquidation of the British Empire, which is one of the great historic events of our age, will involve this country most especially and most profoundly.

WALTER LIPPMANN

in New York Herald Tribune

#### Britain and the Arabs

As for ourselves, we should endeavour to help the Arab lands build themselves up economically. Their accrued strength and wellbeing will be as beneficial to us as it will be to them. We must desire them to be strong. If they are rich they will be amongst our best customers. To achieve these objects we should send the very best men we have to the Middle East. Nowhere else in the world are men more astutely judged or their worth more quickly appraised.

SIR EDWARD SPEARS in the Daily Telegraph

#### Does History Repeat?

SIR—I have recently come across certain passages in that interesting history of the early world called *Ancient Times*, by J. H. Breasted, the distinguished American orientalist and historian (he died 1935), which I believe your readers may find give food for thought.

In Breasted's description, written over thirty years ago now, of the administrative organisation of the Roman Empire under the Emperor Diocletian, I note the following warning:

'The financial burden of this vast organisation, begun under Diocletian and completed under his successors, was enormous, for this multitude of government officials and the clamorous army had all to be paid for and supported....

<sup>2</sup>The amount of a citizen's taxes continued to increase until finally little that he possessed was free from taxation. . . . The penalty of wealth seemed to be ruin, and there was no motive for success in business when such prosperity meant

ruinous over-taxation. . .

'He enacted laws forbidding any man to forsake his lands or occupation. The societies, guilds and unions into which the men of various occupations had long been organised were now gradually made obligatory, so that no one could follow any calling or occupation without belonging to such a society. . Even the citizen's wages and the price of the goods he bought and sold were, as far as possible, fixed for him by the State.

'The Emperor's innumerable officials kept an eye upon even the humblest citizen. They watched the grain dealers, butchers and bakers, and saw to it that they properly supplied the public and never deserted their occupation. Staggering under his crushing burden of taxes, in a state which was practically bankrupt, the citizen of every class had now become a mere cog in the vast machinery of government. . . In so far as the ancient world was one of progress in civilisation, its history ended with the accession of Diocletian.'

And that was some sixteen hundred odd years ago. It's interesting, don't you think?

From MAJOR J. C. MAUDE, K.C., M.P., to the Editor of the Daily Telegraph

#### Peter Pan at Forty

Our society is not producing enough mature persons. Too many of us who die at forty are not buried until seventy.

DR. GEORGE LAWTON

#### Moderation from India

I THINK our countrymen should realise that our ambitions have far exceeded our capacity. Could Congress rely on the Indian Army-the Muslims in it? Could the League rely on the Indian Army—the Non-Leaguers in it: It is all very well for Indians to unite when they are not in India, as the glorious Indian National Army under the immortal Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose did. It is in our own country that we have failed at every test. Latterly — this was not the case till three or four years ago-even Indians abroad have ceased to be Indians, but have become League or Non-League in England. America and all over the world, carrying on propaganda against each other. What a fall, my countrymen!

Beware of any sort of resistance movement now. A desperate way out is proposed by some Congress-men. 'Let us start a movement against this Foreign Government. The Muslims will then join us.' Nothing more foolish or suicidal could be thought of.

Mr. Jinnah himself is a foreigner! Why then should he join you to drive out a fellow foreigner, without first finishing with you!! Mr. Jinnah has always said that if Congress starts a resistance movement against the Government without his consent and co-operation, it would be regarded as a movement against himself and the League.

Move on what I term Administrative Nationalism, as distinct from Political, in some other article. China has been for years under Administrative Nationalism, and is just trying to effect a change-over into democracy. The Philippines were prepared for independence under that system.

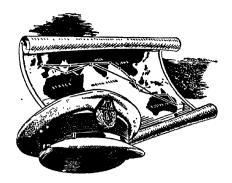
The present road has led us into the jungle, and the law of the jungle. Shall we not try another road, trodden by other people of Asia, one under American tutelage and the other under the dispensation of Sun Yat Sen?

Madras Times

#### 'Four Just Men!'

MR. HUTCHINSON (C.—Edinburgh W.) said, 'commissioners' was the English translation of 'commissars'. 'What is proposed for the Transport Commission is a chairman and four just men, but I would like to emphasise that the men are just men and not demi-gods.'

Manchester Guardian



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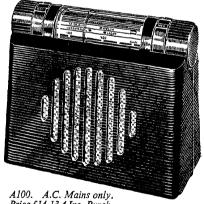
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#### The French Character

WE have many qualities in common with the Germans and comparatively few in common with the French, and before the war it was not unusual to hear tourists and ex-Servicemen voicing in all sincerity the opinion that we British were much closer to the Germans than we were to the French. Can you remember the arguments that were used? That the Germans, like ourselves, were a law-abiding people, keen on modern sanitation and outdoor sport. The Germans, too, were efficient as we understand the word. Not so the French, whom we tended to regard as unbusinesslike and even unreliable, and whose attitude towards sport and authority was (rather naturally) 'un-British'. However, we do like to think of ourselves as individualists, and we claim that our system of government favours the free development of the individual. And it is the French and not the Germans who share with us this fundamental attitude to life. We consider the State the servant of the people. For the Germans, the people are the servants of the

It is this quality of individualism which is responsible for many of the shortcomings of the French. The Frenchman, even if it be to his own disadvantage, seldom goes out of his way to please; he is a rotten shopkeeper. You can take it or leave it, and he will keep you waiting quite unconcerned rather than seriously put himself out to serve you. Time is not money in France; it is space for living in. The French watchmaker may promise to repair your watch for Wednesday, but do not be surprised, when you go to his shop on Wednesday afternoon, if his wife tells you that her husband has gone off for a day's fishing, or that he has taken your watch to pieces and proposes to make a new balance for it, but it is a delicate job and may take a month. The French attitude to work is that it is a part of life which has its importance along with sleeping, fishing, rabbiting, time spent with friends or family, eating and drinking. Every day a Frenchman will look forward to his midday meal with almost as much pleasure as the Englishman looks forward once a year to his summer holiday.

No Frenchman could be militarised in the German sense of the word. Look at the French ostman on a hot day; his tunic is unbuttoned; is trousers are sagging round his ankles; he has discarded the issue boots because they are hot and he is wearing rope-soled shoes. This does



LA SECRETAIRE

-- Mon bras droit . . .

CARREFOUR

not mean that the Frenchman cannot look smart inuniform; when hewants to show off and make a display, no one looks smarter, but in general a uniform only serves him as a background against which to express his individuality.

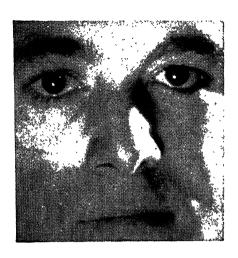
This exaggerated individualism makes the Frenchman very difficult to govern. His attitude towards the State is that of the proverbial preacher's towards sin: he's agin it. Rather naturally the State does not approve of this and it tries to curb the Frenchman's individualistic spirit by reducing his opportunities for developing his local culture and running his own local affairs. Thus government in France is highly centralised and every Department (France is divided into ninety Departments) is governed by a Prefect appointed by the Minister of the Interior.

Current Affairs

#### Passing the Buck?

HE (Mr. Blackburn) saw the Minister of Fuel and Power, who told him that the allocation of fuel had nothing to do with him; he was only responsible for getting the fuel. The Board of Trade told him that, while it was true that the President of the Board of Trade produced the plan, the responsibility for carrying it out rested with the Ministry of Supply. The Ministry of Supply told him that they had no responsibility for administering the scheme. He went back to the Ministry of Fuel, then again to the Board of Trade, and then to the Ministry of Supply. That happened over and over again and was still happening. Surely the House and the country were entitled to know who was. administering the scheme.

Report in The Times



#### "I wish I felt fitter"

He's not ill. He just isn't well. He needs the rest to his digestion and nerves that a cup of Benger's Food last thing at night would give him. It soothes and strengthens the digestion, gives calm restful sleep. He'll feel quite different after a fortnight on Benger's Food.

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# BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETT TOBACCO THIS ENGLAND.

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THE "carboy", ancient symbol of the chemist's craft, still glows brilliant and mysterious in many a chemist's shop window. It tells all passers-by that there is within,



at their service, all the fund of pharmaceutical knowledge that the chemist has acquired by four years' apprenticeship and many years of study and practice. The chemist's advice is always sound.

Ask your chemist's opinion of

# Euthymol TOOTH

#### **Problem of Minorities**

I REMEMBER twenty years ago a Karen remarking to me, 'I hope the British will stay in Burma for two hundred years.'-'Why?'-'Because we do not wish to be ruled by Burmese.' Even at the time it struck me that sooner or later this would become a problem. The fact is that the question of minorities is literally insoluble so long as nationalism remains a real force. The desire of some of the peoples of Burma for autonomy is genuine, but it cannot be satisfied in any secure way unless the sovereignty of Burma as a whole is interfered with. The same problem comes up in a hundred other places. Ought the Sudan to be independent of Egypt? Ought Ulster to be independent of Eire? Ought Eire to be independent of Britain? And so on. Whenever A is oppressing B, it is clear to people of goodwill that B ought to be independent, but then it always turns out that there is another group, C, which is anxious to be independent of B. The question is always how large must a minority be before it deserves autonomy. At best, each case can only be treated on its merits in a rough and ready way: in practice, no one is consistent in his thinking on this subject, and the minorities which win the most sympathy are those that have the best means of publicity. Who is there who champions equally the Jews, the Balts, the Indonesians, the expelled Germans, the Sudanese, the Indian Untouchables and the South African Kaffirs? Sympathy for one group almost invariably entails callousness towards another.

GEORGE ORWELL in Tribune

#### Ireland Today

A REVOLUTION that comes off is apt to be a dismal thing. Nothing could be more ironic than to read over the pamphlets written by A. E. in the times of insurgence: and nothing could be more wholesome for the English Whig, that fancy-free individual, than to come here and see what seven hundred years of glorious struggle can culminate in. There is a Government devoted not to the interests of the country as a whole but to those of the new ruling-class of petit bourgeois tradesmen they have called into being. While ragged and soreeyed children roam the streets barefoot through the coldest days, families are evicted from miserable tenements and men are stopped the dole because they hold a horse's head or carry a bag for a shilling, these shopkeepers are making more money than ever before. The alleged prosperity

of Eire is no more than the reflected glow of their complacence. The Church, so glorious under persecution, so admirable in minority, here is like a dead weight on the country, stifling thought and destroying the will, enforcing her wishes and revenging herself upon opposition in often the meanest and shabbiest of ways: hand-in-hand with the Government, safe from attack, beyond criticism: aware of the corruption in high places, but always ready to shame the simple folk of parishes by reading their sins from the altar. There is a censorship whose caprices, however diverting, are too well known to require a new description. There is a society that is dull, nerveless, moneyminded and horribly prim, in which a man of integrity appears exotically like an orchid in a bed of dandelions, or perversely like one bent at all costs on being different. And all this is accepted by the citizenry clear-sightedly and with a spate of humorous and intelligent comment: and, at the same time, with a spiritless docility which makes one wonder how they ever came to be regarded as people of a generous, if sometimes rather tiresome, courage.

Contemporary Review

# click..puff.. fine fuel, RONSONOL

Ronsonol is the instant-flash fuel and, what's more, it's fumeless and non-clogging. Ronsonol is ideal for every type of lighter. It is made specially for Ronson Lighters, as also are Ronson Flints. You can buy Ronsonol everywhere—insist on it.

Ronsonol 1/6†d. a bottle. Ronson Flints 6d. a packet. Ronson Service Outfit 1/6d.



'I do not yet know what it will be, but I am already very pleased with this little toe' CARREFOUR

#### Atom-Proofing

It is now possible to buy an atom-proof house plus suit to match at a mere cost of £10,000.

The house is submerged, equipped with electric eyes and what not, and obtainable by all those with a bank balance large enough to draw on such a capital investment.

Imbued with an itch to preserve their well-fed skins from being churned into annihilation, I have no hesitation in saying that the first to crawl into these luxurious rat-holes will be the senile members of that illustrious brotherhood renowned for their dexterity in pulling the strings that make us dance.

Although I have no illusions as to the duress I myself may experience outside the periphery of the rich man's edifice. I still pin my faith to a reliable pair of feet. I somehow think that if the worst came to the worst and the matter were put to a practical test, the rich man burrowing in his £10,000 rat-hole would be no better off than I. Even if he were lucky enough to escape the first impact commonly known as the jellifying process no matter where and when he opened his hatch, there would still be the petrifying process, to contend with, the lung-busting process, the greying, wrinkling and uglifying process subject to time and space, the hair-shedding, teeth-shedding and nail-shedding process, the radio-active, horrifying and stenchifying process, and last but not least, the living death process coupled with a multitude of other processes too numerous to mention and more or less inescapable.

No, sir. I'd rather be caught in the open with a good, resounding, jellifying whack, and so would everybody else I know.

Letter in Trek

#### Death of Art

TEXTBOOKS on literature have suffered a similar fate to contemporary writers. One of the main textbooks on contemporary literature by Professor Timofeyev committed the unfortunate and unforgivable mistake of classing M. Zoshchenko among the 'most prominent and talented' of Soviet writers, and of omitting all mention of writers whose ideas are more commendable in the eyes of doctrinaire Communists.

A writer on Tolstoy has been censured for devoting too much attention to Tolstoy's ideas. Pedagogical Institutes have been criticised for their teaching of literatures, and a recent directive calls for greater attention to Soviet literature and the writing of theses on Soviet themes. But the severest strictures have been reserved for certain well-known writers themselves, and so it is to literature and the writer's position in the Soviet State that attention must now be turned.

The imaginative artist in a totalitarian society can, in the last resort, exercise no function save that of propagandist. The purpose of art, according to official Soviet theory, is not to express the individualities of talented beings and so to broaden the outlook and experience of the less gifted, but to make comprehensible to the masses their own historic destiny, as formulated by the canonical literature of Marxist ideology, and to facilitate its fulfilment.

The artist exists to serve the masses, for no one in the Soviet State can be an end unto himself; and since the will of the masses is incarnate in the Bolshevik Party, the artist has no future in Russia except as an unquestioning servant of that Party.

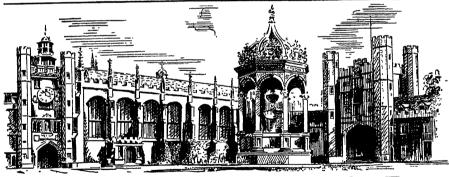
It is obvious that the creative mind, in such conditions, must often feel itself cramped and thwarted, and that any relaxation of vigilance on the part of the officially constituted censorship will result in an outbreak of 'pure art'. So far the Party has been able to explain these recrudescences as 'survivals from the capitalist age', since the artists affected had either themselves commenced writing before the Revolution or could be said to have been corrupted by the older generation. The urgent post-war tasks of Soviet society, in the view of the Party, necessitated a total mobilisation of all intellectual and educational resources in the service of the State. World To-day

# MAKING LESS of more washing-up

Hoteliers and factory canteen managers, with very large families to cater for, need help with their washing-up machines to make hard water soft and dispel film-forming grease.

Albright & Wilson, from their long experience with phosphates for water treatment, provide a water-softening detergent powder called "Calgonite" which gives a sparkling answer to an otherwise dull prospect.

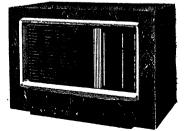




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#### JOIN THE FUR CRUSADE



'How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every

'How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture!' These were Grey Owl's words to me.

Write for leaflet of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign, which names Furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Also tells you how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely. Funds needed for advis.

Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road,
South Kensington, S.W.10.

#### Free Elections!

In a remote village a policeman leads the intimidated inhabitants in procession to the ballot box. An envelope with a voting card is handed to everyone. One of those marching opens the envelope, wanting to know what he has received. The policeman is furious: 'How dare you! Don't you know the elections are secret?'

On election day in Warsaw people were asking: 'What is a ballot box?'

The correct answer was: 'A ballot box is a very wonderful and democratic machine. You put in Mikolajczyk and out comes Gomulka.'

And this is a true story. It happened in Warsaw in polling station No. 42, one of the few stations where Polish Peasant Party representatives were admitted.

After the voting, the polling box was taken from one room to another to count the votes. Then, however, the Polish Peasant Party representative noticed with astonishment that it was not the same box used during the voting. The original box had some characteristic marks, also a number 8 made secretly in red pencil by a Polish Peasant Party observer. The box now to be opened was definitely different.

The miracle of transforming one box into another (crammed of course with votes for the Government) happened during the short time when the box was being carried from one room to another, in this way:

Two pro-Government members of the commission went forward carrying the box while the rest of the commission followed them. Suddenly two armed militia men, while letting pass the carriers of the box, stopped the rest and demanded to see their identity cards. In the meantime the two members with the box had disappeared into a small room, from which they shortly emerged . . . still carrying a box.

Polish News Agency

#### Greatness in a Nation

NATIONAL achievement and greatness, whether in culture or politics, are the product of many forces and conditions coming together in time and place. Of these circumstances, leadership in government and war is an important ingredient, but only one ingredient. A biographical method of historical study, though doubtless the most popularly assimilable, is not in itself adequate. What matters is the interaction

between personality and circumstance, political and social conditions. It is analysis of such interaction which is here lacking. Even the most spectacular and impressive feats of personal leadership—that of Louis XIV as much as that of the Swedish monarchs in the seventeenth century—are inexplicable except in terms of the resources, material, human and spiritual, of a whole people, and the peculiar combinations of circumstances prevailing in Europe at that time.

Times Literary Supplement

#### What Overseas Investments Mean

A YEAR ago Sir Stafford Cripps pointed out that the interest earned on our overseas investments used to be equivalent to the work of 800,000 men. It represented the value of all the wheat, meat, cotton, and wool we imported.

That was the enviable situation of Britain after centuries of the 'wicked system' of private enterprise. It was built up by hard work on the part of managements and men. If we wish for the same results we must follow the same recipe.

Daily Mail



#### After dinner

... rest awhile? Very wise ... when you can spare the time. Hurry and bustle immediately after meals are a frequent cause of digestive disturb nce. If, despite possible precau ions, ind gest on does trouble you, turn to 'Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges' for quick relief ... the proved specific, dscovered by Dr. Jenner of Vaccination fame and recommended by five generations of Physicians.

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'It isn't that I mind talking to myself, Doctor, but lately
I can't seem to think of anything to say'
NEW YORKER

#### Formula for 'Sex'

THOUGH London's critics unanimously and openly sneered, Howard Hughes's sexsational The Outlaw was playing to record crowds at the London Pavilion. Last week 23-year-old Pressagent Suzanne Warner hit a headline jackpot. She lured a psychologist with a psychogalvanometer (a gadget that measures emotional reactions) into the Pavilion. Her report:

Critic Walter Wilcox of the Sunday Dispatch, who had penned a cool review, had a warm, 24 centimeter reaction to a close-up of Jane Russell's parted lips.

Hostile Critic Dick Richards of the Sunday Pictorial registered a more-than-friendly 28 centimeters to Jane in a loose bodice.

A lady moviegoer, who claimed indifference to sex on the screen, hit 29 centimeters when Jane prepared to share a gentleman's bed.

A soldier, fresh from two years' overseas duty, banged the top of the register during an actor's tussle with Russell in the hay.

The psychologist's conclusions: 1. average response to the film's Tchaikowsky background music—15 centimeters; 2. average reaction to Jane—22 centimeters; 3. average reaction to Jane with a Tchaikowsky background—34 centimeters. Press-agent Warner's summary: 'Tchaikowsky + Jane Russell = Sex.' Time

#### Penalty of Thrift

BARNES (Surrey) Council, which has repaid £,445,019 of the £,449,326 spent on its electricity plant, will receive under the terms of Mr. Shinwell's Electricity Bill only £4,307 for an undertaking possibly worth about £,1,000,000 in the open market. By its compensation terms the Bill penalises thrifty and efficient Councils (and ratepayers) who have progressively reduced the amounts borrowed to instal power stations, for only their existing debt is to be paid off. Ratepayers will also lose the benefit of electricity profits which have hitherto gone to reduce rates. Alderman A. E. Gough. Socialist chairman of Cardiff Electricity Committee, has been reported as saying: 'We are still hoping to be compensated fairly. Our power station has made a profit of £,500,000 which has gone to relieve the rates.'

#### Mr. Billings is Angry

MR. RONALD BILLINGS, master builder, has been warned by the Ministry of Works that his licence may be withdrawn if he does not reduce his men's working week at Grays, Essex, from 50 to 44 hours and start them at 8 a.m. instead of 7.30, with a full hour for lunch. The 200 men working for Mr. Billings have not been complaining. All the key men, indeed, were with him before the war. They start early to make the most of the daylight and get paid overtime for it, get the breaks they want, receive a guaranteed 44-hour week no matter what the weather is, as opposed to the usual 32 hours, and are still paid if they are away sick. Most of them are not members of trade unions.

Conservative Weekly News Letter

#### **Brilliant Logic**

A TALL man is most likely to sustain a head injury in low doorways.

The Lancet

#### The Rolls and the Austin

This is how Farmer David Jones of Lampeter, Cardiganshire, knows when a 'man from the Ministry 'arrives at the farm.

'When a Rolls Royce rolls into the farm-yard, we know that an official has come to inspect the pigs,' he said.

'If it is an Austin Seven, we know that the doctor has arrived to attend a patient.'

Daily Graphic



### "Only the best is good enough for your eyes"

That is why we would not make a second-rate lotion during the war. That is why Optrex has been so scarce. But better supplies of the essential materials are now coming through, and so there is more Optrex about. Optrex Eye Compresses, too, are now available. Ask for them at your chemists.

Optrex Limited. Perivale, Middlesex

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#### LORD ELTON

writes:

"The terrible scourge of cancer has bereaved countless families, and the menace of it must haunt almost as many more. The Royal Cancer Hospital is doing invaluable work in combating the disease, and still requires all the support which it can obtain from the public. The need is great and we must see that the response is generous."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer

# The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

#### A New Weapon?

AT Charonne a woman has been strangled with an American pair of drawers.

As a result of this crime, the Chief of Police has decided to forbid the use of drawers in the Parisian region. Transgressors will be prosecuted for carrying illegal arms!

Le Canard Enchaîné

#### **Cultural Exchange**

THERE is intense interest in the exchange of persons for study abroad. This interest is fostered by governments as well as by private institutions and organisations. It is hoped that activities will expand during 1947. Unesco is willing to make suggestions as to the countries whose services are most urgently needed.

In France, appropriate public agencies are already organised to extend services to foreign trainees. In Sweden, foreign trainees and students are now looked after by the Swedish Institute, established in 1945. In England, the British Council is supervising the increasing flow of personnel coming to Britain for study and research.

In the United States a number of private and voluntary agencies and foundations are actively at work facilitating the exchange of personnel between the United States and foreign countries. There is the Institute of International Education which over a number of years has handled the exchange of hundreds of students. Further evidence of the growing importance of this activity is the post-war establishment within the United States Department of State of an International Exchange of Persons Division, which is devoting its attention to coordinating the exchange of educational and technical personnel between the United States and other countries.

Danish authorities have announced that 1,500 foreign students would be welcomed in French schools and institutions. British authorities are encouraging similar activities on a large scale.

Over 100 students from Norway have been accommodated in American colleges and universities since the end of hostilities. In 1946 a thousand trainees from China were in the United States. Moreover, 75 United States public school teachers are arranging to exchange places with an equal number of British teachers.

U.N.E.S.C.O News Letter

#### Drinking Made Easy!

A BEER-can with a built-in instrument panel, a battery to operate a red light when it is nearly empty, and a horn which will blow when the last drop is drained, is reported designed by a Brisbane man. The beer-can has a mechanical fly-swat with flexible arm, a patent non-slip grip, a photo-electric eye to detect beer drips, a tap and extension tube for drinking lying down, apparatus which will blow froth into a condenser, where the beer content will be drained back.

Licensing World and Licensed Trade Review

#### Cinema Helps Culture

Oslo's cinemas are municipally owned, and their profits are used in their entirety to pay for cultural activities. Last year's surplus amounted to 3,000,000 kroner (£150,000), which is being used to support theatres, musical life, scholarships, museums, artistic decorations, Norwegian films, etc.

Box-office receipts last year were the largest ever, 17,300,000 kroner. Of this, 6,700,000 kroner went in tax to the Government.

Altogether 221 new films were shown during the year. Oslo's cosmopolitan tastes are shown by the fact that 86 of the films were American 46 Swedish, 40 British, 14 French, 12 Russian, 12 Danish, 8 Norwegian, 2 Swiss and 1 Belgian.

Norwegian News Letter

#### Aid from the Classics!

When customers complain of the prices of the better grades of merchandise, a retailer of my acquaintance points to a framed notice bearing some words of John Ruskin on the subject. They are equally apposite today, many years after they were written:

'All works of taste must bear a price in proportion to the skill, taste, time, expense and risk attending their manufacture. Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest.'

Men's Wear

#### Philosophic Education!

When I was a boy they were so covered up that I thought all women were solid down to the ankles where they branched off into a pair of feet.

DR. C. E. M. JOAD

Printed in Gt. Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Proprietors, Review of Reviews Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4, and published by Hulton Press Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australasia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian and Newfoundland Magazine Post.



The export of films is more than a commercial transaction. Currency is earned, the guilders and the dollars flow in. But goodwill and understanding are earned also—because with the films which we are sending abroad in increasing numbers we send something of ourselves, too. 'Meet Bill Jones', we say to the world. 'Not a bad chap when you get to know him.'

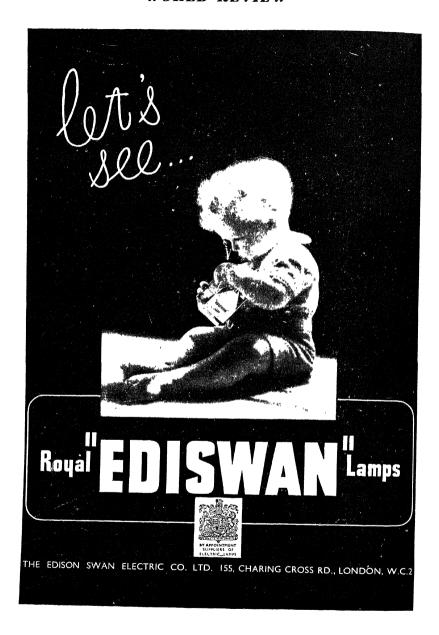
Introductions like these are sorely needed. Little iron curtains of misconception and misunderstanding make rings round most countries today. Half the world has still not the faintest idea how the other half lives. Take Bill Jones of Britain. Unless he's done some compulsory globe-trotting in the Services, how is he to picture the hopes and fears and daily lives of his mates in, say, Indo-China—or even of his blood brothers in his own Commonwealth?

Truth is such an early casualty when real misunderstandings flare up. But it won't be so easily brushed aside if we build up a commonsense fund of knowledge about the other members of the human family.

Films about British people are ambassadors for Britain. And we welcome, in their turn, good films from other countries.

J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

#### WORLD REVIEW



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1ay The British Industries Fair opens in London and Birmingham early in May, resuming the practice of pre-war years. This great display reflects the skill and resourcefulness of the people of this country and it brings buyers from all quarters of the world. Many exhibitors enjoying an international reputation can recall their first steps as small undertakings, and not a few the aid and support received from the Midland Bank. Over a century ago this Bank began as a local undertaking in Birmingham, side by side with other examples of early enterprise. To-day the Bank is as ready to meet the needs of those whose requirements are modest as it is of those of the great industrialists, and from stands at the exhibition offers its services to all having need of them. At any of its 1900 branches no account is regarded as too small, nor is any transaction too large.

#### MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

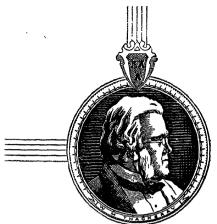
# World Review

INCORPORATING RIVIEW OF REVIEW

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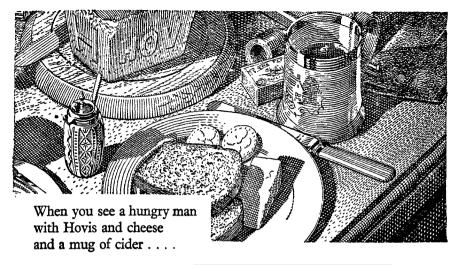
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#### Conscription?

FOR the first time in the middle of peace this country is seriously concerned with the imposition of Conscription for the Armed Forces. (I can remember Lord Roberts' efforts before 1914, when I was a child, and the newspaper cartoon of British conscripts portrayed as frogs and wearing French képis.) Of course, the Military Training Act of March 1939 was fairly generally realised to be 'on the eve of' the coming war with Hitler. Though it is not irrelevant to remember that the Labour Party voted against the measure, even at that late date, and that Herbert Morrison, who was a 'conchie' in World War I, was largely responsible for the abolition of O.T.C.s in L.C.C. schools two years after Hitler seized power.

As I write, there is great dissension within the Labour camp, if it can properly be called a 'camp'. Analysis of the figures shows that the Second Reading, if the Conservatives had not lent support, might have been lost by seventy votes; and there is the possibility that if the Conservatives desire to show their disapproval of the reduction to a mere year's service, a combination of the Conservatives with the Labour rebels might defeat the Government.

If I were a Member of Parliament; I would be somewhat exercised as to how to vote on this question. In the first place, if the British and European way of life is to have any influence, Britain must have the strongest 'possible' Armed Force. And a vote cast against Conscription might very well be misunderstood, and might lend encouragement to those who wish to weaken this country.

My sole reason for possibly voting against Conscription would be the consideration whether Conscription is the best way to arm Britain. There is much, as Captain Liddell Hart points out, to be said in favour of a real *armée* du métier, plus consideration of men for industry, which is now so vital both in peace and war. It is, of course, a question of the best use of our men and resources. There is also the atom bomb! Is it really worth while keeping a lot of men hanging about, in the hope of stopping the atom bomb with their bayonets? On the other hand, it should be obvious that personnel is required, especially if the nations refrain, at any rate for the time being, from using the atom bomb; to say nothing of 'little wars' like Palestine, or guarding the 'Western sphere', as in Greece.



LAZARE CARNOT, 1753-1823. Persuaded the Committee of Public Safety to decree the 'levy in mass' of the French people. Thus this earnest Revolutionary let loose the devil of 'total war'

What I do not feel satisfied about is this: is our Armed Force really being developed upon the most modern and scientific lines: Further, I feel that for a really scientific heavily armoured force it is necessary to have something in the nature of a corps d'élite. This is somewhat against the spirit of egalitarian and Trade Unionist philosophy; but it does tie up with the human and psychological aspects of the whole matter. An élite man, especially a volunteer, is worth infinitely more than two or three poor specimens. In fact, one real dud can put a whole unit out of gear. This was proved by both sides during the last war.

In order to get the right number of really good volunteers, however, it would be necessary to make them feel that they were entering a crack corps. In other words, if only for recruiting purposes, it would be necessary to reverse the present appeal, and to make the recruit feel that there was something exclusive about the army (see current advertising campaigns), and that he was faced with the embarrassing pos-

sibility of having to tell his girl friend that he had failed to get into it. There could be, as indeed there are in the Soviet Army of today, a number of different units, or regiments, all supposed to be of varying excellence and efficiency. These various units should have definite distinctions of uniform. The uniform, in fact, is an important psychological part of the whole campaign. It should be distinctly soldierly and manly, and not too much of the battledress type, at any rate for 'walking out' and ceremonial occasions. There is everything to be said for the reintroduction of scarlet for the best troops. The cost of this, taking into consideration modern methods of production, would be negligible; and the red coat is the British Army; just as the képi and the red trousers were France.

The idea, starting at the time of the French Revolution, of arming the whole nation, the theory of 'the armed horde', so dear to Lazare Carnot, 'organisateur de la victoire', and continued by Napoleon, is quite out of date, if it was ever good; though it has always had a big place in the heart of Mr. Churchill, whose idea was that during the war everybody should be in the army itself, preferably on a white horse.

There is also the question of the proper placing of our 'garrison troops'. I do not understand why we are not supposed to be able to keep even ten thousand troops in Greece. We could surely spare some from Palestine without making things much worse there. There is also Cyprus, and other bases; to say nothing of establishments in this country itself. We shall soon also be relieved, I suppose, of our police work in India.

There seems to be little talk of the possibility of raising native troops. The Africans proved excellent during

the last war. This should remind us of our necessary liaison with France, and the consolidation of our position in Africa in co-operation with our new French ally. Incidentally, Duff Cooper did splendid work in getting the new French Alliance. We might even continue to use 'mercenary' Indian troops, or at any rate Gurkhas, who come from the independent Kingdom of Nepal; or possibly troops recruited from the Indian Princes' States. Also what about a Foreign Legion on the French model?

One wonders what the Americans will eventually do upon these lines? Will they raise a large force of Japanese troops? They did use American citizens of Japanese blood during the last war.

On the other hand, a vote recorded against Conscription might be completely misunderstood, and thus constitute something like treason to the idea of security for our comparatively civilised way of life.

Many people think that we could never get enough volunteers, though presumably they would not now have to serve in India; and transport for purposes of leave is much easier than in the old days. There is also the view that our slack modern youth ought to be trained, in more ways than one; and that the nation ought to have impressed upon it the seriousness of the position. On the other hand, the United States is due to give up the 'draft', despite the revolution in her foreign policy. Mrs. Ayrton Gould is going hammer and tongs at our girls, whom she thinks ought to be conscripted into the A.T.S., W.A.A.F., or WRENS.

Those Labourites and Liberals who are taking a line against conscription are, as usual, divided into various groups. Some take up the old semi-religious, or the 'freedom of the subject' line. Others are particularly concerned with the pres-

sing needs of industry; some want to sabotage our resistance to Russia. Many others, with their constituents in mind, must surely be taking the 'Trade Union' point of view—'the whole thing is a sweat, and we don't want to do it'.

The Government's appearement of the rebels, by reducing the period to one year only, may well make nonsense of the whole scheme, including the sweat involved. Is it possible to believe that the sudden change has really been made with the full approval of military experts? Or is it just another example of putting politics before country? Certainly if there is to be Conscription, or even if we rely upon a volunteer force, a great educational effort could be made, but probably will not, with these young men. It could almost amount to a kind of university course for all, which would be more practical than the present raising of the school-leaving age to fifteen. Apart from taking young people from hard-pressed industry, it is not always realised that, owing to the lack of teachers and school buildings, the amount of education to be given out remains the same. The only change is that more children are to receive it. Therefore the quality of the education given will be greatly lowered. This is not an argument against the benefits of education in general, of which I am a great advocate.

#### Party Politics or Country?

Is it party politics or country? This brings up the new appointment of the 'Planning Dictator' Plowden — the Planner to Plan All Planners, or whatever you like to call him. Ministers are right in stressing that ministerial responsibility remains as it is, and that He is no Dictator at all, but just another Civil Servant (temporary) adviser. Yet the absence in ministers' speeches in the

economic debate of anything else new gave the clear impression that He was to be the Answer To All Things. The public will be quite wrong to imagine that P. can do much. Because he has not been appointed to say what should be done for the patient, but to administer the present dosage with more efficiency; and this is the medicine which cannot possibly bring the patient round. No doubt he will be free to advise the Government (secretly) that—we must have a national wages policy—that workers should be paid by results—that we cannot afford shorter hours of work -that we are faced with serious inflation—that we should have more consumers' goods and other incentives, and a less fanatical export policy—that there is surely madness in exporting capital goods, including agricultural machinery, and electrical generating machinery to Russia—and that there is urgent need of foreign labour.

However, the Government has had this advice before. The whole point is that the Government does nothing. Why is this? It is because not only its extremist supporters but the Trade Unions will not allow it.

The time has come to think of many things. Amongst these is the continuing obstructive attitude of a large proportion of Trade Unionists, although there are some notable and courageous exceptions. Conservatives are actually almost the worst sinners in their attitude to the Unions. For no Conservative member or candidate ever makes a speech without saying what fine fellows the Trade Unionists are. In fact, Conservative experience of Trade Unions and Trade Unionists is extremely limited. Of course, the workers must have Unions, to protect their position. The dreadful point, however, is the obstructive attitude which the Unions continue to take

up, though we stand upon the brink of the abyss. Much as I deplore Russian Socialism, a significant difference between Russian and British Socialism should be pointed out. Russian Socialism is largely a conspiracy to drive the people to work until they drop. British Socialism is a conspiracy to do as little work as possible. It answers to something very strong, very natural, and rather lovable. in the English soul: a desire to avoid work, a profound instinct which has long been common to all strata of English society, and which was perhaps never brought to a greater point of refinement than by the typical Public School boy.

#### The History of English Laziness

THE English have nearly always got through history doing the least work of any nation. There is doubtless an element of philosophical intelligence and of true greatness in this. It, in fact, constitutes being a real master race. The Englishman has never 'worked like a black'. And our ability to study and work less, and yet usually win, in peace and war, has infuriated all foreigners for generations untold. Without being exactly a macreau in the Continental sense, the Englishman has succeeded in getting other people to work for him, including the unfortunate Scots, by being the best Colonial administrator, the best banker, and by being a good enterpriser and manager of industry and of labour.

This essentially aristocratic system is naturally repugnant to Socialist philosophy. Socialist philosophy is not attracted by Empire builders or business men; and it is really opposed to the whole idea, true or false, of the *real* division of Labour. And Socialism is in the ascendant today. Thus we are no longer a 'master race', and we have

got to get down to working harder ourselves. The Trade Unions should ponder this.

#### No Production

THE attitude of the Unions being what it still is—opposed to more production —is why nearly all plans announced by the Government are plans for the distribution of what we have actually got, plans for saving coal, and this and that, and not plans for producing more coal. The daily press, which in some ways seems to be becoming sillier and sillier every day, childishly announced recently with great glee that Cripps had said there was a hundred thousand tons a week more coal for industry. But it was a hundred thousand tons of the same coal. Therefore some sort of somebody will have to go without. Indeed, one is sometimes tempted to wash one's hands completely of all this saving business, as it tends merely to encourage the 'producers' to produce less. This is not to say that the administration of our dwindling stocks before the great Shut-Down was efficient. Ministers were guilty of incompetence, and of not honestly producing the facts. Elementary mathematics seem to be lacking in them in regard to such things as the allocation of steel for motor vehicles.

However, it is not just a question of administrative failure. The truth is that the *right policy* is not being adopted. This is because of the opposition of the Unions and the Communists.

Speaking of Communists, there will have to be a showdown sooner or later with Mr. Horner. This man has actually begun to find himself very much resented by more normal Trade Unionists. Mr. J. Feeney, at the Annual Conference of the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union at Bridling-



RUDOLF STEINER, 1861-1925, a pioneer in the revolt from materialism

ton, said, 'I say deliberately that this man Horner is inciting the miners to disaffection, by suggesting to them that they ought to have priorities in this, that and the other, knowing full well at the same time that it is impossible to produce these priorities.... I am certain that Horner wants to create as much trouble as he can.'

#### Fuel at Last

The nation woke up on Easter Morning to find that part of Himley Hall, Dudley, had gone up in flames. Sir Ben Smith had found fuel at last!

#### What is Personalism?

THINKING people are more and more revolting from the merely materialist view of life. There would seem indeed little doubt that if men are to save themselves at this last moment they must turn to more spiritual values. At the moment the only recipe for happiness being offered in the Soviet

World is Marxist materialism: whilst the present-day American recipe is equally materialist. On the other hand, more advanced thinkers for the last forty years or so have been gradually turning away from this barrenness, beginning with pioneers like Rudolf Steiner, and continuing with such thinkers as the philosopher Nicholas Berdaev.

Naturally, these rejectors of materialism are accused of being mere reactionaries. Yet, although it is true that many reactionaries have always found spiritual and religious conceptions to be a useful cloak for their designs, this accusation is untrue.

Much of this new thought is becoming focused round the philosophy of Berdaev, which he and his followers call Personalism. And when I talked with Berdaev the other day in Paris, he was at pains to say very clearly that he did not wish his philosophy to be made use of by reactionary elements. Berdaev remains essentially progressive, though his thought is definitely Christian, and not dissimilar from that of Professor John Macmurray, who has written such a stimulating article in this number.

Berdaev, who lives in great simplicity in Paris, where he allows himself few delights save those of the samovar, and lives laborious days, is a frail old man at first sight. Yet his mental powers do not seem to be diminished, and he possesses great magnetism. The son of comparatively aristocratic parents, he looks very like any elderly Russian who might be seen walking about the streets of Moscow today. He is essentially a lover of the people, and undoubtedly a great lover of the Russian people. Hearing him talk, indeed, it is impossible not to like Russians more. Somewhat like Dostoievsky, he has a very warm belief in

the 'mission' of the Russian people in the world; though he is in no sense a nationalist in the poisonous modern. and Machiavellian, sense.

I was at first put off by the word personalist'. I thought it smacked too much of 'individualist', of the Ernest Benn persuasion; or even of those American books enjoining lift boys, business men, matrons and 'usherettes' to 'develop their personality'. In any event, mere nomenclature is secondary. Further, the word 'personalist' does describe what Berdaev is trying to get at. For, according to him, man is not just a cog in the state machine. Nor, on the other hand, is he an isolated individual. He is a person.

One trouble with the form of Socialism which has been adopted by Clement Attlee is that it is thoroughly out of date. It belongs to the age of Stephenson and steam. When Marx wrote, man had just invented the automotive machine, and he was very excited about it. The Victorians, in fact, got more and more to think that man was just another machine; and that society was just another enormous

factory, or railway station.

A difficulty with the Labour Party is that it has come to power too late. For so many of its ideas are a hundred years out of date: one of the inevitable difficulties of democracy being that there is a woeful time-lag before 'new ideas' can be accepted by the electorate. Even the form—state socialism—is not now favoured by advanced thinkers. What the workers want is more control over their own factories or works, best expressed no doubt by a better system of promotion to 'officer rank' by merit. How can it avail them if the ownership of the works is changed from John Smith & Co. to the State? Indeed, with state ownership the relationship

becomes much less personal, and much more remote; and the power of the new ubiquitous master is infinite, leaving the worker more helpless than before.

It is also noticeable that in the recent White Paper the Government still talks about 'the two sides' of industry. There should not be two sides. The example of 'officers and men' is much too crude and military; but it does express in simple words the true relationship. Although there should be Works Councils, the ordinary worker cannot easily in the nature of things concern himself very much with the higher management, as Cripps has rightly pointed out. What he should feel sure of, however, is that he has a chance to rise to the highest rank if he has the capabilities for the position.

Macmurray in his article completely rejects the materialist conception of society. Though he would be one of the first to say that material conditions for the people must be constantly improved. He also warns against the organic view. Many anti-materialists, of course, are accustomed to say that man is not a machine, but is in fact a kind of organism, like a plant if you like. This is true. Yet this point of view can leave out the unique thing which man alone possesses, and which some call the soul. Without a recognition of this thing, there can be no morality, and no right or wrong. Just as the Commissar is free to do what he likes, because the state machine demands it, so the Fascist leader is free to do what he likes, because organic nature dictates it.

Again it is this thing which not only makes mankind unique; but makes all men in an important sense equal, because all men have it. Men are not equal in their intellects, and in my

opinion a sensible organisation of society would not put all men on to the same job. Neither do I personally think that all people possess souls of equal merit. The clumsy thought that they do has led to a great deal of error. Yet, very likely, the soul can improve itself; and the great thing is that we all have souls of some kind.

No statesman understanding that all men, including his enemies of the moment, possess this spark would be tempted to commit atrocities in the name of any theory.

There will be many people who will be incensed at the mere mention of the word 'soul'. Well, they need not use it. Yet, unless we recognise that man has got something which the machines and the statistics and the theories and, for that matter, brute nature have not got, we are doomed to fairly early destruction.



DRAGOLJUB JOVANOVIC: ... 'We have achieved much ... there is only one thing still needed—THE DIVORCE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY FROM THE STATE. Only then can we follow the ways of true Democracy ...'

#### Communists versus Peasants

THE victimisation of the peasants of Europe by the Communists, with their 'townee' policies, continues. Mikolaiczek, the leader of the Polish Peasant Party, made a sincere attempt to work with Russia and with the Communists. but the last elections were in no sense free or fair. In Hungary Bela Kovacz, the secretary of the Smallholders' Peasant Party, who won the last elections, was first falsely accused of attempting a restoration of the Right Wing Dictator, Horthy. He was then simply arrested by the Soviet Forces of occupation. Dr. George Dimitrov, the leader of the Bulgarian Peasants' Party, was forced to seek protection from the United States Embassy at Sofia, by whom he was assisted to leave his country. Of Maniu, the leader of the Rumanian Peasants, we hear less and less from behind the Iron Curtain.

News has, however, come Dragoljub Jovanovic, one of the outstanding peasant leaders of Yugoslavia. A good orator, and an excellent writer, Doctor of Sociology, Economics and Law, he became Professor of Agrarian Economic Politics at the University of Belgrade. His political tenets were similar to those of the famous Bulgarian Peasant Leader, Stamboliski, and the Croat Peasant Party Leader, Stepan Radic. During the various dictatorial régimes of the Right in Yugoslavia before the war, Jovanovic led a very strong and active opposition. He was more than once arrested and thrown into prison.

Shortly before the war he and his immediate followers left the Serbian Peasants' Party, to form the Popular Peasants' Party, owing to his firm belief that collaboration with Russia and the Communist Party was necessary and possible.

The cause of his recent quarrel with Tito is the laws affecting the peasants. Jovanovic believed that the farm workers, who constitute three-quarters of Yugoslavia, were entitled to the same position as the industrial workers. He was, therefore, forcibly ejected from his own Party. He was likewise expelled from the 'People's' Assembly of Serbia and forbidden to teach at the university. Later, whilst he was visiting a peasant in the village of Mali Stapar in the Backa province (according to Reuters) he was dragged out of the house, and made to walk three miles through ice and snow, whilst being beaten up.

He has since recovered from this attack, but when he attempted to address Parliament he was shouted down.

Meanwhile Tito's agents are behind the recent separatist agitations in Sicily. This dictator is now, however, grovelling before the American and British governments, in order to get loans, and the shipment of foodstuffs, to his country, which is in a state of great disorganisation.

#### A New Horror

As I go to press, I see that after all the talk, uplift and general blah, there is now a serious possibility of all D.P.s being sent back to their Soviet-controlled countries. UNRRA is carrying out an intensified campaign to induce these unfortunates to do so. The new International Refugee Organisation has not yet got started. So it looks as though there may be no organisation of any sort to look after these poor people. Actually they would mostly make fine workers here. In any case our behaviour in this matter is an absolute disgrace.

China, with her population of 400 millions and her vast undeveloped economic potential, is a country whose future destiny is of international interest. In describing the background of Chinese politics and analysing the present situation, Sir Paul Butler, British representative on the Far East Regional Commission of UNRRA in 1944, brings to the task many years of practical experience in Far Eastern problems

#### SIR PAUL BUTLER, K.C.M.G.

THERE have been far-reaching political developments in China recently. The first session of the National Assembly, to which the Communists declined to send representatives, has adjourned after the enactment of a relatively liberal constitution, and General Marshall, President Truman's personal representative in China, has returned to the United States with his mission of mediation between Kuomintang and Communists unfulfilled. Since then the State Department has announced the United States Government's decision to terminate its connection with the Executive Headquarters at Peking and the Committee of Three (formerly composed of General Marshall, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Communist General Chou En-lai), and to withdraw American troops from China. These circumstances seem to provide a suitable opportunity to place in historical perspective the still unhealed breach between the two parties.

It is interesting to recall that the critical and formative period of the Chinese Revolution between 1923 and 1927 coincided with the period of overt Russian influence in Chinese politics; and that the Kuomintang, no less than the Chinese Communist Party, owed much in this early stage to the inspiration of the Russian Revolution, and the organising ability of Russian political and military advisers. During the closing months of his life, when weakened by an incurable disease

and harassed by intractable revolutionary problems, Dr. Sun Yat-sen installed at Canton as his political adviser Michael Borodin, a Russian Communist of conspicuous ability, who succeeded in forging from the faction-ridden confusion of the Kuomintang a tempered spearhead of revolution. With Borodin came numerous other Russians, and among them the officer known in China as Galens, who, as Marshal Blücher, was later to become famous as the creator and commander of the Red Banner Army which successfully shielded Eastern Siberia from Japanese aggression. As military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek when the latter was commandant of the Whampoa Military Academy, Galens shares with the German officers who succeeded him the credit for the training of the *élite* corps of the Chinese Army to which the National Government owes its existence, and the Generalissimo much of his personal ascendancy.

Though more spectacular at the time, the direct indebtedness of the Chinese Communists to Soviet Russia in these eventful years was destined to prove less enduring. Borodin planned to bring to birth a Chinese Socialist state which, even though the good earth of China might not yet provide a fertile soil for the orthodox Marxian seed, would be ideologically and economically attuned to Soviet policies, and assist in the expulsion of Western Capitalist Imperialism from Asia. With this

object. Borodin secured the admission of active Communists to the Kuomintang, from which they had hitherto been rigidly excluded except at the cost of renunciation of membership of the Communist Party. Once the gates had been crashed, the Communists, many of them Russian-trained, fanned out and in a matter of months gained control not only of the Kuomintang, but of the Nationalist Army. The results of this infiltration were soon apparent. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, himself no Communist but a visionary quite incapable of riding the Communist whirlwind which he had evoked, died at Peking early in 1925. Revolutionary leadership then passed to more dynamic personalities. The northward march of the Nationalist Army from Canton to the Yangtse in the following year owed its spectacular success largely to the skill with which Russian-trained propagandists exploited the miseries of a countryside devastated by years of civil war. As the organisers of victory, it was inevitable that the Communists, with Borodin at their back, should have dominated the short-lived Wuhan Government which was set up at Hankow in December 1926. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the Reds upon the Yangtse, a tempest of xenophobia sprang up which, though its sharpest impact was borne by the British, bid fair for a time to sweep the foreigner from China.

#### The Rise of Chiang Kai-shek

The stemming at this critical juncture of the rising tide of Communist anarchy which threatened to engulf China was largely due to the resolution and single-mindedness of Chiang Kai-shek. As soon as he had succeeded Sun Yat-sen as leader of the Kuomintang, Chiang Kai-shek revealed the unwavering opposition to Communism which has ever since been characteristic of his policy. Borodin and his fellow Russians were invited with traditional Chinese courtesy to return to Moscow; the Communists were expelled from Government, Kuomintang and the Army; and there were bloody massacres

of Communists, real or suspected, at Shanghai, Canton and Nanchang. Thereafter, the conservative and land-owning nucleus of the Kuomintang took control of the government and proceeded to complete the unification of China from the new national capital of Nanking.

The shattered Communist remnants retired to the wild fastnesses of Kiangsi and western Fukien and there, under the inspired leadership of such men as Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, maintained the Chinese Soviet Republic for six years in the face of persistent Nationalist attack. Thrown back upon its own meagre resources, its ranks swelled by thousands of enthusiastic recruits of all classes, Communism in China lost its foreign affiliation and became essentially a Chinese political crusade.

By 1934, with the help of the German military experts whom he had called in to replace the Russians, Chiang Kai-shek had made the Communists' position in Central China untenable, and compelled their leaders to resort to a mass migration which can have few parallels in history. The 'Long March' to Shensi covered more than 8,000 miles over some of the most difficult country in the world. How many Communists set out has never been established, but they must have numbered at least 100,000, and they carried with them, on pony or muleback, the industrial and scientific equipment which they had assembled with such difficulty in the Kiangsi valleys. Fifteen months later, the survivors of this stupendous ordeal (for a very large proportion died by the wayside) reached the small town of Yenan in north-western Shensi, where they established their new capital.

By this time Japan's puppet empire of Manchukuo had been in existence for four years, and it had become evident that her ambitions were not limited by the Great Wall. Already the first insidious steps had been taken to undermine the tenuous allegiance of the northern provinces of China proper to the National Government. The menace from Japan had stirred



Troops of the Chinese Communist new Fourth Army read signs, written in English and Chinese, urging the tightening of Sino-American friendship and the settling of differences in North China

Chinese public opinion profoundly, and there was widespread dissatisfaction with the Generalissimo's apparent insistence upon, according to an internecine, anti-Communist vendetta, precedence over resistance to foreign invasion. This dissatisfaction found its outward manifestation in the Sian Incident of 1936. The Generalissimo, while on an official visit to the anti-Communist headquarters at Sian, was made prisoner by his subordinate, the 'Young Marshal' Chang Hseuh-liang, and induced as the price of his release to call off the campaign against the Communists and substitute a united front against the Japanese.

For two years after this strange interlude, China came nearer to national unity than at any time since the revolution of 1911. The Communists refrained from subversive activities and propaganda; the National Government respected the local autonomy of the Communist administration in the so-called Border Regions; and when war finally broke out with Japan after the affray at Marco Polo Bridge near

Peking in July 1937, the Red Army (officially reconstituted as the Eighth Route Army) fought under its own commanders as an integral part of the Nationalist forces.

#### Civil War Impedes China's Effort

It was calamitous for the welfare of China and the security of the Far East that this concord should have proved shortlived. By 1941 the Communists were once more excoriated in the reactionary press of Free China as 'Communist bandits', and many thousands of the best-trained and equipped troops of the Nationalist armies were employed, not in fighting the Japanese enemy but in maintaining a blockade of the Communist-controlled areas in Shensi, Shansi and Kansu provinces. This state of disunity and frustration continued to impede the Chinese war effort until the surrender of Japan. Meanwhile, reactionary elements in the Kuomintang steadily increased their influence both in the government and the army.



The general market at the Great Water Gate at the southern entrance to the city of Chi'ien Men, where one may buy anything from tripe to broadcloth

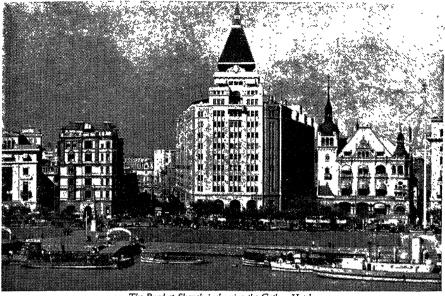
The Nationalist contention that the maintenance of independent Communist Armies made united resistance to Japan impracticable was sound enough in principle; in practice, it would have been more convincing had not the official Chinese war effort fallen far below that of the illequipped Communist guerrillas in steadfast patriotism.

#### China Unprepared for Victory

For several years the Communist areas in the north-west remained almost completely isolated both from the rest of China and the outside world. In May 1944, however, the Chungking Government, reluctantly yielding to sustained pressure, permitted a party of five foreign correspondents to visit Yenan. The accounts which these correspondents sent back did much to alter the thinking of intelligent Americans and British upon the Chinese situation. It became apparent that, with only the most meagre resources, the Yenan Government had done much to improve economic conditions in these remote pro-

vinces, and to awaken a sense of political and social responsibility among their sparse agrarian population. With a political creed based upon a synthesis of the 'Three Principles of the People' of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Marxian philosophy, the Yenan leaders proclaimed the 'New Democracy' as a technique for the introduction of Communism in China by peaceful gradation through democratic and socialist stages. To those accustomed to the inertia of Chungking, the Communist war effort was a revelation. Though practically without heavy equipment, they were seasoned guerrilla fighters. Infiltrating behind the Japanese lines as the latter advanced deeper into the heart of the country, they had created a chain of war bases all over northern and central China. Within these bases the population was organised for resistance, with the result that the Japanese had difficulty even in maintaining essential railway communications. There is no evidence, nor indeed was it even suggested by their bitterest opponents in Chungking, that

#### China



The Bund at Shanghai, showing the Cathay Hotel

Moscow maintained any diplomatic, military or propagandist contacts with Yenan during the war. In fact, the Russian wartime attitude towards China can only be described as scrupulously correct.

Like her Allies, China was caught unprepared for victory by the sudden downfall of Japan. Still doggedly pursuing the policy of 'trading space for time', the Nationalist armies were isolated in the far west, without means of speedy transportation to the strategic centres of the liberated east and north other than reliance upon the American Air Force. The war bases of the Communist guerrillas, on the other hand, were everywhere in close proximity to the surrendering Japanese. Unless the National Government bestirred themselves, they were likely to find Communist armies, rearmed with captured Japanese equipment, in solid occupation of the north and in contact with the Russians in Manchuria. With the assistance of the American Air Force, the Yangtse valley and the principal centres in North China were reoccupied by the Nationalists without major incidents. The position in Manchuria, however, was more complicated. After delays not unnatural in the circumstances, the Russians had completed the evacuation of Manchuria by May 1946; but although the Chinese Government had awaited the end of the Russian occupation with impatience, their forces were not on hand when the latter withdrew, partly because the Communists controlled the railways and partly because the Russians (notwithstanding the terms of the Russo-Chinese Treaty of August 1945) denied them the use of the great Manchurian port of Dairen. The outcome was that the Communists moved into the strategic centres of Manchuria in the wake of the retiring Russians; and it has been alleged that the latter connived at their acquisition of military equipment surrendered by the Japanese. The Communists maintained, however, that such Japanese equipment as they possessed was acquired in the hinterland away from the railways, where the Russians never exercised control.

Somewhat later, the United States Air

Force flew in several seasoned Nationalist Armies, and after fighting of some severity, the railways and principal towns of South Manchuria passed into Nationalist control. Most of North Manchuria (and probably the South Manchurian hinterland away from the railways) appeared to be either still in Communist hands or a prey to the banditry which is endemic in these regions.

#### Attitude of America

Simultaneously with these military developments, there was intense political activity at Chungking and later at Nanking, Early in 1946 Nationalists and Communists agreed to call a truce while they attempted, through the mediation of General Marshall, to restore national unity. The outlook for a new deal seemed bright when a Political Consultation Conference of all parties found it possible to draw up. plans for political and military unification, and to agree upon a draft constitution and the composition of the National Assembly. The moment was propitious since the calling of the National Assembly would imply the end of the period of 'political tutelage', in other words, the single-party dictatorship of the Kuomintang, and would logically open the way for Communist participation in the Government.

Unfortunately, with the attempt of the National Government to wrest control of Manchuria from the Communists, these prospects rapidly clouded, and by the autumn, when the Government carried out a successful offensive against the Communist positions in North China, the situation was even worse than before. When, therefore, the National Assembly finally met at Nanking on 15 November, the Communists declined to send representatives and the Democratic League, one of the minority parties, followed their example. In spite of these abstentions, the Assembly proceeded to debate and approve the draft constitution prepared by the Political Consultation Conference last winter. Thanks to the personal efforts of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who intervened more than once to prevent the

Right Wing of the Kuomintang from forcing through reactionary amendments. this constitution seems sufficiently liberal to satisfy legitimate Communist aspirations. It will become operative on Christmas Day 1947. Opinions differ as to the justification for the recalcitrant attitude of the Communists. They have certainly shown little disposition to compromise, but the real cause of Chinese disunity is undoubtedly the mutual and well-nigh ineradicable distrust between the two parties, bred of many years of bad faith on both sides. The Communists, however, have gained ever-widening support among the large sections of Chinese society who are disillusioned with the reactionary methods of the Kuomintang; and it is most improbable that they could now be cowed into submission by force of arms.

It remains to examine the international aspect of China's present crisis. It has been vehemently contended by many Chinese (and by no means only Communists) that the United States provoked this crisis by what is alleged to have been unwarrantable interference in China's internal affairs. In this atmosphere the wartime popularity of the Americans evaporated and there was a growing demand for the withdrawal of American armed forces from China. This disposition to blame the United States for Chinese disunity seems unreasonable. The feud between Kuomintang and Communists, far from being an affair of yesterday, goes back for twenty years; and General Marshall's forthright statement on his departure from China demonstrates that it is the distrust underlying this feud which has defeated his mission. The demand for the withdrawal of American forces has now been met by the United States Government's decision to abandon its efforts at mediation between the two parties and to withdraw American troops from China. The only American forces who are not affected by this decision are an advisory military mission of 750 officers and men at Nanking, and a detachment of a thousand marines at the naval training base of Tsingtao, whereas in December. President Truman spoke of the presence of nearly 12,000 American troops in China, and stated that there had been as many as 113,000 during the peak period of 1945.

The principal forms which American aid to the Nationalist Government have taken since VJ-Day are the continuation of Lend-Lease facilities (including the supply of military equipment) to the value of 600 million dollars, the sale of surplus stores of non-combatant war equipment representing an original outlay of 800 million dollars, and the transportation of fourteen armies by air and sea to points in liberated China, Formosa and Manchuria.

It is no doubt true that, without this assistance, the Nationalist Government would have been in no position to coerce the Communists; but it is no less a fact that without it they would have been unable to disarm and repatriate the three million odd Japanese troops and civilians in China. The assistance was given to the recognised Government of an ally, and was a manifestation of the declared intention of the United States to build up China into a powerful state as rapidly as possible. It was not for nothing that the United States sponsored the inclusion of China in the Big Four. Nevertheless, as an indication that only a united China may expect all-out American support, the opening of the 500 million dollar credits provisionally arranged by the Chinese Government with the United States Export and Import Bank has been deferred.

#### Communism in Manchuria

It has already been said that the Chinese policy of the Soviet Government was generally correct throughout the war. The liberation of Manchuria, however, reintroduced an old and mischievous element. Manchuria, with its railways linking the Trans-Siberian Railway with ice-free Manchurian and Korean ports opening on the Pacific, is of cardinal importance to the future prosperity of Eastern Siberia. Conversely, under the control of an anti-Communist or aggressive power, it can

be rendered a standing menace to Siberian security, as indeed it was during the quarter century of Japanese domination. For these reasons, although the Soviet Government has more than once acknowledged the sovereign rights of China in these extra-mural provinces, they remain a region wherein the former claims 'special interest'. These interests Russia has already taken steps to define and protect in her treaty of August 1945 with China.

It is fairly safe to assume, therefore, that Russia will insist upon the creation of a 'friendly' régime (in fact, a régime in which the Communists are at least very substantially represented) in Manchuria. A precedent exists in the case of the Russian satellite state of Outer Mongolia, the independence of which has recently been recognised by China. Many moderate Chinese believe that, unless the Nationalist Government is reconstructed upon a liberal all-party basis, the Communists in Manchuria may shortly be offered positive Russian support. In this contingency may lie the explanation of the Russian reluctance, after eighteen months, to implement the 1945 treaty with China by permitting Nationalist participation in the management of the port of Dairen. It may also explain the return to Manchuria, after fifteen years of virtual exile in Moscow, of Li Li-san, who in the early days of the Chinese Communist Party was Mao Tsetung's rival for leadership. The fact that Li has been reinstated as a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Party suggests closer future relations between Moscow and Yenan.

It is no exaggeration to say that the appearance of an autonomous Communist state in the relatively highly industrialised and productive Manchurian provinces would transform the Far Eastern situation. In addition to immensely strengthening the Communist position in China proper, it would be totally inconsistent with the building up of a strong, democratic and united China which is the keystone of Far Eastern security as conceived in American foreign policy.

# THE FORM OF THE PERSONAL

At a time when Personalism is attracting increasing attention in many countries, one of Britain's leading philosophers defines the essential implications of the philosophy of the personal. Professor Macmurray, who holds the Chair of Philosophy at Edinburgh University, shows with clarity and conviction that such an outlook must replace the old organic philosophy which divides mankind, and has led inevitably to narrow nationalism, a purely functional regard for others and the sacrifice of the personal life to organisations

#### PROFESSOR JOHN MACMURRAY

About two hundred years ago Western Europe began to be obsessed by the idea of the organic. The convulsions of our own generation are the final effects of that obsession. What I have to say in this article is that we shall not escape from the difficulties which beset us until we overcome this obsession. We have to dethrone the idea of the organic, and the forms of thought and feeling which it inspires. We have to substitute for it the idea and the form of the personal.

The first manifestation of this obsession with the organic is usually called the Romantic Movement. It began in France, with the writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which made their contribution to the storm of the French Revolution, and has continued ever since to bewitch the minds of would-be democrats. But the French for the cultivation of

. It is too mathemat-

ically lucid, and loves to think its thoughts in full daylight. The Romantic attitude yearns towards half-tones and twilights. In Great Britain, too, the Romantic Movement was largely held in check by practical common sense, which limited it to the world of make-believe. Amongst us, the obsession of the organic produced a magnificent outpouring of literature in

prose and verse, and was confined within the limits of art which are its proper limits—by the equally magnificent resistance of the Philistines. It was in Germany that the Romantic Movement found nothing obstinate enough to resist its enchantments; so that it could spread through every phase of culture and every aspect of life, until it had created a human society in its own likeness. Modern Germany became the carrier of the organic idea and the incarnation of the form of the organic. In Hitler and his Third Reich the Romantic Movement reached its apotheosis and committed suicide.

Interest in the forms and processes of . organic life; feeling for the order of life in nature; enjoyment of the spontaneity of life in oneself—these are the roots of Romanticism. In none of them is there anything unhealthy or illegitimate, so long as they take their due place within the integrity of the personal. The organic becomes an obsession only when it becomes a centre round which everything else is organised, and the supreme value to which all other values are referred. The legitimate offspring of this interest are to be found in all the forms of Romantic art, and in the creation and development of the biological sciences. But very easily—and particularly

in Germany—the legitimate interest became an intoxication; the enjoyment of vitality became the worship of vitality; the feeling for nature blossomed into a religion of nature. When Rousseau holds up the primitive savage as an example for civilisation to emulate, when Goethe bids us kneel in humble reverence before nature, when Nietzsche writes panegyrics on the pitiless, proud vitality of the blond beast, the proper sense of the organic has outrun its limits and becomes an obsession which presages disaster.

#### Sexuality and Personal Love

Now that the disaster has come upon us, it is our business to repudiate, with all our vehemence, every intrusion into the proper field of human activity of the merely natural, the merely vital and organic. Especially must we reject all attempts to derive human standards from the structure, the characteristics, and the impulses of organic nature. I shall give two examples to explain what I mean, the first from the moral field, the second from the social. Both of them, as well as being examples, are of outstanding importance under present conditions.

The highest, because the most creative, expression of organic vitality is sexual activity. The organic obsession will inevitably exalt and glorify sexuality as the supreme experience of the individual. That this was one of the most marked effects of the Romantic Movement is too well known to require further evidence. The romantic novel is at once the expression of this tendency, and the record of its phases. In the nature of things the process cannot be open and above board. It must involve the self-deception that lies at the root of all idealism. In its first phase sexuality is idealised. It appears decked out in all the finery of personal affection. The theme is love, which, indeed, is the highest expression of the personal. But always this human love is between a man and woman, and the climax of its history is their marriage. In this way, love is associated, and more and more exclusively associated,

with sexual desire and its satisfaction. This idealistic phase gives place later to a realism which sets out to describe the actual nature of sexual relationship in terms which must inevitably emphasise its purely animal character. But since romantic idealism had already associated sex and love, the result of the realist criticism is to reduce love itself to the organic level. The final result of this process is one in which only the naked biological impulses are recognised, and love is merely a fancy name to disguise their crudity. So the 'Love is all' of the romantics becomes the 'All is sex' of the Freudian psychology.

In this reduction of personal love to the performance of sexual function we have an epitome of the constant effect of the organic obsession. The organic is the functional. All biological values are functional values. The constituent parts of an organism find their significance and their value in the function they perform. The health of the organism is the harmony of the functions of its members. The life of the organism is the unity of the functions which go on within it. For this reason any organic philosophy, any religion of nature involves a functional interpretation of human life. It will find the reality and significance of whatever is personal in the performance of a function, and in so doing will reduce the human to the organic. In this way the limited truth that we are animals discards its limits, and appears as the pernicious and nonsensical assertion that we are *merely* animals. This 'merely' is the decisive symptom of the organic obsession. It is a concealed denial of our humanity. The assertion that man is merely the highest of the animals is in fact the denial that we are really human. Whoever asserts it and means it is taking sides with the young Nazi who declared: 'Whenever I hear the word humanity, I take the safety catch off my revolver.' In the brutal frankness of this final form the meaning is unmistakable; yet the earlier forms which trick themselves out in the pretty phrases of idealism are the more dangerous, because the more deceptive.

Just as the organic obsession reduces human love to the performance of sexual function, so it reduces the life in a human community to the performance of social function. It is true that every community has an organic aspect. It is an organised system of co-operation in which each member has a function to perform. In contemporary society the unit of this economic organisation is the nation-state, and the symbol of the independence of the nation as an economic group is the fact that it issues its own distinctive currency. Since, then, each of us is a member of a nation-state, each of us has his social function to perform within the national economy; and upon the due performance of our respective functions and their harmonious co-ordination depends the welfare and progress of the whole nation. Taken within its proper limits this is a wholesome truth. But it becomes a desperate falsehood when the organic obsession makes of it the essence of human community. For then, the significance, the meaning, the reality of human community are made to reside in the system of economic co-operation, and so in the state as the controlling centre of economic organisation. Then the human community is reduced to its economic aspect and becomes a production system, and the totalitarian state emerges. Then the good man shrinks to the measure of the good citizen. His worth is assessed in terms of his social function, by the extent and the importance of his service to society. This tendency has been present in all the democratic theories that have their source in Rousseau. Their final outcome has only been fully and crudely exhibited in Hitler's Germany. When the organic philosophy captures the emotions and becomes a working creed, it reveals itself in a religion of nationalism, in which the individual exists to serve the will of the state, and the will of the state he serves is the blind impulse of the beast of prey.

It is not going to be easy to repair the ravages of two centuries of false belief. The process by which a significant idea works itself out in history and shapes the destiny of a civilisation is long and slow. But at least we know where we must start. We have to begin by reasserting our essential humanity against the organic philosophy. We are persons, not organisms. Our human life is not an organic life. It is personal. Even to assert this is already something, however little we may understand its meaning. At least we have set up a signpost that points the way and keeps us looking in the right direction.

What does it mean, then, to assert that we are persons? What is the significant difference between a personal philosophy and an organic one? I shall try to answer this question by employing the same examples which we have used to illustrate the effect of the organic idea. We shall be able to see what it means for individual life if we ask: What is the difference between sexuality and personal affection? We can see what it means for society if we ask: What is the essential character of a human community?

#### Definition of Personality

The organic view of life began by disguising sex as love and ended by identifying them. To reassert the personal character of life we must repudiate this identification. In principle, love and sex have nothing in common. They can, of course, be combined, since they are not incompatible; but they need not be. The sexual relation can go with love, but it can also go with indifference, with contempt, or even with anger. In many cases love is completely indifferent to sex. It forms the bond of all normal friendships. Where it is combined with a sexual relation the two are often in conflict, and the love is always to some extent hampered and endangered. For in all cases there is between love and sex a fundamental difference of form.

The difference is this. Sex, like all organic functions, is egocentric. Love, on the other hand, because it is personal, is self transcending or heterocentric. Sex, as an organic function, serves a natural purpose, the perpetuation of the species.

But this purpose may be far from the mind of the individuals involved. In them sex appears as a recurrent and imperious desire which requires the co-operation of a member of the opposite sex for its satisfaction; and its satisfaction is accompanied by a sensation of intense pleasure. The experience is self-centred precisely because it consists in the satisfaction of an impulse; the partner comes into it only as a necessary means.

Love, however, has an essentially different form. It is not an impulse demanding satisfaction. It is always an interest in another person. In love, that is to say, the centre of interest is always outside oneself, and the significance of the experience lies precisely in this passing beyond the limits of one's own individuality. To love is to care for another person, and in the full sense of the word. It is to think, to feel, and to act not for oneself but for the other. This is the primary difference between the organic and the personal. The organism lives for itself, but a person lives for the other.

A few comments upon this summary statement may help to make its meaning clearer. Notice, then, that it does not assert that a person *ought* to live for the other though this also is true—but that he does. Personality can only be defined by this capacity to live outside oneself in and for the other. That we do not always do so is true, but in that case we are failing to be ourselves. We are persons in so far as we do live, not in ourselves, but in the world around us; in so far as the centre of our interests and of our intention lies beyond ourselves so that we forget ourselves in it. This principle holds for personal life in all its aspects. To be a zoologist I have to be interested in animals; to be an engineer I must be interested in machinery; selfinterest can lead to nothing but makebelieve and self-deception. But because we are persons, we cannot wholly transcend ourselves unless the centre of our interest and action in the world is itself personal. Only by caring wholeheartedly for other people can we be fully personal.

Here we discover another essential

character of the personal. The personal always involves mutuality. To be a person is to be one term in a relation between persons. There can be no persons at all until there are at least two persons in mutual relation. To be human, in other words, is to be a friend; and we are dependent upon friendship for our humanity. Life must be shared to be personal. A human life is a life lived in common.

#### Sacrifice of Personal Life

This mutuality of the personal reaches deeper than one might suppose. It affects, for example, our thoughts. We cannot think without trying to have true ideas. But what is a true idea? It is an idea which can be accepted and shared by other people. It is an idea that every one else ought to think in common with ourselves. However private our thoughts may be, they cannot lose this reference to the common world without plunging us into a world of pure phantasy. On a cold night I may dream that I am making a dash over the ice to reach the North Pole. Such dream experience has the typical organic form. It is purely private. The ideas which pass through my mind in the dream are my reactions to the stimulus of the cold. The dream itself is an adaptation to the environment. But it is not in any sense a knowledge of anything outside me. If I wake up, I recognise the truth: that it is bitterly cold and the blankets have fallen off the bed. I can no longer think that I am on a polar expedition. If I could, I should be mad, and the proof of my madness would be that my idea could not be shared, that it had no reference to the common world of personal experience.

Already the answer to our first question is suggesting an answer to the second. Love, it would seem, is in sober fact the bond of a personal community. Friendship is at once the significance of the personal life for the individual, and the pattern of a truly human society. A human community is one whose members are bound together, as friends are, by the need to share a

common life.

The organic obsession has brought us to a point at which we identify the common life of men with the political and economic organisation of society. It has reduced human community to its organic aspect. To reassert our full humanity in the social field, we must set out to organise society, neither for economic efficiency nor for political power, but for the sake of friendship. At present in all countries the personal life is being sacrificed to the demands of organisation, and institutions are being treated as of more importance than people. This is not merely immoral; it is fatuous. There is precisely no point at all in a continual increase of efficiency and a continual development of power. Efficiency is a good thing only when it contributes to the breadth and the quality of human fellowship. When it impoverishes the personal life of mankind, it is an evil thing and a silly thing into the bargain. Power has no value at all in itself. It is merely the capacity to do things. Whether it is worth having or not depends upon whether it is used and what it is used for. It is of no human value for a nation to be a great power; it is rather a drawback. The effort that has to be made to sustain such a rôle is for the most part a sheer waste of human substance.

A philosophy which issues in such judgments and which formulates such a social policy is clearly fitted to the needs of the present age. But there is an even more direct vindication of its appropriateness with which this rapid survey may well draw to a close. An organic theory of human life necessarily tends to stress the natural differences that divide mankind into separate groups. For an organic unity is a unity of differences, and organic processes are processes of differentiation. An organic group, like a biological species. rests upon its derivation from a common ancestor, and its members are related by blood. It is well known that the consciousness of common birth always breeds a proud exclusiveness. This, too, we have seen illustrated with unmistakable clearness in the racial theory of the Nazi mythology. and in the practical consequences which flowed from it.

But when we reject the organic idea, and insist that men are persons and that human life is personal, every ground for exclusiveness disappears. For personality is precisely that which all men have in common, and the basis of a personal community is the common humanity of all its members. If then we accept a philosophy of the personal it overrides all differences of race or nationality and commits us to the fellowship of all mankind. As the feeling for the personal masters our emotions and becomes the motive for our actions, it must lead directly towards a fellowship of all the peoples in a single world-community.

#### The Faults of the West

I am very far from denying the immense part which the ages of humanism in the West have played in developing the idea of the person. But individualism is not a sign of the growth of personality. On the contrary, it tends to depersonalisation, to the loss of original individuality. The civilisation of the West, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, is characterised by the extreme socialisation of man (both in his thoughts and his habits he is determined more and more by external social pressures), and at the same time by his isolation as an individual, by the loss of the communal spirit—for socialisation and communisation are very different things.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV in Transformation

## 2. The Political Scene

What is the status of politicians? What is the attitude of Britain?

What is the position of the Trade Unions? What are the basic social and political problems facing America? To these and other questions the author, who in his previous article surveyed the domestic scene, gives an answer based on first-hand information gained during a recent coast-to-coast tour of the United States

#### ADRIAN LIDDELL HART

AMERICA is essentially a capitalist country in a sense that Britain has not been for a long time.

Ever since Dr. Arnold, and inheriting an older tradition of public service, the middle class here has looked on public employment as the higher form of career, and private business, whatever it might say about free enterprise, as the lower form.

In the United States, on the other hand, I was struck by the widespread positive faith in the capitalist system, which is demonstrated by the fact that private business is generally regarded as a highly honourable career for the intelligent and the knowledgeable, whereas Government service is a low form of life, lowest in its manifestations in Washington, and politics, save to some extent in New England, is at best a refuge for unsuccessful business men and lawyers, at worst for scoundrels.

Even a reactionary newspaper can violently attack the American military administration of an occupied country and castigate its high command in the name of democracy and free enterprise—there is no American equation of capitalism with an officer class, and there are indications that the next decade may see a struggle for power between the old business interests and the Service chiefs.

As a whole, Americans seem to have an incapacity to see political facts or theories in anything except black and white. They are amazingly credulous: middle classes tend to believe what they read in the papers.

There is a tendency here to underrate the extent of the disgust amongst unpolitical Americans, not only with the reactionary Southern Democrats, but with the Democratic corruption in the big cities—the Kelly, Curley, Prendergast, Tammany machines, Boss Crump in Memphis, the legendary Mayor Hague in Jersey City. On the other hand, one of the troubles with the Republican party is its oppressive respectability. The Republican leaders, Dewey and Vandenberg—and I gather the same is true of Taft and Stassen—give such an impression of smugness and lack of humour.

By a nice calculation of blocs, religious, racial, industrial, geographical, the Democrats should have won the last election; perhaps the fact that they didn't is a sign of growing integration in America—Americans tend to belong to so many conflicting blocs that these allegiances cancel one another out and upset political calculations, especially when there has been a meat shortage.

#### World Review



Police picket at movie studio strike

In international politics, the old-fashioned isolationism seems dead, outside the walls of the Chicago Tribune building. Generally I came across a rather pathetic hope in the United Nations, and pleasure that it was working in the United States.

At the same time, war talk is rife. It becomes hysterical but then overworks itself, like so many other enthusiasms.

I never encountered any sober person who admitted to being personally anti-British, outside the Jewish community, and the American Navy, a section of which has a not wholly groundless antipathy toward the British Navy in particular, and the British in general. Indeed, many of the G.I.s who had served in England for any length of time expressed to me their appreciation of the way of life or their treatment here. But I also heard that many others had disliked the country, preferred Germany, and I found some surprise and resentment at the way in which many English girls seemed to prefer American negro soldiers to white Americans.

To the degree of resenting Anglo-Saxon predominance and any special relation with the 'mother country', most Americans of non-British stock tend to have an anti-British bias, though I personally found that the friendliest and the best assimilated people in America often turned out to be of German stock.

The Irish community observe, I think, their traditional hostility more in the letter than in the spirit, particularly after Ireland's part in the war and now that the Irish-dominated Catholic Church is obsessed with the Communist menace.

Much more perturbing is the anti-British feeling amongst the Jews. Wherever I went in America, I came across this hostility, but above all in New York. An hysterical and sometimes dishonest campaign was carried on by powerful sections of the Jewish community to prevent the passing of the British Loan (though several distinguished Jewish leaders, like Rabbi Wise, discountenanced this campaign). It is a lesson in propaganda to see two sides

of the Palestine question presented in New York and London news films respectively.

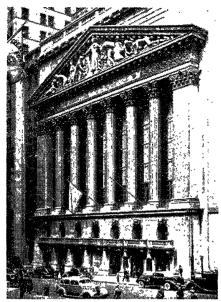
Another underlying source of growing hostility toward Britain may originate in an inferiority complex, but more patently is the American admiration for toughness and success. The more they have reason to think we are weak, the more they are told that we are decadent, the more many of them will despise and dislike us. That is one reason why the Loan, or rather the way we behaved about it, was psychologically bad for our relations with America.

Most of the photographs and news films of England give an impression that we spend our time in bedraggled crowds halfheartedly cheering royalty or glumly engaging in some tame ceremony, which may explain why various Americans I met were under the misapprehension that Britain (and the Commonwealth) was still ruled despotically by the King with the aid of the House of Lords. Many, too, think that England is still run, directly or indirectly, by Winston Churchill, who retains great prestige and, outside New York, considerable popularity. The squatters got some publicity, and Americans were rather impressed that the British were actually taking strong action, instead of standing in queues, grumbling or watching ceremonies.

#### Attitude to Britain

Most Americans seem rather puzzled, very ignorant and not particularly curious about the Labour Government and its activities, in spite of Randolph Churchill's efforts to enlighten them. This incuriosity is a very American characteristic; when I worked in an American factory no one there asked any questions—in either sense of the term.

Of all sections of the American population, I found the so-called Liberals generally the most prejudiced, with a special capacity for seeing every issue solely in black or white. Slogans like 'British Imperialism' still have for these people an emotional significance that makes even the most reactionary business



The Stock Exchange in Wall Street

man on the subject of Socialism in Britam seem quite reasonable. Whereas this very vocal group at one time blamed everything on the British governing class, it now identifies the Government with the British people and, in disillusionment, blames the British people and character. It is especially susceptible to the perennial obsession that crafty Britain always leads poor, simple, high-minded America around by the nose.

Discounting that group which is more British than the British, there are so many who are well disposed and so much that increasingly favours our close relations that it is hard to particularise. The danger on our side lies not in our bickering and criticism, but in too ostentatiously pointing out these affinities and in too nicely calculating the relative strength of pro-British and anti-British feeling (some of the Anglo-Saxon Southerners voted against the Loan). It would be unfortunate if we favoured one political party in America against another or if a pro-British group, or even rival British groups, started agitating there, like the Poles and Italians.

As to America's main preoccupation, the labour situation, it is interesting to note not only how strikes in vital industries can threaten the nation's economic life, but how a few key personnel may cause effective dislocation at short notice—airline pilots, Hollywood technicians, lift operators, Merchant Marine skippers.

The press may rage against power—and labour bosses and foreign agitators (the British Empire has had quite a good line in exports of labour leaders)—but the average American, even the wealthy American, seems to take these troubles surprisingly calmly, as in the nature of things. I heard very little wild talk of machine guns, or starving the workers into subjection. The rich grumble against the slowness and timorousness of the Government, but appear to be too fond of free enterprise to greet the armed intervention of the State with much enthusiasm. The days of strikebreaking violence and savage reprisals seem to be over, temporarily at least. The only strike with which I had any personal contact, that of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific (A.F.L.), was a cheerful affair. (Maritime strikes, however, are not typical as they are comparatively easy to call seamen merely sign on for a voyage and casual employment ashore is easily obtainable.)

#### Outlook of American Labour

The general opinion about the Union leaders by the rank and file, at any rate in San Francisco, which is the most unionised town in America, seemed to be that they were arbitrary and self-seeking, more especially in the A.F.L., but helping the ordinary worker in the process, and anyhow high-handed Union leaders were preferable to high-handed employers. Workers were rather hazy about the particular wage question at issue.

Many of the strikes are jurisdictional, the outcome of the furious rivalry between the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., but the basic reasons for present labour unrest are not economic but psychological—a sense of insecurity, monotony of assembly line

work, the American worker's characteristic fear of being taken for a 'sucker' and his instinct to show that he is not going to be pushed around by anyone. I suspect that an important motivation is the desire for a holiday, arising from the extraordinary intensity with which Americans work, and sheer exhaustion after their tremendous war effort. The achievement of a forty-hour week, which should be a guarantee of sufficient leisure in a 'creditor' country, is generally looked on as a device for securing overtime rates.

The heartening side of the American labour scene is the adaptability, the confidence, the residue of the pioneer spirit which over-specialisation has left unaffected at the lower levels: the American boy will still take a chance; there is still a drift to the West, and if people can't find congenial employment, or want to get on. they will move to another town, possibly thousands of miles away. I came across many who had held a wide variety of jobs

in very different places.

at the top.

The increasing specialisation and Union organisation, the availability of casual employment, the monotony and intensity of work, all make for an increasingly large shifting, and perhaps shiftless, population who don't fit in anywhere. America, headed by the West coast, is perhaps moving toward the day when a few highly organised, highly specialised workers operate all the industries, and the rest of the population are employed in shining each other's shoes, though Americans have a flair for inventing new jobs, finding new ways of making money, which gives a certain optimism to their economy. The amateur in America is at the bottom, not

Both as to the present and the future, I found an extraordinary fatalism, an acceptance of the fact that there was bound to be another slump, and an anxiety to make the best of conditions for the moment, for many had vivid recollections of the Great Depression. Farmers, particularly, felt the importance of making hay while the sun shone. I remember the cheerful way in

which I was sold petrol at cost price by a filling station owner who was indulging in the popular pastime of a price-war, hoping that the neighbouring filling stations would be ruined first. (To run a filling station, incidentally, seems the ambition of most of the ex-G.I.s who are not at school or back in the Services.)

#### **Problems Facing America**

Money (after women) provides the chief topic of conversation. It is the measure of the individual and the community—how much is he worth means how much does he make. Money in relation to prices, and especially the relative prices of what one considers more or less desirable, the replacement of money values by official privileges and concessions as in other countries, the value of money in relation to the amount possessed by other people—these are considerations which are still largely alien to the American mentality, to which a dollar is simply a dollar and a man who has a thousand dollars is simply a thousand times richer than the man who has one dollar.

The traditional rôle of the State in America was illustrated to me when I was involved in a serious crash with another car in Louisiana. The police warned us of the uncertainty and inconvenience (chiefly to me as I should have been 'held' indefinitely awaiting the hearing) of insisting on legal proceedings, and then very courteously but rapidly negotiated a private settlement between the two parties.

The power and influence of the State is on the increase in America, but is still far less than in Europe. The American has not yet replaced that fabulous Mother in the little grey home by the paternal State. However, it is only a half-truth that America is a century behind politically—or that this country may provide a middle way between Soviet Russia and capitalist America (a popular notion which is likely to divide us as an analogous misconception divided the Liberal Party here in relation to the two major parties).

America is faced with profound social issues to which the question of more or less Government interference in the economic field is either irrelevant or subordinate. There are the problems of reconciling mass education with the necessity for informed criticism, for a responsible élite; of preventing the increasing reliance on technical mastery from concentrating power in the 'managers'; of how to curb the trend towards over-specialisation and over-training, with their consequences of mediocrity and rigidity; of how to achieve a socially integrated civilisation without sacrificing cultural diversity. Above all, there is the problem of finding values that will determine the social status of the individual without denying that leisure which is now not only possible but essential.

There is, I believe, a chance that America may recognise the distinctive issues of our time which confront her—besides facing up to such legacies of the past as her negroes and her nineteenth-century conception of government—and, because she is young and rich and confidently powerful, may not lose sight of social ends through concentrating on political expedients.

#### Comradeship

NEW YORK is a rude city, but it isn't the only one. . . . I've occasionally heard someone say 'Sorry' in New York, but not in Moscow. You do hear a lot of stuff such as 'Citizens, stop shoving', and 'Citizen, you're standing on my feet.'

DREW MIDDLETON in The New York Times

# Should we trust these Intelligence Tests?

Intelligence Tests are being\_used increasingly in schools, in industry and in the armed forces as a means of discovering aptitude and ability. Is intelligence determined by heredity? To what extent can such tests replace examinations? In answering these and similar questions the author shows the value, and the limitations, of such tests

#### HUNTER DIACK

"A GUARD in an express train walks from the back van to the front in the direction in which the train is going. Then he turns and walks back, this time walking against the motion of the train. On which journey does the guard walk the farther?"

That was once a question in an intelligence test. The father of one of the children who 'sat' that test was indignant about the difficulty of the question! He wrote to the press about it, saying that he had put that question to a man who had been a railway guard for twenty years, and even he could not answer it!

That father was not only rather unintelligent, but also very ignorant about the purpose of 'intelligence tests'. Very often, too, we read statements in the daily press which show that there are a number of misconceptions about the facts which intelligence tests reveal. A year or two ago, hundreds of thousands of British people felt superior when newspaper headlines appeared stating that the average mental age of the American Army was thirteen. They needn't have felt superior. Their feeling of superiority was due to the fact that they did not know what 'mental age' was.

Since old-style examinations are gradually becoming less important in the schools, it is worth while knowing something about the intelligence tests which are supplanting them.

The main difference between an intelligence test and the old type of examination is that you can't prepare for an intelligence test. If the railway guard, mentioned in the first paragraph, had not enough of that mental attribute called intelligence, no amount of walking to and fro in the train could enable him to answer the question. For intelligence tests are devised to cut out the effect of special training or, as far as is possible, experience. The dull pupil can possibly mug up enough dates in history to score a decent mark, but he can't mug up the answers to the questions in a good intelligence test. They have to be worked out on the spot; and from the way he works them out, a good idea is obtained of the inborn intelligence of the person who has been the subject of the test.

Intelligence tests were devised not only to separate the bright children from the dull, but also to discover the nature of that function of the brain which is called intelligence. And many interesting things were discovered. Here are some of them.

The degree of intelligence possessed by any individual is determined by heredity. We are born bright or dull; and no matter what we do about it, we remain bright or dull for the rest of our lives. The dull man who has the chance of a good education will be more knowledgeable about a number of things than the bright man who has

had no such chance. Yet in any situation which does not depend on some special training, the man who was born bright will always win. In her distribution of intelligence, Nature observes no principle of democracy or of justice. But it is not entirely a matter of chance. Intelligent parents are more likely than dull ones to have intelligent children, and the opposite is also true.

#### What is Your Mental Age?

Another discovery was that the growth of intelligence is completed rather early in life. Intelligence-which is something different from wisdom and maturity—is normally mature about the age of fifteen. So if you tell a man of forty that he has the intelligence of a boy of fifteen, you may appear to be insulting him, but you are probably merely stating a fact. You are saving that he is of average intelligencethough there are more tactful ways of doing so. After the age of fifteen we may mature emotionally, and we may extend the horizons of our knowledge, but in general our mother-wit stays at the limits it reached about that age. But in men and women of superior intelligence the faculty begins to develop earlier than in less fortunate people, and goes on developing for a greater length of time—to the age of eighteen perhaps, or in very exceptional cases even later.

The idea of 'mental age' was the conception of the French psychologist, Binet. He devised a series of tests and gave them to large numbers of children, grouped according to age. Having modified them and remodified them in the light of experience, he was able to say: 'Here is a test devised for children of the age of seven. It represents the average abilities of children of that age. It applies whether the children come from good families where books are part of the furniture, or from poor families where books are unknown.'

A child who scored the average mark in that test was said to have a 'mental age' of seven.

A further refinement in the classification

of intelligence was brought in by the American psychologist, Lewis Terman. He introduced the idea of the 'Intelligence Quotient', or I.Q. The I.Q. is calculated by dividing a person's mental age by his actual age. The resulting fraction is always multiplied by 100 for convenience, to bring it to a whole number. Therefore, the I.Q. of a child of seven whose mental age is seven is:

 $\frac{7}{7} \times \frac{100}{1} = 100$ 

100 is the average I.Q. over the whole population. On the other hand, a boy of ten who is able to score as many in a test as the average boy of fourteen has an I.Q. of 140. People who have I.Q.s of 140 and over are called by educational psychologists 'geniuses'. They are rare! Only one per cent of the population have I.Q.s of over 130, so that even fewer can be called 'geniuses'.

#### What is Intelligence?

By studying the youthful achievements of superior intelligences of the past, and comparing them with tested children of today, the I.Q.s of many great men have been estimated. They may be thought fanciful, but they are interesting. Voltaire is given as 170, Coleridge as 175, Goethe as 185, and John Stuart Mill as 190. An interesting thing about this is the indication that achievement is very far from being dependent on intelligence alone. Of the four great men mentioned, the one with the highest I.Q. is the least 'great'.

A great amount of research into the nature of intelligence was done by an Englishman Charles Spearman. He became interested in the problems of intelligence while he was an officer in the British Army during the Boer War, and threw up his commission in order to devote his time and energy to the problem. His heavily mathematical work, *The Abilities of Man*, is one of the major classics of psychology. He supported his theories with a vast array of mathematical calculations and devices. Put simply, he proved very conclusively that two factors are

#### World Review

involved in intelligence—a large general ability and a number of narrower special abilities. He was able to separate these out, and came to the conclusion that what we call 'intelligence' is this large general ability, and he defined it as the ability to perceive the full significance of how one thing stands in relation to another. For example, general intelligence is at work on a simple level in filling in the blank in the following sentence:

'Light' is to 'candle' as 'heat' is to . . . He was able, too, to discover to what extent this large general ability was involved in certain kinds of mental skills. At one end of the scale was the study of Latin and Greek and of mathematics. Success in these studies was impossible to the unintelligent. At the other end were music and drawing. In these studies a person who had a special ability might do exceedingly well, even if he were not endowed with very much general intelligence. A man stupid in other things may be a competent musician; and mental defectives have often been skilled in drawing: but to be a good mathematician or a good classical scholar requires superior general intelligence.

Although intelligence tests are playing a bigger and bigger part both in industry and in education, they are *not* a complete indication of a person's powers. They do not test stability of purpose or emotional

maturity. For example, Coleridge, with his very high intelligence, was driven to the use of opium by his emotional instability All an intelligence test can do is to indicate whether, other things being favourable, a certain mind has the capacity for a certain task. And sometimes, too, intelligence tests seem to me to give credit for low cunning rather than superior abilities. I remember one test with a question which consisted of several clock faces printed as seen in a mirror and reading different times. Speed was a feature of the test. It immediately occurred to me that by looking through the paper against the light, I could read the times with no thought at all, but because I thought that would be defeating the purpose of the test, I refrained. Later I was told that that method was quite legitimate: a case of low correlation between intelligence and moral sense. Again, it is possible for the subtle mind to see difficulties where the less intelligent jump rapidly to the superficially right answer. In the question quoted at the head of this article, for example, the boy of superior intelligence might spend a few valuable seconds wondering why it was necessary to use twice as many words as the problem demanded, while the less intelligent boy rapidly jotted down the answer. Therefore, only people of superior intelligence should devise intelligence tests. That has not always been the case.

#### Low Cunning!

Susan Ertz, the writer, tells the story of a very fine golfer who, when he married, discovered much to his annoyance that his wife wanted to play golf. She thought it unsuitable that he should find pleasure in something that did not include her. However, he felt otherwise and accordingly put his wits together, taught her the wrong grip—the wrong stance—and the wrong swing. The more she tried, the worse she became and so, in humiliation, she gave up! The story goes on to say that they are still married and still in love.

#### Danger

Question: Can too many baths harm the skin?

Answer: Not ordinarily. Only the allergic or those deficient in Vitamin A may react. However, there does seem to be an amazing ratio of allergies and Vitamin A deficiencies among small boys.

Question submitted by Elizabeth Mewhinney, Beechhurst, N.Y.

This Month

### What is a Snob?

In the light of Thackeray's treatment of the subject in The Book of Snobs, one of England's most eminent literary critics examines snobbishness in all its varied aspects

#### DESMOND MACCARTHY

LAST year saw the publication of two volumes of Thackeray's collected letters (edited by Gordon Ray, O.U.P., £6. 6s.), and there are two more to come. From the bulk of these volumes, let alone their price, it was clear that this was not an edition intended for the general reader, yet interesting to the general reader it undoubtedly was. Twentieth-century readers have been apt to depreciate Thackeray, especially in comparison with Dickens. Indeed, even among those who greatly admire his novels, some have seemed even proud of disliking the man himself. This publication of his letters has, however, shown him in a very favourable light, and several of these critics have recanted.

I cannot go into the causes which have tended to reduce the stature of Thackeray as a novelist in comparison with Dickens, who during their lifetime and for long afterwards were regarded as equals. Indeed, many people of literary taste, while admitting the far greater invention of Dickens, used to be inclined to give the palm to Thackeray as a writer of English and an acute commentator upon the ways of the world. But there was something about the peculiar mixture of cynicism and sentiment in Thackeray which suited ill with the temper of the times after the war of 1914, while Dickens' faults were far easier to excuse in the light of his tremendous comic energy. Again, Dickens was essentially democratic, and twentieth-century readers concluded that Thackeray must have been a snob. Was he not always satirising snobs, always seeing snobbery sticking out of people? Therefore, they

argued, must he not have been an archsnob himself? A man haunted by social distinctions and set upon observing whether so-and-so was a lady or a gentleman or only trying to be one? And here is an amusing point. If posterity is not too bewildered to be interested in past changes in literary taste, they will note that the typical twentieth-century reader was quite as apt to be 'prudish' about the mention of class distinctions in fiction as his nineteenthcentury counterpart had been about the mention of sex! Thackeray had a sharp eye for social differences and their influence on people's behaviour, and therefore as a novelist he became an object of 'moral indignation' to many.

Of course, it does not follow that an author who describes a human weakness must himself be a victim of it any more than it follows, as Dr. Johnson once



The 'royal' snob as drawn by Thackeray himself for the original Punch article

remarked, 'that he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat'; although he must be aware of weaknesses which he exposes in others if he is to do his work really well.

#### The Curse of Snobbishness

My text is Thackeray's The Book of Snobs; my object to explain why Thackeray saw snobbery everywhere without being a snob himself, and what he meant by it. It is not a dead subject—far from it—for whatever our walk of life we come across it in others or in ourselves. The word 'snob' was originally a term in early nineteenth - century Cambridge slang, meaning anyone unconnected with the University who had no pretention to gentility. As a Cambridge undergraduate in 1829, Thackeray contributed some satirical sketches, not unlike those in The Book of Snobs, to a weekly periodical, price 21d., called The Snob (he probably started it himself). It only ran for eleven weeks. So much for the origin of the word. Thanks to Thackeray, it has come to mean anyone who for mean reasons admires those of superior rank or wealth, and by associating with them hopes to be regarded as a person of importance himself.

Out of different examples of this sort of person, male and female, rich or poor, whom he attacked in that series of contributions to *Punch*, made between March 1846 and February 1847, he composed *The Book of Snobs*. These papers were most popular, and *Punch* was unwilling to bring them to an end; he was encouraged to contribute forty-five of them—two dozen would have perhaps been better. Read separately, week by week, they were, of course, much more amusing.

In his preface to *The Book of Snobs* he wrote: 'I have—and for this gift I congratulate myself with a deep and abiding thankfulness—an eye for a snob. If the truthful is beautiful, it is beautiful to study even the snobbish; to track snobs through history as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles; to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of snob-ore.

Snobbishness is like Death, in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never heard, "beating with impartial foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors." It is a great mistake to judge of snobs lightly, and think that they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a snob. I myself have been taken for one.'

And here is an extract from his observations in the last number. It seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition' (the worship of money), 'and that we are sneaking, and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—"proper pride," she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady: and She, I mean Mrs. Snob-Eliza-would give one of her eyes to go to Court as her cousin the captain's wife did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somers Town. . . . I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride indeed! Rank and precedence forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organise rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward some great marshal, and organise Equality in society and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling of old Court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel-truth—if the world does not tend to this-if hereditary-great-man-worship is not a humbug and idolatory—let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory. . . . I am sick of Court Circulars. I loathe haute-ton intelligence' (i.e., societycolumn gossip). 'I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like to be wicked unchristian epithets that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies.'

Pretty red-hot revolutionary sentiments for mid-Victorian days! Such, however, were the feelings boiling in Thackeray while at work on Vanity Fair, his great panorama of 'The World'; they provided the steam for the machinery which turned off rapidly these burlesque sketches of his contemporaries who gave dinner parties to show off, or scrambled for invitations to fashionable houses; of clergymen who neglected their duties to keep in with the county families; of parents who allowed their sons to ruin them by cutting a dash in smart regiments; of husbands who lost at cards what they could ill afford for the sake of belonging to fashionable clubs; of university tutors who toadied young peers; of rich city merchants who wanted titles and to marry their children into the aristocracy; of aristocrats who sold their dignity for money to keep up their pomp—and so on.

#### Senseless Competition

Many features in these sketches appear grotesque and almost incredible today. But although they satirise bygone types, they draw attention to something in human nature with which we have to reckon in others and ourselves, however much the structure of society alters.

What did Thackeray mean by 'snobbishness'? He defined it as 'the mean admiration of mean things', but that is a surface aspect of what caught his eye when he surveyed the social scene: what he saw was that man is by nature an ostentatious and competitive animal. Social reformers may hope that those instincts will be abolished by changing an economic system, but that is doubtful. There are no titles in the U.S.S.R., but it would be rash to suppose that Ivan or Nicholas is not as excitedly gratified by a nod from a Commissar as Major Ponto was by a smile from the Marquis of Steyne. What Thackeray was perpetually exposing, and not only in his 'Snob Papers', was a tendency in human nature to sacrifice what is valuable—yes, and often even happiness itself—in order to outshine and triumph over others.

Social history shows that individuals are apt to use the surplus wealth they may acquire, or advantages which social custom may allow them, not to live more fully themselves, but first and foremost to impress the less fortunate that they do indeed enjoy such advantages over them. They will spend their money and leisure, often at the sacrifice of their own prospects or those of their children to inflate their own image in the eyes of 'the world'. This tendency, which often has a grotesquely comic side because it is transparent, is what Thackeray meant by 'snobbishness', and hunted down wherever he saw symptoms of it. The characteristic common to the lives of Thackeray's snobs or worldly people is that they are shown as sacrificing the true ends of life, namely, the domestic affections, friendship, peace of mind, security, in a senseless competition after prestige values. The men and women in Vanity Fair are shown neglecting their happiness in their scramble after things that are only worth having if no such price has to be paid for them. His sense of the ubiquity of this ostentatious, competitive impulse, even when concealed by tact and good manners, haunted and tortured him, for Thackeray did not want to see the world as a cynic sees it. He turned in relief to two relations in which this passion seemed most often to be in abeyance, namely in the relationship between a wellmarried pair or between mother and child. Consequently, when he described those sides of life in his stories, he was apt to melt with a tenderness which strikes many readers today as sentimental and overeffusive—though he was never as sentimental as Dickens.

Thackeray was no cynic; he could not whistle and chuckle over the welter of the world. Alas, for his own peace of mind, and sometimes for his own art as a novelist, he could not!

## BEETHOVEN



Packed concert halls bear witness to the extraordinary increase in the popularity of classical music. Above all composers Beethoven has universal appeal for modern man; for, dogged by misfortune and illness, he proclaimed in his music man's triumph against Fate. Here is a vivid picture of the composer's life and an analysis of his musical genius

#### PAUL TABORI

"... and whoever is unfortunate or miserable, let him find consolation in the fact that I am his brother and companion . . ."

> Beethoven's last Will and Testament

In March 1927 there were world-wide celebrations and festivals commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's death. Heads of states and politicians, outstanding representatives of the human spirit, scientists, artists, musicians, religious leaders, soldiers, children and grown-ups, men and women, all took part in these gatherings and fêtes. It seemed as if the barriers between countries and classes, political beliefs and religious convictions, had been removed during these occasions. The music-lovers of mankind were united in Beethoven. 'Seid umschlungen, Millionen!'-'Embrace each other, millions!', or, perhaps: 'Be united, mankind!'-he had cried in the greatest individual creation of humanity, the Ninth Symphony. He wanted to embrace the whole of humanity. Humanity embraced the great musician a hundred years after his death. And now, twenty years farther on, he is more firmly established in the affection of the peoples of the world than ever.

Beethoven's death seems to be a symbol. It can be interpreted as a symbol of his life.

He was fifty-seven and alone. Disease had broken his athlete's body. His wild mane had grown grey. Suffering had cut deep furrows into his domed forehead. His upper lip seemed to be constantly covering the lower. His formidable chin, his strongly marked cheekbones made his titanic face, now that he had become thinner and paler, even more angular. Only his eyes had their old, fine life, glowing in a dark fire, flashing the old defiance. He was deaf; he was poor; he was alone. When he

took to his bed, he sent Karl, his nephew and adopted son, for a doctor. Karl strayed into a pool room and forgot his uncle over his game of billiards. He remembered the need for a doctor only two days later. Even then he only told a waiter to send a physician to the Schwarzspanierhaus which stood behind the spot where the slim and beautiful Votivkirche stands today. The waiter accepted the commission but did not carry it out. Three days later he fell ill himself. He was taken to hospital, and there he remembered the other sick man who, forsaken by all, kept on waiting for the doctor in that suburban house of Vienna. The waiter spoke to his nurses and asked two doctors to call on the eccentric deaf musician. It was spring. A penetrating cold wind swept through the streets which were muddy and dangerous to cross. The doctors refused to go. By the time a third physician got to the Schwarzspanierhaus -where Lenau the poet had also lived and suffered—the patient was beyond all help.

His room was in indescribable disorder. His body was tortured by vermin, his mind by worry and anxiety. The Philharmonic Society of Vienna had given him an advance; his admirers in England sent him some money: on these sums he lived during the last weeks of his life. There were three operations—all unsuccessful. On 24 March he said to two of his visitors: 'Clap your hands! Soon the comedy'll be over!' He asked for his last Will. He left everything to his nephew and adopted son who was a scoundrel and gambler and whose indifferent wickedness had brought him to his grave. Now it only remained to make his peace with God. He made his confession, took the sacrament and was given the holy ointment of those about to die. 'Thank you, Very Reverend Father,' he said. 'You have eased my soul.'

On 26 March he had a visitor—a young musician from Graz, Anselm Hüttenbrenner. His two friends, Schindler and Breuning, left Beethoven in his care for the afternoon. They had to go to the cemetery to find him a grave. At five o'clock the small pyramid-shaped clock,

Princess Lichnovsky's gift, stopped. It is still in existence; it still stops when a storm is about to break. At half-past five the first thunder rolled. A spring storm passed over Vienna. The dying man again opened his deep-set, burning eyes and stared into the clouds split by lightning. About six, in the light of a terrible bolt of lightning, Anselm Hüttenbrenner saw him lift his right hand and point to the sky. Then his hand fell back, his breathing ceased and his heart was at last in the haven of peace.

In the moment of his death there was no wife, no child, no relative, no friend at his side. He died in a disorderly room, in a verminous bed, forsaken, poor, deaf and silent, suffering terrible pain. A stranger closed his eyes. He was the greatest musical genius of the world. And the memory of this 26th day of March is celebrated every year by the world.

#### Melody or Symbol?

If someone asked why he is the 'greatest' of all the magicians in the demonic world of sound, there are several answers to the question.

First of all: among people of Western education Beethoven's name is the best known. No other composer approaches his popularity. No figure of musical history has engaged the imagination of humanity so much as his; no single composer has had such a clearly discernible effect upon mankind as Beethoven.

.These are all facts—but where is the explanation, our answer?

There are two roads to the creation and enjoyment of music. The first is direct, the second roundabout. Part of the public enjoys in music the musical values, that is melodies, new solutions of harmony, sound effects, form, etc. For them music is not a combination of hieroglyphs, not a symbol awaiting solution. Sounds have no sense or significance that can be expressed by ideas or words. These people enjoy the music in music.

The other group sees in music a symbol. For them music is not only ornament, arabesque, sound—but also a symbol that

must be solved. Everybody can interpret a symbol according to his own method, with the help of the emotions, thoughts, memories, experiences or, to use the slang of psychology, the help of associations connected with the sounds. Those in the first group do not seek for the 'meaning' of music. They are the born musicians. Music is their native tongue. They enjoy in it whatever music gives them. Those in the second group—and they are greatly in the majority—arrive at the enjoyment of music by an indirect route. They enjoy in it whatever music 'expresses'; in other words, whatever they give music out of themselves. These two types of listeners, music-lovers, we can also trace in the ranks of the creators of music.

#### Memoirs in Sound

Some composers are mainly interested in melodies, harmonies, form in general—just as some poets begin by creating rhymes, polishing, bending the language to their own purposes, and try to discover new formal solutions.

For the other group language and music alike are only means through which they

want to express something

By and large one could say that Beethoven was the first composer who made a conscious attempt to express by music his inner experience, all the secrets of his innermost soul. He was the first composer who consciously tried to pour his experiences into the vessel of sound, to transform them into music. He did not want to give ornaments, mathematics, arabesques in his work—he wanted to write his memoirs in sound—and in this he succeeded. He was the first to succeed.

The first reason for his extraordinary effect and influence is found in this. Whatever he had to say was new, interesting, incomparably individual and surprising.

The second explanation of his effect was the fact that whatever he wanted to say, he was able to say it and express it. As his ideas were entirely new, the old means of expression proved unsuitable, its limitations too narrow. Beethoven broke down

these barriers. He created a new musical language. He wrestled and fought with this language to the very end of life—but he was almost always victorious, forcing his raw material to obey him in most cases. He opened to us a new word in the possibilities of musical expression; his discoveries in the endless world of music were at least as important as those of Christopher Columbus in the world of tangible geographical facts. He was a revolutionary. There is no rule you cannot defy if by this we achieve greater beauty,' he wrote, but whenever he broke an old rule, he gave the gift of new beauties to the world. He was a rebel. But a rebel who only built, never destroyed.

The third cause of his unusual effect was simply that his music was the manifestation of a soul which had few equals in nobility and heroism and that his life was worthy of his ideals, his faith, his con-

ception of the world.

What was his life like? What was the conception of life and world, the faith that was the consequence of his life?

#### His Life and Philosophy

He was almost the archetype of a man dogged by ill-fortune. He lost his mother whom he adored when comparatively young. His father was a tenor and a drunkard. His brothers never understood him. Family life he never knew. He was of low stature, with a huge head and a squat body. Those who did not know him often found him a comic sight. He was not a healthy man. The illness which later caused his total deafness appeared first when he was twenty-six. Other ailments also tortured him a great deal. He was fully conscious of his genius. This consciousness became the inexhaustible source of suffering for him. Apart from the time when he was engaged to Theresa Brunswick, his manner was shy, haughty, grim, his temper irritable, his disposition unfriendly.

His heart was brimful with love. He longed for human companionship, but his deafness and his rough manners built a

high, rigid wall between him and his fellow-beings. He never found a real friend. And he never knew human love. He had successes, but the critics decried him. Of his music they said that it was confused, bizarre, senseless, forced, artificial, sickly, over-elaborate, wild, noisy. His greatest creations were received with indifference while he lived. His life was full of ups and downs. He practically never had any money. His social position remained unsatisfactory.

All this was made worse by his preoccupation with philosophy. He was the first composer who ever pondered his own self and the order of the world. He considered Kant the greatest thinker. Shakespeare was closest to his soul. He admired Goethe of all writers; he loved Schiller best. And in music his ideals were Bach and Mozart.

What conception of the world did he reach in his unlucky life? Did he deny life completely? Did he come to hate mankind? Did he despise love? His life was an unbroken series of battles against fate. It was only natural that Man's fight with his fate was an ever-recurrent theme in his works. No one could express the duel of Fate and Man with such shattering force as Beethoven did. But in this fight it was always Man who triumphed. Beethoven himself was overcome a thousand times by his destiny; yet in the Fifth Symphony the last movement still sang the hymn of life, rising above everything, with an almost ecstatic affirmation.

He was the victim of endless injustice. Yet the trumpet proclaims at the end of the Leonora Overture inexhaustible strength: justice lived! lived for ever! could never die!

All his life he longed in vain for a wife. Yet in Fidelio he erected an eternal monument to the self-sacrificing, loving woman—whom he had never met in reality. He was passionately devoted to freedom, and Europe was groaning under the yoke of tyranny and reaction while he lived. But at the end of the Egmont Overture the fanfares proclaimed to the sceptics, the compromisers, the cowards and to those of little faith that even if the hero fell, the idea of freedom had to triumph unavoidably!

And at the end of his life this heart, sick of a thousand wounds, sang in his musical last will and testament—the Ninth Symphony—the hymn of joy, the joy of life that saves the world.

Man fights and triumphs. Justice lives. God is alive. The day of liberty is dawning. The storm passes. Life is stronger than death. He who suffered perhaps more than any human being proclaimed to suffering mankind the creed of unshakable optimism.

The history of music enumerates his great services. He was the Shakespeare of the symphony. The piano owes to him the rank it occupies in our musical life. His works of chamber music are unsurpassable masterpieces of intimate music. There is nothing comparable with the transcendent beauty of the last string quartets. No one knew better the soul of the violin. And in the Ninth Symphony—like the eaves in the seed—there lies hidden the whole music of the nineteenth century.

Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice.

Iohnson

At every one of those concerts in England you will find rows of weary people who are there, not because they really like classical music, but because they think they ought to like it.

G. B. Shaw—Man and Superman

Toda wedding. Honeymoon first—then wedding. Musicians arrive!

## AIGOTU

OF THE

## RACOT

At a time when we are all exhorted to work as we have never worked before, and when restrictions, rationing, shortages, and atom bombs make a mockery of our so-called civilised freedom, we can be forgiven for turning a jaundiced eye on a people who experience none of our tribulations—a people who would be profoundly shocked at the very idea of hard work, and who have been living in their own idea of Utopia, unmolested



The pretty little bride bows down before her husband

## Utopia of the Todas

To Western conventions the marriage customs of the Todas may seem reprehensible.

Yet this small community of six hundred has maintained itself in contentment and without signs of decadence for many centuries

#### ROLAND BLACKBURN

and deliriously happy for many centuries. Such a people are the Todas, a pastoral and agricultural tribe who spend their lives in a perpetual dolce far niente amid the lovely scenery of the Nilgiri Hills in Southern India. Other men call them 'the laziest people on earth', but in fact they are the wisest, for they have learned how to be busy doing nothing, how to make a living without earning it, and how to attain perfect social and intellectual free-

dom. They make no effort to cultivate the land, but are entitled 'lords of the soil'. not only on account of their self-assertion and independent bearing, but because of their practice of levying 'gudu', or tribute in kind, on the Bodighar tribe, who regard them with superstitious veneration. Apart from this they depend entirely on their herds of buffaloes for support. They are a most attractive race, both in manner and appearance. They are amiable, laughterloving and fearless in character, tall, wellproportioned and athletic. Their dress consists of a single coarse cloth, which is, at the outset, white with a few bars of colour at either end. The men wear it as a sort of toga, which, however, leaves the legs bare, and is wrapped about the person like a Highlander's plaid.

Where the Todas originally came from is a matter only for speculation, but they have lived near Ootacamund in the Nilgiris for longer than historians care to



The bridegroom spends the first night inside the hut of the bride, with the bride's mother on guard outside to pass in food and keep out callers. Note the low little door

estimate. Shortly after William the Conqueror invaded England, one of the great Indian Generals fought his way into the Nilgiris, and the Todas were an oldestablished people then. Throughout the centuries they have preserved their customs, their primitive beliefs and their tribal integrity. Happy in their ideal climate, they have developed song and poetry. Every event is an excuse for someone to sit down and sing an impromptu song with the words and the music composed on the spot. Even children are song composers. And though they sing eloquently about the dead, and about their gods, and compose elaborate lullabies and lyrics about dawn and the beauty of the mountains, they also sing about every trivial event, and about most unpoetic (to us) things such as trains, and their illnesses, and about any casual visitor to their tribe.

A great part of their singing is taken up



Groom and bride appear in the morning at the little door of the hut and emerge. The bride then confirms or annuls the whole ceremony with a shy, ladylike nod of the head, vertical or horizontal

with the praise of love and of individual lovers and love affairs, for a very good reason. The Todas have greater sexual freedom than any other tribe in the world. and apparently have no feeling that corresponds to hatred or jealousy in any respect. As with most other peoples, marriage is an institution with them. When a boy grows up, he chooses a wife, but when he marries, his wife also becomes the wife of all his brothers and the woman has full marital standing and relationships with all of them -whatever the number-until they decide to get married themselves, when they choose their own wives and go their own ways. But if a husband becomes a widower. he is quite entitled to court another man's wife, to carry her off to his home and open negotiations with her husband and her father, offering to buy her (usually with cows). It is open for the previous husband to object, but it is highly irregular, for the understanding is that if the woman allows herself to be carried off, the husband will accept compensation for her loss and then look round to see whether he cannot get away with somebody else's wife for himself.

#### Poets and Free Lovers

In addition to this, practically every man, married or single, has his mistress. and each woman has her lover. There are absolutely no interferences with the course of true love, for a man may carry off another man's wife, marry her and at the same time visit yet another man's wife as his 'mistress', even though that 'mistress' is herself married to four or five brothers. This glorious tangle is even more complicated by the fact that casual love affairs are always going on, and the official attitude is that these casual affairs are all rightunless the husband finds out. If he does find out, he gets compensation. A present of a good cow puts matters to rights.

So this nation of poets and free lovers carries on, knowing nothing of jealousy or hatred, never dreaming that a love-adventure with another man's wife merits

## Utopia of the Todas

disapproval from her husband plus expensive High Court proceedings. One wonders whether the Todas would be able to find time for anything else but love. They certainly are able, for the whole of their tribal customs are built around neither love nor poetry but around buffaloes and cows. Everything connected with the upkeep of these animals is solemn and sacred. The dairy is the Toda temple, and the Todas have no temple beside it. In fact, the cow has become so elevated on this little southern plateau that she overshadows the humans, who have become her worshippers and servants. Their only prayers are 'May all be well', and 'May the buffaloes be well.'

### Lazy but Happy!

They nevertheless have five orders of priesthood, the highest being the Palal, herdsman and priest combined, who exerts a powerful influence over the inhabitants of the mund. They believe that God dwells in the Palal, and makes known His will to those who come to Him for counsel. The milk of the sacred herd, which it is considered sacrilege to sell, is appropriated by the Palal, who, in addition to this privilege, is the recipient of many propitiatory gifts from the timid Bodighars, who hold him in great awe, not only for his sanctity, but for his supposed acquaintance with the 'black art'.

A death is the occasion of many strange ceremonies in a Toda mund. When a member of the community is thought to be dying, he is dressed in all the ornaments and jewellery of his house, and his friends' last office is to give him milk to drink. He is then wrapped in a new mantle, into the pockets of which a supply of grain, sugar, and salt is thoughtfully put for his use on the road to 'Amnur', the other country. A sufficient number of buffaloes are killed at each funeral 'to supply the dead with milk in the other district', and the spirits of men and buffaloes are supposed to leap together from Múkarté Peak into Heaven. When a child is born, a young buffalo calf is brought. The father takes three

bamboo measures, and pours water from the third into the other two, holding them close to the hind quarters of the calf on the right side. This may possibly refer to the future supply of milk for the child's sustenance, milk, curds, butter, and various cereals forming the staple articles of food among the Todas.

There are about six hundred Todas, and it is a remarkable fact that, throughout the centuries, that figure has never been greatly exceeded, nor has it been reduced. They seem to have found the secret of self-preservation and limitation of population according to resources. There is no doubt that they are a supremely happy people, totally ignorant of any kind of worry. Perhaps they are indolent and lazy. Perhaps they haven't progressed in any way for centuries. But what do we mean by progress? If we mean the attainment of a life of perfect contentment, then the Todas are far more progressive than we are.



The overjoyed groom seals the contract with the fine wedding necklace of ivory and seed pearls placed lovingly around his bride's neck. He then gives a wedding feast

# Building Licences

In a time of shortages, few would dispute the necessity for controls.

They should, however, be designed to help overcome these shortages. Is this the case in the housing drive? In this article a practical builder shows how unnecessary red tape is having the opposite result

### S. H. BEALES

The building industry is subject to control by licence. It suffers, in common with all controlled activities, from the usual frustration and delays that only bureaucratic red tape and officialism can devise.

However, practical experience gathered in attempting to maintain a large number of premises in a habitable condition reveals that there are many difficulties peculiar to this particular control.

The first one encounters is the wide-spread ignorance among lessees of the control itself, viz., that only £10 may be spent in six months on any single hereditament, plus £2 per month, and that this includes the cost of materials no matter what sort. Here we have the anomaly that, while anyone can buy any household fitting such as a tiled fireplace for, say, £12 without any permit, it is an offence to pay a builder £2 to fix it.

Another difficulty is that the Lto limit applies to each and every property, no matter what its size or rateable value. While it may be ample for a small cottage, it will not even keep the plumbing in repair in a large hotel. Many small builders, too, have the impression that the Lto limit applies to any one particular job and that the total expense over the six months period need not be considered.

When black market building is so widespread, it is difficult to imagine why the true conditions have not been more clearly published.

Further anomalies arise when applica-

tion is made for licence on form 1136A. There is difficulty in fixing the amount; many builders will not give estimates today. Even when this is achieved, one is at the mercy of the local district surveyors, who vary considerably in exercising the discretionary powers granted them by their Councils and by the Ministry of Works instructions. There can be no doubt that the easiest thing for an individual in a responsible position to do is to say 'No', and this occurs with marked frequency in some districts. Others read some spirit into the letter of the law and a reasonable application has some chance of being successful. It is hard for people living near a boundary to see people on the other side getting their repairs done while they are denied the privilege.

Now, however, the Ministry have withdrawn to a large extent the discretionary powers conferred on R.D.C.s, by fixing financial ceilings for licences issued ranging from about £50 to £300 per month for each district. When one considers the number of small builders operating who are not engaged on new houses, these amounts appear to be ridiculous.

There is no doubt, too, that if under present conditions no black market work is carried out, most small repairing builders will be out of business in about three months. One can apply for a licence in the name of a decorator who is not now, or ever likely to be, engaged on new houses, and who has all the necessary

paint and distemper in stock, and still be refused. Mr. Bevan stated recently that it was almost obscene that people were having unnecessary decorations carried out and thereby depriving others of new houses. Someone should tell Mr. Bevan the simple fact that decorators do not build houses. Another point arises here inasmuch as Councils have had existing Council houses repainted, whilst refusing licences to private owners. Nowhere does the law specify that external painting to existing Council houses should take precedence over that of privately owned houses, and there is no ethical or technical reason why it should.

Britain's greatest asset, its buildings, many designed by architects and built by craftsmen who put the quality of their work above the reward, already blasted and neglected by the war, are going to rack and ruin simply to conceal the chaotic state of the so-called housing drive.

### Brakes on Building

Many people are having to tolerate damp walls, dry rot, old defective pumps, premises without bathrooms, lavatory accommodation, hot water or electric light installations. (The writer has one case of an application to lay a concrete floor on old bricks in the only earth closet on the premises and construct a small soak-away for surface water, to prevent flooding. The occupants approach the place in snowboots and sit with their feet in several inches of water after a rainfall. A licence was refused.) A glimpse of the elaborate kitchen and bathrooms in prefabricated houses and of new Council houses half finished, with two modern lavatories, is of small consolation to these people.

There are enough small builders who will never be engaged on new work to alleviate most of this 'hiatus'; the W.B.A. controls will ensure that first priority work does not suffer, and even these should be

limited to materials that really are in short supply.

In conclusion, it remains to enumerate briefly the real reasons why these new houses are not materialising.

- 1. Of the real experts at building small houses quickly—the much-maligned speculative builders—many were forced out of business by the war, and controls and direction of labour have now kept them out of the field.
- 2. Many of those who have obtained contracts to build Council houses are large government contractors who mushroomed into existence and prosperity during the war, building aerodromes, camps, etc. They were reared on the cost-plus system with its demoralising effect on the amount of work per day per man. There are so few of these large concerns operating that it is possible for them almost to pick their contracts and take their own time and price. One would not dare say they do!

In at least a few cases they have obtained contracts, put in the footings up to the damp course and then turned their attention to private work of a more lucrative nature. Their high E.P.T. standards give them an added incentive which other firms today are lacking.

3. The onus to build is on the local authorities.

They, too, have not the same incentive or experience (as the pre-war builders who were in the game for a living) to force their plans through the labyrinth of red tape.

There are, of course, many other reasons, but without making it too obvious that our politics are really to blame, one can forecast that until someone, somehow, introduces a little healthy competition into the business, these half-finished, half-hearted new houses will sink deeper into the Slough of Despond.

It's only human nature and that's the whole trouble.

# The 'Fauves'

#### DENYS SUTTON

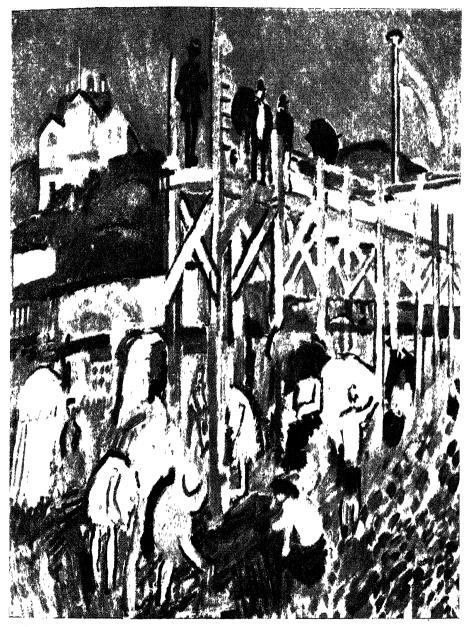
THE young painter of the generation of 1900 was faced with one absorbing and almost frustrating problem: how could he find an artistic style which would express his own personality and, at the same time, go beyond the formulae of the past generation? Several ways were open to him. He could adopt Impressionism, which had only recently become respectable, as a basis for his development, or he could attempt to propound a style corresponding to his own needs. For the painter desirous of painting in a contemporary idiom, the question of following Impressionism, let alone a more academic method, hardly arose. The only way he could assuage his wish to create and realise his personality in artistic terms was to advance along a new path. The moment itself was propitious. In a period when ideas and manners were being liberated from the conventions of the nineteenth century, this movement towards a greater freedom in treatment and subject matter was inevitably accompanied by a similar degree of experimentalism in painting. Impressionism and all it represented had necessarily to be challenged: then, as always, if painters would do more than work in a sterile mannerism, a fresh approach to reality was essential.

Impressionism had characterised so many aspects of late nineteenth-century France. In the particular delicacy of their effects, in their ability to evoke the play of lights, the Impressionists had captured the delightful moments of civilised existence, an

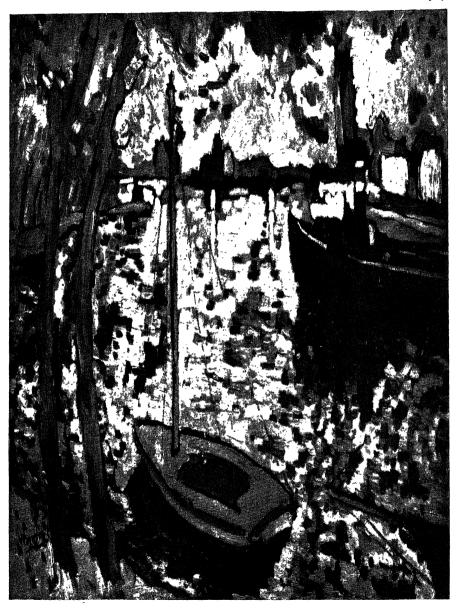
afternoon spent in the Bois, a luncheon party in the sunshine—those 'charmes de la vie' which Watteau and, before him, the Venetians, had so deliciously represented. But the Impressionists had not gone beyond this; they had, indeed, no wish to do so. They were content to appreciate rather than to analyse, to suggest rather than to state. Their work contained no hint of that struggle to evade the cramping atmosphere of 'bourgeois' society implicit in Gauguin and Van Gogh, in Odilon Redon and Gustave Moreau, and even in Cézanne.

These were the painters who exerted so immediate and potent an appeal to the generation of 1900, and who gave them the courage to evolve in a personal manner. However contradictory their aims and styles might seem, the work of Van Gogh and Cézanne contained the seeds of the future, those elements which appealed so conspicuously to the future Fauves. Cézanne, for instance, had clearly shown that the depiction of the surface values of light had now to surrender before the depiction of the recessional values of objects; Van Gogh, for his part, had demonstrated the importance of a direct formulation of personal sensation and emotion. Such doctrines were to fall on ready ears. Matisse, who was to lead the Fauves and the younger generation at this juncture, realised that Impressionism was a spent force and had to be superseded. Impressionism, he once remarked, could be compared with a brick wall through which

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RAOUL DUFY L'E

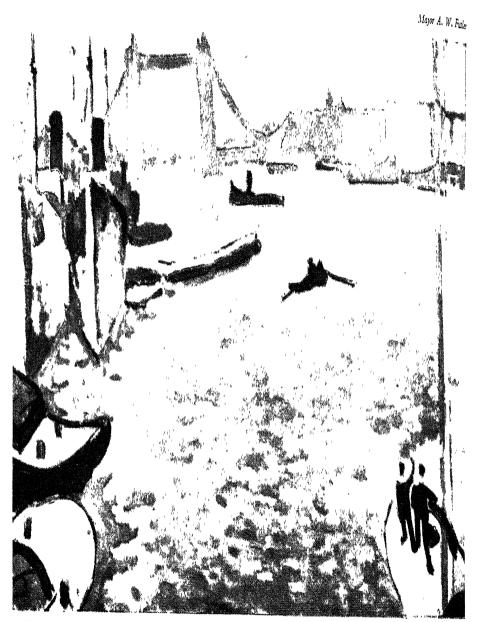


M. VLAMINCK

La Seine à Chaton



MATISSE



DRÉ DERAIN Tower Bridge

a hole had to be knocked; beyond lay a rich and dramatic existence dominated by the clash of colours and of

light.

The development of Matisse's own painting indicates that for him Fauvisme was the outcome of a conscious period of research and experiment. For Vlaminck. on the other hand, it was an expression of his pugnacious and virulent personality. In his early paintings, Matisse, using cool grey tones, had worked in the tradition of Chardin and Corot, only later adopting Impressionism. Even after his visit to Corsica, when his colour became intense and pure, Matisse had still to go through a period of search and experiment. That he doubted the ability of Impressionism to solve his problems was clear. His doubts were shared by the young painters he had met in the studio of Gustave Moreau. After his return from Corsica, they kept together working in the Atelier Carrière, and later shared a studio in the rue Dutot, where Matisse painted what was virtually the first announcement of the Fauve style, a study of a male, nude, in blue. The date of this picture proves that Vlaminck's claim that Fauvisme resulted from a chance meeting between himself and Derain is incorrect. Derain, indeed, whose celebrated copy of a Ghirlandaio in the Louvre dates from 1900, was more exact in stating that his efforts and those of Vlaminck served only to confirm a state of affairs which already existed.

By 1898, however, Fauvisme was still a shadowy movement; it needed precise formulation. Matisse, for instance, was to derive such support from Cézanne's Les Baigneuses, which he acquired in 1899. Yet Matisse, himself, was still in process of discovering his characteristic style. Friesz and Dufy, who both came from Le Havre, he had met by 1900 and in that year exhibited with them at the Galerie Prat. In 1900, too, he met Derain and through him Vlaminck. The original group of Fauves was now assembled, though as yet its members had not formulated any precise views. What in fact had happened was that a

coalition had occurred between the former pupils of Moreau, who were in revolt against the Academies, the so-called Chatou group of Derain and Vlaminck, Friesz and Dufy who had worked in Bonnat's studio and the independent Dutch painter, Kees van Dongen. In addition, Braque joined the Fauves in 1904. Characteristic of the interdependence of the Fauves was that, during 1904, Matisse painted in a divisionistic manner, arranging his colours to achieve an almost Byzantine richness. He had now come to represent his sensations direct by colour. This direct and expressive type of painting he and Deram sent from Collioure to the now celebrated Salon d'Automne of 1905. Shown together with that of the other Fauves, such work caused an immediate sensation and the art critic, Louis Vauxcelles, dubbed Matisse and his companions the 'Fauves' or the 'Wild Men', a term which was to stay.

### The Challenge of Opposition

The Fauves had not yet considered themselves as a group: they were too individual for that. They formed no precise movement which issued manifestos, defining their aesthetic position. Fauvisme, on the contrary, was one of the least literary of movements, relying for its effect on the visual shock of its painting alone. But opposition was to unite them, at any rate temporarily. Fauvisme, as an aesthetic point of view made its appearance, formulated in an article by Matisse in La Grande Revue and later by Vlaminck in Tournant Dangereux. As a style, Fauvisme conveyed a turbulent joy in life, which took its note, perhaps, from Matisse's La Joie de Vivre, In the richly painted canvases of the Fauves, the world appeared vivid and colourful after the soft shades of the Impressionists. Their use of a varied and vibrant range of colours was striking. Pure colour squeezed from the tube and lavishly applied to the canvas became symbolical of their style as a whole. It was colour, the immediate apprehension of visual experience by means of colour, that liberated them from their inhibitions, enabling them to paint as they so desired. In this search for new means of enriching the imagination they turned to Eastern and Negro art, and, at the same time, disregarded the laws of perspective.

#### The Revolt Against Rationalisation

Fauvisme was sensual, individual and spontaneous in its pictorial effects. But for each painter Fauvisme was essentially something different. Matisse could impose a scrupulous sense of form upon the rhythmic patterns of his colour. To Vlaminck, on the other hand, Fauvisme provided an opportunity to express a sense of revolt against society and liberate his personality; and it was this reliance on intuition and revolt against excessive rationalisation which made one critic compare Fauvisme with Bergsonism.

Fauvisme was the movement of liberation. The later development of its adherents did not in all cases substantiate the promise of the early work. Friesz's brilliant portrait of Fernand Fleuret was to be followed by a manneristic repetition of flowerpieces; Van Dongen was to allow his gift for character and sense of paint to be submerged by too many portrait commissions. Even Dufy was rarely to achieve such finely composed canvases as his L'Estrade, though his exquisite sense of colour and gift of simplification has reappeared with greater depths in his latest water colours. Matisse, for his part, used Fauvisme as an opportunity to develop his personal approach to visual experience; in La Joie de Vivre, for instance, he expressed that tender lyricism and poetry, that understanding of colour relations which is one of his great contributions to painting. His imaginative construction of an experience is presented with finality and mastery.

The exhilaration of Fauvisme could not last. By 1908 the attention of the younger generation had shifted away from colour to form. But during the years 1900 to 1908 Fauvisme was the movement of the hour. Its aims were clear, its achievements con-

siderable. The Fauves staked all on their ability to translate their emotions and sensations before a scene into sharp, dramatic paint; as in Derain's Harbour Scene the effect consists of contrasts of pure colours and simplified outlines. The design is simplified to achieve a harmonious whole imbued with lightness and vivacity.

The exact delimitation of Fauvisme and its relation to Expressionism are not always easy to establish. Rouault, for instance. originally exhibited with the Fauves though, as his later work shows, he was essentially an Expressionist. Yet though the Expressionists themselves derived from Van Gogh, a particular turn was given to their work by its dependence on Munch. They seem, too, to have known the painting of their French contemporaries; Van Dongen and Nolde, for instance, have much in common. But Expressionism was far more complicated than Fauvism, more tinged with literary experience. Both movements aimed at a translation of personal emotion; but whereas the Expressionists were more concerned with spiritual or moral questions, the Fauves restricted themselves to the depiction of a few simple feelings. Expressionism, indeed, was far more pessimistic in its outlook.

Once colour had been restored to its central place in the tradition of modern painting, once artists realised that they could dispense with the rules of perspective, the inspiration of Fauvisme waned. It had accomplished its task as a point of departure. Significantly Braque moved on from Fauvisme to Cubism, and the analysis of form engaged the attention of modern artists. The two constant preoccupations of the painter, form and colour, were thus continued in the main stream of modern painting, a synthesis apparent in Matisse. Brilliant, colourful, and exotic, Fauvisme was the expression of a sense of happiness and youth, an exultant demonstration of the ability of paint, as a thing in itself, to render sensation, and a celebration of the resilience of the individual.

# THE GROWING DANGER OF POWER

Two recent books, one written by the leader of the July plot to assassinate

Hitler, and the other by Mussolini's Foreign Minister, paint a detailed and fascinating 'behind the scenes' picture of totalitarian states. In analysing these two books, George

Edinger stresses the fact that, once absolute power is invested in the executive, inevitable tyranny is the result

### GEORGE EDINGER

Let us consider that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any country at once,' wrote Lord Chesterfield. 'It must be introduced by slow degrees and as it were step by step lest the people should see its approach!'

A chain of coincidence, providential perhaps for posterity, has preserved two vital records of this slow, relentless march of arbitrary power, recorded from behind the scenes. They were set down, one in Germany and one in Italy, by two men who did not expect that they or their story would ever penetrate into the world. Count Ciano's Diario (Rizzoli, Milan) was completed in the author's cell at Verona on 23 December 1943, three weeks before his execution. 'If these notes of mine ever do see the light,' he says, 'it will be because I had put them in a safe place before the Germans got hold of me by a low-down piece of treachery.' (The Nazis induced Count Ciano to travel as far as Munich by the promise of safe conduct to Spain, and then delivered him over to Mussolini's short-lived Fascist Republic.)

Fabian von Schlabrendorff's Offiziere gegen Hitler (Europa Verlag, Zürich) was conceived by the writer in the Gestapo Prison, Prinz Albrechtstrasse, Berlin, in February 1945 while he lay under interrogation and torture to extract details of the military plot against Hitler in the previous Iuly.

On 11 January 1944 Count Galeazzo Ciano was executed, but his papers were

saved by Edda Mussolini, his widow, who smuggled them to Switzerland. Schlabrendorff was more fortunate—his trial was interrupted by an air raid. When the 'All Clear' sounded, both judge and dossier lay buried in the ruins. The authors were very different in character. The Italian, schooled in Machiavelli, proud of his seemingly clever cynicism, continued for three years as Foreign Minister to implement a policy which he bewailed and lamented every day in this Diary, kept apparently for the good of his soul. The German Staff-Captain fought in the Conservative Underground from the moment Hitler arrogated the supreme power. As A.D.C. to General von Treschkow, Chief of Staff at von Kluge's Smolensk Headquarters, he put two bombs into the Leader's aeroplane (but they did not explode) back in March 1943. The German was the finer man. Germans emerge from a study of these two books with more credit than Italians. Schlabrendorff lists the names of 127 men, mostly senior officers and landowners ('the blueblooded rabble' against which Hitler used to inveigh), who were all executed, tortured or driven to suicide for their part in the 'Generals' plot. It reads like a page torn from the Almanac de Gotha. Italian Generals were shabbier stuff altogether. Perhaps the last word on this was said by Treschkow the day before his death. 'The God who would spare Sodom if there were ten righteous men found in the City will, I am sure, save Germany, if it is only for our sakes.'

But, essentially, both men tell the same story; both sound the same warning. In their pages we see how absolute power once invested in the executive inevitably degenerates into tyranny and how, once conceded to the executive, it can never be revoked. In both instances the tyrants started their careers as Socialists. Both were proletarians, born. Both found their readiest tools among their former political associates springing from the same class of society as themselves. There is no safety in electing the man of the people.

Count Ciano is the more amusing writer. His narrative is spiced with pleasing wit. By March 1940, he is convinced that Mussolini means war because 'it is bad enough for him that Hitler should be fighting a war, let alone winning it.' When Dr. Ley, chief of the Nazi Labour front. announces his visit to Rome, Ciano comments that he might have spared himself the trouble as nobody invited him to incommode himself. He quotes approvingly King Victor Emmanuel on the greenshirted leaders of Roumanian Fascism. 'They ought to leave off those silly shirts; it makes them look like the hotel porters in Tsarist Russia.' When Ribbentrop informs Laval, summoned to Hitler's quarters in an East Prussian Forest, that his countryman 'Napoleon' once stayed there, the Count observes that this is a typical piece of German manners because 'unless I am mistaken, it was in rather different circumstances.' That was the time Hitler talked for three hours to the intense annoyance of Mussolini 'who is used to doing the talking himself!' But Laval said one witty thing: It is a little difficult for me to do much because all I ever hear in France is "Laval to the gallows!"" And Ciano overheard this talk in English between a German and an Italian General discussing the Russian front.

'Had we heavy losses?' asks the Italian. 'No losses at all. You ran away.' Unfortunately Ciano cannot see any joke pointed against himself.

When the French Ambassador, François Poncet, summoned to hear Italy's declaration of war in June 1940, after remarking that he thought it was only Stalin who stabbed a prostrate country, looks up to see the Italian Foreign Minister in full Air Force uniform and remarks, 'Now don't go and get yourself killed', Ciano pompously comments, 'Well, I had rather be the soldier minister than the minister soldier', which is the first and last we hear about his soldiering. But at least his wit enables him to see clear. Just before the war, Sir Percy Lorraine, the British Ambassador, tells him that Britain will certainly fight and that he (Sir Percy) means to fight, too; that Britain of today is very different to what it was a few years ago. 'I did not go into polemics because I think that is true and Sir Percy knows that

In 1939 Ciano starts with views diametrically opposed to those of his chief and father-in-law 'I say we must keep out if we can, but if we do fight, it should be against the Germans. Mussolini says we should get in if we can, and if so it must be with the Germans.'

#### Mussolini versus Hitler

I think so,' Ciano admits.

Mussolini cannot allow Hitler to steal the limelight and the glory. He plunges Italy into war out of sheer vanity, without wanting to realise that she has virtually no Air Force. 'Our air losses in the first month amount to 250 machines; we have produced an equal quantity, but it is much harder to replace the pilots!'

Mussolini had never worried about the power or potential of his Air Force. He worried excessively about the angle of the Fascist salute, the correctness of the goosestep introduced as passo Romano; fretted to fury about a press photograph showing a guard of honour performing a ragged 'Present Arms'. But about the strength of the Air Force he was so ignorant, so misinformed by people anxious to hold down their jobs, so unwilling to face a

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Like you at Moscow.'

<sup>&</sup>quot;Exactly!"

disagreeable truth (Hitler, too, according to Schlabrendorff, pulled down the blinds of the windows in his railway carriage to blink the disagreeable fact that German cities were badly bombed) that Ciano seriously weighed the practicability of driving round all the hangars and counting

up the planes.

From the falsification of their forecasts, both dictators only concluded that their people were unworthy of them. 'The Duce launched into an all-out attack on the Italian people', runs Ciano's entry for 5 August 1940. That always happens when he meets obstacles to his schemes. He says that his main object in afforesting the Appenines is to make the Italian climate more severe and breed a hardier race.' (At this stage the editor of the Diaries notes that the mental specialists got worried.) Next he wants to make all Southern Italians serfs for the more warlike North Italians. When Naples is bombed, he is delighted because 'the experience will make it a city of Nordic stamina.' ('I have,' says Ciano, 'some doubts.') Galled because France collapsed before he struck a blow, galled by the progressively inglorious progress of Italian arms, galled by what Ciano calls 'the inferiority complex of his Admirals,' galled by Hitler's answer to his offer of Italian aid for the invasion of Britain (a polite refusal, coupled with the suggestion that German troops should be sent to the Mediterranean instead), galled, above all, by Hitler's telephone orders to meet him at difficult times in inconvenient places ('he rings for me as if I were a waiter'), this silly Duce is mentally unbalanced by the February of 1943 when Count Ciano, removed from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, closes his Diary and takes leave of his chief.

'He asked me if all my papers were in order. "Yes," I said. "They are all in order, and when the dark days come, as come they must, I shall be able to document all Germany's acts of treachery to us from the time they decided on this war till the day they invaded Russia and never told us till their troops were over the border.

Or, better still, at twenty-four hours' notice I can deliver the speech that has been sticking in my throat for three years'.'

This is genuine.

'I must accept the will of God,' he writes in the moving Introduction. 'I feel a great peace of mind coming over me. I am ready for the supreme penalty. In that state nobody tells a lie. I can declare that there is not one word written in these Diaries that is not true. There is nothing exaggerated and nothing that is just the fruit of bitterness. It is all there as I saw and heard it happen.'

#### Plotters Against Hitler

Why, then, did he lend himself to it so long? Why remain the instrument of a policy he hated. Why, with his King, the Army, and an overwhelming majority of the Italian people on his side, be satisfied to be the tool of a Mussolini long become the tool of Hitler?

One answer at least lies in Schlabrendorff's full narrative of what we call the July Plot, which was, in fact, a widespread conspiracy against Nazism from the moment that it came into power. Ciano collaborated, Schlabrendorff resisted, a system they knew was evil. Neither man, neither course, could save their country or themselves. It is heartrending to read about von Schlabrendorff's visit to Winston Churchill in 1939, when he unfolded, in the presence of leading Englishmen, the details of the German military plot to overthrow the Nazi Government and save the peoples of Europe from a second World War. From that moment until the end of Germany and themselves, this band of brave men, interpreting what may, after all, have been the will of the majority of Germans, marched recklessly from disaster to disaster. We see their leader, Admiral von Canaris, Chief of Naval Intelligence, carefully sounding his men and placing them at key posts. We see the author's own chief, von Treschkow, screwing up General von Kluge to surround Smolensk Headquarters with a reliable cavalry regiment to seize the Führer's person on his projected visit to the Eastern Front in the

spring of 1943.

But the visit is deferred, like that other visit to an Army Headquarters on the Rhine in 1940 when General von Hartmann had planned to arrest the Führer. And with every day's delay, Kluge's resolution ebbs till the regiment is sent away and Schlabrendorff is left to execute, single-handed, the wild project of blowing up Hitler in his plane with bombs disguised as bottles of brandy.

#### Drawing the Moral

But no sooner does the project miscarry than the plotters embark on another. Hitler will not come to them, so they must somehow get to Hitler. But by now their 'secret' is out. Himmler knows all about them and tells Canaris that he will make an end of 'men like you and Goerdeler (the Prime Minister designate) and von Beck'. But Himmler, too, is sitting on the fence. And when Count von Stauffenburg, a Royalist known for his anti-Nazi sentiments, an officer badly wounded in North Africa, applies for various posts that will bring him in contact with the leader he is so anxious to destroy, one senior officer after another turns down his request with shouts of laughter. One gets the impression that, by the end of 1943, practically every senior officer knew what was in the wind and that most wished the project well. Otherwise how could 'Action Valkyrie', which provided for the wholesale arrest of the Nazi hierarchy in Berlin and the disarming of the S.S. in the capital by the Artillery School the moment Hitler was killed, have been mounted on such a scale? But this majority neither furthered, frustrated nor betrayed. They just sat and waited. And so the Generals, with the people and the officers' corps on their side, were as helpless as was Count Ciano with King, Pope, and people on his side. The Germans tried. The Italians never tried. The upshot was equally disastrous. Why?

In the answer lies the moral, the vital

importance to ourselves and to posterity, of these two books whose publication in this country has been so long delayed.

As soon as the totalitarian machine has inserted itself into the life of a people, the fight for Liberty has been lost. By the time its objectionable features have been disclosed, it is already too late to strike. It was Cromwell, the first of these totalitarians (for whom, by the way, Hitler conceived a fervent admiration), who remarked that he cared not whether nine men out of ten in England were ranged against him so long as the sword was in the tenth man's hand.

It need not be a sword. A coloured form, backed by a ministerial order outside the competence of the Courts, will serve well enough. And once the system has got executive control, there will always be men and women enough in the key posts who have a vested interest in perpetuating the order of things on which their jobs depend, to ensure that any effort to upset them will, short of a national or an international disaster, be doomed to failure. In time, of course, totalitarianism is bound to kill itself because the people on whom it is imposed will wither away into that obscurity and mediocrity inseparable from the destruction of free speech and independent thought. But that is a biological process far too slow to save. Meantime the people's feet are set upon the road to serfdom. The particular brands of totalitarianism that Ciano and Schlabrendorff describe were distinguished from the outset by cruelty and by injustice. But there can be other totalitarianisms that are neither cruel nor unjust, at least in their beginnings. Perhaps these are the most insidious because they are the least easily perceived. They can be accepted by any tired people. That is why all peoples must be grateful to these two writers who suffered so much to warn us that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance and that peoples who would not be destroyed must be alert and active long before that moment when their Schlabrendorffs strike too late and their Cianos fear to strike at all.

## THE THEATRE (2)

# The Experimental Theatres

#### PATRICK GIBBS

The Theatre between the two wars was notoriously susceptible to outside influences. Slumps on the Stock Exchange produced reactions at the box-office; an unusually fine summer and theatres were deserted; every political crisis meant a falling-off in business. Seldom, however, can the London Theatre have been so greatly influenced by external events as it was by the cold weather and consequent fuel crisis which occurred in February and March.

The Theatre at that critical time happened to be in a state of transition. The indiscriminate popularity which it had enjoyed during the war years was showing distinct signs of ending: support for the future was beginning to appear less assured. Seats could often be found in theatres at short notice; the runs of plays were becoming less exhausting; and the queue of new productions, which in the war years were always to be found touring provincial towns awaiting the vacancy of a West End theatre, had been gradually reduced.

The transition would, no doubt, have been slow and imperceptible but for the vagaries of the weather. A change which might have taken six months to become apparent occurred within six weeks. Plays, either originally weak or nearing the end of a long run, were withdrawn from lack of support; and holders of theatre leases, who during the war might have had their choice of half-a-dozen finished productions waiting in the provincial queue, found themselves looking for plays.

The need was momentary, the result a stroke of fortune, but it was an opportunity for the experimental theatres to be found in the outlying districts of London.



EILEEN HERLIE, in her successful rôle as the Queen, in 'The Eagle has Two Heads' by Jean Cocteau

They were able to provide some half-dozen new productions to fill the gap. Plays were transferred from the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, the New Lindsey and from the Boltons Theatre. This occurrence draws attention to the work of these theatres in the past and arouses speculation as to their future.

The oldest established is the Embassy, which reopened after a wartime closure under the management of Anthony Hawtrey in February 1945. As at most experimental theatres, plays are put on for runs of three weeks' duration. The theatre, with a capacity of 670, is not a club, and so

#### World Review



FREDA JACKSON, in Joan Temple's gripping play of wartime evacuation, 'No Room at the Inn', at the Winter Garden Theatre

seats may be bought by the public. The producing company is a non-profit-making organisation associated with the Arts Council; the board of directors, whom Mr. Hawtrey represents, includes Val Gielgud, Sir Lewis Casson, Clemence Dane and Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe.

Of the thirty new plays produced it is difficult to realise that no less than nine have been transferred to the West End: fine tribute to Mr. Hawtrey's judgment and casting. In 'No Room at the Inn' he found perhaps the most moving play of the war years and made a reputation for Freda Jackson. In 'Worm's Eye View' he gave London a riotous comedy in which Ronald Shiner, the Cockney comedian, was admirably cast.

His task, Mr. Hawtrey told me, was far from easy in the months following the end of the war in Europe. A West End theatre for a play, however deserving, was all but unobtainable. 'No Room at the Inn', presented at the Embassy in June 1945, did not reach the Winter Garden until May of the following year; nor was it possible to

find a provincial theatre for this play in the interval, for more than three weeks. Under those circumstances it was fortunate that the cast could be kept together until a London theatre was found.

Now, finding a theatre is, at least temporarily, less difficult: the problem may be to find an audience. Mr. Hawtrey, however, is optimistic, and has some ambitious plans. His company has taken a lease of the Grand Theatre, Croydon, seating 1,200, and established a Repertory Company there. Productions destined for the Embassy play for one week at Croydon before being seen at Swiss Cottage. In four weeks, therefore, Croydon sees two Embassy productions, and two by the Repertory Company, this being large enough to present plays in successive weeks without actors having to rehearse one part while playing another.

Embassy productions, for which the scenery is built in the Croydon Theatre, each cost some £200-300, but Mr. Hawtrey told me that it is possible to cover expenses in the four weeks' run. It is, as a

#### The Theatre



JILL BENNETT as Kitty, JONATHAN MACKWOOD as Roberts, and DAVID DUNCAN as Officer Jackson, in 'Now Barabbas', at the Vaudeville Theatre

general rule, unusual for a production at such a theatre to pay its expenses: compensation is looked for in the West End when a play is transferred. Arrangements made between the producing theatre and another management for the transfer of a play vary, but the original producers will usually see a percentage of the takings and perhaps something of the profits, too, against which they may balance the losses on their less successful ventures.

Still, Mr. Hawtrey would like his company to have the lease of a theatre, in fact two theatres—one small and one medium sized—in the West End, to which he could transfer Embassy plays at will. He would like to run a repertory of new plays at these theatres, adding plays from Swiss Cottage in accordance with demand. This idea, interesting though it is, appears to me unpractical, for the financial arrangements for a number of companies playing in the same theatre on different nights are surely unlikely to be economical. In finding sufficient new plays Mr. Hawtrey declares there is no difficulty. An average of sixty

plays a week come to Swiss Cottage to be read, of which two or three may be possible productions.

The Lyric, Hammersmith, opening as an experimental theatre in October 1945, is run by the Company of Four, is also nonprofit-making and associated with the Arts Council. Here, however, there is already that link with the West End Theatre which Anthony Hawtrey hopes to forge, for Hugh Beaumont, of H.M. Tennent Ltd., is a partner in the company. The Lyric, rather larger than the Embassy, is also open to the general public. Plays run for three weeks and previously make a short provincial tour, visiting Cambridge, Cardiff, Brighton and one other town. Productions, I am told, may cost £,800 or more, but with good audiences on tour and at Hammersmith it is not impossible to recover this sum. Seventeen plays have been presented, the majority new. The most notable production has been 'The Eagle has Two Heads' from the French of Jean Cocteau, which is now playing in the West End; and the most interesting

discovery is undoubtedly the actress Eileen Herlie, who after appearing in three plays at the Lyric, made a great success as Cocteau's romantic heroine. The only other transfer has been a revival of Robertson's 'Caste', which failed to survive the cold weather at the Duke of York's.

Although transfers have been infrequent from the Lyric, productions have been interesting. The management's object is not to find 'commercial' plays, but to present deserving plays that might not otherwise be seen, and to encourage new talent. This object, to my mind, has been kept well in view. 'The Brothers Karamazov' with Frederick Valk was a memorable production; and I remember with delight plays by Thornton Wilder and William Saroyan that I might not otherwise have had an opportunity of seeing. Peter Ashmore, whom London first saw at the Lyric, is a producer of promise; Irene Worth an actress to be watched; and Anthony Holland, whose work at Hammersmith resulted in his making the décor for 'Lady Frederick', a designer of ability.

The New Lindsey and Boltons Theatres differ in that they are clubs, admitting only members, who pay a nominal fee, to performances. This arrangement has the advantage that plays need not be submitted to the censor. The Lindsey, with its seating for 170, opened in April 1946, and now has 7,000 members. Ten plays have been presented, three of which have gone to the West End. Among them was that much discussed 'Pick-Up Girl', which had a successful run and brought into prominence its producer, Peter Cotes. Other transfers have been the Russo-American allegory, 'Caviar to the General', with Eugenie Leontovitch, and 'Power without Glory' by the twenty-six-year-old playwright, Michael Clayton Hutton. Frederick Piffard directs the artistic policy of the Lindsey.

A similar-sized theatre, the Boltons, opened in January of this year; John Wyse, its director, had the good fortune to find for his second production a play much esteemed by the critics—William Douglas Home's 'Now Barabbas', which was

transferred to the Vaudeville to fill a vacancy caused by the cold spell.

To this list of theatres which look for new plays and new talent can be added the 'Q' at Kew Bridge. Jack de Leon, its director, presents a different play each week, and has given a week's trial to several plays that have afterwards been successfully transferred, often under his own management. Here, however, the policy is to interest a local public, and the finding of new plays a secondary objective. The long-running 'Shop at Sly Corner' and 'This was a Woman' were plays first seen at the 'Q' which were afterwards successful in London theatres.

Soon the experimental theatres will receive a notable addition. Norman Marshall, the producer, who made the Gate Theatre Club so successful before the war, is to direct policy at the Arts Theatre, in the heart of the West End, for one year from 30 April. In this venture the Arts Council are also associated. Mr. Marshall, with whom I discussed the project, discovered many fine plays and much new talent during his management of the Gate. 'Victoria Regina', 'Parnell' and 'Of Mice and Men', were but a few.

Under Alec Clunes' direction the Arts Theatre Club pursued an outstandingly successful policy of reviving the classics, and the membership rose to 20,000. Now the majority of plays presented will be new: 'not necessarily plays with commercial possibilities,' Mr. Marshall said, but 'plays that interest me.' I look on the future of the Arts with great expectations aroused by many exciting evenings at the Gate. Mr. Marshall intends to produce himself, as a rule, and to run plays for four weeks. His first play will be François Mauriac's 'Les Mal Aimées', translated by Sir Basil Bartlett, with the title of 'Less than Kind'.

Such, then, is the bare outline of the experimental theatre field: half a dozen managers looking for new plays, new talent; presenting between them more than 100 plays in a year. And still authors complain that their work remains unseen!

## GEORGE ELIOT'S

# ADAM BEDE

#### REVIEWED BY WALTER PARKER

To understand fully Adam Bede, one must consider particulars of the author's life, together with her unusual temperament, the book being largely autobiographical.

Mary Ann Evans, George Eliot's real name, was born on a Warwickshire farm in 1819, where at the age of five she read everything from the Bible to Defoe's History of the Devil! At school she was completely spoilt on account of her amazing cleverness and wide range of general knowledge. In 1841 Marian, as she was called, left the country to live alone with her father, Robert Evans, in Coventry, where she met a cultivated and refined family who took the clever but forlorn girl to their hearts and thus satisfied the need for family affection and real companionship.

In 1851 an article by Marian appeared in the Westminster Review, the editor of which, Mr. Chapman, was so impressed by her general knowledge and astonishing grip of philosophical subjects that he asked her to be sub-editor and live with him and his wife at their home in the Strand. She accepted the offer and London became her home until 1854. Her most intimate friend during her first year in London was Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, who, although a man of cold temperament and ultra-critical mind, was greatly attracted by the womanly side of Marian. Besides writing: 'I am frequently at Chapman's, and the greatness of her intellect conjoined with her womanly qualities and manner generally keep me at her side most of the evening', he took her to concerts; they went daily walks together; they sang together, and generally comported themselves as an about-to-be-engaged couple. But Spencer contradicted reports about them and told friends that his mind and Marian's were 'set on things higher than love in its concrete form.' Then he suddenly cooled off!

Soon after entering the Chapman household Marian met Lewes, to whom she was to give the best part of her life. At first she did not like him; considered him a man of light and uncertain mind; in fact, one who reverenced nothing. Under this frolic and gaiety Lewes hid his real feelings; his life was sad, his wife having deserted him for his dearest friend, and left him to bring up three boys. Their friendship daily grew closer, and in April, 1853, she wrote: 'People are very good to me. Mr. Lewes especially is kind and attentive, and has quite won my regard after having had a good deal of my vituperation. Like a few other people in the world, he is better than he seems. A man of heart and conscience, wearing a mask of flippancy.'

During 1853 and the early part of 1854 their intimacy grew, and upon recognition of their love for one another she resigned her position on the Westminster Review, and they bravely faced the difficulties of the situation. Lewes had his sons to provide for and, in addition, he felt it his duty to continue to support his wife. Marian considered all aspects of the business: possible loss of her friends and position; she even sought out the erring wife and inquired if there were the slightest chance of her returning to her husband. Mrs. Lewes stated emphatically that in no circumstances did she desire further intercourse with the man she had wronged. That decided Marian; she hesitated no longer to join her life with that of the man



GEORGE ELIOT, 1819–1880, after the portrait by Sir Frederick Burton

she loved, under the peculiar conditions forced upon them through the law's inability to grant Lewes a divorce. The die was cast and on 20 July came the oft-quoted letter to her Coventry friends:

'Dear Friends-all three:

I have only time to say good-bye and God bless you. Poste Restante, Weimar, for the next six weeks, and afterwards Berlin.

Ever your loving and grateful Marian.

Marian was convinced that time would prove that no union of hearts and lives under legal conditions was ever more sacred and complete than theirs. Her prognostication was correct: their permanent devotion to each other, their loving and entirely happy domestic life, the gratitude of Lewes's sons for the motherly care by their 'dearest little Mütterchen' throughout the next twenty-five years surely showed justification for her action.

George Lewes, a critic of peculiar insight, realised that Marian Lewes—as she henceforth insisted on being styled—was a profound thinker upon philosophical subjects, she possessed still greater powers, and he put it to her that she could become a

leading imaginative writer. In 1856, Marian happened to have with her in Berlin the MS. of the only thing she had written in the fiction line. 'Something led her to read it to George. He was struck by it and suggested the possibility of her being able to write a novel, though he distrusted—indeed disbelieved in—my possession of any dramatic power.' He persuaded her to write a story, but it was not until she had actually written part of Amos Barton and read it aloud to him that he acknowledged her possession of more than a certain ability for description and power to describe humorous dialogue.

That was the first result of Marian's association with Lewes: the old despondency and loneliness had left her for ever; her work, as well as her play, had been shared for two happy years by one capable of drawing her out by his criticism and sympathy. They lived together in perfect harmony until Lewes's death in 1879.

The first part of *Adam Bede* was written in the winter of 1857, and the second part was written at Munich, the third being completed at Richmond. When recording in her journal the dates of writing each volume she gives interesting details of the inception of the book: it was suggested by an anecdote of her aunt, Samuel Evans, the Methodist preacher, concerning a girl hanged for child-murder, with whom Mrs. Evans passed the night in prayer, induced her to confess and accompanied her in the cart to the place of execution. In the story Mrs. Evans appeared as Dinah Morris; the child-murder suggested the seducer, Arthur Donnithorne; the true lover. Adam Bede. the model for whom was her father. These points settled, the general situation is defined and its development follows simply and naturally. The world of Adam Bede is clearly that of Marian's early years, harmonised by loving memories.

The book, a story of nature and the soil, is cruel and sad, but a description of life as its author had found it; Marian paid off nature's treatment of herself: she, who she herself says was 'ugly and physically

unattractive', punishing Hetty Sorrel for her beauty and charm, Hetty's dainty flesh suffering for what Marian had failed to enjoy. Again is her own life portrayed in that of Hetty: in her own life she deliberately 'broke all the pledges made and implied for her by her parentage and education', and to her surprise found herself not persecuted, miserable, punished, but richer, better, happier, and in every way more comfortable and more content; but her remorse was evidenced in her heroine, Hetty Sorrel, receiving what Marian Lewes believed to be her due.

Many years before the novel was written Marian had cast off Evangelical beliefs; so it is natural that she should take a Methodist preacher as the centre of interest: 'Methodism,' she says in the opening of Adam Bede, 'was a rudimentary culture for the simple peasantry; it linked their souls with the past, and suffused them with the sense of a pitying, loving, infinite presence, sweet as summer to the houseless needy.' She found her ideal heroine in one of Methodism's charming, but typical, representatives—Dinah Morris—who, in the author's view, is the chief interest of the story. Her sermon at the opening strikes the keynote, and we have to share the impression it makes on Seth Bede, 'she's too good and holy for any man, let alone me.' It was strange, said Marian, that people should fancy she had 'copied' Dinah Morris's sermons and prayers, when really they were 'written with hot tears as they surged up in her own mind.'

The prison scene, which the author intended to be the climax, shows Dinah Morris interviewing poor little Hetty Sorrel, convicted of murder and expecting to be hanged the next day, to persuade her to confess her guilt ere she went to her Maker. Then the interest switches to the pathetic criminal, who moves us to the core as she falteringly relates her wanderings in search of her seducer. Ultimately Hetty is transported to Botany Bay; we are introduced to another love-affair—we discover that the saintly Dinah is not above marrying—and Adam Bede,



GEORGE ELIOT, in later life

up to that time passionately in love with Hetty, shows his common sense in realising the merits of her antithesis! So tragedy is brushed aside, its unpleasant results for-

gotten, and all ends happily.

Adam Bede was published by Blackwood, in three volumes, in 1859; and rapidly became a 'best seller'; seventeen editions and 16,000 copies were sold during the first year; Blackwood, who had already given Marian £,800 for the copyright, sent another cheque for that amount, returned the copyright, and offered f,2,000 for her next novel. Within a couple of months the book was quoted in the House of Commons; it became the book of the year; was translated into French and German. It placed its gifted author in the first rank of Victorian novelists; Dickens begged for a novel for his magazine Household Words; Charles Reade declared that 'Adam Bede was the finest thing since Shakespeare'; while Mrs. Gaskell said: 'I have never read anything so complete and beautiful in fiction in my life before.'

Marian Lewes asks herself in her famous journal: 'Shall I ever write another book as true as *Adam Bede*?' She never did, and it remains to us as the memento of a courageous, forceful, and extra-

ordinary woman.



### Progress or Retrogression?

WERE it not for the deeply grounded belief that the affairs of this world progress even when they seem to retrogress, the heading of this section of the Review this month should be called the retrogression, not the progress of the world. For retrogression undoubtedly it is, however wisely it may be over-ruled for good, that at this moment the Turkish army should have driven the Greeks in headlong flight, not only from the province of Epirus, which they had attempted to seize, but even from Thessaly, which had been in their undisputed possession for nearly twenty years. It is bad news, and it only makes bad worse to reflect how large a share is due to those blatant sympathisers with Greece who impelled her into a conflict, which, as the result shows, she was utterly incompetent to sustain. So far, fortunately, the Turkish troops seem to have been kept well in hand, and their advance into the Greek provinces does not appear to have been accompanied by the usual atrocities with which the victorious Ottoman usually strikes terror into the hearts of his victims. Loud cries are being raised, especially by those whose reckless folly lured the Greeks to their doom, that England should at once make Europe intervene between the victors



TURKEY: 'I am certainly unwell, but I shall by no means permit myself to be dissected.' From Der Floh

and the vanquished. To this the answer is that England by herself cannot make Europe intervene, and she can only intervene herself, single-handed, by arraying on the side of the Turk those Powers which already regard her action with unconcealed suspicion.

Those who in quarrels interpose Must oft expect a bloody nose.

And the attitude of the European Powers in refusing to intervene when only requested to do so by one of the combatants, is perfectly intelligible. All this trouble has arisen because Greece refuses to recognise the authority of the European Areopagus. Until Greece is sufficiently awakened to the reality of things to invoke the authority which she has despised, there is nothing for it but to wait.

#### The Austrian Emperor at St. Petersburg

The chief international event of last month has been the visit paid by the Austrian Emperor to the Russian Tsar. The speeches were very cordial, and the visit, as well as the utterances which it has prompted in the official press and at the Imperial banquets, is that Austria and Russia are drawing more closely together in view of the increased pressure of the Eastern crisis. That is natural and as it should be. Instead of deprecating the Austro-Russian understanding, it ought to be promoted by England in every possible way. For it must never be forgotten that the bloodshed of 1876-77-78 dates directly from the breakup of the Three Emperors' Alliance, which was due to England's rejection of the Berlin Memorandum, because it pointed unmistakably to the coercion of the Turk. Austria and Russia are the Powers most vitally interested in the disposition of the possessions of the Sick Man, and true statesmanship on the part of Britain would lead our Foreign Minister sedulously to promote a good understanding between them. Apart from other reasons which appeal to the public conscience, there is the very practical consideration that if we aspire to play the part of a marplot, it is by no means impossible the rapprochement may take place in spite of us, with its objective the isolation of England rather than the liquidation of Turkey.

## A Lost Opportunity

It is to be regretted that the Duke of Norfolk, for all his high descent and historic position, should have failed so signally in imagination as not to seize the opportunity of this record year to establish penny postage throughout Greater Britain. Whatis the use of being fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, premier duke and earl, and hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, if he cannot on occasion face the hons in his path, and protest, if need be by resignation, against the sacrifice of so great an opportunity of demonstrating the Imperial mission of the department over which he presides?

# The Indian Government and Vice in the Army

Just as we were going to press last month appeared the letter which Lord George Hamilton, as Secretary for India, addressed to the Indian Government, with proposals which it is hoped will diminish the prevalence of venereal disease among the British troops in the East. The importance of this despatch lies chiefly in the first part of the eleventh clause, which runs as follows:

Your Excellency will, I am confident, concur with Her Majesty's Government that in any measures there must be nothing that can be represented as an encouragement of vice. There must be no provision of women for the use of soldiers by any authority. There must be no registration of prostitutes other than that which is, or should be, enforced for all inhabitants of cantonments, and no granting of licences to practise prostitution. There must be no compulsory and periodical examination of women. Prostitutes must not be allowed to reside in regimental bazaars, or to accompany regiments on the march.

## A Russo-English Alliance

The Russian alliance is worth paying a great price for, and Mr. Durban is quite willing to pay the price of Constantinople tomorrow if anything could be bought thereby; but he recognises that the popular sentiment in Russia would raise insuperable obstacles to any attempt to buy French support by ceding Syria and the holy places of the Holy Land to France and the Latin Church.—Comment on 'Russia As It Is' by W. Durban.

## Spain

I believe it will be necessary for Spain, in case the projected canal should be carried to a successful conclusion, to fortify her possessions in the West Indies and to maintain such a fleet in those waters as will neutralise to some extent the control of the canal by the United States. I cannot, however, bring myself to believe that Europe will ever consent to such exclusive ownership; on the contrary, I think they will, with

every show of justice, offer it their strenuous opposition. Even the Latin nations of the American continent, who now understand the full significance of the Monroe Doctrine, will probably oppose it as the upas tree of their independence. The degree of influence or control to be possessed by the U.S.A. over the Nicaragua Canal must depend upon the concurrence of various nations, but Spain as the owner of Cuba must at all times exercise a powerful influence in the Gulf of Mexico.—Captain Sobral, Naval Attaché at Washington, in North American Review.

#### 'Ouida' on the Italian Elections

'Ouida', writing on the 'Twentieth Italian Parliament', makes no effort to conceal her bitter disappointment. She would have liked to have had the head of Crispi upon a charger, and Crispi has been returned once more to take his seat in the new Parliament, and Rudini makes open overtures to Sonnino. 'Ouida's' heart is so sore that she cannot even swear with her usual extreme vigour. Instead of the usual anathemas, we have only this mild lament over Rudini's failure to come up to her standard:

The country respects him, but it was ready to do more than this; if it do not do more now the fault is his. He has lost the love of a nation for the sake of a smile at the Quirinal. Last spring one of the finest opportunities which ever occurred for great action was offered by the course of events and the disposition of the people: there was no one capable of taking advantage of either of these. The time for such action has now passed; the anvil is now cold—when it was hot no one was strong enough to lift the hammer and strike.



MARCH ROUND, GENTLEMEN, MARCH ROUND.

Peace! Peace! Peace!

Ah! The funny Guardians of the Peace!

From La Silhouette

# New Books

#### GERMAN YOUTH: BOND OR FREE

By Howard Becker, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin.

Kegan Paul-Routledge. 18s.

It is humiliating for one long an adult to have to admit that one of the great formative movements of our time began and long continued as a league of boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen who thought a person of eighteen was an old man who ought to retire from active life. Yet nevertheless this is so.

In a suburb of Berlin, in the eighteennineties, there came together a small group of grammar school boys who, from a class in shorthand, graduated to wandering in the open air. Under the leadership of Karl Fischer, they began to adopt a distinctive costume, to resurrect forgotten musical instruments and folksongs, and to live, as they wandered, by a kind of primitive communism, rejecting all bourgeois values and standards in favour of a bowl of potato soup and a bed in the straw.

They felt a fanatical hatred for 'the institutions of this life and time' and placed responsibility for the society they rejected upon 'grown-ups'. In the declaration which they made when they met upon Hohe Meissner mountain in 1913 they said: 'We determine to fashion our lives in obedience to our own conscience, accepting the burden of our own responsibility: we are determined to maintain this freedom under all circumstances.'

The Wandervogel and its imitators grew rapidly and in the post-1918 world its values became the accepted canon for all bands, leagues and movements of youth, whether freely run by young people or under adult inspiration.

Many commentators have said that no vital young person in Germany in the period after the first World War could escape their influence, and E. Y. Hartshorne, Otto Strasser and many others have written of the organic connection between the rise of the German youth leagues and the rise of National Socialism. And Becker quotes, among other writings, those of a young Englishman who had identified himself with the Leagues over twenty years ago:

'Leaders. Leadership, that is our need, and obedience, and great wordless activity... We must waste no more effort on discussion and controversy... The discussion can be left to the leaders round the council fires... The new religion must be inarticulate... convictions should be sealed in the dark...

'I believe... in the wheel of the stars and the rhythmic cycles of birth and death and of the seasons, which preserve the exquisite freshness of life from ever staling... I want the fight and man naked and unashamed, with his sword in his hand, and behind, the stars sweeping westward, and before, the wind in the grass. It is enough, Brothers. Action! The word is spoken.'

Howard Becker comments: 'Such lust for action for its own sake, coupled with fanatically tinged devotion to the leader, is approached in recent times only by a handful of followers of Mussolini and Hitler.' It would be too much to speak of the identity of the Youth Movement and Hitlerism; nevertheless the Youth Movement helped to prepare the Germany which Hitler was to conquer.

In the course of his analysis of this fascinating stream in German history, Howard Becker has got together much interesting material, some of it clearly out of direct personal experience.

Alas! he is full of the most baffling stylistic tricks which prevent him from ever giving us even the simple narrative of events without which his own comments cannot be understood. The beginning and the end introduce imaginary characters, for example, who explain themselves in monologues.

It is good to see that this movement, so neglected by historians, is now treated seriously by sociologists, and though this is not the classic account one has been hoping to see, it is nevertheless a valuable contribution to the scant literature on the subject.

LESLIE PAUL

THE COLONIAL OFFICE FROM WITHIN

By Sir Cosmo Parkinson. Faber & Faber.

8s. 6d.

'That morgue', Mr. Harold Macmillan's friends called it. Sir Cosmo does not leave us waiting in the corridor very long, and is soon introducing us to the occupants of the many offices. They seem surprisingly active and human. Meeting them will do much to enlighten the ignorant critic and, what is more important, disillusion the misguided.

In form, this book is not altogether satisfactory. Sir Cosmo's reminiscences are delightful, charged with a whimsical sense of the ridiculous but occasionally marred by lapses into a Chairman's vote of thanks to all who have helped so splendidly. By way of contrast, the passages on organisation are informative and often constructive, but where the author pulls back a curtain to reveal a controversial subject (and he pulls back a great many), he has a rather irritating habit of rushing us off to look at another before we have even discussed the first.

And they certainly deserve a closer scrutiny. The merging of 'Defence' into the 'General' Department, the liquidation of the Far Eastern Department and the responsibility for Palestine are but a few of the many subjects which Sir Cosmo raises but upon which he remains reticent. Sir Warren Fisher's name appears on several pages, though not, strangely enough, on page 95 where we read: 'The Treasury is a law unto itself, moreover, the Secretary to the Treasury is Head of the Civil Service (it always seems a pity that the file, on which so important a decision was taken, has been lost).' This exhumes an old bone, but Sir Cosmo's teethmarks are not so discernible upon it as those of the Group of Conservatives who recently published their proposals for Constitutional Reform.

Many changes are recorded in this book, with a convincing ring of personal experience about them. The day is visualised when the Colonial Office, in a new home, becomes the 'poor dependant of its own offspring, the Dominions Office'. Those who have read Schuyler's *The Fall of the Old Colonial System* in the light of recent events may well wonder whether it will be quite so far ahead as Sir Cosmo imagines.

The chapters about organisation should be read by all Civil Servants and Local Government Officers. Sir Cosmo's authoritative advice and that of others whom he quotes is particularly apt today. 'I am strongly of the opinion,' said a former Principal Clerk in the Colonial Office, 'that the present system is productive of many evils, not the least of which is the fact that it fosters and encourages an intellectual arrogance among the junior clerks...'

The Parkinson table provides a meal of condensed food for thought, but in place of the savoury we are offered the apéritif for another and more leisurely repast. It is to be hoped that 'in due course' (whatever that timeworn officialese expression may mean) we shall have the diaries of his tours in the Empire 'for conson'. Sir Cosmo was advised, on joining the Civil Service, to minute according to his conscience. His conscience must be a happy one.

A subject index and at least one map are the two main omissions from this crowded book, which could be rectified in later editions.

H. LEGGE-BOURKE

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But perhaps the clearest revelation of Scott's character is to be found in some of his own 'leaders'. The book's selection includes his famous 'Comment is free, but facts are sacred' leader, written in May 1921. In this Scott wrote that neither in the gathering nor the presentation of news 'must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong.'

In a sense this was the keynote of his life eternal vigilance to ensure that in all things truth should come first.

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#### YEARS OF CRISIS

By Kenneth Ingram. Allen & Unwin. 21s.

An outline of international history from 1919-1945, as this stout volume purports to be, is an undertaking as tempting to an author as it is challenging to the contemporary reader. But Mr. Ingram is wisely aware that the risk of judgment must be great when only a few years have elapsed since the end of a crisis which shook the whole world. His earnest desire to avoid finality of opinion is best expressed in his conviction that 'there is no finality in history.' What he supplies, then, is a sequence of facts and factual trends which characterised the period between the two wars and the years of the second World War.

He contents himself in the main parts of his book with the rôle of a detached, yet vigilant and careful recorder. In this he is most successful where he deals with historical and political events and tendencies, with characteristics of personalities and, in later parts, with strategic issues. Where the facts are less clearly discernible and where they would require a more specialised analysis as in the chapter on 'The World Slump and its Consequences', he is obviously on very much less safe ground. Yet the question-how far the post-war settlement of, and the economic nationalism after, 1919 laid the foundation to repercussions which were liable to involve sooner or later the major countries in a common economic débâcle—should have been one of the more important issues of the book and not have been treated as a more or less accidental sidedevelopment. This the author should have considered as even more urgent, as at the end of the book he cannot, after all, avoid the temptation to draw some conclusions and make some suggestions of a far-reaching nature. He contends that the focal cause of the two wars should be sought in the fact that the outstanding feature of our present society is that it has been based on the design of endowing a minority of individuals with the ownership of wealth, the land, the raw materials and the machines designed to exploit and distribute these riches. Rival private enterprise, nowadays largely represented by combines, but still competitive, has been accompanied by 'rival nationalisms'-a type of development which, in the author's opinion, must result in regular outbursts of war. The solution, in his view, should be a reconstruction of society on 'equalitarian' principles. It is not altogether satisfactory that a book which can be praised as a useful guide through the political history of the twenty-six years should at the end

become saddled with perspectives for which its historical contents do not offer any justification; for rival nationalism can be abated by more sensible methods than those which Mr. Ingram has in mind.

HERMANN LEVY

#### CHINA MOULDED BY CONFUCIUS

By F. T. Cheng. Stevens. 18s.

This book, one of a series published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs, is by the Chinese Ambassador to London: its purpose, to reveal, for a better understanding between East and West, some of the ideas and ideals that have influenced his countrymen for the past two thousand years or more. Or, as the author puts it, 'to try to give a glimpse of the soul of my country and, incidentally, to explain certain institutions, customs, and aspects of life.' Recalling the size of China, and its long history, this sounds a tall order; but it is simplified by the fact that, as Dr. Cheng's title announces, the teachings of Confucius, and of his most brilliant disciple, Mencius, have had a tremendous influence on the Chinese character. It is, therefore, by quoting many outstanding passages from their writings and others of the Confucius school (the philosopher himself left no written records), and by adding his own lucid and helpful commentary, that Dr. Cheng achieves his purpose.

Confucius, who was born about 550 B.C., claimed no divine revelation, even declining to be ranked as a sage, but his teachings on the fundamental problems and conduct of life, later collected in the Analects, have for the Chinese the significance of our Scriptural writings. There is a tendency among Western thinkers to deprecate the value of the Analects as being more concerned with temporal than spiritual values. Confucianism teaches benevolence. righteousness, propriety and sincerity, and—as Dr. Cheng points out, not only from the pulpit -expounded the Golden Rule some five hundred years before the birth of Christ. It may be termed a 'way of life' rather than a religion as we understand the word, but as such it reaches the heights.

There is a great temptation to quote from the distilled wisdom in this book, but space will not allow. As an introduction to a more comprehensive study of Chinese life and thought, this could hardly be bettered: one can only hope it will have the circulation it deserves.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

#### World Review



Blaise Hamlet, Gloucestershire. From On Trust for the Nation, by Clough Williams-Ellis. Paul Elek. 25s.

#### MONTGOMERY

By Alan Moorehead. Hamish Hamilton. 128. 6d.

From this vivid midstream biography the figure of Monty emerges clearly and compellingly, with many of the elements of greatness. We cannot assess his true stature until the full story of the campaigns is revealed; we cannot tell how different the tide of affairs would have run had 'Strafer' Gott not been killed on his way to the Middle East in 1942. But in the meantime this book should be read. It is very good and, indeed, sometimes touches greatness. Mr. Moorehead describes the early background with considerable narrative skill—the adolescent rebellions of the bishop's son, the Sandhurst rowdy, the conscientious subaltern in India, the days in the B.E.F., where after six weeks Monty won the D.S.O., and with it a wound that kept him on the staff for the rest of the war. But the greater part of the book is rightly devoted to the war years, to the story of the great campaigns, and to Monty as a man rather than as a General.

Having spent superlatives on its candour, its verve, and its crispness, we should note the defects of Mr. Moorehead's method, defects due in part to the proximity in time of the subject. True, he avoids the conventional tailors' dummies of military biographies, with their dlazed righteousness and posturing heroics—he depicts Montgomery in the round, with all his weaknesses. The frankness is refreshing, but

deceptive, for Mr. Moorehead errs by an ostentatious clarity of revelation that masks the partisan. Even as he describes Monty's stonewalling staff tactics, or raps him over the knuckles for intransigence with knowing goodhumour, he is keeping the eulogy and the clipped pean up his sleeve. And with this deliberate mask of impartiality, which is weakest in the account of the early years, Mr. Moorehead clicks into an occasional false staccato. In the study of Montgomery's character, for instance, Mr. Moorehead is sometimes superficial. In telescoping the events of the inter-war years-advisable for the general perspective of the book—he exaggerates Montgomery's rôle as rebel, as unorthodox strategist. Monty 'laughed outright' at the Camberley course in 1920, says Mr. Moorehead approvingly, but none the less he went humourlessly and without qualms to quell the Irish rebels. He may have irritated the War Office wallahs by eccentricity, but he loved the Army, and he had a passion for drill detail, for all the ritual of squarebashing. Unconventional Monty has certainly been-it was this trait that caught the public fancy and that he deliberately and wisely exploited—but never an honest-to-God

His rebellions were always personal, just as his evangelism was a personal religion, and his conception of war was of a personal feud. One of the reasons for his mythopæic function in society was that he restored to an impersonal war the sense of personality. But to the British Tommy he was, as a General, a figure remote, however respected, however less like a stuffed shirt than the others. He was a leader, and in that he had greatness. (See Mr. Moorehead's stirring story of his first forty-eight hours in the Middle East.) But both Monty and Mr. Moorehead overrate the citizen soldier's martial ardour. With his 'devotional leadership', his black and white code of values, his self-visualisation in an Old Testament part, his transferred paternalism, Monty was not a soldier of the people.

Mr. Moorehead is never pedagogic in his story of tactics, strategy or debate, and though he nurses his bias, he writes amply and well for the other side. On many points Mr. Moorehead does establish Monty's greatness, and answers many of the canards put out by less talented and less honest soldiers and politicians. But his career is not yet ended. I wish that Mr. Moorehead had analysed the myth of the non-political soldier. Can a Field-Marshal be neutral?

BRUCE BAIN

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# MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE 1870–1940

By Denis Saurat. Dent. 12s. 6d.

The title of Professor Saurat's book suggests an exhaustive survey of the literature of the Third Republic, but it contains no more than 140 pages, and the catalogue of writers mentioned, albeit a long one, has many significant omissions. The author evidently failed to decide, before sitting down to write the book, precisely what its aim and scope should be; and the result is a chaotic medley of names, facts, theories and generalisations, all highly coloured by personal prejudice.

Professor Saurat is first of all at pains to put across a pet theory of his regarding the nature of the development of French literature. He sees it as a process of 'denudation of the soul' accompanied by a search for 'a firm basis on which to build': the seventeenth century rejects the chaotic exuberance of the Renaissance; the eighteenth destroys religion; the Romantics throw reason overboard, and their successors, led by Mallarmé and then Proust on the one

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LT.-GEN. SIR PHILIP NEAME

= HARRAP

hand, and Zola ('the Mallarmé of the mob') on the other, get rid of everything else—the self, the intellect, the emotions—leaving nothing but pure sensation, 'the actual impact on our senses, hearing, sight, or the heart; not the feelings or the ideas aroused by this impact.' So that the modern period appears as 'so far the ultimate phase in the process'—though, as Professor Saurat goes on to observe, 'it cannot be said that the basis has been found; perhaps that search is in itself a delusion.'

This argument, having been stated, is not developed with any degree of clarity or conviction; it becomes submerged in a series of loosely connected comments on individual writers and on such general questions—interesting in themselves but irrelevant to the main thesis outlined above—as the 'industrial-isation' of the novel, the influence of politics on French literature, the downfall of the theatre, etc.

Professor Saurat is never dull (at times one almost wishes that he were, for his brightness is apt to pall), and among much in these pages which is arbitrary, superficial and sometimes even silly, there is some shrewd and penetrating criticism.

He is excellent on Proust, for whom he makes out a good case to be considered the greatest French novelist after Balzac, on Valéry ('Mallarmé made into success'), on Barrès and on Loti, though the last named hardly deserves a chapter to himself in a book which dismisses Maupassant in a third of a page with epithets like 'comic' and 'merely boring'.

Too often are Professor Saurat's verdicts thus hasty and arrogant; and in some cases they are self-contradictory. His use of English is versatile but capricious: in affecting cleverness, he sometimes succeeds in being merely slipshod. On page 109, for example, he tells us that L'Imposture of Bernanos is 'not unlike Duhamel's Salavin in its capacity for soul revelation, though totally unlike'—a remark which, assuming it is intended to mean anything at all, is rather clumsily put.

Yet, for all this, the book has its stimulating moments, and will be read with a mixture of pleasure and rage by those who possess some knowledge of the subject. Others will be better advised to give it a miss and wait for the more thoughtful, objective and finished work which Professor Saurat, one hopes, will one day write.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

#### FOREIGN MUD

By Maurice Collis. Faber & Faber. 21s.

The Anglo-Chinese war of 1839-40 is not by a long chalk the worst blot on the British copybook, but it is not an episode in which we can take much pride, even though it added Hong-Kong to the Empire. In a narrative that is possibly the best he has yet written, Mr. Collis describes with his usual skill the series of events, dramatic and comic, which culminated in that short and not very bloody conflict.

Up to and during the 1830s, the period covered by the book, European trade with China had been conducted through one port, Canton. This trade was governed by the Eight Regulations, stringent and humiliating rules designed to keep the Barbarians (the Chinese term for all foreigners) in their place. They particularly irked a Britain seeking fresh fields for mercantile expansion. Because of them the East India Company found it impossible to pay for its tea purchases with goods, and it was largely this fact that brought opium smuggling into being. This opium traffic was an astonishing business. By Imperial Decree the drug was prohibited the country; nevertheless, so much was smuggled in, with the connivance of almost everybody but the Emperor, that it paid for the tea and contributed largely to the revenues of India, source of the opium. Yet profitable though this discreditable traffic was, both the merchants engaged in it and the British Government who tacitly countenanced it, would have been only too glad to see it replaced by normal and decent trading. It was to force China to open her ports for this purpose, rather than any fundamental quarrel over opium, that led Britain to open hostilities.

As readers of his other books know, the particular appeal of Mr. Collis' writing is his ability to use facts with the minimum of speculation, and yet, by presenting selected episodes in a vivid and dramatic fashion, to make his narrative as exciting as any fictional adventure tale. In Foreign Mud the facts are well authenticated, with the pros and cons of the situation fairly stated. But you won't necessarily have to be interested in the rights and wrongs of the 'Opium Imbroglio' to find it extraordinarily difficult to put the book down before the end is reached. It should be mentioned that it is finely produced and has some excellent reproductions of old engravings.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

#### Labour and the Colour Bar

Sir,-I wish to point out three inaccuracies in your January issue. (1) On p. 40 David Gunston, says à propos of whales: 'the other and smaller species are caught each year at the shore station near Durban.' (2) On p. 37, your contributor, L. James, writes à propos of South Africa's recent Indian legislation: 'It was opposed by three parties-the Nationalists, the Dominion Party and the Labour Party.' Having failed in the demand for a Select Committee to make a more fundamental approach and find a more equitable solution to the problem, the Labour Party supported this Bill. (3) Also on p. 37, the same contributor writes: 'The South African Labour Party is a mockery. It stands for maintaining the whites in the best-paid jobs.' The Labour Party alone among the Parliamentary parties of this country has for years unremittingly pressed for equal pay for equal work, regardless of race or colour, and on these terms is prepared to encourage non-Europeans to enter all trades and professions.

From: Margaret Mackenzie, Johannesburg, Union of S. Africa.

## A Cheap Sneer

Sir,—The cheap sneer in the Sunday Pictorial today has merely strengthened your protest. Congratulations on having made it.

From: Victor Hilton, Editor, Westcountry News Service, Torquay.

## The Sunday Pictorial

Sir,—The writer is one of the 294 critics of the Sunday Pictorial poll asking for public votes in respect of the possible forthcoming marriage of our Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip of Greece.

I wrote the Sunday Pictorial as soon as their intentions were published and stated that if public opinion was so important and a poll really necessary, then the poll should be conducted by the proper officials of the Government, and not by any newspaper. The Sunday Pictorial spoke of the reception of the news in America and Russia and possible feelings. I

suggested we might ask Marshal Stalin and President Truman for their agreement to the marriage. Yes, Mr. Hulton, I have come to the conclusion after reading the Sunday Pictorial for many years that this 'paragon of journalistic propriety' is certainly living up to the aforementioned apt description quoted recently in Parliament by a well-known M.P. who felt that sarcasm was not out of place in that instance, and all people of good taste will think the same.

From: George Wordsworth,
Plaistow, E.13.

## The Anatomy of Peace!

Sir,—In his article, published in the February issue of *World Review*, Emery Reves supports his theme by a very plausible interpretation of general historical facts. He overlooks the human element and the development of a complex economic system in his simple explanation of historical sequences.

When 'we become men, we put away childish things', so when we develop the right attitude towards life, then only will wars be no more. Lasting peace will not result from UNO deliberation because of the failure of a League system but because people have not yet developed that high spiritual quality which would automatically climinate wars for ever.

From: D. Young, Normanton.

#### Jonathan Swifter!

Sir,—My congratulations on your March issue, which is conspicuous for the excellence and variety of its contents. I like the little quotations at the bottom of some of the pages.

On page 47 I note the following from Voltaire: Men are pleased enough if you expose follies in general, always provided you indicate no one in particular. Each one applies to his neighbour the satire which belongs to himself, and so all men laugh at the expense of each other.

Jonathan Swift had already said the same thing in the Preface to *The Battle of the Books*, but more tersely and more effectively; 'Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own.'

From: Arnold C. Taylor, Hove.

# WHY WORRY?



WORRY uses an immense amount of vital force. People who worry not only use up their energy during the day by worrying, but they rob themselves of that greatest of all restoratives, sleep. People who worry can't sleep. They lose their appetite. They often end up by getting really ill.

How often have you heard it said, 'I am worried to death!'?

What do you suppose would happen if a person who was putting himself into mental, moral and physical bankruptcy by worrying were to convert all this worry-energy into constructive action? In no time at all he would have accomplished so much that he would have nothing to worry about.

Nothing is more discouraging to a worrying person than to have someone say, 'Oh, don't worry, it will all come out right!'

That is not reassuring at all. The worrying one can't see how it is going to come out all right. But if the men and women who worry could be shown how to overcome the troubles and difficulties that cause worry, they soon would cease wasting their very life-blood in worrying. Instead they would begin devoting their energies to a constructive effort that would gain them freedom from worry for the rest of their lives.

You say that sounds plausible, but can it be done?

It can be done, and is being done, by Pelmanism, every day in the year. This is all the more remarkable because today the whole world is in an upset condition and people are worrying to an unusual extent. Yet, every mail brings letters to the Pelman Institute from grateful Pelmanists who have ceased to worry.

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# **Cross-Section**

# OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

#### As the Kremlin Smiles

The United States' proposal to annex 623 Pacific islands under the guise of United Nations trusteeship, and the Soviet Union's abrupt acquiescence, suggest that Russia feels it has found a basis for mutual understanding. The Soviet will look the other way while the United States grabs what it wants, and in return the United States will be expected to do—guess what?

Russia already has the Kurile Islands and southern Sakhalin by secret agreement at Yalta, and naval bases at Port Arthur and the Porkkala Peninsula by treaty with China and Finland. It would also like to have bases at Spitzbergen, along the Arctic Circle, which belongs to Norway, Bornholm Island, in the Baltic Sea, which belongs to Denmark, and Jan Mayen Island, near Iceland. It wants sole trusteeship of Tripolitania. Very conceivably Russia would be amenable to an annexation-trusteeship for northern Korea. There is no doubt whatever that it wants bases on the Dardanelles and the Bosporus on the terms of one-nation monopoly which the United States Government proposes for itself in the case of the former Japanesemandated islands in the Pacific.

Is the United States prepared to enter into any such cynical horse-trading with Moscow? Or is it prepared to go the whole hog of hypocrisy and pretend that armed nationalistic expansionism is by some phenomenon of logic all right for the United States and all wrong for Russia?

Britain and France have not acted so cynically as the United States in seeking to prostitute the device of UN trusteeship to nationalistic armament. Their trusteeship proposals regarding certain East African lands do not contain the 'strategic area' clause under which this country could shut off any of the areas—or all of them—from scrutiny by the outside world.

New York Herald Tribune

#### Where do we Stand?

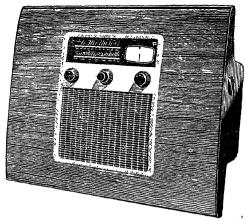
So where do we stand, after this grand economic inquest? The Government prescription, it is plain, is the treatment as before, only more so. They propose to go on as they have been going, only with a frown on their brows instead of with a song in their hearts. Indeed, they have learned in these last few months that they are politically incapable of doing anything else. Every avenue to a positive policy is blocked to them. They cannot adopt a realistic financial policy, partly because that would involve abandoning Mr. Dalton's policy of over-cheap money, and partly because they could not face the odium of deliberately setting out to reduce the money incomes of the wage-earners. They cannot pursue a positive labour policy because the trade unions will not have it. They cannot call industry to their aid, for that would mean abandoning the nationalisation programme. And they cannot embark upon a great campaign of moral leadership because Mr. Attlee is Mr. Attlee. So all they can do is to stand pat upon the collection of administrative expedients they inherited from the Coalition as modified by the pressure of events in the last eighteen months, and excuse themselves by the newly discovered limitations of democratic planning.

Both sides showed some concern with the concept of democratic planning, and there was obvious heart-searching on both sides of the House. Democratic planning as interpreted by the White Paper is obviously not a very effective or satisfactory system of managing the nation's economic affairs. The Government are almost openly faced with the dilemma of either going forward until their planning is no longer democratic or of going back until some of their followers will say it is no longer planning.

Economist

# Making radio history

Mock-modesty is only a form of conceit, so let's be honest and say that the A104 has caused a sensation in the radio world. There are three chief reasons: its unusual but beautiful appearance; the outstanding quality of reproduction; and the ingenious 'magnified scale' method of making Short Wave Tuning accurate and easy. We are trying very hard to catch up with the flow of orders for this model.



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## Charms against Pain

In ancient Greece, when a particularly effective remedy was discovered for any disease, its formula was engraved on the posts of the Temple of Æsculapius, the god of healing, who, before his deification, had himself practised as a physician, about the year 1250 B.C. He prescribed natural remedies for disease and, in the absence of efficient analgesics, employed soothing charms for the relief of pain and magic songs to increase their effects.

Our medical science of to-day, with its X-rays and its anaesthetics, would have appeared quite incredible magic to those early practitioners, whose experiments and progress were based largely on guesswork. To-day progress is based on knowledge, and one discovery leads to another.

Take 'Cogene' for instance.

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combined in tablet form. Because each is present in such a small amount there can be no harmful after-effects, yet the combination is so effective that 'Cogene' will relieve the most harassing nerve pain in a few minutes.

Ask your chemist for it. Supplies are still limited, but he will do his best to see you get your share. Price 1/1\frac{1}{4}d. a tube.

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#### Export Drive?

CRITICISM is being made of the way in which some British business houses are dealing with inquiries from overseas firms.

In the current issue of Mexican Trade News Letter it is stated that often letters to British firms are not even acknowledged, let alone dealt with and acted on.

The journal continues: "We would tell you of the method recommended to us for ensuring reply to a letter written to a British firm. It seems that you address your letter simultaneously by Air Mail, registered, to the Chairman and known members of the Board individually, as also severally to the General Manager, Export Manager and other known members of his staff.

'If no reply is received, repeat the dose weekly until results are said to be satisfactory, although we are not prepared to guarantee their being free of philatelic influence. We even know one man who claims a 1946 catalogue from Britain! But then agents are notorious braggarts. The truth cannot be tested for he says that he keeps the catalogue in the office safe!'

South American World

#### The Future of Literature

How is literature likely to fare in the stringent. the critical economic circumstances of the next few years? It is to the writer—the imaginative writer-that speculation must turn first, since all else waits upon him. What are the prospects in his case? Prosperity in a nation—prosperity such as we have no hope of achieving for some time -may not of itself favour imaginative creation. but is there anything more necessary for creation of any sort than the leisure which in an industrial society commonly springs from prosperity? There is surely nothing, unless it be the confidence, the sense of adventure, the faith in the future which has marked all the great ages of literature. Leisure is likely to be precarious in the years immediately ahead. And confidence?

It would be folly to refuse to recognise the fact that the outlook for the creative writer at the present day is bleak. For we are all, readers as well as writers, occupied to an increasing extent by the material circumstances of our time, increasingly absorbed by the practical business of living our reduced and impoverished lives. Our artistic devotions are steadily being pushed aside. Not for the purest aesthete among us today the superb disdain of Villiers de l'Isle Adam—'As for living, our servants will do that

for us!' This is a servantless age, an age of grimly utilitarian needs and pressures.

All practical difficulties apart, the horizons of the poet, the novelist, the writer of imaginative temperament are clouded by the distractions of a shifting chaos in the world's affairs, by all the signs and portents of crisis in the morning newspaper. Whether the highest art and literature does in fact require the existence of a leisured class in society—whether, as Mr. Arnold Toynbee has put it, culture becomes sterilised as it is diffused—this, perhaps, is an academic question. What is certain is that the intellectual freedom of which, in the phrase of an older humanist, great writings are born, is unavailing without the impulse of faith. Writers-and readers also-are today in mind and spirit like people besieged; in the press of contemporary events it is only faith in the future that enables us to nourish imagination.

Times Literary Supplement

#### Fishy Business

'I AM not paid by the Ministry of Food, therefore I did not snoop for them,' is the reported reply of Mr. Jack Howard Complin, ex-Serviceman of Leytonstone, to the query 'You went to snoop for the Ministry of Food?' Mr. Complin, it appears, having been refused a licence by the Ministry to keep a fish shop, went to the Heathcote Hotel, Leytonstone, with the knowledge and approval of the Food Office, and asked to buy rwo pairs of kippers, choosing, whether by accident or design I cannot say, a busy period at which to make his request. The manageress sold him, for a shilling, two pairs of kippers, valued at slightly under 9½d., without bothering to weigh them. Mr. Complin, after taking the kippers to a butcher's shop and having them weighed, reported the matter to the Food Office.

The English law taking its inexorable course, this monstrous crime committed by the manageress of the hotel, with the technical connivance of, apparently, the licensee and the barmaid, resulted in all three being summoned for selling the kippers without being licensed to do so, and for selling them at an excessive price. The summonses were dismissed under the Probation Act. The incident cost the defendants £9 in costs, a sum rather over 80,000 per cent greater than the illegal profit which would have been made had the summonses not been brought.



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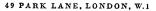
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#### An American Looks at Britain

So far as we can see in America, the Government in Britain is still temporising with its fundamental manpower problem.

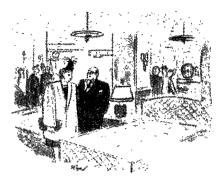
In its economic planning the Labour Government is overwhelmed by its heritage of Socialist doctrine. It has been more concerned with the long, slow and largely irrelevant legalism of nationalisation than with a radical attack on the low level of production and productivity in British industry. As compared with the dynamic planning of M. Monnet in France, the British Government's economic programme appears to be negative and even restrictive. . . .

British productivity in most industries is lower than in America, for two general reasons: the low level of mass education in Britain and the increasingly monopolistic organisation of British industry.

American popular education is not yet at the level of the best British and American schools and universities. But it does provide American business and industry with intelligent, adaptable, and well-trained manpower. Britain is not behind America, or any other country, in pure science. But she is behind America in largescale education, in applied science and in the mass adaptation of science to industry. The typical British works manager, promoted from the ranks, is an admirable and resourceful workman. But he cannot compare as an engineering executive with the product of training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or its counterparts in most of the American state universities. To improve the level of general education, especially in engineering and business subjects, should be a basic element in an effective British programme for improving productivity and production. . . .

For the considerable parts of the British economy not scheduled for nationalisation the British Government would do well to consider going back to common law principles against monopoly and restraints of trade. Those principles have had their most extended development in the United States, in our experience with the Sherman Act. That statute, which abroad is commonly, and wrongly, regarded as a dead letter in American economic life, has been a powerful negative factor inhibiting monopoly organisation.

Manchester Guardian



'Well Madam, there's only one way to find out'
NEW YORKER

#### Looking Ahead!

On the basis of this much simplified analysis of a possible World War, some five to ten years from now, we reach the following conclusions:

(a) There might first be a limited conflict in the Middle East, in which Russia would improve substantially her position in that area.

(b) With or without such a preliminary conflict, a major war, as such, would be started by a Russian attack in Central Europe.

(c) Such an attack would involve a large element of surprise, and would result in Russia's overrunning Western Europe, as far as the Pyrenees. Great Britain would be made untenable as a major base for the defence of Europe.

(d) The Western powers would be unable to prevent such a development, or to drive Russia out of Western Europe once it was established there.

(e) The Western powers would be able, however, due to their sea and air supremacy over the Atlantic, to prevent Russia from developing Western Europe as an adequate base for an attack against America, across the Atlantic.

(f) In the resulting situation, the Americas could neither destroy nor conquer Russia, nor could Russia destroy or conquer the Americas—this notwithstanding popular but unrealistic ideas concerning the possibilities of new weapons, and of transpolar and transocean warfare.

(g) Not only would another World War be the greatest crime in human history, but it would result in a gigantic stalemate, completely futile in solving the basic differences between the Soviet and the Western worlds.

World Report

#### English Replaces German in Norwegian Schools

The Norwegian Education Council has forwarded a new proposal to the Ministry of Church and Education recommending a reduction in German studies in the secondary schools with a corresponding increase in English instruction. The new plan envisages a general expansion of English language and cultural instruction in Norwegian secondary schools.

During the German occupation of Norway, Nazi school authorities reduced English language instruction to a bare minimum and instituted a broad expansion of German language studies. Shortly after the liberation the pre-war curriculum was restored. Now, however, a further expansion of English studies is proposed, and should compensate for the lack of English instruction during the war.

Press Bulletin (Norway)

#### **Buying Titles**

ARE titles coming? This question is gaining favourable comments in certain quarters, and I would not be a bit surprised to see something tangible taking place in this direction in the near future. Many are of the opinion that titles here are dying out; well, that is very little loss, and if things continue as they are outside this country we will soon have a 'full house' of titles to make up for the 'losses' of twenty-five years ago, when the titled people cleared away. Things have now changed and it is discovered that we are not so bad as people thought we were. Up to a short time ago, it was possible to buy titles here and in other countries, and vast sums given to various political parties secured a title; then there were hereditary ones and they are dying out, but are replaced by other means. The 'black marketeers' and some of our industrialists could afford to give considerable sums for a title, and our revenue would gain considerably by offering them to the highest bidder. I hope it will never come to that! Tuam Herald

#### Abracadabra!

THREE weeks ago a parson friend of mine sent three shirts and a pullover to the laundry.

Yesterday his laundry delivered. His parcel contained three Mickey Mouse handkerchiefs and a pair of peach-coloured scanties.

Daily Mirror

#### French Recovery?

THE recovery of France as provided for by the Monnet Plan involves a mechanism which needs to be constantly and regularly fed. If one wheel stops, the whole edifice totters There must be coal, men, and money so that the regular flow of imports and exports may continue uninterruptedly and may in their turn supply manpower. coal, and money. But in order that this may happen, and that France may become in the full sense of the words a going concern, a paying proposition, she needs the confidence of her people, not only in herself but also in her allies: and she needs that those allies should realise in their turn that France possesses inexhaustible resources of energy, and that a strong France is a guarantee for the peace and equilibrium of the world. World Today

#### Loose Friends!

THEY were married at a quiet ceremony yesterday, attended only by a few loose friends and relatives, in Beverly Hills.

San Francisco Examiner

#### 'Teen-ager' Taste

SLANG gets more tortuous than ever, and teenagers are describing their dates as 'slick mice', 'well-eyelashed', 'nice crockery', 'a nice hunk of dry goods', 'someone to gnash fangs and bump gums with.'

And a competition to show which ten men American girls would like to go out with brought the following names: Humphrey Bogart, Anthony Eden, General Eisenhower, James Mason, Ernest Hemingway, Gregory Peck, Frank Sinatra, Averell Harriman, Gene Kelly, and baseball star Hank Greenberg.

Daily Mail

#### 'Butlineers'

The Butlin brand of happiness is obviously administered rather than taken. If the pressure were removed, the hilarity probably would collapse like a punctured balloon. Butlineers take their pleasures not so sadly as the mythical Englishman is supposed to take them, yet with less spontaneity and abandon than the average American. They speak moderately, and, except when led by a redcoat, avoid shouting and screaming. Although they are encouraged to come even to Divine Service on Sunday in sports togs, they dress conventionally and usually wear shorts only on the playing field.

Fortune



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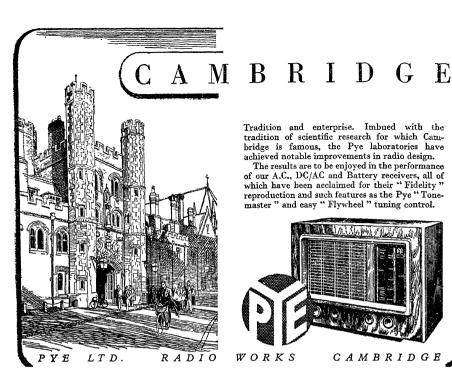
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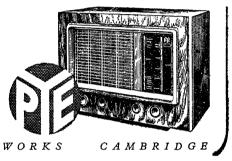
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AS 77

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#### Now You Know

Q. 'Raising one's hat to a woman, offering her one's seat in the bus—are such gestures out of keeping with the modern ideal of sex equality?'

No, I think there is some confusion here. Let us take a concrete example. Miss Jones is a teacher, and is responsible for a class of thirty children. Now in my view Miss Jones as a teacher is entitled to the same salary and privileges as her colleague, Mr. Robinson, who is also responsible for a class of thirty children. If the responsibility is the same and the work is the same, then the pay and privileges should be the same. That is sex equality.

But that is no reason why Mr. Robinson should not raise his hat to Miss Jones. He does this in another sphere of relationships altogether. He is raising his hat to Miss Jones as a woman.

It would be a terrible ant-hill of a world if men and women stopped recognising all sex differences in their private lives. (Actually, of course, this world could not go on.)

I am not pretending that all the charming gestures of chivalry can survive when men and women are doing the same kind of work. Respectable young Victorian ladies were not supposed to go out alone. (This suggests there was a good deal of anti-chivalry about.) But there is no reason why the small charming courtesies between the sexes should not exist in a world of economic sex equality.

I must drop a hint, however, that if the men are still asked to be gentlemanly at times, the women must respond by being ladylike.

J. B. PRIESTLEY in John Bull

#### Dept. of Understatement

[From the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of Ballard v. The United States of America, December 9, 1946]

The truth is that the two sexes are not fungible; a community made up exclusively of one is different from a community composed of both; the subtle interplay of influence one on the other is among the imponderables.

New Yorker

#### Training for Art

To succeed as an art critic, the beginner should study contemporary gossip-writing and practise running for short distances.

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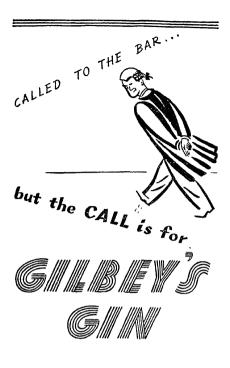
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#### Jean-Paul Sartre

But even now that the sun has gone down on the once teeming school of pseudo-existentialists, Sartre remains fashionable. This popular vogue has sprung up since the Liberation. Frenchmen, today, particularly Parisians, seem to recognise his mental climate as that of their lives. Before the war, the disgust which is the peculiar emanation of his books, the pessimism and the rootless existences of his characters. might still have seemed overdone. Today, Paris, with the smell of decay over it, paralysed, frustrated, nauseated, has become in a curious way the Paris of Sartre: a capital whose tomorrow, if there is one, is still hidden in the clouds. Pessimism here is the café pessimism of Sartre, not the heroic pessimism of Malraux: and Sartre combines with it what is also greatly appreciated at the moment, an attitude of high moral indignation towards the shortcomings of others, especially politicians. As a novelist he revels in squalor, as a political journalist in wrathful indignation. This is true to the new France, where the very concierge pauses between two illicit deals to observe darkly that the people will not tolerate the existing corruption for much longer.

Sartre himself is probably one of the happiest and most 'realised' people in the country. A genuine pessimist does not pour out a stream of plays and books, but sits with his head in his hands or reaches for the bottle. His friends assert that, far from being the broody, somewhat Teutonic nihilist that one might be tempted to imagine, Sartre is always cheerful, gay, and enchanted with everything. This may largely result from the change-over from schoolmastering to the life of a highly successful writer, fêted, photographed, surrounded by the admiring young, and with eager foreign journalists gathering about him wherever he settles, like wasps on a ripe plum.

What is certain is that Sartre as a proletarian, as a revolutionary, does not come off. Although there are Marxists, as indeed there are Christians, among the serious existentialists, Sartre has no appeal whatever for the toiling masses. His doctrine of 'engagement' finds no response among those who are engaged willy-nilly, and they do not read him any more than the other literary intellectuals with elaborate ideas for their welfare: their own organs regularly launch the bitterest of attacks upon him. The class in which he is truly at home, even while savouring the horror of it to the last drop, is his own. Observer







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#### Academic Distinction!

My well-known admiration for academic distinction has led to my acquisition of a letter whose heading I find very impressive. It runs PROFESSOR A. FREEMAN

LL.D., LITT.D., C.G.S., A.M., O.S.B., M.K.C.M., F.TH., C.H.

Cranmer Hall Theological College, Pembridge Hall,

President International S.C.A.

The long arm of coincidence adds a double interest here. Pembridge Hall, some readers may remember, is, or was, the home of the London College of Theology (University of North Madras). There has, I believe, been a divorce recently, if London can divorce itself from something in Madras that never was. I wonder if Bayswater realises what a wealth of learning is burgeoning in its midst. Church dignitaries with 'D.D. (Pembridge)' after their names should soon be agreeably common.

JANUS in the Spectator

#### Any Offers?

Wanted—A bride for Gour Brahmin. Major selected for post-war Indian Army. Sub-caste and province no bar.—Box 395-M, Hindustan Times, New Delhi.

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Hindustan Times

#### Tact!

'What is the best way to flatter a man?'
Tell him he's the kind of man who can't be flattered.

COLLIE KNOX in Daily Mail

#### Non-Stop Press

OF course, they never suspended the publication of SR & Os!

Men's Wear

#### Optimist

Young gentleman requires comfortable digs with free board in Ormeau Road area.—Box 4426a.

Belfast Telegraph

#### Outsider

As evidence of the extent to which New York has become the capital of the world, we cite the case of a gentleman who got into a crowded elevator in the Biltmore the other day. One passenger nudged a companion and announced, 'Americano', whereupon everyone turned and looked at him with respectful curiosity.

New Yorker

#### Kindly Note!

I, DICK EREFUROFA YELLOW STRONGFACE of Iloma, Opobo, formerly known as Dick Erefurofa Jaja, beg to inform the general public that as from the 1st February, 1947, I desire to be known, called and addressed as Dick Erefurofa Yellow Strongface.

All letters, receipts and other documents bearing my former names remain valid.

(Sgd.) D. E. Yellow Strongface

Nigerian Eastern Mail

#### **Doubtful Compliment**

The young daughter of a well-known woman painter danced in glee on hearing that one of her mother's paintings had been purchased by a famous museum. 'Oh, Mama,' she exclaimed joyfully, 'that makes you an old mistress, doesn't it?'

BEN WOLF in Art Digest

#### Taste

This will, I know, take a lot of believing, but I can produce a witness to prove that recently a woman customer asked for a scarf specifying 'something tasteful that will liven up a black coat I've to wear at a funeral.'

Men's Wear

#### Rip Van Winkle

LARGE notice exhibited today in a public telephone-box at Airways Terminal, Victoria: 'Be brief—a war call may be waiting.'

#### World Review



-Well, have you finished sulking?

LA FRANCE

#### **Teaching History**

THE other day I had occasion to write something about the teaching of history in private schools, and the following scene, which was only rather loosely connected with what I was writing, floated into my memory. It was less than fifteen years ago that I witnessed it.

'Jones!'

'Yessir!'

'Causes of the French Revolution?'

'Please, sir, the French Revolution was due to three causes, the teachings of Voltaire and Rousseau, the oppression of the nobles by the people and—'

At this moment a faint chill, like the first premonitory symptom of an illness, falls upon Jones. Is it possible that he has gone wrong somewhere? The master's face is inscrutable. Swiftly Jones casts his mind back to the unappetising little book, with the gritty brown cover, a page of which is memorised daily. He could have sworn he had the whole thing right. But at this moment Jones discovers for the first time the deceptiveness of visual memory. The whole page is clear in his mind, the shape of every paragraph accurately recorded, but the trouble is that there is no saying which way round the words go. He had made sure it was the oppression of the nobles by the people; but then it might have been the oppression of the people by the nobles. It is a toss-up. Desperately he takes his decision-better to stick to his first version. He gabbles on:

'The oppression of the nobles by the people and-'

'IONES!'

Is that kind of thing still going on, I wonder:

GEORGE ORWELL in Tribune

#### A New Beader

This morning I set out with three pounds of grapes and a copy of *Trek*. I climbed the slopes of Table Mountain above Oranjezicht and settled down in the shade of a tree with my back against a rock. My intention was to have a few hours enjoyable reading of *Trek*.

Very soon my attention was distracted by a squirrel in search of food. I followed the nervous little creature for a few hundred yards and then returned to my rock. Imagine my surprise when I found that both my bag of grapes and copy of

Trek had disappeared, pinched.

I could understand the matter as far as the grapes were concerned, but as regards Trek....

I knew Trek was important, but, dash it all, I hadn't counted on its being so valuable and so popular.

Trek

#### Tact versus Fact

THE Chinese version of 'The MerryWidow' is said to have been presented under the title 'He Dead, She Glad'. Such ruthless stripping of the pleasant words with which we seek to cushion a harsh reality is thought-provoking. Should we attempt to follow this Oriental lead and drop all half-truths that pass for politeness? Should we even subject our old favourites to a thorough scrutiny on these lines?

If so, 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' might become simply 'Worker's Playtime', and 'King Lear', 'Juvenile Crooks Dupe Dotard'.

It is a recent fashion to attribute the basest possible motives to human behaviour. Yet may not the widow have been merry in spite of the fact that 'he' was dead . . .?

Laughter may hide an aching heart and tears the crocodile's teeth. But there is no discrepancy between appearance and reality in the case of a garment bearing the 'Sanforized' label, for it can never shrink out of fit.

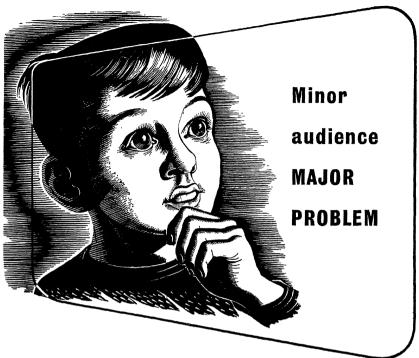
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Should Bobby go to the pictures?

All parents and teachers know that there are dangers to mental and physical health in unsuitable films and late nights. But they also know that you cannot stop children from going to the cinema simply by saying 'No'.

If children must see films, the only real solution is to show them the right films—at the right time. For this purpose the Gaumont and Odeon Children's Cinema Clubs were set up. The movement is non-profit-making; it gives programmes of carefully chosen films on Saturday mornings, when schools are closed and facilities for recreation all too few.

The main problem has been to find enough suitable pictures. This is now being tackled by the making of special films—about children, for children.

At last Bobby can go to the pictures without giving the grown-ups cause for worry. His teacher may sit on the club committee beside him (Bobby's captain of the club's football team, too). And his mother, doing the Saturday shopping, knows he's safe and happy.



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Dear Sirs.

I fear that during my wanderings of the last two or three years, I have lost touch with you ... you no doubt have passed through some troublous and dangerous experiences. I wonder whether I shall find the old premises still standing when I get back to England! I have for a long time had to put up with all sorts of unknown tobaccos though I did find some Punchbowle in Sydney ... I shall be very glad if you will send me two lbs. So much of my correspondence went astray during my last days in China, that I do not know the position of my account with you, but if you will let me know, I will send a cheque for any balance due and for the present order.

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## THINKING ALOUD

Edward Hallon

#### The Parting of the Ways

THE long-drawn-out conference at Moscow is over, and has failed; and this is at last, or it should be, the Parting of The Ways. All benevolent men and women would like some form of federation, or confederation, which would embrace the whole world. It can certainly be truly said that the West has gone far, very far-perhaps too far, to conciliate the East. However, what I had long suspected, and have sometimes put down in writing, is now proved to be true: that there is no chance whatsoever, at any time, of a real reconciliation between the normal nations of the world and Soviet Russia; though a modus vivendi may no doubt be found. There is no chance of 'one world'; unless Soviet Russia were permitted to conquer the other half of the world; or unless we drop the Atom Bomb upon the Soviets. (Not being the American President, I am absolved from deciding whether this latter course would be for the ultimate benefit of mankind, or not.)

Thus the world is, unfortunately, split into two parts; and the Continent of Europe is also split into two parts, separated by the Iron, or rather the Steel, Curtain. It is an unhappy state of

affairs, but there it is. This being the case, no more time should be lost before we organise Western Europe, which must include Western Germany. The Soviets will have to get on with their own part of Germany as seems best to them. In our part, we should be guided solely by what is expedient; and this will generally be found to coincide pretty well with what we believe to be right.

We are now faced with a Western Germany entirely separated from Eastern Germany, for as long in the future as makes no difference. So we must clearly visualise this land of Western Germany. Western Europe must soon now become an effective Association of States, or we shall perish; and there is now plenty of American support for this design. And Western Europe must now be made to include Western Germany.

First for the general psychological approach to the 'German problem'. It is no use any longer looking upon the Germans as some kind of special race, in the sense that Hitler did; except that Hitler said that they were the herrenvolk, and we have been saying that they are the 'guilty folk'. The Germans will have to be regarded as an ordinary



HAROLD MACMILLAN'S able work in Italy suggests him as a very suitable Civilian Commissioner for Western Germany

people, with all an ordinary people's virtues, and sins. In fact, at the time of our victory and conquest we should have come in the guise of liberators of the ordinary German man and woman, of all classes, from the oppression of a minority of terrorists. This was the nearest to the truth; and it was the only possible working hypothesis.

'Denazification' should have ended ages ago, with the removal and punishment of the ringleaders of Nazism. The continued 'denazification' of technicians and village postmen, just because they inevitably happened to be nominal members of the National Socialist Party, must definitely be brought to a stop, or there will be no possibility of making German industry work; and the Germans will never accept any form of liberal, or other sane views.

#### How Large German Industry?

THIS brings up the problem of the future size and stature of German

industry. Now the Rhine-Ruhr, if 'left to itself,' would again become the most powerful industrial area in Europe. This is well enough economically; yet naturally arouses political fears, especially

amongst the French.

In fact, the Allied forces in Western Germany should be withdrawn as soon as possible; the point being that the United States, ourselves, and France must in any event possess adequate forces, or go under; but these forces need not be stationed in Germany, where they merely create an added desire for ultimate revenge. The Germans should even be permitted a token army of their own, for psychological reasons. For Western Germany is not today the principal menace to the peace of the world; and the only way to remain safe is for ourselves to be strong in the possession of the most modern-possible weapons.

As a part of the Western European Association, Western Germany would not be the most powerful partner; and there would also be the weight of the United States to take into consideration. The setting up of the Western European Association is also the only real way by which there can be an international commission to control the Area of the Rhine and Ruhr. This commission should not, of course, include the Russians, or the Americans; since they are outside the territories of the Association. It should include all Western European countries, with the exception of Franco Spain; though Britain and France would be the leading partners; and there would be a special preference for those states, such as Holland, which are specially interested in this area.

Subject to this, there is no reason why the industry of the Rhine-Ruhr should not be fully expanded. It would

#### Thinking Aloud



British Zone is divided into the three Lander of Schleswig Holstein, Lower Saxony and North-Rhine-Westphalia, plus City of Hamburg. American Zone into Greater Hesse, Bavaria, and Wintemberg-Baden. Bremen is an American Enclave. French Zone has only one Land, the Rhine Palatinate. Other areas in Zone have not yet been made into Lander. Saar is joined to France by Customs Union. Towns marked are Administrative H.Q. of Lander

be folly further to impoverish impoverished Europe, and the rest of the world.

From the psychological point of view, try to visualise the feelings of an ordinary young German. What would be your feelings under the present set-up? Given a fair and equal opportunity in the world, there is a chance that the ordinary German may become normal again. Given the present set-up, with the present doctrine of Germany's being a specially guilty nation, there is no chance at all.

It is lamentable that the British Zone of Western Germany has never been entrusted to a statesman of the first rank. The association of British Germany with the Duchy of Lancaster, whilst providing another curiosity for constitutional students, has been an unnecessary insult to the German people, and to Reason herself.

#### Macmillan the Man!

THE man to run British Germany is Harold Macmillan. As special commissioner in the Mediterranean during the war, he proved himself a great statesman; and in his control of Italy he was most intelligent and statesmanlike. He would probably be acceptable to all political parties.

It remains an anomaly that our general treatment of the Italians has been infinitely more liberal, and more sensible, than our treatment of their German colleagues; though there is no reason at all on moral grounds why the Germans should receive worse treatment than the equally blameworthy Italians.

Yet there is this query: why should the Italians now be deprived of all their colonies, including their pre-Fascist territories? This is, psychologically, a



HENRY WALLACE says Jewish violence is necessary.

This is very near incitement to murder

severe and gratuitous blow to their morale. The Italian Colonies would be an outlet for enterprising, restless, and possibly war-making spirits; and would constitute some outlet for Italy's everlasting over-population. A paragraph in World Review's predecessor, The Review of Reviews, in the 1890s, prophesied that, if the gates of the United States were shut to German and Italian immigrants, there would be trouble. This prophecy has been amply fulfilled.

#### Wallace is Dangerous!

THERE is no more dangerous individual jay-walking today than Henry A. Wallace of U.S.A. Far too many people are inclined to dismiss him as a mere harmless, well-meaning fool. And far too many people concede him honesty. Why should it be assumed that he is more honest than any other politician? In fact, numberless politicians who have gone in for star-gazing and

moralising in a big way have been proved in the event to be unusually dishonest.

Wallace's ideas are unconstructive, unpractical, confused and inconsistent. They are not even consistently pacific. For, the other day in Paris he declaimed that Jewish violence was necessary in Palestine, in order to arouse the conscience of the world, and to bring about ultimate peace. Why does he regard the Jews as a herrenvolk who may commit murder, when others may not? Indeed, his speech was very near to being an incitement to murder, which incitement is a criminal offence in itself. His new flattery of Britain is nauseating, bearing in mind his recent attacks upon Britain delivered in America. And why did he single out Britain as the most Imperialist power?

He is far more dangerous than an obvious or honest enemy. He is dangerous because he is stirring up strife between Britain and the United States; and trying to persuade the Russians that the Americans and the British are not in earnest in their defence of world freedom.

Most of all he is dangerous because he symbolises the phoney type of liberalism. There is nothing more noble, and more needed, in the world of today than the true liberal spirit. Unfortunately, recent events have indicated that there are two kinds of liberals in the world, the genuine ones, and the phoney ones. The phoney liberals are, first of all, appeasers—and appeasers not of what appears to be right, but of what appears to be strong. Thus the same type of person appeared Hitler in his day, and now appeases Stalin. The phoney liberal is eaten up and consumed with jealousy of certain traditional foes. Thus the phoney American liberal hates Britain; while

#### Thinking Aloud

the phoney British liberal hates American 'big-business'. Worst of all, the phoney liberal has been proved to be not consistent in his pacifism. (This goes for Gandhi and his associates, who were not above co-operating with the malignant and violent Japanese.) The phoney's philosophy is chockful of inconsistencies, prejudices, and wholly dishonest 'rationalisations'. Thus, he appeases the powerful and aggressive Soviet Union; but he does not appease the less powerful, and less aggressive, Britain, or the less aggressive American men and institutions which he happens to dislike. He does not appease the British troops in Palestine, who are merely trying to obey orders and maintain order. On the other hand, the metamorphosis of modern Zionism from a pacific into a violent movement does not receive his condemnation. It wins his warmest support.

The world will never know progress until genuine liberals have searched their hearts pretty thoroughly, and sharply differentiated themselves from their phoney brethren. The only guide for the genuine liberal should be, not 'Is it strong', but 'Is it right?' It is also necessary to point out that the genuine liberal, if he is to help the world, must be practical. Practical enough, at any rate, to realise fully that in this wicked world police forces, and armies, are still necessary.

#### Hats On!

A Woman Correspondent writes—The sun, at last returning soon after May Day, brought a lot of smart women and girls into the streets of London, who suddenly burst out like flowers. Some relaxation of austerity has begun to make London women dress much more smartly, though not as smartly as Parisiennes or New Yorkers. It cer-

tainly looks as if, given a chance, women want to react violently from the drabness of war, and the sort of garments they had to wear in the Services. Everything is definitely becoming 'more feminine'. Girls who a short time ago



Summer dress by Crompton Perry. Paris women are already completely hobbled. Now the hobble-skirt comes to Britain. This dress has a small waist, necessitating real corsets. The hips are big, over a pencil skirt which enforces on the wearer the new mincing steps. The heels are perilously high. Thus femininity returns

would not tolerate hats, are now wearing them again, some of them almost of the size of the proverbial cartwheel, and many decked with veils, instead of the ubiquitous coloured glasses with which women of late have preserved their modesty. Feathers and plumes of all sorts are bursting forth, partly perhaps in celebration of the Queen's visit to South Africa. And it has been demonstrated on the films and elsewhere that the plucking, of ostrich plumes at any rate, is not painful, if rather undignified, for the bird. Masculine-looking shoulders, padded into squareness, are giving place to the hock bottles beloved of the Victorians. All the latest fashion illustrations lay emphasis upon a small waist. Skirts for the daytime are starting to get perilously long. Low heels, and wedges, are giving way to high heels. Even low necks are said to be about to yield to high collars.

#### She Hobbles to Reconquer!

THERE has been a great war between America and France, with Britain a semi-belligerent on the American side. The Americans have tried to perpetuate the wartime, co-ed, bobbysox style, with loose, adolescent clothes. The French, after the Liberation, immediately made a courageous attempt to get back their world mastery. Their political ladies can now be seen supporting enormous hats, very unlike the headgear still worn by the wives of British Cabinet Ministers. The French wanted the utmost smartness; and they desire to cater for the mature woman of round about thirty, and not for the young girl, as the Anglo-Saxons do. The British, in between, attempted to compromise on something loose and comfortable.

Now France seems to have won. The

American magazine, *Life*, chronicles that even American college girls have been cajoled into giving up their trousers, and are going back to narrow skirts, which the Americans call 'striderestricters'.

Paris defies all practical difficulties. Everywhere you behold big hats and veiled faces. Woman's waist is now again submitted to the most exacting corsets. In fact it is squeezed to the very utmost, and beyond. Heels are higher, and smaller at the base, than they have ever been before. In the evening, the neck is confined in a high tight choker of pearls. And many of the day dresses have high collars with bones. In the evening, skirts are either tremendously full, or exceedingly narrow. For day, the new designer, Christian Dior. about whom women have gone mad, is completely adamant. Entreat as you may, he insists upon a skirt nearly down to the ankles, and this skirt has got to be a real 'hobble'. A few months ago the Paris couturiers determined to restrict the length of women's strides. Many young women, just out of their comfortable uniforms, are indignant about this. But Dior remains tyrannical. Today the legs of almost every Parisienne, old or young, are confined in the tightest of tight 'hobbles'.

Now the effect is just beginning to be felt in London. The Daily Sketch, in a big headline, announces that 'Hobble Skirts are Coming Back to Stay, despite all the recent controversy'. This can be seen at the British Industries Fair. Some dressmakers here are even starting to refuse to make day skirts which are not quite long, and which do not hobble the limbs¹. Again, as in Paris, some of the new dresses and blouses are being made with high collars. These are extraordinarily smart. But, unfortunately, they have to be tight round

the neck, and they have to be kept up with bones, which are uncomfortable when you are used to being free. All the same, a psychologist would surely say that the newest type of modern girl, although she is beginning to be submitted again to corsets and a high collar, and is again having her knees firmly shackled, is tending to regain some of that influence and sway over men which was enjoyed by the dressed-up ladies of pre-1914 days.

#### Escape from Bulgaria

A FRIEND of mine has just reached England from behind the Steel Curtain in Bulgaria. 'Fellow travellers' may deny that the Steel Curtain exists. It is sufficient to talk to those few who return to the West to realise that it exists all right! This friend had a successful business in Bulgaria before the war. When the Russian troops arrived his life was saved in rather a fantastic way. The inevitable lorry turned up at his door, filled with soldiers armed to the teeth. Luckily for himself, he was at this time living in the house of a certain Bulgarian doctor. The Soviet officer, brandishing a revolver, thought that he was the doctor. Upon his explaining that he was not, the officer roared with laughter, 'Ha, ha, we have heard that before. You had better come with us at once, where one of our Comrades is sick.' He was taken to the Soviet camp, where one man had an immense swelling on his neck. Knowing nothing at all about medicine, he nevertheless applied some kind of powder to this affliction. For some reason, next day the swelling had entirely disappeared. My friend's life was saved. He at last obtained, through the good offices of the British Mission, permission to leave the country. But he can never return; and

his business, which he built up over fourteen years, is lost.

He told me how the Russians got a potato crop in Bulgaria. They told the peasants that they must concentrate on potatoes. When, however, the potatoes were grown, they said that they must not be lifted. They then sent round special gangs who took all the potatoes away. They are perhaps less likely to be able to get such crops in the future. Certainly one of the reasons for the world food shortage is the great reduction of production in Eastern Europe owing to Soviet interference.

The Russian officers in Bulgaria do not now deny the parlous state of the Soviet economy, and the great hunger in the Soviet Union, at any rate when they are drunk. Russian soldiers who have once been to Bulgaria are seldom permitted to return to Russia. Rather than this, their families are allowed to come out to Bulgaria; and these in turn never return to their motherland. It seems that the comparative prosperity of poor little Bulgaria is considered too dazzling a sight for the citizens of the 'Socialist Sixth of the World'.

#### The D.P. Scandal Continues

Whilst the operations of UNRRA have been subjected to a certain amount of criticism, it remains to be seen how the International Refugee Organisation of the United Nations, which takes over from UNRRA on I July, will cope with the still pressing problems. This organisation still awaits the final legislative appropriations from the countries concerned. Meanwhile the position of the unfortunate D.P.s in Germany and Austria and elsewhere is uncertain and dangerous. The blood of these innocent people will be upon our heads!

What progress is being made to avail

ourselves of their much-required labour here? The British press is still, on the whole, taking a silly line. The other day an unfortunate girl was selected from Germany, and sent here as a domestic servant. It was then apparently discovered that she had no previous experience of such work. A noisy British paper headlined: 'Servant Arrives with Trunks Full of Gowns'. The report had merely stated that she had arrived with three trunks of clothes, which seem to have included evening dress. I do not suppose that many D.P.s have all this luggage. Yet supposing that she was a person of some means before the war, and was taken into forced employment in Germany by the Nazis, three bags to contain all her worldly goods is not, after all, so very much. Moreover, today the possession of an evening dress does not mean that a woman is a millionairess. And, if she had no experience of domestic work, was there not other work which she could usefully have done here?

#### Why UNA?

UNA—the United Nations Association—is making a brave attempt to get up interest in UNO—that is the United Nations Organisation—in this country. I hate to throw cold water on well-meaning people. Yet what precisely is the value of this UNA? UNO has been proved to be useless, by the final failure of the Moscow Conference, and the impossibility of working with the Soviet Union. In particular, it has been made valueless by the imposition by the Soviets of the Veto.

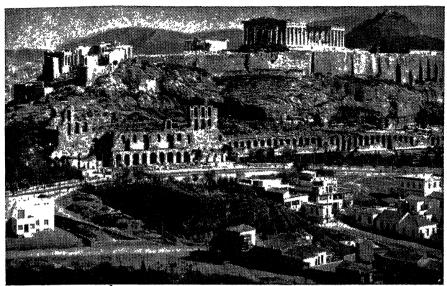
Marshall and Truman have been compelled to bypass UNO in respect of their campaign to help Greece and Turkey, and generally defend the Western world from Soviet attack. The Anglo-Saxons are already gravely addicted to imitating the undignified posture of the ostrich. Any organisation, such as UNA, which encourages the Anglo-Saxons to perfect this gymnastic performance must be treated with reserve.

#### Our King and Queen

I WOULD not like to write this without respectfully wishing the best of futures to our Royal Family on their return from South Africa.

Might I again suggest that all the trouble taken over the official drive in an open carriage would have been all the more worth while if it could have been accompanied by a 'Sovereign's Escort' of Life Guards and Horse Guards, in their full dress. This is a bit of Old England that everybody loves. Why should we be deprived of it when, under modern conditions of production, the cost is so trifling? The British Grenadiers in their scarlet and bearskins. like the Beefeaters, and the London Bobby (how are we to attract American tourists if his distinctive helmet is now to be abolished?) are very near to the heart of every normal Briton, despite Mr. Priestley's clever articles. And in commercial language, they are really a better advertisement for our beloved King and Queen, and for our great country, which will rise again, than many other institutions, such as, for example, the firing of guns in Hyde Park by the remaining battery of the Royal Horse Artillery which still wears blue and busbies, but who, like cuckoos, cannot be seen through the green foliage and exuberant springtime boscage.

In any event, we are glad and proud to have our King and Queen back again. Long may they reign!



The Purthenon, symbol of the greatness of the Classical Greeks. Do the modern Greeks possess a similar greatness?

## Greek Reality

The international significance of Greece has never been greater.

The key to an objective view of the internal situation is an understanding of the Greek *character*, and its mercurial attitude to politics

#### DAVID TUDOR-POLE

To achieve a whole understanding of events in Greece, two preliminaries are necessary. The first is a sure grasp of the Greek mentality, the Greek context, and all that is implied by these; the second is a comprehension of the extent of the distortion of fact and comment which has appeared and still is appearing in the British press.

This is, of course, necessary to a greater or lesser degree when considering any situation in no matter what country, but it is of exceptional importance in relation to

Greece. Why, and in what sense, this is so, it is the intention of this article to demonstrate, and in so doing, to provide a yard-stick, a sense of ratio, which the intelligent reader may apply to Greek news reaching him through the imperfect medium of the press.

It is true, possibly, that nothing in the world is what it seems at first glance; of Greece it is infallibly true. But the daily press, by and large, deals in first glances; it has no time for more. And comment is made at the home end on the basis of these

first glances and in relation to the different political context at the home end.

A Greek officer returning recently from his first visit to Britain, remarked: 'As far as I could make out, few English people know where Greece is on the map, let alone what 'the situation' is about and, quite frankly, I got the impression they couldn't care less.'

This may be taken with a pinch of snuff, but it is symptomatic of the abrupt readjustment of values which faces any Greek visiting Britain for the first time. The realisation that England is not hanging breathlessly upon day-to-day developments in Greece is disconcerting.

Politics are not a national pastime in Greece, but a national industry; an industry which employs a substantial portion of the population full-time and the remainder part-time. And the entire industry is convinced irredeemably that Greece is of vital importance to Britain, that British troops are there exclusively to protect Britain's interests, that their country is the centre of the world scene, regarded breathlessly from all sides as the site of a titanic clash between the 'Western Democracies' and the 'Slav bloc'. In a word, no less than the future of civilisation is to be determined there.



Armed Macedonian tribesman

Nothing will induce a Greek to modify this view, be he of Right or Left. Perhaps a certain psychological satisfaction is gained from it. That Greece—a little, barren, poverty-stricken land of some six and a half million people—should be the constant object of the world's attention, solemnly debated in the Council Chambers of the United Nations, the cause of so much impressive diplomatic thought and action by the Great Powers; this to every Greek, whatever his politics and however badly he considers the situation may be going, is a source of pleasure in itself. The Greek, after all, is very human and the most intense of individualists!

To commend a politician the usual Greek expression is: 'He makes good politics.' The verb is the operative word, and provides a key to the Greek mentality. Samples of this manufactured product daily glut the Athens market.

On New Year's Day the KKE (Communist) daily Rizospastis carried an ambiguous¹ review of the situation by the prominent Communist leader, Zachariades. After stating that Greece stood uncertain and completely bankrupt, he wrote that if the nation took courage from the example of the 'Democratic Army', which was fighting till victory was won, 1947 might see the end of the mortal crisis that was strangling her, etc.

'Democratic Army' is, of course, KKE terminology for those described by the present Foreign Minister, Tsaldaris, as 'a conglomeration of bandits'.

#### Farce or Tragedy?

This article created a sensation<sup>2</sup> in Athenian political circles, as never before had a KKE leader so openly acknowledged support and leadership of the rebel bands. But, stressed Right Wing circles, Zachariades, by admitting that the bands are under his leadership, intends to produce the impression—for the benefit of the UNO Commission of Enquiry—that bandit

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Unless the author can see at least sixteen moves ahead, all Greek political statements tend to ambiguity.

Again to be taken with a pinch of snuff! Political sensation is the lifeblood of Athens.

#### Greek Reality



Greek village store in which peasants congregate to talk politics and exchange UNRRA rations for olive oil

activities are a purely domestic affair and are not due to foreign instigation.

Now here comes the Greek touch-a perfect example of the Greek thoughtprocesses and, incidentally, of the Greek's own self-criticism that, by being over clever in detail, he becomes stupid in the whole. Since Zachariades' article was legally actionable—in so far as he had supported openly rebels against the State—he only wrote it in the certainty that the Government could take no action because this would be a tacit avowal that bandit activities were an internal problem. This would lessen substantially the painstaking case that they were due largely to foreign instigation, made by Tsaldaris before UNO.

'This is farcical!' the reader will exclaim. And the answer to that is: 'Yes, but it is Greek reality.' It is farce, but serious farce. Since serious farce is obviously a contradiction of terms, one is led to the designation: 'Greek reality'. And as such it is real, only too pathetically real—in Greece.

Fear, or hope, of Slav encroachment is real. For at least seventy per cent of the population it is fear, not academic fear, but a personal, naked apprehension of an influx from the north tomorrow, next week, at any moment. It is fear to the point of neurosis, leading to hysteria and intense emotion.

#### East versus West

Seen from the Greek angle in the context of titanic struggle between East and West, political events in Athens are real. Vast, elaborate castles of conclusion and speculation are built almost instantaneously on every nuance, every twist and turn in national and international affairs. An unconfirmed press report, a few off-therecord words from a minister or distinguished visitor, a piece of Embassy gossip—any of these is sufficient foundation. And their repetition gives them substance; soon they are 'fact'.

How often has it been emphasised by both the late and present British Governments and by the long succession of Greek



Carrying stones for the construction of the new museum at Delphi

Cabinets, that before political stability can be achieved, economic stability must be established: Yet in this welter of political unrest and international uncertainty—magnified a hundred times through Greek eyes—what Greek is going to invest capital in Greece? Who is going to establish new undertakings and develop existing businesses, to reconstruct and plan on a long-term basis? Certainly not a Greek government at the present time. How could anyone be so stupid, the Greek will argue, as to do anything before the outcome of 'East versus West' is settled? Too much was destroyed last time.

No amount of competent advice from foreign economic missions without executive power can establish confidence. And without confidence, foreign loans, UNRRA and UNO aid amount to no more than a 'dole', upon which, in fact, Greece has been, and is, living.

It is from this, the economic sphere, that the apparently patent absurdities of 'Greek reality' draw a major portion of



A young Greek girl in the streets of Athens during celebration of the 6th anniversary of Fascist aggression in Greece

their legitimacy. And this is but one of a series of vicious circles which beset the Greeks in the aftermath of war and revolution.

#### Influence of Foreign Press

The national industry of politics is fed constantly, if not always wittingly, from abroad. There can be little doubt now of the immense help rendered to the EAM-ELAS cause by the partisanship of the foreign press in December 1944.

The sympathetic treatment of *The Times*, the strongly expressed views of the British Left Wing press and, almost without exception, the marked bias of the U.S. press, had an effect in Greece out of all proportion to their significance and relative importance in their own respective national contexts. It was a heady champagne which exhilarated Greek quarrels to the point of frenzy.

It is difficult to convey the importance which the Greek mentality—with its strains of brilliance, worldliness, and

#### Greek Reality



A young flower seller in national costume

astonishing naïveté—attaches to foreign reactions as expressed in the press. They inflate his sense of importance beyond all bounds; and influence his actions in a very real way.

To take an extreme simile: were the world's attention suddenly to be focused upon the local politics of Lancaster, would not even the phlegmatic Lancastrians begin to think that what happened there was of more than ordinary importance and, before long, of world significance? Take Greece, the Greeks and a not unimportant situation, and foreign partisanship becomes so many flaming brands thrown into a sea of oil.

A self-igniting chain is set up which progressively exacerbates. Once the Greek politician discovered that kudos and support could be gained so easily in the foreign press, the industry received a new impetus. In Lancaster a City Councillor, whose views were commented upon in the newspapers of the world, could not but grow



A peasant woman carrying water in the Greek island of Skyros

in prestige and importance. How much more so then in Greece, where phalanxes of highly competitive correspondents are so easily accessible? And although, by and large, most correspondents are reasonably responsible, it is extremely difficult in Greece long to remain unaffected by the conditions of 'Greek reality', extremely difficult to assess with accuracy from Athens what really is happening in Greece, extremely difficult to trace a sure way through the labyrinthine complexities of day-to-day developments, distinguishing purely local from world proportions.

Since December 1944, a vicious twoway traffic has developed. Distorted reports abroad are elaborated in Greece for local political and partisan purposes, giving rise to further reports abroad. A substantial portion of space in the Greek press is devoted to reprints and comment on Greek news as reported elsewhere, and there are many points where it is not difficult for further garbling to occur. Here is another endemic process of aggravation.

#### Distorted News

Apart from false reports in the British press, there is a constant tendency for the significance of partially factual reports to be mal-emphasised out of proportion and context. First, to take a concrete example of the purely false.

During the autumn recess last year two Labour M.P.s arrived unexpectedly in Athens. Following their private audience with the then Regent, Archbishop Damaskinos, the usual gaggle of allegedly factual accounts of the interview began to circulate in the capital. The next day a substantial London Sunday paper front-paged one of these 'factual' accounts.

The M.P.s, it appeared, had informed the Regent that 'Mr. Bevin's foreign policy towards Greece no longer had the support of the majority of the Labour Party.' Sensation in Athens where publication in such a journal carried weight!

This report was untrue in every respect, and six weeks later, following representations from the two M.P.s concerned, the paper published a denial and apology. It was the *Sunday Times*!

Secondly, here is an example of false emphasis which carries the story's basic facts beyond veracity. Following the plebiscite on the Monarchy issue last September, it was learnt in Athens that mines had been placed on the Salonika road. Over reports of this even in the London press appeared such headlines as 'ATHENS' SOLE LAND-LINK CUT' SALONIKA and 'GUERRILLAS BLOCK GREEK ARMY SUPPLY ROUTE'. Such was the 'news angle' and the copy stressed these points.

The Athens story—also to a certain extent echoed in Britain—elaborated considerably. Here was a strategic plan directed from Moscow to disrupt the northern frontier Army's lines of communication; here was the fifth column sabotaging

behind the lines; invasion was at hand!

Now for the facts. It is true that there is only one road from Athens to Salonika and it is true that this road was blocked effectively by mines. But their relative significance can be judged from the following, all of which are well known to every Greek:

One. This through-road is of only secondary importance as an Athens-Salonika supply route, principally being used for local communication between towns and villages lying on it.

Two. It is blocked effectively in two places every winter by an ordinary process of Nature—snow.

Three. A map is scarcely necessary to the realisation that Greece's internal communication system is primarily a sea one, numerous coastal ports linking up the various productive hinterlands in an otherwise barren land.

Four. The supply system of the Northern Army is and always has been based on the sea, and were command of this to be lost, the land route would not be an adequate substitute.

So much for 'Moscow's strategy' as seen in Athens! And so much for the relative significance of these incidents.

These examples are but two chosen at random from a myriad. What the sum total of distortion and falsehood must amount to in terms of misguided and muddled opinion in Britain can only be guessed. It is not an iron curtain which surrounds Greece, but a wall of fog.

In these circumstances a responsibility rests on every reader to think again before reaching an opinion on this traditionally friendly country.

Greece's strategic value has been constantly over-emphasised, but in human and moral terms Britain still has an immense obligation towards her. And in the discharge of this obligation a—in the archaic sense—considerate public opinion is of no little importance.

# THE QUESTION OF

# CONSCRIPTION

Captain Liddell Hart, distinguished writer on military strategy, objectively summarises the case for and against Conscription, before casting a negative vote

## CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

Soon after the war ended, the United States Government favoured the continuance of conscription in peacetime. It has now decided—'in an earnest desire to place the Services on an entirely volunteer basis'—to ask Congress not to extend the draft act.

That policy offers a striking contrast with the steps which the British Government has taken to continue the system. Perhaps it, too, may have second thoughts, after a longer time lag. For its decision would seem to have been a product of wartime habit and post-war sense of insecurity, rather than careful thought.

Our growing economic difficulties, however, have now focused attention on the shortage of manpower for industry, and the way this is aggravated by the drain of conscripts for the Services. We are finding that, in the sphere of foreign policy, industrial weakness tends to discount military strength. So a concise survey of the more fundamental factors in the case may not come amiss at this juncture. It represents conclusions reached in long study of the problem that brought a change of mind on my own part—from an initial tendency to favour conscription.

The system of conscription has a number of marked advantages. It is the most systematic method of raising armies, and the easiest to organise. It is thus a boon to planners. They can make their calculations with precision, and can count on filling their columns without any headaches. No imaginative effort is required in recruiting, or in improving Service conditions. The men must come when called, whether they like it or not.

It is the *cheapest* system—in proportion to numbers enlisted. Men of good quality and technical ability can be obtained without regard to rates of pay. That is impossible with a professional army recruited on a voluntary basis.

It appears the most democratic system, since it demands an equal extent of service from all. But its fairness may be found dubious on deeper analysis of the social and psychological factors, after taking account of mental and temperamental diversity, as well as of the practical workings of the system. There can be no true equality in uniform treatment of those who are naturally suited to military service and those who are not—and it is a

most obvious truth of human experience that the more that men increase in civilised value, the more they are inclined to lose the pugnacity that is desirable for fighting. Nevertheless, the appearance of equality has an obvious appeal in a political system that is aiming at equalitarianism.

#### Argument for Conscription

Conscription seems more democratic, also, in that the power residing in skill at arms is distributed among the citizens of a country, instead of being confined to a section. It thus carries the promise of checking an abuse of such power by a professional caste whose interests may run counter to those of the community as a whole. Here again, the experience of history suggests that this assumption is an illusion. But such appearances tend to be comforting.

Another argument for conscription is that it gives the youth of a nation a necessary discipline and spirit of service to the community. Although it has too often been a favourite argument of war-minded leaders abroad, and is therefore suspect, it should not be lightly discounted on that score. A sense of discipline is needed, in one way or another, for good citizenship. The lack of it has become marked since the breakdown of parental authority, and the ill-effects are rampant. Military service often brings an improvement. But the use of such a substitute is a confession of educational failure, in the home and in the school. It would better be remedied by concentrating on the problem early instead of leaving it until late and hoping it may come as a secondary product of training for war. The very fact that leading soldiers tend to advocate conscription for its value as social discipline raises a doubt whether they have an ulterior motive and whether the system is really essential on pure military grounds.

Conscription is the only system that can produce a very large army. This is its principal justification, and is important so long as the chief assurance of a nation's security in peace and victory in war rests

in the number of men under arms. From a military point of view, largeness has other advantages of which any government's military advisers are conscious, though they would hesitate to use them as arguments. The larger the army, the larger the number of high-grade appointments, and thus the better the prospects of promotion -which is the very natural explanation why those professional soldiers who are most scornful of 'civilians' welcome their conscription into the army, even though it means a weakening of the soldierly spirit. It would be unreasonable to blame them for promoting their interests—for that is normal human nature—but we should understand, and take account of, the subconscious motive.

### Disadvantages of Conscription

Even from a military point of view, however, the conscription system carries a number of serious disadvantages that have to be weighed against these apparent advantages.

In the first place, we have to consider its underlying effect on efficiency. The longest possible period of conscript service in peacetime is not long enough to develop the standard of skill attainable with long-service volunteers, and the time required increases with the technical complexity of weapons. But beyond the time factor lies a psychological factor. Enthusiasm is the mainspring of efficiency, and is inherently incompatible with compulsion.

This, of course, does not imply that a compulsorily enlisted man cannot develop enthusiasm for his job, or that an army on a voluntary basis carries on without compulsion. Moreover, a fair degree of efficiency can be attained without men being very keen on their job. But the higher degrees of efficiency arise from a dynamic impulse that is essentially spontaneous, and this in turn depends on the least possible sense of compulsion. A modern army cannot afford to aim at less than the higher degrees of efficiency, and therefore of enthusiasm.

Conscription also tends to weaken the

### Conscription

reliability of an army, especially under stress and strain. An unwilling soldier is a germ-carrier of demoralisation, likely to spread infection out of all proportion to his enforced contribution. With growing experience of modern war, the fighting services have learnt that it is wiser to discard men whose morale is dubious—whether from temperament or prolonged nerve-strain—rather than force them to go into action, as was the former habit. Nothing is so infectious as panic. In the increasingly individualistic conditions of modern warfare, any weak element be-

and S.S. units—were recruited on a semi-voluntary basis. There is little evidence to suggest that the ordmary 'mass' of the German army had anything like the same enthusiasm, and considerable evidence to suggest that it contributed a basic weakness in Germany's apparent strength.

A conscript army also has the drawback of being slow to mobilise, and in a democratic country there is a natural inclination to delay its mobilisation. It can never have the same readiness for action as a professional army. It is thus far less fitted to meet the danger of a modern blitzkrieg type of

Basil Liddell Hart, 'The Great Captain'. One of the ablest military minds of any period or country, though, like many prophets, even more respected abroad, and amongst enemy nations, than in his own country. Usually the subject of acute controversy whenever his name is mentioned. Some go so far as to say, 'he has always been wrong!' He has, nevertheless, been only too right on many important occasions; and the brilliance of his thought cannot be denied by anybody. A soldier who instinctively hates war, and is an idealistic liberal, his theories of the Strategic Defence and of the Indirect Approach have



severely exercised the minds of orthodox soldiers. He has certainly at least two solid achievements to his credit—his lead in the development of tank warfare and in the reforms in the British Army on the eve of World War II

comes more dangerous. The system of compulsory service naturally multiplies the chances of such weakness.

Conscription runs counter to the qualitative trend of modern warfare. It fosters the fetish of numbers, at a time when real superiority of force is coming to depend more and more on specialised skill and individual initiative. In this connection it is significant that the German leaders were led, by experience, to give increasing emphasis to the use of special storm troops for all important tasks. The Nazi movement itself was essentially a voluntary movement, exclusive rather than comprehensive, while the most vital sections of the German forces—the air, tank, parachute,

invasion—and still less suited to meet the dangers of atomic attack. At the same time it tends to preserve the old view, now an illusion, that the strength of a country lies in its weight of armed numbers, and fosters a false sense of security.

Beyond these general military disadvantages, the system of conscription does not fit Britain's distinctive military problems, which lie mainly overseas. In contrast to Continental states, the primary task of Britain's land forces is the defence of territories abroad, not of her home frontiers. That need can only be met by a voluntary, professional army, as all the advocates of compulsory service are compelled to admit. At most, conscription

is only a supplement, not the main solution,

of the problem.

But in advocating that supplementary purpose, they overlook the drawbacks of mixing compulsory service with voluntary recruitment. Experience provides reason to fear that the effect tends to reproduce, in the military sphere, the adage that 'bad coinage drives out good'. Between the First and Second World Wars, military opinion in France came to see the importance of creating a professional mechanised striking force in addition to the conscript army. But efforts to recruit an adequate professional element had disappointing results—in a country that was habituated to the idea of short-term compulsory service. The lack of such a force, instantly ready, was a decisive factor in preventing the French from checking Hitler's re-occupation of the Rhineland in 1936.

#### **Economy of Force**

It can thus be seen that the military advantages of the system are accompanied by a still greater number of disadvantages which are qualitatively more serious. But beyond this reckoning, due account must be taken of the disadvantages in a wider sphere.

In the first place, conscription causes a larger subtraction than a long service professional force from the manpower available for industry. We are now beginning to feel, acutely, the economic draught of the military drafts. There is no country whose economic system is less suited than Britain's to bear the extra strain of military

conscription.

A second fundamental drawback of conscription is that it gives the military hierarchy greater influence, and creates a bigger vested interest in warlike activities. In a country such as Britain, and in other democracies, the danger of it fostering aggressive tendencies may be discounted, but even in a peaceful country that increased influence may promote greater military demands than the national economy can safely bear.

The adoption of conscription in the last

two great wars has been a powerful force in leading us to disregard the basic principle of economy of force, and abandon the strength-conserving 'British Way in Warfare' which we followed with great advantage earlier. In 1914-18, and again in 1939-45, we became so absorbed in 'winning the war', and put so much effort into it, as to forget that the result really depends on remaining strong enough to 'win the peace'—as we did after previous great wars. That we should be forced to continue conscription in peacetime now, after apparent victory, is the clearest proof that we have lost more than we have gained from the outcome, and from our own all-out effort.

Conscription is now being used to undertake peacetime commitments that are beyond what we can safely bear in our present economic situation, and which we could not fulfil in war-if challenged by a Great Power. It is foolish for a nation to stretch a protecting arm over what it cannot defend effectively against attack, and to make promises that are likely to collapse like piecrust under pressure. The Polish Guarantee was a lesson we should not forget.

A more subtle danger of conscription is that it weakens patriotism. That is natural, for compulsion atrophies the sense of personal responsibility, and fosters the spirit of evasion. The countries that have long been habituated to the compulsory system have shown a high percentage of deserters and 'fifth columnists', together with a marked disposition to sudden collapse. We should not lightly risk our record of almost complete immunity from betrayal within.

This reflection leads us to the most fundamental conclusion of all. Conscription immensely increases the power of the state over the individual. It has been of great service to dictators as a means of enslaving the people to their own purposes. Liberty-loving peoples are foolish if they help to preserve such a system as a natural and proper custom. For conscription has been the cancer of civilisation.



General view of Melilla, the port of Er Rif

# Searchlight on Er Rif

International trouble-spots are usually obscure—till they boil over. Here is the romantic inside story of an area still shrouded in mystery, rich in resources, oil, gold, antimony: for international collaboration or conflict?

# MICHAEL CORVIN

In writing about the history of Er Rif, the Mediterranean part of Morocco, one is tempted to use the style of the late Rider Haggard, for one can find all the ingredients of one of his stories: splendour and poverty, cruelty, mystery and hidden treasures. The simple fact that the Barbary coast chieftains could, as late as 1820, exact tribute from Baltic seaports for not attacking the ships of Baltic traders, is surprising enough. The independence and isolation of a comparatively small area so near one of the most frequented highways of the world would be really astonishing. if one did not know that Er Rif has been for several decades a Spanish Protectorate.

The Spaniards did not do much to exploit, or even to get to know, the hinterland of the towns of Tangier, Tetuan and Melilla, which they had occupied centuries ago. While the French in the adjoining Algiers pacified and developed the country with an enormous zest, the Spaniards under the old régime were content to quell smaller uprisings of independent tribes, and

to get what they could without much exertion. The task of exploring the country, hilly and, except for small areas, arid as it is, was left to foreigners—mainly French geologists. Until the beginning of this century few people knew anything at all about the conditions of this strip of land, the extent of which is some 275 by 30-40 miles. Tourists and visitors never penetrated beyond a few towns and coastal villages: the fierce Kabyles of the interior had rather unpleasant customs.

Then, at the beginning of this century, two Germans, the brothers Mannesmann, owners of a steel mill and tube factory in the Rhineland, made the first extensive survey of Er Rif. They spent several months in the country and made more than 1,100 soundings of the geological strata. They had, of course, all the facilities the Spaniards could grant them; but these recommendations were of little avail, for one of the brothers was kidnapped and submitted to a beastly form of humiliation by the Berbers, whilst the other had to pay a high ransom



ABD-EL-KRIM, leader of the revolt in Spanish Morocco, who surrendered in 1926 and was banished to Madagascar

to secure his release. They returned, however, overwhelmed at what they had found, and forthwith submitted a secret memorandum to the then German Colonial Minister, Dr. Solf. And from this moment in 1906, the curtain goes up over Er Rif. But there was no audience to notice it. Er Rif seemed to slumber on, under a burning sun by day, and through icy cold nights. The world was not aware of any change. But sceneshifters, stage-hands, technicians and, last but not least, the producers, started to work vigorously.

What did the Mannesmann memorandum contain? It stated, briefly, that Er Rif held a real treasure for whomever cared to lift it, and gave data like this: in the area settled by the tribe of the Beni Tusin exists an open deposit of iron ore, estimated as containing about 160 million cubic metres. The quality of the ore is approximately the same as that of the Swedish ores. In the western part of the country is copper ore between 8 per cent and 10 per cent pure, very near the surface, in the form of huge

lenses. The antimony mines near Melilla, which were already worked before Roman times, are by no means the only deposits in Er Rif. Others, bigger and richer, could be established at several points. There is silver, manganese, gold, apparently coal and even oil.

The whole country consists of broken strata, the folds of which are filled with mineable ores. Water could be obtained easily by means of artesian wells, not to speak of several streams partly running underneath the surface during the summer. The problem of transportation could be solved without much difficulty and at moderate expense. All the deposits are in the hills, so the building of wire-rope railways would be easy, and the power necessary to drive them not too great, as the heavily filled wagons would always run downwards to the coast. The little bay of Alhucemas could be made into an excellent port by building breakwaters.

The memorandum was not unduly enthusiastic; it was dry, to the point, systematic and very orderly. It was accompanied by samples which proved the data given.

#### German Infiltration

The German Government never disclosed the Mannesmann discoveries. It was all too clear from the very beginning that the whole affair had to be left to 'private enterprise'. Er Rif was a Spanish possession, true; but it bordered on French Algiers, and the French are a wide-awake people. To lift this treasure would mean stepping gingerly to avoid international complications, being tactful and delicate.

The Mannesmanns went to work. Their first step was to get the necessary concessions for mining, in which they succeeded. At the same time they interested a small group of powerful Rhenish industrialists in the matter. First of all they needed more soundings and the labour question had to be settled. From 1907 until the First World War in 1914, small groups of 'tourists' entered Er Rif. They had talks with little Käids and headmen of tribes; they were

very much interested in antiquities; they selected 'beauty' spots. They marked future roads and highways; technicians of the world-known wire-rope railway firm, Bleichert, took their holidays in North Morocco.

The cleverness of the thing was that it was done slowly, so slowly indeed that the few Spanish officials who at least knew about the concessions lost all interest and simply forgot the matter.

#### Revolt in Morocco

By 1914, the preparations were nearly finished—and then war broke out. The Spaniards stayed neutral, but all the German concessions were, if not lost, at least practically worthless. By certain agreements, probably concluded via Switzerland, the French now stepped in. The Bank of Paris and the *Crédit Lyonnais* were interested, and negotiated concessions covering more or less the same spots. The war prevented them from doing much, and for the time being they were content 'to hold the fort.'

Germany was defeated, but not her industrialists, and the Mannesmann group had not forgotten. It was foreseen that in the near future the demand for iron and steel would grow rapidly. Their position, of course, had deteriorated; but they could still offer their technical skill and their gift for organisation. They approached the French group and were coldly received, though not definitely refused. The French at that time were not fully 'in the picture', for they did not possess the detailed information which the Germans had collected through nearly ten years. They had secured all the vital points, but had not started any mining. They had built some small mills and factories, and that was practically all.

The Spaniards meanwhile had had some trouble at home. General Primo de Riveira had taken over the leadership of the State and was virtually dictator. All seemed to be going smoothly, when suddenly there was an uprising in Morocco—in Er Rif. Abd-el-Krim, a well-educated



GENERAL JOSE SANJURJO, who ruthlessly suppressed Abd-cl-Krim's revolt. One of his officers was Franco

Kabyle from one of the ruling families, was behind the revolt. Primo de Riveira started his punitive expedition which became a war. It had seemed that the Spanish Foreign Legion plus some territorial regiments would be quite sufficient to quell any rioting tribes of half-savages. But unfortunately Abd-el-Krim, to all appearances, had a kind of Foreign Legion too. Besides that, he had modern, efficient arms, well-trained lieutenants and group leaders, and even his own currency printed abroad. The war was bitter and costly to the Spaniards. All the while the French, to the east of the river Muluya, stood by, but they were never seriously molested, for it was clearly the desire of Abd-el-Krim to fight the Spaniards without getting entangled elsewhere.

Primo de Riveira was followed in Er Rif by General Sanjurjo, whose methods equalled those of the Berbers, and after the French Government, early in 1926, had made an agreement with the Spaniards to consider the war in Er Rif as a revolt endangering their own security, Abd-el-Krim gave in and was banished for life to Madagascar. The war in Er Rif had come to an end.

But had it: One of Sanjurjo's officers was a captain named Franco, a man who knew the country, the Foreign Legion—and some of the background.

The fighting had paralysed all peaceful work in Er Rif. Or shall we say: the 'peaceful' background had made its pressure felt to end the fighting successfully? The Germans were out and, as it seemed, out for good. The French remained, but still could not do much. Behind the scenes, however, the original play was rehearsed again, this time including Spanish actors.

Already in 1930, when I tried to see the Mannesmann secret memorandum again in the Preussische Geologische Landesanstalt at Berlin, it had been mislaid and could not be found.

#### Franco Takes the Stage

It was unfortunate that the Spanish Republic, which came into being in 1931, had to concentrate on internal matters rather than on colonial problems for, amongst other things, its pre-occupation prevented the government from looking into the affairs of the Tercero, the Spanish Foreign Legion, and its 'inspired' leader, Franco.

Franco is no business man; on the contrary, he needed advice and sought it from several sides, and it is now ancient history that, without that advice, he could never have started his bloody adventure. Amongst the Spaniards who counted on his success, and favoured it with all means, was one of the cleverest business men of that country, the Catalonian, Juan March. And amongst his foreign friends were some German industrialists—Rhenish industrialists who could supply many things General Franco needed for his 'private enterprise', including most valuable information on the industrial development of Spain and the exploitation of her mineral resources.

Franco struck in 1936, and for three years

Spain was drenched in blood. Mussolini sent his men, Hitler his weapons, organisers and technicians. It was no accident that many of these experts were either stationed in Morocco or had their rest-camps and holidays resorts there; neither was it surprising that Franco's attitude towards France was hostile—until the Vichy régime.

The outcome of the last war again changed the situation completely as far as the Germans were concerned. France today is still in a difficult position, and it is not very likely that she will be able, in the near future, to engage herself in the matter of her Er Rif concessions.

But much as the defeat of his friends may have shocked Franco, he was given more than respite from the democracies—at least until now. It has never been denied, not even by himself, that there are still a good many of his German political friends in Spain. Some of these men are now being deported or forcibly repatriated to Germany. But none of the democratic powers has, apparently, anything like a list of the German mining engineers and experts who went to Spain and stayed there from 1933 onwards. They will, of course, all have been naturalised in the meantime.

Nobody knows what is happening in Er Rif today. The curtain has descended again; but the play goes on in the arid hills. In considering the more obvious sources of international trouble, we are apt to overlook those less evident. And that is exactly what we are doing with the southwest corner of Europe and that significant spot, Er Rif.

Numbers of American citizens are known to have visited Spanish Morocco since the beginning of 1946, and there are mysterious rumours of an impending Spanish-American deal. The U.S. State Department and the Spanish Foreign Ministry both deny the rumours, while the Foreign Office cautiously state that they have 'no confirmation' of them. It would appear beyond much doubt that certain American private interests, at any rate, know enough of the position to be interested.

# UNESCO

# CAN WE ORGANISE COMMON SENSE?

War begins in the minds of men. Can UNESCO succeed in overcoming the obstacles blocking its potential influence for international understanding and co-operation?

#### H. C. TAUSSIG

Whenever the world repents its martial follies, it turns to culture. But culture, being the main casualty in every war, has never been given an opportunity to gather sufficient strength to prevent wars; on the contrary, its latent powers have been misused to glorify destruction and annihilation. After the first World War, the League of Nations inspired the creation of an International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation in Paris, and though it eventually failed, like the League itself, to rally international common sense against totalitarianism which again plunged the world into war, it was nevertheless a concrete sign that the twentieth century was beginning to realise the existence of a new international power—the power of the mind.

The burst of the atomic bomb has greatly accentuated the recognition of the need for universal action on behalf of common sense—the need to control the aberrations of the human mind, to rationalise its potentials, to turn it, from its triumphs of poisoned malignity, into a blessing for mankind. For all over the world human beings and feelings are basically very similar, yet their economic and intellectual conditions are vastly different. Ignorance, disease and poverty are the permanent conditions under which more than half the peoples on this globe are living and dying, and these three apocalyptic horsemen must be attacked and beaten if peace is to be maintained. As long as they exist, there will be wars,

whether eloquent speeches adorn international meetings or not.

It falls to UNESCO to combat one of these evils, namely ignorance. UNESCO, short for the somewhat clumsy title, United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, is or promises to be one of the very few assets arising from the last war. UNESCO is based upon the recognition that 'since war begins in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed. Ignorance of each other's ways and lives has been a common cause, throughout the history of mankind, of that suspicion and mistrust between the peoples of the world through which their differences have all too often broken into war.' These logical principles are embodied in the preamble to UNESCO's constitution, which goes on to say that a peace based upon the political and economic arrangements of governments alone would not be able to secure the fullest support of the peoples of the world, and that peace must be founded upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind. All governments signing the UNESCO charter believe 'in the full and equal opportunities for education for all, in the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth, and in the free exchange of ideas and knowledge', and pledge themselves to increase and foster intercommunication between their respective peoples.

The practical steps for the fulfilment of

these aims are of a similar idealistic calibre and are indicated in the constitution as 'promoting collaboration among the nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law and for human rights and fundamental freedoms which are affirmed for the peoples of the world, without distinction of race, sex, language or religion, by the Charter of the United Nations.'

UNESCO works in close relationship with the United Nations as one of the specialised agencies referred to in Article 57 of the Charter. Apart from articles concerning co-ordination of budgets, policies and general liaison, the agreement provides for reciprocal representation, securing UNESCO an advisory seat without a vote in Economic and Social Council meetings and a representative of United Nations at UNESCO meetings in the same capacity.

#### Obstacles to Success

Regarding functions, UNESCO is to spread mutual understanding of peoples through all means of mass communication, and to collaborate with members 'at their request' in the development of all educational activities, though it is specially stipulated that the Organisation is prohibited from intervening in matters essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of the member-states. The constitution also provides for the conservation and protection of the world's inheritance of books, works of art and historical monuments, and lists, as one of the Organisation's principal aims, to encourage co-operation among the nations in all branches of intellectual activity, including the international exchange of teachers, scientists and artists as well as of printed material.

In fact, UNESCO depends entirely on the collaboration it receives within the various member-countries, as it does not represent a monopoly of intellectual activity. Its purpose is to inspire, initiate and co-ordinate educational, scientific and cultural action which has to be carried out by the National Commissions or National Co-operating Bodies in all member-states. These National Commissions are also responsible for making their countries 'UNESCO conscious', and for the briefing of their national delegations to the various conferences of the Organisation.

The structure of UNESCO consists of three essential organs: the General Conference which consists of not more than five delegates from each member-state and which determines the policy of the Organisation; the Executive Board consisting of eighteen members, one third of whom are to be replaced each year; and of the Secretariat under the Director-General who is to serve for a period of six years. The Secretariat is divisions, dealing with Education, Creative Arts, Sciences, Libraries and Museums, Social Sciences and Philosophy, Mass Media and Information.

If the mills of God grind slowly, then UNESCO is of a truly holy character. The first General Conference of the Organisation ended in December 1946 after one month of work. It was preceded by a series of conferences in London, San Francisco and Paris between 1942 and 1946, and much expensive and premature journeyings of delegates.

This, of course, is not entirely the fault of UNESCO. It is the lamentable fact that the new Organisation, which, as we have seen, has recognised that 'arrangements of governments' are not enough, is entirely dependent on the good will of these very governments either at the conference table or in carrying out UNESCO's programme in their respective countries. Up to now this support has not been too heartening. Even Great Britain, whose late Ellen Wilkinson took a leading and inspiring part in the creation of the Organisation, has up to the time of writing failed to establish an apparatus by which UNESCO's programme can be put into action in this country.

There are more obstacles in the way of UNESCO's success. Its work, based on the 'fundamental freedoms . . . without distinction of race, sex, language or religion',

is bound to suffer as long as some of the member-states cannot possibly adhere to these principles. Thus the U.S. attitude towards her negroes, the South African Union's treatment of her natives, and the Polish and Czechoslovak expulsions of Germans and Hungarians compare unfavourably with their solemn UNESCO

pledges.

The biggest difficulty facing UNESCO. however, is the insistence of the Soviet Union to ignore it. At the General Conference, to which the U.S.S.R. even refrained to send an observer, the Yugoslav delegate declared that Soviet membership would depend on UNESCO's programme. its achievements and its Secretariat. One would have thought that it would have been easier for the U.S.S.R. to participate in the shaping of these factors and to influence the policy of the new Organisation. Yet it is clear that UNESCO's constitution contains points which are unacceptable to the Russians. It asks member-states to surrender part of their sovereignty, to open their countries not only to new ideas but also to a mixed crowd of international civil servants not all of whom are truly internationally minded, but who, only too often, owe their positions to the recommendations of their governments. Also, it is difficult to see how the Soviet Union can subscribe to a constitution which provides for the free exchange of scientific ideas, as long as the secret of the atomic bomb contradicts this idea. In addition, Russia has carried out the world's greatest and most successful experiment in combating illiteracy in her own realm. The fact remains, however, that the Soviet Union's absence robs the Organisation of its truly international character, and that it may hamper the enthusiastic collaboration of some of her eastern European satellites who are badly in need of UNESCO's help.

#### The Field of Action

Finally, UNESCO's activities up to now were somewhat arrested by the uncertainty with regard to its budget. Though only six million dollars were allowed to it by



DR. JULIAN HUXLEY, eminent biologist and author, was elected Director-General of UNESCO in December 1946, for a period of two years

the General Conference instead of the seven-and-a-half million envisaged for 1947, at least the Organisation is now able to go ahead with its work within these limits.

Of the forty-seven states which were represented at the first session of the General Conference, only thirty, which had already accepted the constitution, had the right to vote. Some states, like Iceland, Sweden and Switzerland, had sent observers, and so had Viet Nam and the Spanish Republican Government. The United Nations, the Food and Agricultural Organisation, the ILO and the World Health Organisation were also represented, together with a large number of official and private bodies. During the conference, Austria, Italy and Switzerland applied for admission to membership, and their requests were forwarded to the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, Byelorussia and the Ukraine were the most conspicuous absentees apart from the Soviet Union. Dr. Julian Huxley, who was elected Director-General, will hold office for two years only at his own request, instead of the six years provided for in the constitution. The main result of the General Conference was the

final shaping of the Organisation's programme which had been prepared by the Preparatory Commission. Its ambitious scope gives an idea of the tremendous importance UNESCO will assume in our lives—if it can be put into action.

In the field of education, the Secretariat is to wage a campaign against illiteracy. We, to whom books and newspapers are now an essential part of our lives, often forget that more than half of the world's 2,000 million inhabitants can neither read nor write. During 1947, UNESCO will collect textbooks in history, geography and civics, and will—without insinuation of censorship—examine them as to their effect on international understanding.

Natural science will be furthered by grants towards scientific expeditions and to laboratories, and by the establishment of an International Scientific Apparatus Information Bureau. Field teams for the study of the conditions in India, the Hylean Amazon and China, where the populations suffer from malnutrition, will be sent off.

The Mass Communication division is to prepare a report on the obstacles to the free flow of information and ideas, to study the question of a Universal Copyright idea and to examine the proposals made for a world-wide radio network.

With the help of Gallup Polls, the Social Science division will study the principal causes of international tension, particularly the interrelation of nationalism and internationalism, population problems and the effects of mechanisation on civilisation. UNESCO will call a conference of thinkers of all countries to clarify the principles on which a modern Declaration of the Rights of Man might be based, and will prepare an inquiry into the relations between the various civilisations.

The world-wide circulation of works

of art will be encouraged, and an International Library Pool will supply newspapers and magazines. Artists will be assisted materially, and a Theatre Exchange Bureau will be created. Further, UNESCO will help in the rehabilitation of the libraries and museums in war-damaged countries, will create a clearing house for the exchange of books, and will help to repair war losses of books through microphotographic reproduction processes. The Organisation will encourage the free circulation of library and museum material by the elimination of such obstacles as customs and tariff charges.

In order to co-ordinate the work of reconstruction in the fields of education, science and culture, UNESCO plans to collect from private contributions the sum of 100 million dollars. The damage caused to educational institutions by the war is gigantic. China estimates her loss as amounting to 700 million dollars, and UNESCO estimates that in Europe alone, seventy million notebooks, 150 million pencils and 21,000 tons of printing paper are amongst the items needed to enable the resumption of educational life.

The programme, as outlined here, is but a fraction of what UNESCO has up its sleeve. Until now the Organisation is relatively unknown to the man-in-the-street of the member-countries. A Gallup Poll in one country revealed ignorance about UNESCO of eighty-five per cent of the persons asked. Even the press of the member-countries is badly served, and has to apply to Paris for the scanty information on UNESCO matter which is available.

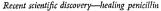
Yet we have to be patient. If only part of UNESCO's programme can be realised, it will be an achievement of which our century can be even prouder than of the discovery of the atom bomb.

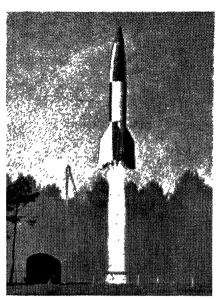
# Voice from the Past

The closeness of their intercourse (the intercourse of nations) will assuredly render war as absurd and impossible by-and-by, as it would be for Manchester to fight with Birmingham, or Holborn Hill with the Strand.

LEIGH HUNT-Pref. to Poems







Recent scientific discovery-V2

# SCIENCE— GOD OR DEVIL?

The atom bomb is shattering the ordinary man's belief in Science as the modern god. The author, using the technique of Mass-Observation, concludes that only a drastic revision of personal values can solve the dilemma.

### TOM HARRISSON

I was myself educated as a scientist, and spent the earlier years of my adult life writing in learned journals like *The Proceedings of the Zoological Society, Journal of Animal Ecology*, and *Nature*. But I felt more and more that the most urgent problem was the study of people, which I first did among so-called primitive communities, and then at home here in Britain. Mass-Observation, which has now been going on for ten years, was initiated to conduct scientific studies of ourselves. We have

found over the past decade of Mass-Observation a growing public awareness of the scientist, and in the last year or so an increasingly rapid shift in public attitudes to the scientist. Science has disillusioned many people about other systems of belief or thought. Now, science itself is becoming the subject of disillusion. People are being thrown more back on themselves, and the process is a somewhat painful one, which many people are finding unsatisfactory and frustrating, since they often do not

possess either the education or the equipment to make the necessary personal

adaptations.

People have for long been used to obtaining their sets of values ready-made elsewhere. Now, they are being more and more forced to develop some personal set of values. I feel that this subject is a vitally important one. Professor John Macmurray dealt with it from one point of view in the last issue of World Review. I wish to approach it at the level of masspsychology and popular ideas—right or wrong—of the scientist and the scientific process. It is only by recognising these conceptions and misconceptions that the situation can be corrected, either collectively or personally.

\* \* \*

Up to 1945, science was generally considered 'wonderful', the blessing that distinguished us from our ancestors. The scientific popularisers wrote and spoke always of a new weapon which would serve man as faithfully as (and more efficiently than) his old familiar tools. The First World War had given its warning: the first bombs had fallen from the air and soldiers had died choking from the fumes of poison gas. But that war was already receding from memory. When the Second World War passed into its active stage, the astonishing discovery made by many apprehensive people was how little destructive the new weapons were. After months of intensive bombing the country remained whole except for a few localities that had received special attention. The old prophecies of the destruction of civilisation were made to look foolish. Havelock Ellis, who had once written that a couple of bombing planes would destroy London in a night if this country drifted into war again, was 'obviously talking through his hat.' It was widely felt that somehow we, including the men whose research made the new engines of war possible, had retained our grasp of the essential elements of civilisation. Novels like The Sleeper Awakes and Brave New World took it for granted that the scientific menace, if it

existed, lay in society's being enclosed in a too rigid system of control, where men would be allotted fixed, irrevocable tasks and their lives graded according to social function.

The doodle-bugs and the rocket bombs were the first to strike at our faith in the benevolence of science. The frequent criticism that science was 'inhuman', and would eventually make a satisfactory emotional life impossible, seemed to gain fresh support. This was a new warfare—one where missiles were aimed by 'masterminds' who could not see their targets but found them by cold calculation. Then came the consummation of scientific warfare. Hiroshima. Many were appalled:

'Another war with this weapon available would be the end of the civilised world, but I haven't sufficient faith in the commonsense of humanity to believe that there won't be another war. I hope that there will be a long period of peace before mankind commits suicide. If an atomic war is started I think it possible that the world will disintegrate.'

### Blaming the Scientists?

At its first impact the shock was bound to produce a flood of pessimism. People had not had time to consider the possibility of international control, which presupposed agreement among the major powers. Nothing seemed more remote at the time. The only hope seemed to lie in the power of fear. The bomb, as one person put it, might bring people to their senses:

'Historically it may be the turning-point in human moral history. We can no longer be irresponsible and let things slide. We must take our lives and our fate into our own hands and no longer allow any upstart to lead us without a thorough

It was a bewildered and understandable reaction. Now, after nearly two years of argument and consideration, we feel that the 'examination of credentials' is not necessarily the key to salvation.

examination of his credentials.

But the emphasis on the moral aspect was to increase. Up to then science had Tom Harrisson, of Mass-Observation, is a rare individual in these days of mass production. Who's Who states that his hobbies include 'jumping from aeroplanes (with parachute)'. Son of an Army general, he went from Harrow to Cambridge, and did not bother taking a degree, but shot off with an Oxford expedition to Lapland. He spent a year with cannibal friends in Malekula in 1937, started M.-O. on return. Gained his D.S.O. during the war while commanding an Australian Parachute Unit behind Japanese lines in Central Borneo. Prefers Australian soldiers for their 'indisciplined initiative'. 'I can't live without rice,' he says, so



has just left for Borneo again, to do a job for the Sarawak Government.

existed for the majority in a moral vacuum. For many people it had become Science and had displaced God; but it had not taken over all his functions. Science did things; it made it easy for us to travel long distances; it warmed houses; it turned out domestic utensils at great speed and low price; it brought music to the fireside—but it was not concerned with moral problems. Now the lack was beginning to be regretted. Man was lagging behind his own monster; a clerk put it this way:

'My general feeling is that, whilst in some ways, as in the growth of medical knowledge, the findings of science have been turned to good account, on the whole it has been misused, as in the development of poison gases, weapons of war, etc. I suppose that the root of the trouble is that the development of science has far outstripped man's moral and spiritual development—that he resembles a child playing with highly dangerous toys.'

As soon as the problem was seen to exist on a moral plane as well as a technical one, the question of responsibility arose. People were very ready to blame others. In the case of the atom bomb, some of us felt a glow of righteousness because it had been an American operation. We were not guilty. In the wider sphere some blamed politicians for misusing the work of others; others blamed the scientists for doing the

dirty work. A young housewife felt that scientists must share part of the blame, but she bore them no animosity:

'Instead of the scientists' energy being devoted to war, if only they would find out means of doing the dirty jobs of the world quickly and economically, so that nobody had to bother about doing them, and we could spend our time doing the things we liked.'

There were others, however, who felt very bitterly about the scientist's share of responsibility, such as this citizen:

'The realisation that for years scientists had been coolly working on this project, clearly knowing the effects, became all the more amazing. The futile pleas of these men that they would much have preferred to have used the energy for peaceful means showed a guilty conscience, but not one sufficiently stirred to make them feel impelled to do something drastic in the matter. We have no knowledge of a scientist who had the courage to refuse to undertake the work.'

This turning against a man who could formerly do no wrong was a direct result of the public's immaturity in scientific knowledge and understanding. Science had for too long been a matter of gadgets. The public had had little assistance from any of the big publicity organs in correcting its attitude. Newspaper reports had been

largely 'sensational'. The scientist himself had been a mystery man—not very attractive, certainly, because he had no warmth, but possessing an enormous potentiality for good. The stereotype scientist was first fully popularised in the middle of the last century by Jules Verne, in books like 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. The stereo has changed extraordinarily little since. (Perhaps the pre-war boys' papers and cartoon strips were ahead of the rest when they also stressed the potentiality for evil.) But the pattern is now rapidly changing. This typical description of a scientist comes from a novel by best-seller Hammond Innes:

'He's a rather short gentleman, on the plump side. His face is pale, and a bit unshaven-looking, and his nose is—well, he looks to me a bit Semitic, as you might say, Mr. Kilmartin. He's wearing a bowler

hat and glasses.'

'What else, Hopkins?' I asked.

'An old brown suit and a dark blue overcoat. They're both very dirty.'

'He doesn't sound very attractive.'

'No, he looks a proper old money-bags. I don't think he's English.'

In a recent B.B.C. play a solicitor describes the husband of a girl who is going to be divorced, showing how impossible he is to live with:

Solicitor: 'He is a geologist.'

Hero: 'Oh, that explains it.' (Laughter.) It is not surprising that this view of the scientist, and of science as a form of magic, should be adopted almost without question by the public at large. This woman (only one of millions) is infected with the 'inhumanity of science' idea:

'Believe me, I could rattle off many improvements made in my lifetime without attributing them to science. I take scientists to be a useful but dry-as-dust crowd.'

One of the scientists (a chemist) comments on this distaste for the scientist in person, yet enthusiasm for some of his work:

'The popular view of the scientist is the comic strip character who lives an unreal life in a laboratory completely out of touch with reality. The strange idea is prevalent that the misuse of the material and power which science has made possible is the responsibility of science (i.e. the world would be better with less science), and I have been informed that there is a tendency in official education to reduce the amount of science taught in schools as a result of this idea.'

All of this tends towards a mystical approach to the scientist, whether he be revered or feared. He is felt to be the possessor of strange powers. This attitude occasionally becomes so advanced that he becomes the object of an almost religious emotion, like a deity seen in humility and awe, thus:

'I marvel at the capacity of those men and women working with selfless and intense concentration, evolving all the miracles they do. I have just read the life of Madame Curie by her daughter. This shows so perfectly the yawning chasm between the mind of the scientist and the mind of the ordinary person. . . . I have the same feeling as I have when I look up into the immensity of the heavens and lose myself gazing at the stars. One is lost and sometimes afraid.'

Only remoteness could produce such an attitude. It was written by a naval officer's wife. People who are in close contact with the mechanics of science are rarely awed, but frequently show a confidence, even an arrogance, which is in large measure reflected from the God itself.

#### Sinner or Saviour?

Towards the end of 1945 the slogan 'Shoot all scientists' was being chalked on walls in one London borough. It amounts to a civil war in the mind. One lot of people are extolling scientists as the only possible saviours of mankind; another group would crucify them. After decades during which it was possible to live in a world becoming more and more subject to the rule of science, without the ordinary citizen having the faintest idea of what science was—and doing this without any tangible evidence of evil consequences—it has suddenly been brought to people's notice that the *nature* of science, as opposed

to its trappings, must be examined and understood. Here is a married woman with two small children, a job, and various family difficulties, trying to sort out her thoughts and feelings:

'I attribute to science the bombing aeroplane, the invention of new explosives, and the mind-rotting notion that progress is automatic. Also a kind of extremely pontifical Mother-Knows-Best attitude not always borne out by facts. When I stop to think I recollect that it has controlled diphtheria, cholera, T.B., hydrophobia and many other diseases, has succeeded in making spectacles and taking out appendices; has made possible laboursaving houses, fast travel, etc. But this is

# what I think. The other is what I feel.' New Attitude towards Science

There is, moreover, feeling that we have been cheated. The great panacea simply hasn't worked. Result: mystification:

'But why, ye gods, why is science so horribly successful in weapons of destruction? Not surely because no problems remain to be solved on the domestic front. The common cold, for instance, cancer, the extent of silicosis in the South Wales coalfield, the wastage of power and heat in the present utilisation of coal. I am only an ordinary man, but if I can see such a misdirection of scientific research, surely those who have been trained and educated to view these problems with a keener intellect than I can see it. Then how, where and why do they not do it?'

Probably more people than ever before now believe that science has not added to human happiness. The solution of each problem seems to create a new one: the devil we know is better than the one we don't. Even the modern epithet 'soul-less' was bred of science, when it triumphed over religion, the soul's guardian: 'Science seems to me very wonderful—but dead. It makes things dead and mechanical. By dead I mean lacking in spirit. Useful to work on, no doubt, but science should be regarded *always* as the servant of mankind, as something inferior to life itself.'

Talk of ultimate scientific destruction is no longer considered alarmist; this in itself is an astonishing mental adjustment over a very short period. Everyone is only too easily aware of the possibility. Most people, asked to think of science, now think of the atom bomb, where in 1937 they thought of television or M. & B. A man approaching middle-age expresses his fears in this way.

'Sooner or later one country's going to use it against another. Maybe in twenty years, maybe in 100. Maybe not for 200 or 1,000 years; but sooner or later it'll be too much of a temptation. As a friend of mine said, you can just blow a corner off the world. . . . Eventually it'll be just like a schoolboy howler—I don't mean a howler, I mean one of those fantastic tales. Just a few people left, scientists perhaps, in caves. It'll reduce the whole of so-called civilisation to living in caves.'

This is the dilemma half formulated in millions of minds. Few will fully face up to all the implications, and the drastic revision of personal values involved. We British in particular work out our problems in a confused and 'crypto' inner fashion of our own. But it cannot be overlooked that around this complex we have an intellectual difficulty of our time at least as great as many of the more obvious issues, such as that between totalitarian and democratic method. The expanding universe of the human mind has, as it were, broken its own bounds, and is tending to collapse back on itself, with temporarily (one hopes only temporarily) chaotic consequences.

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there, To wast us home the message of despair? CAMPBELL—Pleasures of Hope, Part 2.



# PROFILE

# Professor G.M. Trevelyan, O.M.

# By J. R. ST. JOHN. DRAWING BY FELIX TOPOLSKI

Exclusive to WORLD REVIEW

 $\mathbf{F}$ or as long as he can remember, Professor G. M. Trevelyan wanted to write history. and his life consists of the calm and brilliant achievement of his ambition. History is truly in his blood, for not only is he the son of an eminent historian, but also the greatnephew of Lord Macaulay himself. He has done more than anyone to make history readable by a wide public and his recent English Social History has, in spite of the paper shortage, already sold a quarter of a million copies and is still selling.

Objectivity has always been his aim and he considers attempts to write history for party ends, or in order to illuminate any particular theory, detestable. But from the mass of his work has come a picture of English ways and methods of government which he believes has very definite lessons for the rest of the world. With their rich selection of detail, his accounts of the intimate lives of our forefathers (and foremothers) and of the slow development of the English character with its strange mixture of heartiness and shyness, passion and ingenuity, light up a magnificent perspective against which to study contemporary problems.

After ten years at Cambridge, as undergraduate and Fellow, he devoted the next twenty-five to little else but his main work —unlike many historians, doing all his own research. This was only interrupted by his service during the first world war as Commandant of an Ambulance Unit in Italy, a country which, on holidays tramping across the Apennines and in the tradition of so many intellectual Englishmen, he had learned to love almost as his own. On

a return visit this spring he found that the Italian people's vigour and happiness, which had so attracted him as a young man and which originally inspired his famous series of books on Garibaldi, had been

fully regained.

After thirteen years as Regius Professor of History, he is now Master of Trinity, and with his wife lives in a beautiful set of rooms overlooking the grass in the Great Court of the College. Like the custodian of past splendours which he is, he will lovingly show you round, pointing out panelling put up by one Master or a wardrobe bought by another. At seventy, whitehaired but still with the keen eyes of a hawk, intending to write little more, he looks back on a life during which many of the things and values he considers worthwhile have disappeared. Nevertheless he finds that people today, in the face of the uglier conditions which industrialisation has so far meant, have a more conscious sense of beauty than when he was a young man.

Outside the University he has done much to preserve the England he writes about in his work as Chairman of the Estates Committee of the National Trust, to which he has presented two of his own farms in the Lake District. He has never taken an active part in politics and, although once a Liberal, he now hesitates to express any political convictions. But his indirect political influence on contemporary statesmen is probably deeper than might at first sight be expected and, above all, he has helped to make them aware that the statistics of commerce are not the only worthwhile standards of value.

# Frank Harris

Frank Harris, a contemporary of Shaw and Wilde, was a character of fascinating complexity. Knave, liar and rogue, yet a brilliant conversationalist and the best of companions, he was a modern Falstaff, born, as the author says, 'to make a big splash and half-drown himself in it!'

### LOUIS MARLOW

WILL Frank Harris be remembered? No one who knew him can forget him, and his survival as a figure of his period will depend, I think, much more surely upon published accounts of him than upon his own writings. For he was more important as a personality than as a writer. Wilde's remark, 'I have put my genius into my life, only my talent into my work', could have been made with much greater truth by Frank Harris.

Possibly Shakespearean scholars will continue to take some note of his writings on Shakespeare, which Max Beerbohm declared that he valued more highly than those of all the professors put together, because of their originality and unprofessorial character, no doubt. In his short stories Harris shows a storyteller's gift; he has vigour, grip, and sense of technique, but no sense of character as opposed to sense of action. Occasionally he 'brought it off', as by a lucky fluke, and it would be unfair not to remember that George Meredith said of Montes the Matador: 'If there is a hand in England that can do better, I do not know of it.' But, in general, Harris lacks any literary distinction, is headlong and careless, with the faults of a slipshod journalism. His My Life and Loves, though often very readable when he is talking about the men and women of his time and not about his love-affairs (which he makes monotonous and unreal) is, from any critical literary standpoint, almost worthless. He was not, and by his nature never could have been, a good writer. To express himself he needed the stimulus of company, wine and food. All his writing was done, not disinterestedly, but with an eye to the main chance and in the competitive spirit. He could never succeed financially for long because he always blundered through not understanding normal human characteristics; and he could not make a real success as a writer for the same reason. His Contemporary Portraits and his biographies fail, as his fiction fails, because he cannot see people as they really are.

A contemporary of Wilde and Shawhe was born a year after Wilde and a year before Shaw-he wrote about both of them and was in a sense a friend of both of them. When editor of The Saturday Review he gave Shaw his first good chance by giving him work on that paper, and Shaw never forgot it. Nor, we may imagine, did Wilde forget Harris's shabby treatment of him over the play in which they collaborated—Mr. and Mrs. Daventry. Of Shaw's fame Harris was always extremely jealous, especially as he thought himself a greater writer than Shaw. He believed that his own play, Joan la Romée, was much superior to Shaw's Saint Joan. 'Whereas even the police official who came to visit me because Harris had sent me his banned Life and Loves through the mails could see that Joan la Romée was "just rather a nice little piece for school-kiddies, no harm in it but nothing much in it at all".

What a fellow he was, though, for all that-with his short, thickset body, his large head with its phenomenally large nose and ears, his thick, black hair and moustache (if they were dyed they were very cleverly dyed), his full, gross lips and his booming voice which Thomas Hardy described as 'the gruffest voice I ever heard.' I should not have called it 'gruff': it was not unmusical; it had an attractive timbre, a rich, voluptuous resonance, a not unpleasing though rather comical mimicry of aristocratic intonation; it was, indeed, a potent, memorable voice, and it enhanced the brilliant impressiveness of his talk, giving it what was almost a hypnotic effect. The general and special effects of his spoken word never appeared in his writings-which was one very good reason why he did not write nearly as well as he talked. He was the best talker I have known. Whatever his subject, he talked superbly, with natural humour, often extremely bawdy, as well as with natural eloquence. There were no 'thin places': he was never slack or tedious. His luncheon parties in New York and Nice lasted from about two to six with never a dull moment. What he said was always as characteristic as the way he said it.

His insight was often remarkable. In January, 1918, he gave me an almost exact forecast of the remaining future events of the war—the German 'push' in the spring, its temporary success followed by the success of Allied arms, 'armistice in the autumn and peace before Christmas'. Here was the same power of startlingly exact prediction of which Shaw has given an example in one of his Prefaces, relating how Harris told Wilde exactly what would happen to him if he sued Lord Queensberry for libel.

# A Likeable Rogue!

Harris could, by a kind of magic, tell the truth; but he was as a general rule a terrific liar. He was perhaps the most unscrupulous and richly inventive liar of his century. Nothing that he said or wrote about himself or about anyone else can



FRANK HARRIS, buccaneer, biographer of Bernard Shaw, and author of My Life and Loves. He died in 1931 at the age of 76

be believed unless it is corroborated. Of his origins and early life—and of his later

and part-Welsh. Born in Ireland, of humble origin, the son of a seafaring man, he went to America in his youth to seek his fortune, roughed it there, and later on was a financial and journalistic adventurer in England and America, finally retiring to Nice. These are the broad outlines of a life which is full of doubtful detail. I wish I could be sure that it was true: that retort he told me he made when, during proceedings taken against him for libel, he was warned that he was dangerously near contempt of court. 'No words of mine,' he instantly boomed back, 'can express even one hundredth part of the contempt in which I hold this court!' But did that happen?

Frank Harris could no more be trusted with money than he could be with the truth. He never swindled me nor attempted to—indeed, he paid me generously for such contributions as I made to the magazine, Pearson's, which he was editing in New York, and he frequently entertained me with lavish hospitality—but he swindled as often as he could those whom he regarded as suitable subjects. He was ruthlessly unscrupulous and largely lived by being so. He was a thorough-paced blackguard and the best of good companions, flagrantly dishonest, shamelessly dishonourable, but, like Falstaff, a veritable strong water of life, rousing and reviving everyone who tasted him. I remember him as I remember certain rare old brandies. He had the same kind of richness and power. He was blood-brother to Falstaff in his roguery, his knavish tricks, his thieving, his lying, his love of drink, his lechery—and in his conquering vigour, his eloquence and power of invective, his swiftness and ease and shrewdness of stroke, his generosity, the fascination of his whole state of being. 'I could have better spared a better man.

### The Arch-Egoist

He was sixty-three when I first met him and I continued, with unflagging, grateful delight, to know him until his death in 1931 when he was seventy-six. Except during the last of those thirteen years he showed little sign of declining physical or mental power. 'I shall outlive Shaw!' he would say. 'Of curse (as he pronounced "course") I shall outlive Shaw! If will to live could have done it, he certainly would have lived till well past ninety. He was a life-lover if ever there were one.

It was not long before his death that he drew my attention to one sign of his old age. That was a pathetic occasion. Indeed it was the only occasion when I saw him in a pathetic light. We were walking along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice; for some minutes he had been unwontedly silent and absent, and then he told me that he was now completely impotent. With surprising suddenness he had, only the other day, found himself in this condition. to his consternation and horror. 'It's got the mind, too,' he said sadly. 'You see those girls—going bathing. They mean nothing to me—absolutely nothing.' I said a sympathetic word or two and turned to give him a sympathetic look. His eyes were filled with tears. I remembered that at our first meeting he had boasted to me that, at sixty-three, he was as good a lover as ever. That may have been one of his lies, or half-lies; but there is no doubt that, on this later occasion at Nice, he was telling the tragic truth.

Yes, Frank Harris will certainly be remembered by those who knew him. Full measure—profuse, wasteful, inordinate of the spirit of life, good and bad, had been poured into him. An arch-egoist with a powerful undisciplined brain, both coarse and fine, with no moral sense of any kind, he was born to make a big splash and to half-drown himself in it. He was a man of violent projections, brutal, gross, sentimental, outrageous in a score of ways, a buccaneering, bully-boy interloper into the literary world, a pirate hoisting up his own rebellious, defiant flag, his hand against every man's and every man's hand against him; but, as a person, as a talker, he was surely a man of genius, unforgettable and unique. He was the most remarkable literary blackguard of almost any century.

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.

Oscar Wilde in *Intentions* 

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.

Oscar Wilde in Picture of Dorian Gray

# Operation *Britannia*

#### JAMES LEE

Is there no solution to our problems except economic vassalage to America? Theory is easier than practice; yet World Review gives space to a forthright article offering a constructive alternative

THE really alarming aspect of our present economic flounderings, our recurring crises, our austerities and our borrowings, is that they are inevitable and, without some major reorientation of our national and economic thought, will remain inevitable. The simple fact is that, having expended in two world wars the greater part of our inherited capital, we are now forced to live on earned income and this, of course, is the reason for the export drive and continuing austerity. Unfortunately, the conditions in which this country built up her wealth have changed. Not only has the lead given us by the Industrial Revolution been wiped out, but requirements have changed; it is no longer quality goods for a limited market that are required but massproduced goods for an unlimited market. This requirement Britain is singularly unfitted to fulfil; she has not the space or the population to compete with America or Russia, and her dependence on imports of food and raw materials places her at a grave disadvantage where prices are concerned.

Consequent upon Britain's growing economic decline is her political decline. The Americans are right when they comment upon the break-up of the British Empire and speculate on inheriting the remains: the withdrawals from Egypt, India, Burma, the Eastern Mediterranean, and the Far East may be conveniently in accordance with Socialist ideology, but are really dictated by sheer economic necessity. We have neither the men nor the money to maintain the status of a world power in the old sense. Now many of us have no Imperial hankerings—all we want is security and a high standard of living, and this Utopia,

we think, may be found in Britain provided everything is shared equally among us. There can be no greater illusion. This country can never now afford a high standard of living for forty-five million people, nor is redistribution of wealth any substitute for the creation of wealth: as to security, there can be no security without strength, and in an atomic age strength is not found in crowding forty-five million people into a small island off the coast of the Continent from which most wars have so far sprung.

From this somewhat gloomy recital let us turn to the alternative—a reorientation of national and economic thought. The first thing to get clear is: which is the more important—the future of the British race, or the future of the British Isles? The second is to realise the truth of the truism that the air has annihilated distance. If we decide that the rock upon which we must build our future is not this island, but the seventy million British people in this island and the Dominions and Colonies, and if we can bring it home to ourselves that these people are in terms of time no farther apart than were the people of Yorkshire and Cornwall not so long ago, then we are, I think, at the beginning of a brighter day, for it is in the broad acres that our forefathers marked red on the map that our future, if not Utopia, lies.

The American ex-Colonies, 170 years ago, found themselves in a position very similar to that in which we find ourselves now. Scattered, under-populated, lacking in cohesion, there seemed little chance of their independent survival—far less of their emergence as the colossus of the west

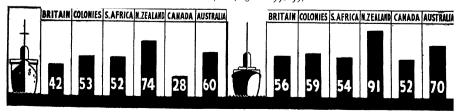


This diagram shows population per square mile in G.B., the Commonwealth and Colonial Empire. (Figures 1938-39)

GREAT BRITAIN	COLONIES etc.	SOUTH AFRICA	NEW ZEALAND	CANADA	AUSTRALIA
539	37	20.4	16·5	3.3	2-25



Left-hand diagram denotes IMPORTS, Right-hand diagram EXPORTS. Figures show percentage of total that is within the Empire. (Figures 1938-39)



which now so overshadows the Empire from which it sprang. This development was due to no chance nor to any special quality in the polyglot American people; it was due to a vast area, rich in natural resources, being developed as an economic whole by a population sufficiently numerous to render full development possible.

Let us take a leaf out of the American book, and instead of leaning on the Americans, develop our own vast resources: the African ground nuts scheme points the way. Let us remove the reproach of the crowded slums of England and the empty lands of the Empire, the paradox of 700 people living to the square mile in England, 3,000 miles from the nearest source of food supply, while 21 people live to the square mile in the undeveloped continent of Australia. We shall not do this by indiscriminate emigration; it will be no good robbing Peter to pay Paul by sending the best of our people from the United Kingdom to the Dominions; Peter and Paul must become one and the same person. In other words, the British Commonwealth and Empire must be developed as a single economic unit with a freely transferable population, a common currency, and a common development plan designed to obtain the best economic results irrespective of national boundaries.

# Preserving Political Independence

In designing our new pattern for living, we must establish two cardinal principles. First, we must aim for an economic as opposed to a political federation; secondly, there must be no question of such a federation being directed from Whitehall.

The British Dominions and Colonies, comprising a quarter of the earth's surface, have every natural resource, so far largely undeveloped, and seventy millions of the finest stock in the world, two-thirds of which is concentrated in this island. Let us convene an Economic Council and charge it with the planning and execution of the full economic development of the Commonwealth and Empire.

On such a Council we will have one representative from the U.K. and one representative from each Dominion. Colonies or groups of Colonies will be represented by a member mutually agreeable to the U.K. and the Dominions. We shall thus establish the principle that, since populations are to be regarded as freely transferable, the U.K., with forty-five millions, and New Zealand, with 13 millions, shall have an equal representation, and the further principle that the Dominions should share with the U.K. responsibility for the economic development of the Colonies.

In order to preserve the political integrity of the countries participating in the Federation, we will lay it down that all recommendations of the Economic Council shall be subject to ratification by the Parliaments of the countries concerned: this will in some cases lead to the adoption of second- or third-best economic courses, but in general it is thought that the recommendations of the Council will be found to coincide with the national interest.

The key to the success of economic federation will be Communications. We are trying to achieve with the air and the radio what the Americans achieved with the railway and the electric telegraph. Our maximum distances are only four times their maximum distances, and there is no reason why we should not succeed, providing we realise that for successful administration and for the free transfer of population we must use the air and the radio on the same scale as we used them in wartime. It is vital that a family-move from England to Australia should be undertaken with no more fuss than a move from Kent to Gloucestershire.

There is one point upon which we must be very firm—the job must be ready for the man. We will make our plan; we will build our factories; we will lay out our towns on that principle: the picture of the homeless, jobless immigrant must be banished for ever and replaced by the vision of no man being without a roof over his head,

a job under his hand, or more than forty-

eight hours from home.

There, then, is the outline of a plan for a British Commonwealth Economic Federation which we will call Britannia, a logical evolution of the British Empire. The plan is a fifty-year plan, but it is one that gives us hope for the future, a worthwhile object for the present, and a promise of fulfilment of our past.

#### Western Europe. Russia. America

We have suggested that by economic integration it will be possible for the U.K. and the Dominions to attain prosperity and strength, to avoid economic vassalage to America, and to pull their full weight in

the struggle against tyranny.

Let us now consider the relation of the Economic Federation to the rest of the world. One does not have to be a jingo to be troubled by our withdrawal from Egypt and India, and our impending withdrawal elsewhere; surely there would be much to be said for replacing the Imperial shackle by the economic link and inviting the adherence of such countries to the Economic Federation on an equal footing with ourselves and the Dominions, a more solid and profitable proposition for all parties than the somewhat shadowy offer of Dominion status. Perhaps Britannia will provide the essential and only link between Hindustan. Pakistan, and Sikhistan.

As regards Western Europe, there has been much talk of a political alliance, but this is straining after the unattainable while missing what might well be attained—an economic alliance. To bring about a full development of the British Commonwealth, redistribution of population will not be enough and a considerable increase of population, which must be drawn from Europe, will be required. Let us ask our friends there, at the sacrifice of their national currencies, to join with us in the building-up of a great Commonwealth of free peoples imbued with the cultural traditions of Europe, but removed from its stricken, fear-ridden atmosphere.

We have clearly said that we wish to

avoid economic vassalage to America; our object being to do our own developing instead of meekly allowing the Americans to do it for us. We must recognise that the 'strings' attached to the American loan may prove a serious obstacle to our economic reorganisation; just how serious it is hard to ascertain. But that they should be allowed to prevent such a reorganisation is unthinkable; it would be an invasion of sovereign rights comparable with the British Government forbidding the American Government to shift the automobile industry from Detroit to Texas. We will encourage the Americans to invest money in Britannia, we will trade with them, and we may even look forward to the day when Britannia and America will coalesce as partners, but we will not, and cannot, tolerate any control by them of our affairs. As for Canada, she will be in a delicate position and we must face the fact that, at any rate to begin with, she may want to keep out of the Federation, or at least to occupy a special position in it; this remains to be seen. Finally, what of our relations with Russia and the rest of the world? It would be idle to pretend that the Russians would welcome a resurgent British Commonwealth, particularly a Commonwealth in the closest economic relations with Western Europe, any more than we can welcome the present Russian ideological and economic drive. The full development of British territories is, however, no concern of Russia's, nor will the great expansion in world trade resulting therefrom bring anything but benefit to her. In the last resort, too, it is well to remember that there is only one thing worse than being involved in war—and that is being defeated in war.

This is still a world of power politics and power economics; therefore let us be powerful; but let us never forget our ultimate goal of world peace—a goal that is far more likely to be achieved by economic steps of the nature we have proposed than by top-heavy organisations based on little but the pious hopes of idealists and the qualified support of

nations on the make.

# Bonnard-Vuillard-Sickert

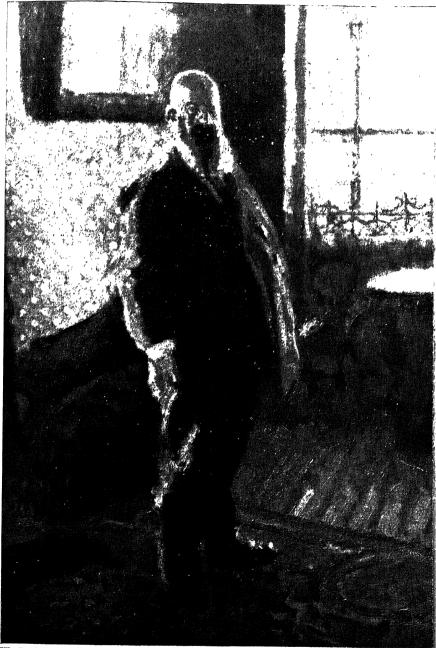
#### PATRICK HERON

 $P_{1ERRE\ BONNARD}$  (1867–1947); Edouard Vuillard (1868-1940); W. R. Sickert (1860-1942)—the first a great painter; the second near-great; and the third, the best English painter of his own and the succeeding generation. No tight bonds of artistic dogma bind them together; they did not perpetrate an 'ism'. Yet, in the century of 'isms' they held their own, and some of the young artists of today continue to revere them, even if the critics. in their endless search for something new, something they can 'discover' and lose again in a spate of words, are now seeking to make them unfashionable. What Bonnard. Vuillard and Sickert have in common cannot be registered in a single phrase or even in one paragraph. Those pictorial ingredients which they shared can only be annotated slowly, as we become more and more familiar with the work of each. The French have tried to impose the term Intimiste on Bonnard and Vuillard, and it fits so far as subject matter is concerned. Intimate, indeed, are the delicious interior scenes of a serene, stable and happy domesticity-Madame Bonnard with her lap-dog: Vuillard's old mother sewing. Sickert, too, painted actual scenes from daily life as it surrounded him in the somewhat slummy districts of Camden Town or Dieppe: but his young successors of the Euston Road School, in distinction from French contemporaries, picked on this very aspect of Sickert's art as showing a meritorious 'social realism'. Young French painters and critics, on the other

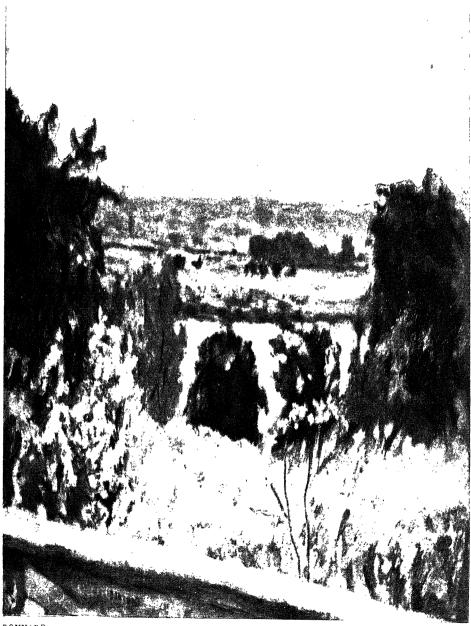
hand, had attributed Bonnard's and Vuillard's choice of subject-matter to 'bourgeois decadence'—which only goes to show what nonsense it is to attach any specific social meaning to the work of good artists. In this case opposite significances, socially speaking, were attributed to the same artistic phenomena, but both were wrong. I'm not suggesting that art and what is loosely called 'life' have no connection: they are indeed related, intimately and subtly. But I should say that from fifty to a hundred years must separate the critic who attempts to formulate this subtle connection, in an articulate theory, from the painter he is considering. Even then it is a task requiring peculiar gifts amounting to a genius for interpretation.

So let us ignore the charge that Bonnard and Vuillard are decadent or out-moded tag-ends of Impressionism; let us consider their works, and see what they have still to say to us. Art-criticism should concern itself with pictures, at the expense, if need be, of theories. The actual visual experience which comes to him from looking at paintings should be the chief material of the critic's writing: not the ratiocination which he must cast off in order to be properly susceptible to the excitement which pictures give off.

The term *Intimiste*, I said, will do as an indication of the kind of subjects in which Bonnard and Vuillard exulted. But it is somehow most misleading as an indication of their treatment of those subjects; of the actual pictorial language which these painters created. Artists will tell you that

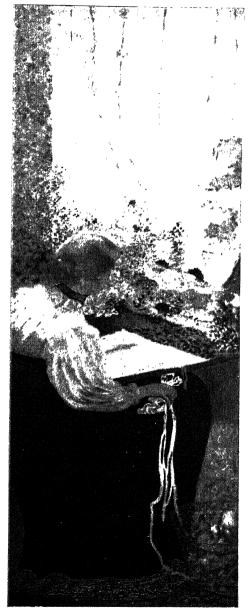


W. R. SICKERT Victor Le Cour



BONNARD

Normandy Landscape



VUILLARD

Femme au Métier



BONNARD

Head of Girl



BONNARD

The Bowl of Milk

the painting itself—the way things are put down—is of more importance than the object that is seen. A painter myself. I know that this is how it seems when one is in action: one's whole preoccupation is with how one sees—and then, with how one states one's vision in terms of the material one is using. Nevertheless, I have come to recognise the obvious fact that one's subject and one's treatment of that subject are inseparable. Clive Bell stressed the form of Cézanne's apples at the expense of the apples themselves: but of course their 'significant form' owed as much of its significance to their identity as apples, as to their formal quality, their abstract rotundity and density. Obviously the truth is that the kind of form one arrives at is very much determined by the actual objects one is looking at and contemplating. Cézanne's forms, with all their terrific force and precision, were no arbitrary approximation to the objects of his visual scrutiny: they were essences precipitated, through the medium of Cézanne himself. Cézanne's intense effort (and such effort, with all its personal cost, was sustained by a moral force of heroic dimensions) served to extract from natural things their essential form and colour.

But if the apple in Cézanne's picture derives from a real apple, it is by means of a human agent that it materialises, and it will therefore express the artist as much as the original apple: both Cézanne and the real apple are present in a 'Cézanne apple'. Painting is therefore a marriage of inner and outer; of subjective and objective. The innermost recesses of the painter's mind react to the image of the visible exterior world: he makes a selection of exterior images and then re-creates them after his own desire. So the created thing, the painting, reflects both the world and himself. What quality did Bonnard thus bestow upon the selected objects of his love? The objects themselves we know: we can recognise them because he was never impelled, as other moderns have been, to conceal them in a system of extreme distortion. The remnants of a

meal on a table under a wide window: a girl across the table idly fingering a cup or bending to stroke the cat; this is a favourite subject. In *The Boul of Milk*—here reproduced—the girl is walking towards the artist with some milk for the shadowy expectant puss that stalks across the bottom of the canvas with tail on high. Every object in the room is familiar in the sense that we can recognise it for what it is.

### Bonnard-Master of Design

There is no deciphering to be done, as with Picasso and Braque: all we have to do is to look and enjoy: and as we look we become aware of the intricate marvels of design and colour and plastic solidity of what at first sight seemed so natural an arrangement as to be almost artless. But this subject chosen, what does Bonnard do? Why is this a Bonnard room, Bonnard girl, a Bonnard table and window? The answer lies partly in the instinctive arrangement he makes with the shapes of these things in relation to each other and to the edges of the picture, to the frame: but partly also in the quality of each object, each bit of the whole design. As to the former, we can see that this composition is based on a system of oblongs and diamond shapes: at the centre of this picture is the big diamond of sunlit table-top, with the big, white plate in the middle of its lower half: between its own shadow and the shadow of the horizontal window-bar this white plate assumes a lozenge shape (which in turn is suggestive of a horizontal diamond form). Bonnard pulls many of his forms into this lozenge shape, just as he also manages to imply an oblong with rounded corners in objects that are utterly remote from an oblong-form: note the square-round shadow inside the top of the jug. Next to this diamond patch of light table-top is a bar of deep shadow cast by the vertical window-frame: it is a narrow oblong of deep, rich colour interrupted in the middle by the light patch of a cup and saucer. As this bar of darker colour extends diagonally down in succession over table, cup and saucer, tray, and table again,

it breaks up into a strip of checks—a string of diamond shapes, or squarish patches made diamond by perspective. This checkered pattern extends as well to both right and left of this bar of shadow: see how the right-hand edge of the saucer, sticking out into the light, makes a dazzling patch which is at once balanced by a fragment of dark still further to the right—a piece of the shadow of the horizontal window-bar, which bounds the big plate on its further side. The whole picture is a series of lighter or darker checks-except for the flat front of the girl's dress, which becomes, roughly, a huge vertical oblong of shadow filling the right-hand side of the picture.

### Mastery of Tone

I have pointed out this check structure because I believe it is the abstract basis of all Bonnard's compositions. It is as though a fish-net were first thrown over his canvas so that he had to paint his picture through the holes. The slight distortions that were instinctive with him serve to tip horizontal planes (e.g., table-tops) up towards the artist's eye and to turn vertical surfaces (e.g., walls) round into a position more nearly parallel with the picture surface.

I mentioned the *quality* Bonnard's objects have. Look at the jug in this same picture: see how he has stroked it into shape, caressed its shadowed side with dark blues and greens until it bulges with the utmost solidity and rotundity! It is the same with the anemones (see the squareround rhythm of each flower-head in the bunch of darkness), with the table-top and with the expanse of wall behind: his capacity to go on feeling the thing, to go on stroking it into shape, with all the knowledge, observation and love of a lifetime behind each touch—this capacity was endless in Bonnard. The profoundest spatial depth inheres in every shape, every arrangement of colour and line: the essential tension (characteristic of all great painting) between spatial depth and design (the fish-net configuration) is marvellously maintained. The gibe that Bonnard

was merely a decorator of the flat surface is completely unjustified, as you can see by the voluminous depth and sunlit air evoked in this picture of a room, *The Bowl of Milk*. In *Portrait of a Girl*, too, Bonnard's tremendous gift of form is at once evident. Wonderfully poised, her head is realised in space: but more than this, it has also a psychological reality—we have met a girl!

Bonnard is, in my opinion, as great as Renoir: he may well persist and grow in stature when the brilliant and dramatic Picasso is felt to wane into a less triumphant and more truly tragic figure, essentially unfulfilled: an eternal wanderer.

But what of Vuillard, friend and associate of Bonnard? Where does he stand? Obviously his gifts were slighter. This doesn't mean that he was not a very fine painter. But his exquisite design was less informed by a passionate comprehension of space and form: his pictures are more calmly . . . plotted, I think is the word. There is no sense of organic combustion about his forms: they have been frozen and caught by a brilliant and witty eye. 'But what an eye!' as Cézanne said of Monet. In my reproduction the subtle mastery of tone and the originality of design are obvious—and again it is a design based on observation of the solid realities. But, for all its charm, it's thin after Bonnard.

Finally, Sickert. This Portrait of Victor Lecour is one of the best pictures Sickert ever painted. But in spite of the economic design of light and dark patches, evoking most surely the massive figure in the centre of the room, it seems a little pedestrian after Bonnard and Vuillard. Sickert, too, had wit, could draw, knew that design should determine the disposition of colours. Was it that he stuck too closely to the good drawing he knew he'd mastered? Too closely to what the camera confirmed him in seeing? I am afraid his imagination stopped short at twisting the real world a little; at bending straight things and straightening bent ones, against the laws of gravity and optics. But Bonnard did both these things, and he was sanctioned by pictorial laws, which are not the same.

# Study in Frustration

# A LETTER FROM A MANUFACTURER

This was originally a private letter to a friend. It is printed as an example of the feelings of a small manufacturer today

THE frustrations of the business man struggling to get a living these days are apt to make one nervy and short-temperered. Things get worse and the restrictions are so numerous and childish that at times one wonders whether one is living with Alice in Wonderland or really as a humble member of a society struggling to save itself from disaster. I ask myself a hundred times a day whether my pessimism is due to middle age or the conditions in which we are struggling. I don't think it is middle age entirely for we still have a lot of kick in the business and have done some good work, in the face of appalling difficulties, to recondition our factory. The fact remains, however, that without yarn and power it is difficult to know how to conduct a hosiery factory. We get masses of leaflets and posters urging us to produce and to export our productions, all of which go straight into the waste-paper basket, but we can get neither the new machinery, the necessary quality of yarn, or sufficient power to do anything in the matter. As far as one can gather from our spinners, their plight is more serious than ours. Only the other day a publisher was telling me that a Dutchman had shown him an import licence (from the Dutch Government) to import into Holland 400 tons of art paper of English make at ninepence a pound. The publisher tells me that if he could get hold of the paper, he could export it in the form of books at an average of three and sixpence per pound. One could multiply instances of this sort of nonsense indefinitely. The hosiery trade has had a particularly bad deal from the start of the war. We have, during the war, had no

allocation of yarn of the type necessary to do our class of trade, and since the end of the war only enough fine yarn to keep one machine employed for six months or so. And now at this date the authorities have sent instructions that in future we are to use only a still lower quality than that which we have been using for utility goods, which incidentally is a mixture of types of yarn which no sane firm thinking anything of its reputation would employ.

#### Planned Chaos!

Enough of our troubles. What a pass our planning has come to! We can buy lemons, but no sugar; grape-fruit and other rare and refreshing fruits but little or no fats, no eggs, no coal and no wood. We can buy a mass of shoddy electrical equipment but no current to use in them. We take the purchase tax off electrical equipment, make it by the ton and then discover that the consumption of current is such that the supply breaks down. We send wool yarn to France, hosiery machinery to any country wanting it, and exhort our own manufacturers to get busy reconditioning their factories and producing more goods for export for which, when we have managed to make a little, we are unable to get an export licence. Is this England or one huge Bedlam?

The poor people, the public, the ultimate mugs, will wake up one day to find themselves unemployed. They have been taught to regard the employer as their enemy and have come to believe it, and the time will come when they will turn to him and beg him to do something for them and he will be more or less powerless. They do not

know that it takes years to build up business goodwill; that it can vanish in a very short time. And no government can do anything about it. The whole problem in business before the war was that of selling. It was the universal commercial headache. The time will come when the seller's market will have vanished, and it will again be the problem of industry. When that time comes, we shall know the cost of the time we are now losing in an atmosphere of frustration—time which ought to be spent in building up reserves of goodwill, cash and new equipment, against the day when every order will have to be wrung out of the buyer as it was before the war.

My father used to say that, if you can't teach people sense through their heads, it will be done through their bellies.

#### Whitehall versus Initiative

government — Tory, Liberal Socialist—can run the industry of this country. It just ain't possible! The little grubby shop at the corner of the street has its hand on the pulse of the people in its immediate vicinity. It knows what they want, what they will not buy, or what service they require. As soon as it ceases to know this, it will close down. This information trickles from thousands of such shops through the commercial travellers and the wholesaler to the manufacturer and back still further to the primary producer. All in turn must adjust themselves constantly to the requirements and fashions of the people whom the shops serve. Manufacturing initiative must be modified by the information that is always running along this course. The alternative to this age-old system is force, standardisation, and the elimination of choice. Though such a system can be operated in a selfcontained country, it cannot do so in this country.

You know all this, of course, but I must get it off my chest, and it may interest you to hear it from someone in the front line of commerce. One gets used to the London School of Economics (how I hate the word!) teaching its grandmother to suck eggs, but the spectacle of that august body smashing them is alarming.

In order to try to by-pass the shortage of coal and electricity, we are putting in two independent oil-heated boilers to heat the factory. Heaven knows when the job will be started! We also answered an advertisement for a complete oil-driven electricity generating plant. In reply to our inquiry we were told that the price of the plant was  $f_{3,000}$ . On making further inquiries in order to check up the price, we were told that these plants were meant for Russia and the price to that country was f,900! Not being a government department, we decided to let the advertisers keep their plant, and got in touch with our own electricians to find out what they could do for us. They quoted a complete guaranteed plant for £1,700. And now we have to find out what the reactions of our Power Company are likely to be to our plan to provide our own electric power. There is, of course, the chance that the government may step in and tell us that we shall not be allowed to work the plant or that we cannot have the necessary oil. Every attempt one makes to surmount the difficulties of the time lands one in a mass of expense, restrictions and uncertainties. We showed at the B.I.F. in May but had practically nothing to show except a few samples that were made before the war, which of course we cannot make today. We had a representative at the stand to tell possible buyers that we could not make the goods we were showing, nor could we promise to make or export anything.

This must seem like pure nonsense to you but I assure you it is a true picture of the present position in our trade. I tell you all this because it may interest you to know at first hand what is happening in industry under our planned society. Thomas Jefferson said somewhere that when the farmers of the States were told by Washington when they were to sow and when to reap, the U.S.A. would starve. It appears to me the same runs for this country when

Whitehall issues the orders.



ROY and JOHN BOULTING caught by the candid camera on the set of Brighton Rock

THE CINEMA (2)

# The Boulting Brothers Film Producers

# PATRICK GIBBS

'WE don't like it very much,' remarked the film director, John Boulting, in a conversation at the M.G.M. Studios at Elstree recently. He was referring not to a scene from 'Brighton Rock', which I had just seen enacted under his direction, but to the film his company had just finished: an adaption of Howard Spring's best-selling novel, Fame is the Spur. 'We don't like it very much,' he repeated. 'It hasn't turned out too well.'

Now, I like it very much. Not the film, of which I could form no opinion since it was in the process of being edited; but Mr. Boulting's admission, which showed a frankness of self-criticism unusual in any profession between creator and critic, and particularly rare in the film industry, where every film is the best ever until it is proved the worst in history.

It was not good enough, John Boulting insisted; and whether the film-going

public confirm his judgment or not, the result of such an attitude towards his work cannot be other than beneficial. Criticism had not yet been passed on 'Fame is the Spur', yet lessons learned from a film its producers considered a failure were already being applied to their current production, 'Brighton Rock'.

Of course, there was something of the inevitable creator's reaction about John Boulting's pessimism; the interval between the completion of a work and its appearance before the public is always a period of doubt. But I found other members of the company who were also less than pleased with their latest creation, so I am led to assume that Mr. Boulting's expressed opinion was made in no spirit of false modesty.

Charter Films, as this admission indicates, is an interesting company. Of the Boulting brothers, Roy and John, partners

### World Review



RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH, ex-R.A.F. Sergeunt-Air-Gunner, turned actor

in the enterprise and identical twins, almost too much has already been written. At thirty-two they are young; as heads of a firm they have no small experience. With their own company, they are virtually independent producers, making films of their own choice, and always choosing carefully. 'Fame is the Spur' was made for the Two Cities Company at Denham; 'Brighton Rock' is being made mainly at Welwyn but partly at Elstree for the Associated British Cinema Corporation, for whom they are to make two other films

# Poetic Justice

The unit was at the new and previously unused M.G.M. Studios at Elstree when I visited it. The set, the interiors of the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Brighton, was larger than could be accommodated in the Welwyn studios, where the remainder of the settings have been erected. Brighton Rock, an early and very successful novel by Graham Greene, should certainly make a fascinating film, and in this case the author himself has collaborated with Terence Rattigan in writing the script. If



LOVELY CAROL MARSH, 'discovered' among 3,000 beautiful aspirants for the part

it shoots as well as it reads, there will this time be no talk of failure.

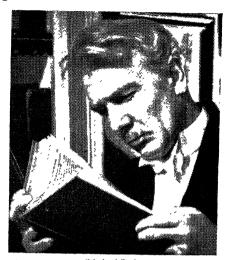
The story tells of a young leader of a gang of Brighton criminals, hardly more than a boy, known as 'Pinkie'. A born leader, dogged by the aftermath of an unhappy childhood into criminal paths and sadistic practices, he wages war with a rival gang led by the older, more experienced. Colleoni. In a Brighton underworld, which contrasts strangely with the fashionable façade of the seaside town. murder is committed and avenged by murder. A waitress, Rose, no more than a girl, unknowingly finds evidence incriminating Pinkie, and drawn into the underworld, falls in love, tragically, with the young gangster. A visitor to Brighton, warm-hearted Ida Arnold, also finds evidence, which in the end causes Pinkie to be cornered and killed, with poetic justice, by vitriol he had intended for Rose's destruction.

The novel was not really successful when adapted for the stage and produced in London in 1943, but that is no reason why it should not make an excellent film. Richard Attenborough, who is under

# The Boulting Brothers



ROSAMUND JOHN, who co-stars with Michael Redgrave
in Fame is the Spur



LORD RADSHAW (Michael Redgrave) re-reads one of his own youthful political books

contract to the Boultings, is playing Pinkie, a part he has already portrayed in the stage version. When I saw him at the Garrick Theatre four years ago, I admired his performance as one coming from a very young actor in a full-length part, but thought it marred by a tendency to overemphasis. Since then he has gained much experience, nearly all in the studios, his most notable performance, perhaps, being in 'Journey Together', as the young airman who failed as a pilot but succeeded as a navigator. That film, which John Boulting directed, confirmed a promise already apparent in a minor part in Noel Coward's 'In Which We Serve', and brought the young actor, now only 24, under contract to Charter Films.

Richard Attenborough, in my opinion, is both an asset to the company and a liability. As an actor he is now excellent: there is, perhaps, a tendency to acquire mannerisms which need to be carefully watched; but as a type he is formidably difficult to cast, being physically far removed from the romantic model which seems to be so indispensable to film audiences. But he has charm and warmth

of personality to such a degree that I suggested to John Boulting he should find a romantic rôle for him, rather than continually casting him in character parts. Discerning filmgoers are already weary of actresses who are so much to a pattern that they might have come off a mass-production line in some star factory: why must we still have males conforming to a fixed idea of a romantic type?

However, the fact remains that Richard Attenborough is under contract to the Boultings, and it behoves them to find him suitable parts. For Pinkie in 'Brighton Rock' he will be ideal; but the intention is that this film will be followed by 'The Guinea Pig', a version of the play now running in London, and that Attenborough shall play the schoolboy who is the subject of an educational experiment at a public school. This casting I consider a retrogression. Attenborough will, I have no doubt, play the part well, and look the part adequately; but it will not move the young actor forward in development or career. I shall look forward to the film: but I should look forward with greater enthusiasm to a rôle of adult and human



Producer JOHN BOULTING and MICHAEL REDGRAVE chatting on the set at Denham

interest in which he can show new paces.

Also under contract for five films is the seventeen-year-old Carol Marsh, who is to play the part of Rose, and Nigel Stock," an actor who was recently seen on the London stage in the not very successful comedy, 'And No Birds Sing'. Stock undoubtedly has talent, personality and looks in an adequate degree; his future work for the Boultings should be at least interesting. From Miss Marsh great things are hoped, but these are early days for an expression of judgment. Rose is a part with many opportunities for the display of emotions; Miss Marsh, it is obvious, will show us a sweet face and a graceful figure, as can so many 'discoveries'; if she can show also a heart beating beneath her comely exterior, I, for one, will be satisfied, and from bitter experience with heralded newcomers, a little surprised.

However, it is not necessary to have actors under contract to cast films well; this the Boultings have demonstrated before. Like most discerning producers, they incline to look to the London stage to fill important rôles. I recall their first ambitious film, 'Thunder Rock', as one of the best

cast and finely acted films of recent years. To make that moving story by Robert Ardrey, which had already succeeded as a play, the two brothers were released from the services in 1943. The result was a film which at once placed them in the first rank of producers and brought their names before a public which was hardly aware of their existence, despite the fact that they had already shown rare promise with 'Pastor Hall', a document indicting Fascism which was being made on the outbreak of war.

# Wartime Experience

In 'Thunder Rock' there were fine performances from Michael Redgrave, James Mason, Lili Palmer and Barbara Mullen, all of whom were given opportunities well suited to their abilities and characters. Casting, largely a matter of taste, was discerning; indeed it was taste in every respect that characterised the production as a whole and made the story of the journalist, Charlston, who escaped from the war-threatened world to a lighthouse, only to be challenged by more courageous figures of the past, so memorable and, as was intended, so haunting.

Had there been no war, the Boultings must have followed this achievement with half-a-dozen worthy successors, and they would now be established among those producers so ably challenging Hollywood tastes and methods. As it is, they had to start anew on demobilisation: between 'Thunder Rock' and 'Fame is the Spur' there has been a five-year interval. For the Boultings this was not wasted time. John, for the R.A.F. film unit, made that very effective semi-documentary film of aircrews under training, 'Journey Together', which had a fine reception on both sides of the Atlantic. And Roy, for the Army, made the no less notable documentaries, 'Desert Victory' and 'Burma Victory'. But it is a steady output of feature films that makes a producer's reputation with the public, and now the Boultings are embarking on a programme of three films a year, settling down to

build the foundation of an assured success

delayed by the war.

Howard Spring's 'Fame is the Spur', with which they express dissatisfaction, was perhaps not the easiest novel they could have found to adapt. The book, of considerable length, was rich in texture, the story covering eighty years in the life of a politician, Hamer Radshaw, and embracing in the process many important political events of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The Boultings, being Socialists, were no doubt attracted by the ideological message that could be read into the novel. The character of Hamer Radshaw, it is said, was suggested by that of Ramsay MacDonald. Whatever foundation there may be for this speculation, Hamer Radshaw offers a fine acting part, which is being taken by Michael Redgrave.

Born in poverty in the slums of Manchester, Hamer develops ideals which lead him towards politics with the Labour Party. Talent combines with a streak of charlatanism to carve out for him a brilliant political career, but material success cannot compensate for the loss of his much loved wife. In the end he dies alone, his principles sacrificed to personal considerations, despised and reviled by the childhood friends whom he has abandoned in his success, Arnold Ryerson and Tom Hannaway.

Rosamund John is playing Hamer's wife, Bernard Miles and Hugh Burden the two friends, while Marjorie Fielding, Seymour Hicks and Carla Lehmann also have important parts. Nigel Balchin, author of those successful novels, The Small Back Room and Mine Own Executioner, both of which are being made into films, made the script. Roy Boulting, on this occasion, directed, the brothers taking it in turns alternately to produce and direct.

For 'Brighton Rock' an equally impressive cast has been assembled. Hermione Baddeley is to play the inquisitive Ida Arnold, who is instrumental in saving Rose from murder at the hands of Pinkie; this part she portrayed brilliantly, perhaps with more vigour than subtlety, in the



Director ROY BOULTING with BERNARD MILES on the Fame is the Spur set

play. William Hartnell is playing Pinkie's right-hand man, Dallow, and that excellent actor, Charles Goldner, has the part of Colleoni, leader of the rival gang.

The scene I watched in the studio was the arrival of Pinkie at the Cosmopolitan Hotel to meet Colleoni. The lounge of the hotel is crowded. Attenborough comes in through the swing doors, hesitates in surroundings of luxury unfamiliar to him, then goes over to the reception desk. A receptionist rings for a page, who leads him up the stairs for the meeting. I was much impressed by John Boulting's handling of the large scene on which there are some fifty characters. Runs-through went well, and the shot was achieved with a minimum of crises. Such an occurrence is unusual in film studios, particularly with a crowded scene, but the Boultings, I repeat, are unusual: from them we will certainly be getting unusual films. If they have not yet made an outstandingly good film, I shall be greatly surprised, despite the alleged failure of 'Fame is the Spur', if they ever make a bad one. I detect in their work a fastidious taste which will not tolerate the inferior: their future films are likely to be judged only in degrees of excellence.



### The Skeleton at the Feast

THERE is one country, and one country only, of all the Queen's dominions where the populace will regard the celebration [of the Diamond Jubilee] with a sullen aloofness which will cause Southern and Western Ireland to stand out like a coal-black cinder in the midst of the genial flames of Imperial loyalty. Fortunately the explanation is as simple as it is obvious. In that sullen zone of disaffection there live the only English-speaking men, outside the Transvaal, who are compelled to submit to an administration and to laws which represent another will than that of the majority of the community. Canada at the beginning of the reign was as discontented as Ireland, but today Canada, from the Imperial standpoint, is the brightest spot on the horizon.

# The Americans and Federation of Europe

It is quite possible that some of the votes that secured the defeat of the Arbitration Treaty may have been influenced by a sentiment of sympathy



The Triumph of Man From the Westminster Budget

with the Greeks and of hostility to the European Concert. But if so, it is only another illustration of Oxenstiern's familiar illustration as to the paucity of wisdom with which the world is governed. The Americans would have very little difficulty in understanding the relations between the European Powers and the Cretans if they were to carry their mind back for a few years to the attitude of the Northern States to the question of slavery, before the outbreak of the war. Abolitionist sentiment was strong enough to secure the support of the majority of the Union against slavery. But Abolitionist sentiment was not used to wreck the Union in order that a single Abolitionist State might prosecute a policy of liberation single-handed. Had the Abolitionists attempted any such course they would have been traitors to their country and have met the fate awarded to traitors. But what they did was to remain in the Union and use all their influence to secure that the policy of the Union should be steadily directed against slavery, whenever an opportunity arose. That is exactly what Lord Salisbury is doing in relation to the Eastern question. Of all nations in the world the Americans should be the first to appreciate and understand the motives which led England to abide by the Concert rather than take a policy of isolated action.

# Greece from the Russian Standpoint

Russians, with the exception of Madame Novikoff, are so chary in expounding their political opinions in language intelligible to the Western world, that special reference should be made to a very remarkable interview with M. Vereschagin, the distinguished Russian painter, which appeared in the Daily News on the occasion of his visit to London in May. M. Vereschagin is a Dante of the Brush, and his pictures of the realities of war are the nightmares of modern art. But he is a thorough Muscovite, and he exposed the roots of Russian policy in the East with unfaltering courage. Greece, he said, was carried away by the delusion that she was the destined heir of Constantinople. Her raid on Crete was the first overt act by which she showed her hand. The occupation of Crete, if permitted, she would have regarded as a stepping-stone to the occupation of Constantinople. To that Russia was absolutely opposed, therefore it was necessary for Russia to afford an unswerving opposition to Greece in Crete. Russia recognised frankly that she could not obtain Constantinople for herself, and no conceivable successor who could be suggested would be so convenient to the Russians as the Sultan, who was long ago named the Tsar's hall-porter.

### And Armenia

Speaking about the Armenians, M. Vereschagin was frank almost to the verge of cynicism. Armenia, he said, is the Poland of Asia Minor. At present it is partitioned between Russia, Persia and Turkey. The Armenians in Russia are far the best off, and the superiority of their treatment causes all the best Armenians to look to Russia, much as at present all the Poles, both in Posen and Russian Poland, look to Austria on account of the greater liberty she allows to the Poles in Galicia. This position of advantage Russia did not wish to lose, neither did she wish to encourage the Armenian aspirations for the re-establishment of an Armenian Kingdom. However, said M. Vereschagin, while the Russians are anxious to secure reforms from the Turks, they will be very moderate and cautious in pressing their demands and, in short, would act in regard to Armenia exactly as they do in relation to the Poles.

# What May Be in 1947

THE American novelist, Mr. Frank R. Stockton, in *Harper's Magazine* for June, contributes a new serial 'The Great Stone of Sardis', the scene of which is laid fifty years hence in America.

# Steamship of the Future

WITHOUT attempting to tell the story, we may notice the various things which Mr. Stockton says may have been perfected before that day.

Steamers crossed the Atlantic at an average time of three days. Most of these vessels belonged to the class of the Euterpe-Thalia, and were, in fact, compound marine structures, the two portions being entirely distinct from each other. The great hull contained nothing but its electric engines and its propelling machinery, with the necessary fuel and adjuncts.

The upper portion of the compound vessel consisted of decks and quarters for passengers and crew, and holds for freight. These were all comprised within a vast upper hull, which rested upon the lower hull containing the motive power, the only point of contact being an enormous ball-and-socket joint. Thus, no matter how much the lower hull might roll, the upper hull remained level and comparatively undisturbed.

Not only were comfort to passengers and security to freight gained by this arrangement of the compound vessel, but it was now possible to build the lower hull of much less size than had been the custom in former days, when the hull had to be large enough to contain everything. As the more modern hull held nothing but machinery, it was small in comparison with the superincumbent upper hull, and thus the force of the engine, once needed to propel a vast mass through the resisting ocean, was now employed upon a comparatively small hull, the great body of the vessel meeting with no resistance except that of the air.

Passengers, when arriving at New York, find themselves hoisted by elevators to a lofty bridge, along which moving platforms were constantly gliding. These platforms carried them to the station of the electric tram, which whirled them inland at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

# Electric Tram of Next Century

THE tramway line for the future is to run, it would seem, upside down:

The rails of this line ran along the top of parallel timbers, some twenty feet from the ground, and below and between these rails the cars were suspended, the wheels which rested on the rails being attached near the top of the car. Thus it was impossible for the cars to run off the track; and as their bottoms or floors were ten or twelve feet from the ground, they could meet with no dangerous obstacles. In consequence of the safety of this structure, the trains were run at a very high speed.

The hero of the story is one Roland Clewe, who is a great inventor, a man of applied science, and the story turns upon his discoveries.



Indiscretion-Its Results

From Fun

# HENRY JAMES'

# DAISY MIL

### REVIEWED BY ANTHONY CURTIS

At the end of 1877, Henry James, in his early thirties, on one of his frequent visits to Rome, heard there from a friend the account of how 'some simple and uninformed American lady' visiting the Italian capital the winter before with her daughter, a child of nature and of freedom', had allowed the latter to make friends with 'a good-looking Roman of vague identity, astonished at his luck.' The relationshipwith gathering intimacy-had continued 'till the occurrence of some small social check'! This bare fragment of gossip, which anyone but Henry James, with his eye for a subject, would have smiled at and then forgotten, was to provide the seed of the vivid and moving little comedy of Daisy Miller. In London, in the spring of the following year, he reconsidered the theme; and with the fragmentary anecdote on one side, and the completed story on the other, one can follow the process by which he brought this original inspiration to obey those severe rules of fiction which characterise all his work.

First, as always, it was necessary to implicate a perceptive (but not detached) person of intelligence at the centre of the plot, in whose consciousness the story could be conveyed to the reader. Winterbourne, a pleasant young American of twenty-seven, educated at Geneva, who, on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Costello, at Vevey, finds himself staying at the same hotel as the Millers (whom his aunt finds intolerable), finally provided for this need.

As well as the original mother and daughter, the Millers' party was made to include a son, Randolph aged nine, and a haughtily insolent courier, Eugenio. Randolph, the naughtiest and roughest of all Henry James' children, is used, in the first instance, to bring his sister and Winterbourne together, and he makes the characters of both Daisy and her mother more complete by the light which he sheds on the family's outlook and background. Both the Miller children thus became dominant, unyielding characters; their mother, in contrast, was given a sublime ineffectuality, and provided a good deal of the comedy.

### Rebellious Woman

It is in the garden of the hotel beside a blue expansive lake to his aunt's cynical displeasure and without the formality of an introduction that Winterbourne first speaks to Daisy. In white summer muslin, staring across the lake, while she talks, she meets him frankly and without embarrassment. He learns that her father is rich, has a business in Schenectady, that the family are on tour and intend the following winter to go 't'Italy'. Daisy then expresses a wish to see the Castle of Chillon, which prompts Winterbourne to offer to escort her there, and he subsequently does this without a chaperone. It is Daisy's first great act of impropriety, confirming the worst suspicions of Winterbourne's aunt and ensuring, by the end of the excursion, that Winterbourne's own interest in the Millers shall be more than one of curiosity.

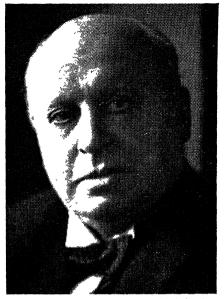
One critic has described Daisy Miller as 'The woman who does a thing for the sake of the thing in itself'; it would, I think, be truer to say that she is the woman who

rebels for the sake of rebellion. As Daisy admits herself (after she has abandoned a further plan for going out on the river late at night alone with Winterbourne, because no one will try to prevent her from doing it), she does like making a fuss!

The following January, Winterbourne, back in Geneva, learns from his aunt in Rome, where the Millers have been for some time, that Daisy is 'very intimate with various third-rate Italians with whom she rackets about in a way that makes much talk.' On arriving he finds this to be something of an exaggeration: Daisy has become interested in a certain Mr. Giovanelli whom she insists on bringing to a fashionable party given by an American lady of distinction. It is here that the small social check occurs. When Daisv was about to leave, the hostess 'turned her back straight on Miss Miller and left her to depart with what grace she might.' This is followed by a master stroke: . . . 'but Mrs. Miller was humbly unconscious of any rupture of any law or of any deviation from any custom. She appeared indeed to have felt an incongruous impulse to draw attention to her own striking conformity. "Good night, Mrs. Walter," she said. "We've had a beautiful evening"."

The next scene is the climax of the book. Winterbourne visits the Colosseum one night and in the moonlight on the steps of the great cross in the centre he sees a woman seated. 'Her companion hovered before her.' It is Daisy and Mr. Giovanelli. Soon afterwards, Daisy catches malarial fever and dies. She leaves a message behind for Winterbourne telling him that she was never engaged to the Italian.

The completed manuscript was sent to an editor in Philadelphia and rejected without comment. James comments in the Preface that this 'struck me as rather grim—as, given the circumstances, requiring indeed some explanation: till a friend to whom I appealed for light, giving him the thing to read, declared it could only have passed with the Philadelphian critic for "an outrage on American girlhood".' Nevertheless, it was published the same year in London, and



HENRY JAMES, 1843-1916. Distinguished American novelist and man of letters

had such a success that its author was able to write to his mother in 1879, ... Daisy M. has been, as I have told you before, a really quite extraordinary hit. A dramatic version was pubished in America in 1883.

After the lapse of over half a century, the social conventions which Miss Miller so indiscreetly flouted have decayed, but her story has lost nothing of its original charm and vitality; and it is interesting to remember that what now seems to ring with a sad, lyrical joy was once felt to be the embodiment of some stern parable. One year after Daisy Miller was published, the Bostonian critic, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, wrote: ' . . . Mr. James' most successful stories, An International Episode and Daisy Miller, have been written with distinct purpose and convey lessons. He has achieved no greater triumph than when in the last book he succeeds in holding our sympathy and even affection, after all, for the essential innocence and rectitude of the poor wayward girl whose follies he has so mercilessly portrayed.'

# Clash of Values

Despite its title and its dénouement, however, Daisy Miller is more than the study of 'one poor wayward girl'. Like all James' work, it is a composition of harmonious and discordant tones: each character individuates a clearly defined tone, which is woven into the intricate music of the plot. The word 'tone' is used here in its widest sense; it is used to include moral standards, for it was the clash of opposed moral values, manifested through personal relations, that James sought ceaselessly to capture. Winterbourne on first meeting Daisy reflects, 'he felt he had lived at Geneva so long as to have got morally muddled; he had lost the right sense for the young American tone.'

James believed that one could be more certain about a character's tone than anything else. He never condemned the people in his novels as being either black or white, good or bad, vulgar or of good taste, but rather prided himself on an ambiguous suspension of judgment, letting the resultant tension between two unreconciled opposites give birth to a significant, memorable tone. Winterbourne, in his perplexed admiration, may ask himself whether Daisy is the most wonderful example of unspoiled innocence or whether she is just a vulgar, American flirt; his aunt may be quite sure and refer to her as 'the little abomination'; but in their creator one can discern no definite propensity to one side or the other: 'Only she was composed . . . of charming little parts that didn't match and that made no ensemble.' She is self-willed, selfish, even jealous, as, for instance, when she hears that Winterbourne has an attachment in Geneva; yet she has a larger sympathy and deeper respect for the feelings of other people than any other character in the book. Thus, her real motive for befriending Giovanelli is made clear when she calls him 'my friend in need', and justifies her refusal to abandon him in the street because, 'it would have been most unkind; he had been talking about that walk for ten days.'

This relation is her most sincere rebellion against the conventions of the society in which she finds herself.

It is the stern architectural background against which she moves and the harsh censure of the cultivated American colony, whose shallow calm she ruffles, that so enhances Daisy's rebellion. Winterbourne's aunt, whom she never meets, is her greatest enemy. This character, with her taste for French novels and her trenchant aphorisms is a tour de force. Winterbourne is the typical Jamesian observer: good-natured, intelligent, perceptive; and his tenderness for Daisy conflicts, according to formula, with his respect for the wisdom of Mrs. Costello. Many of James' scenes are laid in Italy, but rarely did he portray an Italian. The handsome, humble and pathetically grateful Giovanelli is therefore a unique specimen. During Daisy's funeral, he confides to Winterbourne: 'If she had lived I should have got nothing. She would never have married me.' These are the various tones, shrill and muted, among which Daisy has the purity of the human voice heard to the accompaniment of a small but perfectly proportioned orchestra.

The only character in modern fiction with whom she can in any way be compared is E. M. Forster's Miss Beaumont in the story, Other Kingdom. They both have the same fine natural grace; in creating them, both novelists have borrowed some-

thing from the poet.

Daisy Miller, though, is remarkable in another respect. It is a nouvelle, a form equidistant from the short story and the novel, which has never been popular, but in which James delighted, which contains the best work of his early period. It allows him enough room seemingly unhurriedly to 'fumble out' what he has to say, and yet can be held for inspection as a compact unity in the palm of the mind. It is perhaps through these early nouvelles, such as Daisy Miller, that those who have become antipathetic to James because of a premature attack upon one of the later novels should re-approach him.

# **New Books**

### BIG BUSINESS

By Peter F. Drucker. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

### DEMOCRACY AND INDUSTRY

By Constance Reaveley and John Winnington.

Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

# REVIEWED BY GORDON RATTRAY-TAYLOR

As the twentieth century nears its midpoint, we are beginning to descry the shape of the concept which is coming to fill the place left by the collapse of the traditional view—that man is an economic animal, intelligently pursuing wholly material ends. Today we realise that his motives are as much psychological as economic, and that he cannot be studied in isolation from the society in which he lives. He demands that he play a significant part in the activities of society, and from that part he derives a status which he finds deeply satisfying. Above all, he demands the opportunity for creative activity.

Few people have done more to dramatise and develop the new approach than Peter Drucker. In his first book, The End of Economic Man, he convincingly interpreted Nazism as an attempt to supply function and status as rewards, in place of economic gains. In his second, The Future of Industrial Man, he examined the rôle of function and status in the modern industrial society, with especial reference to its most representative institution, the large-scale manufacturing unit. Now, in his third book, he carries his line of thought a stage further by studying one particular industrial organisation —the group of factories operated in the U.S.A. by General Motors-in order to see how far it meets the schedule of requirements, as now envisaged.

While Mr. Drucker was approaching the subject with all the advantages of a coherent social philosophy and an invitation from General Motors to explore their organisation for eighteen months, two other individuals were groping for a solution in very different circumstances. Constance Reaveley was a University tutor in philosophy who was pitchforked into industry during the war and discovered to her dismay how frustrating and deadening industry could be. In co-operation with John Winnington, a qualified engineer who has worked his

way up to a senior managerial position, she has tried to put her experience into orderly form, and to suggest remedies. It is highly significant that both parties put their fingers on precisely the same sore spots. Not surprisingly, however, Mr. Drucker's treatment is the more comprehensive. It is no reflection on Miss Reaveley's book to say that Mr. Drucker throws far more light on the underlying causes. The two books are complementary and may well be read in conjunction with one another.

Drucker, moreover, does not confine himself to the question: 'Does the big corporation fully meet the needs of the individual employee?' He also asks: 'Does it effectively serve its own purpose?' and 'Does it serve the purposes of society?' Taking General Motors as typical of the big corporation—though in point of fact it is abnormally large, abnormally enlightened, and abnormally well organised—he answers all three questions with a fervent 'Yes.'

He enables himself to reach this satisfactory conclusion by making some highly dubious basic assumptions. In particular, he accepts American materialism as a datum. The typical American is primarily interested in a high standard of living. The big manufacturing unit is the only thing which can give it him, so we must accept this unit and confine ourselves to minimising its disadvantages. That is the gist of his argument. Thus, while he is acute enough to observe that status is no longer defined in terms of skill and service to the community but solely in terms of money earned, and acute enough to see that this is a change for the worse since the new sort of status is open only to a minority of the labour force, yet he accepts this as inevitable and confines his constructive suggestions to discussing how promotion can be made less haphazard, and available to all employees on the basis of merit.

Mr. Drucker also sees, as does Constance

Reaveley, that the worker is far too often unaware of his function, i.e., of the relation of his own task to the work of the factory as a whole. He tells how output was improved during the war in a number of factories when the workers were shown the precise significance of the component they were making in the finished weapon of war. But he does not attempt to explain how the worker can be endowed with a satisfying sense of purpose when the product he is making is some inane 'luxury' or catchpenny specific.

Worst of all, Mr. Drucker attaches but little importance to the need for creative activity. He reluctantly admits that work on the assembly line is deadening and then proceeds to the most specious attempts to justify it. For instance, he defends it by saying that agricultural work is also monotonous (failing to see that it is nevertheless highly creative), that not many people work on the assembly line and, oddest of all, by the assertion that the opposite of monotony is insecurity. So busy is he resolving his own doubts that when he has a first-class argument he fails to exploit it. He discloses that during the war certain mass production jobs were rearranged so that unskilled workers could carry out the whole process of construction, from raw material to the finished article. If this is true, it is of enormous importance. If the creative element can be restored to mass production, then almost

all the timeworn arguments against the assembly line collapse.

It is also astonishing to see Mr. Drucker asserting that the large production unit is necessarily more efficient than the small, when the most careful statistical studies have shown that correlation between size and efficiency varies from industry to industry and is often negative.

It is, however, when he tries to justify the big production unit in terms of society that Mr. Drucker goes furthest off his course. He goes so far as to say that only the large privately-owned productive unit is compatible with society's interests; in fact, he makes the bold claim that 'big business' must achieve society's ends, automatically, in the act of achieving its ownand that if it does not it must perish. He realises. of course, that no justification of 'big business' will hold water unless it can be shown that it can abolish unemployment. The proposals he makes to this end would have startled Lord Keynes, though they might be quite acceptable to Professor Havek. It is difficult to believe that anyone can treat this thorny problem adequately in twenty-odd pages.

This stimulating but surprisingly muddled book may jerk people—and more particularly the big executives who are most likely to read it—into an appreciation of the social rôle of the big production unit. It should do valuable work.

### THE AGE OF REASON

By Jean-Paul Sartre. Hamish Hamilton. 10s.

Existentialism, that gloomy cult which the recent war brought to the surface in Europe, has become something of a bore. Its uncritical supporters (of whom there are mercifully few in this country) and its equally uncritical detractors (of whom there are many) have combined to submerge any sober and objective evaluation of its merits. As existentialism's chief prophet, M. Jean-Paul Sartre has achieved a rather questionable renown, which has tended to obscure his more enduring merits: the artist suffers from the obtrusive dominance of the exponent of a fashionable cult.

But when all is said and done, one cannot but admire M. Sartre's unusual gifts as a literary craftsman. His versatility is astonishing. Philosophy, play-writing, literary and social criticism—he can turn his hand to any of these with equal facility—a rather treacherous facility, perhaps. The Age of Reason reveals him as a brilliant story-teller. As the first volume of a trilogy entitled Les Chemins de la Liberté, it is

first and foremost an attempt to illustrate the existentialist doctrine of Freedom; but the plot in which this argument is embedded has something of the quality of a psychological thriller. Mathieu's forty-eight-hour odyssey in search of 5,000 francs to pay for an abortion (the spiritual crisis precipitated by his mistress's disclosure of her condition provides the story with its true raison d'être) has some of the excitement and tension of a Simenon novel. M. Sartre handles his material superbly. He has a natural flair for dialogue, an acute and subtle gift for the delineation of character, and a genius for evoking atmosphere—in this case the stifling, fearridden, guilt-laden atmosphere of the Paris of 1938. But though the quality of the writing is often exceptionally high, the existentialist jargon and the nauseous similes tend to pall, and the effect of the novel is weakened by its air of unrelieved gloom and squalor, which leaves a sour and depressing after-taste.

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### THE STATE OF THE WORLD

By Adam de Hegedus. Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d. Most of the books that deal with the world's discontent are written by men who, if they do not suffer to some extent from a messianic delusion, at least burn with a righteous indignation. Less commonly such books are written by men who have given their lives to the study of the political and social conditions of human communities. Mr. de Hegedus is neither a political scholar nor a professional historian, and though in this volume he reviews the present state of the world at considerable length, he displays none of the burning zeal of the reformer, nor any righteous indignation, and gives hardly any sign that he may have a particular axe to grind. Indeed, he puts forward his views with such a cool, level detachment, that I found myself wondering where the emotional drive came from to enable him not only to begin such a formidable task, but also to see it through—but then I found myself yielding to a persuasiveness which is all the stronger because it is backed by objectivity.

The title of the book, however, is somewhat misleading. Those who expect a survey of the present on the scale of Mumford's Condition of Man will be disappointed. The State of the World is an examination of nationalism, in the author's own words, 'a short natural history of nationalism'.

It is difficult to write about such a concept as nationalism without making use of very wide generalities and very high abstractions. Mr. de Hegedus moves very freely among them; and the difficulty is to decide when the generalities are so wide as to be meaningless, and the abstractions so high as to be based on thin air. It is all very well to state that nationalism is the greatest universal evil because it is becoming more and more evident that it makes peace altogether impossible; but one feels that other writers have made exactly the same kind of statement about other 'isms', like capitalism, materialism and Communism.

Mr. de Hegedus is not habitually addicted to airy speculation; but it is a weakness of his to assume that the reader is already sympathetic enough to go rather more than half-way with him in accepting the premises upon which his main theory is based.

In his main argument there is not much that is new. The nation-state, he writes, is largely an accidental structure, its size being determined by geographical factors. The conquest of time and distance is gradually neutralising these geographical limitations, and the next step towards the integration of man into one world community will probably be the forming of Spheres of Interest by the more powerful nations. About the final step Mr. de Hegedus is stlent.

The chief interest in the book for those who have already some familiarity with other works of this kind lies not in the main stream but in the tributaries of the argument. The chapter called 'The Alien Corn', for example, contains an exceedingly acute analysis of the psychology of both the assimilated and the unassimilated Jew. For those who are unfamiliar with the ramifications of a problem which is generally too easily dismissed, this book provides a stimulating and informative introduction.

HUNTER DIACK

### THE DREAM OF DESCARTES

By Jacques Maritain. Poetry London. 7s. 6d.

M. Maritain, with Croce and Santayana, is the most artistically conscious and the most human of modern philosophers. The extreme subtlety of his analyses and the cogent readability of his writing are allied to a sharpness and irony of thought which make him, as the most important protagonist of contemporary French philosophy, perhaps the greatest force in the evaluation of the European philosophical tradition.

In his latest, admirably produced book, he offers as a substitute for the longer comprehensive work on Descartes that lack of leisure has prevented him from producing, five essays, four of which have previously appeared as lectures or articles as far back as 1922, and one of whichthe chapter on the Cartesian Proofs of Godhas been specially written for this volume. The whole is, as one expects of M. Maritain, a brilliant exercise in logic, affirming at once the historical significance of the Cartesian philosophy and at the same time exposing its inadequacies. It is a resteration of the blow delivered a little previously by Gilson, in his Le Réalisme Méthodique, in which he wrote, as M. Maritain quotes in his preface: 'The Cartesian experiment was an admirable metaphysical undertaking, bearing the hallmark of genius; we owe it a great deal, for having brilliantly proven that any experiment of that nature is doomed ahead of time to failure. . . .

With this in mind, M. Maritain has described the dream of 10 November 1619, a dream which Descartes regarded as being entirely supernatural, in which he had revealed to him, through what seems now rather ambiguous symbols, the path his philosophy was to follow. It is not surprising that the revelation of the circumstances of the dream—in Baillet's Life of Descartes—caused eyebrows to be raised, for a supernatural experience is hardly the expected way for a rationalist philosophy to be conceived.

However, it is not the experience but the interpretation of it that is fascinating and M. Maritain in his chapter on it discusses very adequately its most important results—its idealism (the connections between thought and being), its rationalism (the intellectual hierarchy and the meaning of knowledge), and its concept of Man.

It is not possible to go into M. Maritain's exposition in a short review, but his final chapter on the Cartesian heritage, in which he examines Descartes and Pascal and relates his whole reasoning and purposes in destroying the Cartesian spirit—for giving anthropotheism 'its letters of credit'-is a magnificent piece of pragmatic thinking. He finishes with this paragraph: 'Perhaps it would be advantageous for Russian philosophy to do for Hegel—as well as for English and American philosophy to do for John Locke-what I have tried to do for Descartes. In any case, I beg the good reader to believe that if Cartesianism has been the French sin in modern history, things other than this sin have been at work in French thought.'

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But in 1929 an unknown Scot was busy laying the foundations of a new type of film which he called Documentary. His name was Grierson and he had no intention of pandering to anyone. Whether the screen talked or not, whether the audience preferred jazz-singers to wise-cracking detectives, meant little to him. He was interested only in telling factual stories about actual people. His first film, 'Drifters', gave the screen fresh values. There he showed that there was more drama in the fishing boats and their battle against the elements than there was in 'cops and robbers'; more excitement in the life of an ordinary fisherman than in any 'rags to riches' tale of Broadway. Encouraged by Stephen Tallents of the Empire Marketing Board and later with him at the G.P.O., he gathered around him men of a like mind, men who wanted to make films serve an important

Legg and others, according to Grierson, were 'men who preferred the dog biscuits of Documentary to the fleshpots of Elstree.' They became the leaders of the British Documentary movement which is now recognised throughout the world as the one form of film-making at which Britain excels. Their work has had immense significance. Apart from the success of pure Documentary films, their influence has contributed more than any other factor to the growing success of British commercial films. Millions Like Us', 'The Way to the Stars', 'The Way Ahead' and many others, including this year's finest feature 'The Overlanders', all owe a great deal to the Documentary technique. It will be a sad day for the British film industry when that fact is forgotten.



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Forsyth Hardy has collected the most important writings of Grierson which were scattered in various periodicals published over the last eighteen years. We are indebted to him. Any reader interested in Cinema will find this book stimulating reading. At times he may be surprised to find himself forgetting that the book concerns Cinema and realising that for several pages he has been studying powerful prose on subjects which seem quite unrelated to films.

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This, his latest book, has the twofold theme of love of country and the anatomy of happiness, but the two are so linked that they are really one. Sir William is not of the mediævalist. William Morris school (whose most notable modern exponent is Mr. H. J. Massingham) which sees the sole hope for a happy and free England in a return to rural craftsmanship for all and the elimination of the machine. This, he rightly points out, is an attractive but quite impossible creed. He realises, too, that it is very easy to be falsely sentimental about village life, and that 'poverty and hardship can obliterate joy more completely perhaps in country than in town.' Nevertheless, he believes that even with bad conditions there is generally to be found in the rural worker a deep delight in the country scene and a sense of completeness rarely to be seen in his fellow worker in the town. For the townsman, of course, the country is a perpetual source of refreshment and invigoration, and it is the city dweller, harassed by daily conditions, who will extract the greatest enjoyment from these pages.

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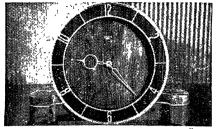
# REVIEWED BY ALAN ROSS

There is an interesting essay to be written on the growing influence of mysticism, and especially Catholicism, on the literature and propaganda of our time—an influence which has already extended to the screen and to the theatre. Its protagonists are nearly all converts, and where they have been artists, the whole tone of their work has been coloured by their new belief, so much so that they have deliberately dehumanised the catholic element of their artistic approach—Huxley, Isherwood, Graham Greene, Maugham and Waugh among the novelists, Auden, Gascoyne and Kathleen Raine among contemporary poets. It seems to me that in this list only Graham Greene and David Gascoyne have not diminished in stature as a result of this religious preoccupation. This is only by way of statement, not of criticism, for a critic's concern is with literary values and not with the validity of personal moral concepts. But Miss Raine's new book of poems gives the statement emphasis. Her first book, Stone and Flower, in its general sensitivity, the passionate and lyrical quality of the love poems, and in its assurance of technique, was one of the most striking first books published by a woman writer in our century. In Living in Time Miss Raine has surrendered her personality to the exploration of the Infinite, and to wonderment at what she has found. There is hardly a poem in it which is not religious in theme and which is not an affirmation in itself of the Christian faith. Miss Raine follows, albeit a little more chastely, in the path of Donne. However, I cannot but feel that the poems in this new book are less exciting and somehow less human and moving than the personal conflict and private suffering of her earlier lyrics. But she remains a poet of quality, and there are a number of extremely successful poems—Four poems of

'Mary Magdalene', 'Prayer', 'The Crystal Skull' (II), 'EcceHomo'—which re-affirms her position and which, in the way she has chosen to follow, may be precursors of some of the best religious poetry of our time.

The other two books under review are not of similar quality. Miss Willy has the same preoccupations as Miss Raine, but of a more facile order. Her poems are conventional and rather naïvely nostalgic pieces on commonplace literary themes. They are competently written but on a very minor scale and Miss Willy seems to have ignored the technical innovations in poetry since Browning-a defect which, often wrongly praised as being 'traditional' (in point of fact it is quite the opposite), prevents her poems from ever attaining any urgency or excitement; and the conventional nature of her imagery and outlook do not offer a substitute for a lack of individuality and vision. Yet occasionally a poem comes off and in 'Lament for Heloise' and 'The Kiss' there are indications of something more worth while.

Of Mr. Rowse's latest book of poems, the kindest thing I can say is that I liked his first. In that, his natural feeling for place and the musical quality of his inspiration produced a number of excellent descriptive lyrics. Mr. Rowse has a beautiful speaking voice and reads poetry extremely well, and I cannot understand how he has betrayed his natural talents into writing these haphazardly-constructed, very prosy poems which read like unfinished notes, instead of the often moving, fresh and correctly formed work in *Poems of a Decade*. For whenever he abjures rhyme, Mr. Rowse seems to get hopelessly lost and the majority of Poems of Deliverance could have well been written out in rather uninspired prose.



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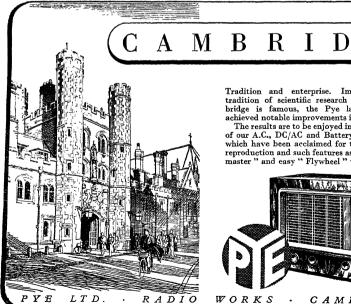
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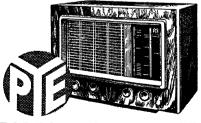




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# OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

# Henry Wallace

In Henry Wallace the inner difficulties of what might have remained a private drama have become an international problem. He is a man trying earnestly to deal with a world which is too much for him, and like many another he is cracking under the strain. For public life in our epoch is a fearful ordeal, particularly for those who cannot shut their eyes and stop their ears, who are aware, as he is, that the issues are life and death.

As long as Henry Wallace was protected, led, guided and disciplined, he was a good and faithful public servant. There was interposed between him and the crisis of our times the strength of Roosevelt's personality, the support of the institutions of the government, the organisation of his party. But when he had to face the realities of our time directly, on his own, and had to find within himself the intellectual resources to decide the issues and the emotional steadfastness and stability to endure responsibility, the reality was too much for him.

He has not been able to take it. He has fled from it, has fled from equal debate, from tedious persuasion, from the laborious give and take of politics and administration to the comforting applause of coteries, to the development of a cult, and to making himself a sacrificial offering for the sins of the world.

The more furious the hubbub he creates, the more he provokes a persecution of which he can believe himself to be the martyr, the greater his inner certitude that he is right.

The reason why Roosevelt and his closest advisers decided against re-nominating him for Vice-President in 1944 was that these tendencies were already evident then. He was known to be too soft for a hard world, and disposed, because he could not grapple with reality, to eccentric action, and to mixing up unpredictably truths,

half-truths, myths, panaceas, nostrums, and quackery.

Thus he has told the people of Europe that the United States is committed to a ruthless imperialism and war with the Soviet Union. That is not true, and it is a cruel falsehood to tell Europe that this is the posture of the United States. The truth is that the American people are in the midst of an immense discussion as to how they can play their unprecedented rôle amidst unprecedented difficulties and dangers.

In that discussion Mr. Wallace has not ventured to confront face to face, as he could have by appearing before the Congressional committees, the advocate of the policies which he opposes. He has fled from the reality of direct discussion to uttering his views by radio, in his magazine, and at mass meetings in England—anywhere but in places where he would have had to debate them seriously with his own countrymen.

in New York Herald Tribune

# Eleanor Roosevelt

Representing the U.S. at the United Nations is the most important but only the first of Mrs. Roosevelt's activities. Her colossal daily schedule of talks, conferences and personal appearances is a reasonably successful attempt to realise her once expressed wish to be in two places at the same time. She has even had to abandon individual responses to her 200 to 400 daily letters in favour of discussions in her column. My Day continues, of course, in 75 papers six days a week.

The inheritance of her Uncle Theodore's boundless energy only partly explains Mrs. Roosevelt. She is a more complicated person than she appears or perhaps understands. Her airtight façade of graciousness and poise is the end product of a long and difficult personal

history. Obstacles and frustrations which would have driven a lesser woman into querulous

self-pity drove her into greatness.

The conquest of these private frustrations was a triumph of character, a sheer and terrifying act of will. It produced her strength and serenity and invincible charm. At a recent dinner in Washington, when unsentimental Leon Henderson laid aside his big cigar and presented her as 'still the First Lady—in love and beauty', there was hardly a dry eye in a hard-boiled house.

Life

# Norwegian Press Today

THERE are today 200 newspapers in Norway with a total circulation of about 1,500,000. The number of newspapers is rather less than before the war. The circulation, on the other hand, has doubled. The enormous increase in circulation is a direct result of the war when Norway was cut off from much that was going on in the free world. It has given the newspapers a sounder economic foundation.

In Norway there has never been a tendency to form newspaper trusts. As far as is known, no newspaper has a financial interest in any other newspaper. The smaller newspapers are often owned by the editor or printer. Others are run by companies formed to promote some ideal rather than to make money. The great majority of newspapers have had a hard struggle for existence.

Whilst most newspapers have definite political affiliations, only the Labour papers are declared organs of their party. The Norwegian Labour Party has forty newspapers owned on a joint basis by individuals and organisations within the working-class movement. They are

all operated independently.

The Conservative newspaper Aftenposten has the largest circulation, about 150,000. At the beginning of the century its circulation was only 15,000, but even then it had the largest sale. The Labour Arbeiderbladet and the Liberal Dagbladet come next, with circulations between 60,000 and 70,000, whilst the Conservative Morgenposten has 60,000. Other newspapers published in Oslo are the business paper Norges Handels og Sjöfartstidende, the non-party Verdens Gang, the Communist Friheten, the agrarian Nationen, and the Christian-popular Vårt Land.

Most of the newspapers are sold on a regular subscription. *Dagbladet* is the only one with a large casual sale in the kiosks.

Norwegian Press Bulletin

# 'Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel'

The difficulties in the way of effecting a workable arrangement between this country and the Soviet Union are frequently apparent, but nowhere more so than in connection with a series of invitations extended to eminent Russians in recent months, with a view to promoting better cultural understanding between the United States and the U.S.S.R. No reply has been received to any of these invitations.

Marshal Stalin was quoted by Elliott Roosevelt as saying when Elliott was in Moscow that he would welcome the exchange of cultural and scientific information between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. Yet when efforts are made on this side of the Atlantic to promote such exchanges,

no answer is forthcoming.

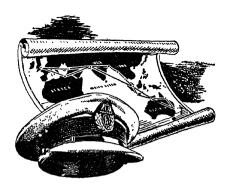
The Christian Century, interdenominational Protestant weekly published in Chicago, comments on this phenomenon, and expresses some mystification over the attitude of the Kremlin and its subjects. The magazine declares that, in the past three or four months, the following invitations have been dispatched to the Soviets, but that not one single answer has been received to any of them:

Offers for a 'tour of Russia by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its own expense; for building a penicillin plant in Russia and an exchange of medical scientists in this field; an invitation to Russian scholars to participate in the Princeton bicentennial; invitations to Soviet professors to lecture in America for the Rockefeller Foundation; to the Soviet ballet company from the Metropolitan Opera; to the conductor of the Leningrad Philharmonic to be guest conductor at Boston. Requests have been sent by a Yale Professor to be allowed to co-operate with Soviet geologists in research and by the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service that American doctors be permitted to study Russian medical research methods.'

It is impossible to doubt the authenticity of the foregoing, for General W. Bedell Smith, United States Ambassador in Moscow, has confirmed it all in a letter to the State Department. Yet no explanation of any sort has been forthcoming from the Kremlin.

If Marshal Stalin really told Elliott Roosevelt what Elliott quoted him as saying concerning his desire for cultural and scientific exchanges between the countries, he might now explain to the world why his statements and his actions are so directly in conflict with one another.

From the Richmond, Va., Times-Dispatch



# **Empire Builder**

THROUGH twenty-five years of achievement as Australia's INTERNATIONAL Airline, Qantas has played a major role in British Air supremacy. Partner with B.O.A.C. of the 'Kangaroo' Service to Australia, Qantas helps

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# He doesn't feel up to it . .

Long years of over-work and under-nourishment. His nerves and his digestion both need a rest. A cup of Benger's Food every night for a couple of weeks. It soothes and strengthens the digestion. You sleep soundly, wake refreshed. There's nothing like Benger's for building you up.

# Build up on Benger's?

The active digestive enzymes in Benger's Food partially pre-digest the milk. You absorb its full nutriment without digestive strain. That's why Benger's is so good for you. At chemists and grocers from 1/9 a tin.



BENGER'S LTD., HOLMES CHAPEL,



'Give me your skin, too, and I can assure you of a happy old age' CARREFOUR

# **Destroying Myths?**

LORD ROTHERMERE then turned to the Royal Commission on the Press which he hoped would expose all sorts of myths that most of the public seemed to hold about the Press.

One was that the 'bad Press barons' spent their time trying to exploit the public.

It would be a pity in a way to destroy that myth because he thought it would be discovered that the Press Lords were not half as exciting as they were thought to be. It would be found they were just people trying to do their best and that would not be half as exciting as the idea that they were wicked people, which, of course, they were not.

Another myth that would be exposed would be advertiser influence.

'I think the Royal Commission can do a lot of good work in educating the public in what the Press consists of, and providing it does not interfere with the freedom of the Press, it can do no harm at all.'

The Newspaper World

### Too True!

W B have seen today that a very large part of the national income is taken by the government through taxation and is disposed of again in a variety of ways; and that there is a great variety of taxes by means of which the government gets the money. We have noted that the redistribution of some part of the national wealth (which, of course, means the wealth of individuals) through taxation is now accepted as one of the social purposes for which the instrument of taxation can rightly be used. We have now to examine more closely this matter of the purposes of taxation, and the effects and principles of taxation. It will not be easy going, for in these modern days it has become a very complicated affair. But it is also an affair which closely concerns every citizen; and if there is one lesson to be learnt from the experience of our own and other countries, it is that consistent principles and harmonised purposes in taxation policy are absolutely essential in the modern State. A country which has not got these, or which does not keep to them, must expect a great deal of social and economic trouble.

'Why Pay Taxes?'
(Bureau of Current Affairs)

### There is a Difference

IF Communists may be banned and ousted from Federal Civil Service, as the Supreme Court has just ruled, is it not logical to deny them also the right to run for elective office, as Secretary of Labour Lewis B. Schwellenbach urges?

To our way of thinking, two quite different situations and sets of problems are involved.

An elective office rests upon a mandate of the people. The voters should be free to scrutinise, and to choose or reject, any candidates and platforms which conform to established democratic electoral procedures, even if they challenge accepted American institutions. In the rough-and-tumble of a political campaign, and the hostile watchfulness of would-be successors. Communists find it difficult to run for or to hold elective office under cover. The Civil Servant's road to a job runs through no such merciless test. He is hired not out of any debate on public policy but presumably because of certain skills. Here the Communist can enter under cover more easily. Here his desire to overthrow the system is especially intolerable because it is hidden. Christian Science Monitor

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE

Nufix — a quality product at a popular price. Its base contains vegetable oil—a safeguard against scalp dryness — also other beneficial ingredients of proved value adding lustre to the hair.

Nufix does not contain Gum, Starch or Soap. A single application keeps the hair tidy all day without hardness or deposit. Unexcelled for Hair Health and well groomed appearance.

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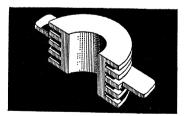


YOU CAST AND SMELT YOU SOAK AND ROLL

YOU CUT AND TURN YOU GRIND AND MILL

YOU HEAT AND COOL

and you produce a beautiful job of work perhaps something like this but a precision



casting might have saved a lot of time and money.

# ETHYL SILICATE for PRECISION CASTING

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# Progress against Pain

¶ Some of the oldest prescriptions known to medical science were engraved upon pillars of stone by the Egyptians, about the seventeenth century B.C. From these prescriptions no physician was allowed to deviate, upon pain of being held responsible if the patient died.

¶ It took many years for medical science to realise that knowledge is not static but progressive.

¶ One recent discovery, for instance, is that a small quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed up by the right combination of other drugs.

¶ A direct outcome of that discovery is 'Cogene', a scientific combination, in tablet form, of four separate drugs, three being pain relievers and the fourth a stimulant. Because a minute quantity only of each is present, there can be none of the harmful after-effects that might attend the taking of a

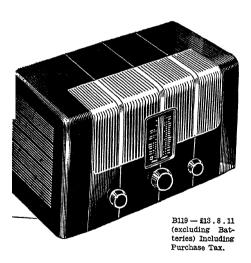
larger dose; yet the combination of all four in scientifically balanced proportions is so effective that 'Cogene' will 'reach' the most harassing nerve pain more rapidly than could any single drug. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get your share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

# COGENE

Regd, Trade Mark

Brand Tablete

A 'GENATOSAN' Product





# WHAT YOU WANT?

Those of us who have to use a Battery Set know what we want but don't often get it. We want ample power for one thing. But we also want a set that is easy on batteries. We've tried to give you these things in the B119; a set easy to service, economical to run; and able to get plenty of stations on both Long and Medium Waves. We can't hope to make enough to please everybody but we believe those who do get a B119 will certainly say "Ah! This is what we wanted."

Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

### The British Commonwealth

If the ideals of the British Commonwealth are ever to be really achieved, there are two vital problems to be overcome: first, the gap between diverse racial elements in communities must be closed; second, the British public must become really aware of the Empire and make a proper contribution towards its progress.

India, on the brink of self-government, drew several observations from the speaker. 'I think history will say of the Indian Civil Service that the effects of what it did in India can be summed up under three heads: (1) it gave personal security and liberty; (2) it established justice; (3) the Pax Britannica did act as a unifying force. Out of that has grown an utterly new conception of India as an entity.'

Asking whether the British system was the way to achieve co-operation and unity between elements in a society which were fundamentally diverse, he raised the question as to how we were to implement the pledge of progress towards self-government in the case of plural societies. 'If you do not achieve a degree of co-operation there is no hope for such a society to progress towards a self-government that means anything,' he warned.

He described Ceylon, Kenya and Malaya as presenting three different plural society problems, and remarked how the moment the withdrawal of the Crown started in 'plural society countries', trouble started.

The dual task of cementing races together and fostering progress towards self-government called for consummate statesmanship. First, there was always the problem of the vocal handful and the illiterate masses; secondly, there was no hope of closing the gap between diverse elements unless we gave each of them security for their own cultural, economic and social lives and, in the end, their own political aspirations.

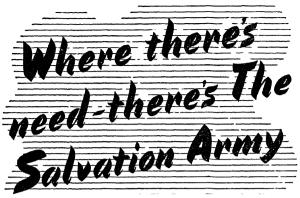
Concluding, Professor Harlow said that the British Commonwealth was a vast laboratory for that central problem regarding understanding and co-operation between white and brown, between white and black, and between brown and black. 'Isn't it time the citizens of this country woke up to that fact.' he asked. 'Isn't it time they became aware of it and made their contribution?'



Much more than you think! 66 lb. is the free baggage allowance on all Speedbird routes, plus what you carry—overcoat, magazines and books. Here is how your 66 lb. might be made up. A big lightweight case (weighing about 6½ lb.) in which you can pack, say, the following 39½ lb. of clothing: lounge suit—tweeds and flannels or dinner jacket—2 tropical suits—3 pairs shoes—16 shirts—and all you need in the way of pyjamas, underclothes, and etceteras. This leaves about 20 lb. for toilet kit and extras in a small nightstop case. In fact, for you, sir, 66 lb. means all you want for a month's world air travel. For you, madam, because of your much lighter clothing, more than enough of everything.



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



# \*LIZA LEWIS WAS LONELY

Suspicious, dirty and friendless, her miserable basement room was shut against visitors. The Salvation Army Slum sister gained Liza's confidence, persuading her to be "cleaned up". Liza was cared for at a Salvation Army centre while another room was found, and with a clean home, self-respect restored, new friends and interests, her old age is no longer warped and lonely.

\*Only the name is fictitious

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# **ASHRIDGE COLLEGE**

(Principal: General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.)

Courses in CITIZENSHIP, objective, rational, factual and cultural lectures and discussions.

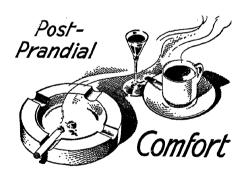
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# ASHRIDGE COLLEGE BERKHAMSTED, HERTS

A full programme of courses has been arranged for the coming Summer. Lecturers are, in every case, men and women of acknowledged leadership in their own field.

# Inclusive Fees: Week-end Courses £3·3·0 -Six-Day Courses £5·5·0

Application for details of courses and enrolment should be made to the Bursar.



If, time and temperament permitting, you follow counsels of perfection—such as avoiding di hes known to disagree with you, and you eat slowly... masticating thoroughly... and do not mix drin s with food... then indigection should rarely trouble you... but if, and when, haste, ho pitality, or sheer convivality result in sort passaged.

has been increasingly recommended for five generations.

1/5 and 3/14, from Chemists, or send a post card for Literature and Sample to: Savory & Moore, Ltd. (Pept. S.B.) 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1



### Cross-Section

# Convincing Proof?

Two apports—one of a small cross with chain and the other a small beaded butterfly—were very tangible evidence of spirit presences at the Great Metropolitan Spiritualist Association in Canvey Island on Easter Sunday.

The apports came in the light during a trance address through Mrs. Joan Mackenzie.

Mr. A. C. Butcher, the secretary of the Association, writes that these spirit gifts had special significance to the sitters—one of them, a father, used to describe his spirit daughter when on earth as his 'butterfly girl' and says that the apport was the most convincing proof of his daughter's identity he had ever received.

Psychic News

# Routine by Stimulation

THERE are clocks everywhere, and bells with their own particular type of chime announce the various activities. At the Maganwadi Ashram the hour's silent spinning is punctuated by the shriek of a particularly powerful alarm clock, when the roll call begins and finally when

the spinning comes to an end. Thus activities, which in any other institution would become matters of dead routine, are charged with a constant significance. The students and trainees are alike ceaselessly made aware of the importance of the ordinary pattern of daily living and kept continually on edge checking up on their punctuality and their sense of organisation. This provides a constant barrage against the apathy and 'let's put it off till tomorrow' attitude that chokes so much well-intentioned effort in India.

India and the World

### Some Dame!

The shape of her face is attenuated as an El Greco. She has the most luminous skin imaginable and only Velasquez could paint her colouring on canvas. Her mouth is like that of the fascinating Madame Arnoux in Flaubert's novel, Education Sentimentale. She has the gentleness, the poise, and the dignity of one of those grandes dames whom Balzac described in his Comédie Humaine. As for her clothes, instead of merely wearing them, she carries them.



### Future of India

PREDICTIONS as to what will, or must, occur by June of next year are without end, and most of them are definite and affrighting. Upon one all-important point there would seem to be no positive differences of opinion in India. The Government's hope that the proclamation itself and the fixed date made the one and only means of shocking the party leaders into co-operative action, and so of opening the road to communal settlement, is recognised as illusory. The plain statement that the transfer of power has been determined, and that it will be made either to one Government or to several, plays directly into the hands of the Moslem League. Its Ministers remain in the Interim Government and the rejection of the Constituent Assembly is again confirmed. India becomes an unlimited arena for power manœuvres. And since the June event is to be accompanied by a complete evacuation of the British Army, the ensuing stage cannot fail to be filled with conflict and suffering. From Noakhali to Peshawar the horrors of recent months have foreshadowed what may prove to be an apocalypse of anguish on a scale past imagining. We cannot doubt that educated India is unaware of the measureless tragedy that seems to be impending. But nothing appears to be more certain than that they conceive it to be ineluctable destiny. India is to be freed from alien domination; and the price must be paid. Contemporary Review

# United States of Europe

IT is plain that Soviet Russia is absolutely opposed to any form of European federation not directly controlled by herself, for, rightly or wrongly, she regards such schemes as directed against her. Moreover, she is able to call on Communist support throughout Europe. We have seen that, even in countries where Communists have not got a controlling voice, such as in the Netherlands, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, it has been made sufficiently clear that, for the present at any rate, the Governments concerned do not appear willing to participate in any form of European federation. Unless, therefore, an economic incentive can be provided that is strong enough to outweigh the existing political obstacles, or until changed political circumstances cause the removal of these obstacles, there seems little likelihood of the realisation of a United States of Europe.

World Affairs

# Spanish Gold

The Spanish gold which is being flown to this country 'in tons' worth 'millions of pounds' is, alas, a fiction. It is presumably a near relative of the castle which General Franco was building in Ireland. Indeed it seems to be a fact that people will believe any nonsense about Spain provided it is somehow discreditable to the present régime.

The one point that may have suggested the credibility of the report of gold is that several shipments of silver were made last summer to the same banking house.

Spain

### News from Canada

In Brandon, Man., Thomasine Hunter lost a wallet. Ultimately it was returned containing ten dollars more than it did prior to its loss.

\* \* \*

A Toronto paper announces that Roza Brown, fabulous Northern Ontario pioneer reputed to be worth 'at least a million', died 'PROCESSED of less than \$40,000.' No details of the process were given.

\* \* \*

Canadian Press reports from Toronto that diaper material is the latest item to appear on the Black Market. Ernest Adams, who operates a diaper service, says that though flannelette is hard to get on the open market, he had been offered thousands of yards at 40 cents per yard, twice the legal price.

\* \* \*

Fire-chief William Fitzgerald, of Seattle, explains the psychology of fire victims by saying that a man's first reaction is to put on his trousers, while that of a woman is to first call the fire department and then seize her purse. With reference to the ladies, the chief says: 'It's a real pleasure to rescue them.'

\* \* \*

A beaver, recently arrived in London for a permanent stay as a guest of the Zoo, was evidently not accustomed to putting up with the British housing situation, so decided to search out a home of his own choosing. He left the Zoo and was last seen swimming in the Regent's Canal towards Baker Street. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning may have one or two things to say if he decides to start building operations in the Serpentine.

Canada's Weekly

# Gillette steel is of glass-cutting hardness!



Hard, electrically tempered steel of the most exacting specification. Long - lasting, 3 - facet edges sharper than a surgeon's scalpel. Grinding, honing and stropping on micro-sensitive machines. All are features pioneered by Gillette—but even more convincing will be your first delightfully quick, good-looking Gillette shave. After the third or fourth you'll realise they're economical too!

'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette



# LORD WOOLTON

writes:

"Cancer is the disease most universally dreaded to-day. For years able and devoted men and women have sought by Research to find its cause and its cure. Constantly success in this noble endeavour seems to be just round the corner. The Royal Cancer Hospital needs the money to maintain this fight and, meanwhile, it seeks to bring relief to the suffering. British people, ever kindly in their sentiments, will not withhold their help to this great hospital—which never fails to help those who appeal to it."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer

# The Royal Cancer Hospital

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

# World Review



'Just one thing—when my husband gets here it will be best not to call it a love seat' NEW YORKER

# Filling a Gap!

To Gossard, Ltd., is due the credit for having produced the book for which the whole corset world has been waiting-a History of the Corset. The number of inquiries received at the Corseiry and Underwear office for 'a book about corsetry' has left us in no doubt that a great need has been felt for such a book, and now Gossard Ltd. have filled the gap with double efficiency, for they have added to their historywhich starts with the Minoan civilisation of 2500 to 1000 B.C.-a Manual of Instruction, specially written for corsetières, which begins with simple studies in anatomy and physiology, the muscular system and the bone structure, goes on to describe the numerous materials used in corset manufacture, and finishes up with lessons on fitting and salesmanship.

Corsetry and Underwear

# Specialisation!

RESEARCH IN THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LEARNING.—An opportunity has arisen for the appointment of a RESEARCH WORKER to investigate the mechanism of LEARNING in various animals, and in the first instance in OCTOPUS... The appointment will be for three years in the first instance, and the salary £600-£800 per annum, according to age and experience...

Advt. in the Spectator, London

# Propaganda?

The setting up of the Royal Commission on the Press will be widely welcomed as an earnest of the Government's intention to respond to the popular desire that the ownership and methods of the newspapers should be fully investigated.

... Ever since... the new form of journalism there has been... a growing use of newspapers as engines of propaganda at the cost of honest reporting... News is always subjected to political selection: it is often adulterated.

How can the situation be otherwise when ... newspapers are ... in the hands of individuals whose irresponsibility is matched only by their wealth?

The Press today is a menace to democratic methods of government.

Daily Worker, 27 March 1947

# Progress versus Violence

The worst enemies of progress are those who preach violence, and Karl Marx and his school have done endless harm because they have naturally given rise to a movement of self-defence among people who, but for the threats of violence and the realities, would never have wanted to take up any strong political position. Just as it is a sign of good health if you never think about your health, it is a sign of a healthy society not to be preoccupied with politics.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFFE

# **Ambitious First Lady**

Doña Maria Eva Duarte de Perón is cashing in rapidly on her position as Argentina's 'First Lady'. Already a newspaper publisher and part owner of a newsreel company, the President's wife recently registered 'El Peronsmo' as a brand name under which she will sell 'medical, surgical, mathematical, scientific, and veterinary instruments and supplies', and 'Tribuna Peronista' as a trademark for 'products of agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, and arboriculture'.

World Report

# Resigned to What?

RESIGNED young lady with reliable references desires work by day or week. RI 7191.

Advt. in the Buffalo Evening News

# A Green Field is Heaven

to poor slum mothers and children living, amidst strain, in our cities and towns.

The Church Army is doing all it can this Summer to give as many as possible a much-needed rest and change in the country or by the sea. Your help will be welcomed.

Cheques, etc., crossed 'Barclays, a|c Church Army' should be sent to Prebendary HUBERT H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head, The Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1

# **CHURCH ARMY**

# PRESENT QUESTION CONFERENCE SELLY OAK, BIRMINGHAM, JULY 24-31

Subject: What is the Critical Problem in Human Relationships To-day?

Chairman: E. Graham Howe. Speakers will include Sir Stafford Cripps, Sir Richard Livingstone, Professor M. L. Oliphant, Professor Wilson Knight, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Herbert Read, George Dickson, M. Chaning-Pearce.

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# Stories Wanted

We revise according to the Scientific System of fiction-writing and submit to Editors on a 15 per cent. of sales basis.

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Mention this Periodical

The Sign of SCIENCE and SALES



# "In the present state of medical knowledge..."

"The important thing is that it does work, though we may not know exactly why." Often you will hear the wise and candid doctor of today make a remark like this about Penicillin, or the Sulphonamides, those great new discoveries of medical science. And about an old discovery as well—'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Opinions differ as to exactly why the special combination which is only found in 'Sanatogen' works wonders with exhausted nerves: but there is no difference of opinion about the fact that it does.

# 'SANATOGEN'

NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present— 7/5d. (including Purchase Tax)

A 'GENATOSAN' Product

ŦΛ



'My wife and I take turns choosing the pictures'
SATURDAY REVIEW

### Glass House?

RECEIVING permission from the Ministry to proceed with the building of a factory designed to employ disabled Servicemen, the Southgate Rotary Club find it accompanied by the provision that 'no bricks, steel or wood' is used in the construction.

Palmers Green and Southgate Gazette

# Priority!

The other day I went out to post an important business letter, and, being anxious that it should reach its destination by a certain time, asked a postman who happened to be standing by what chance there was. His reply was: 'Is it to Little-woods?' I asked what difference that made. He replied, 'Pools have priority.'

Letter in the Manchester Guardian

### **Goods Train**

The Maharaja of Gwalior, India, owns one of the costliest railroad trains in existence. Made of silver and operated by electricity, it travels slowly around the great dining table in the royal palace during meals with its dozen trucks loaded with fruits, nuts, condiments and wines, automatically stopping momentarily before each plate.

Itish News

# **Dusty Answer**

'Is it true, mummy, that when we are born we are made of dust and when we die we go to dust?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Well, there's somebody either coming or going under the spare-room bed.'

The Countryman, Kingham

# Lucky Escape!

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer, celebrated for his tightness, had to undergo a course of treatment for a minor ailment. When his bill was handed to him, he was outraged. 'Great Scott! doctor,' he bellowed, 'what an awful bill for one week's treatment.'

The doctor looked him over with a frown. 'My dear fellow,' he assured his patient, 'if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let go to a postmortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this.'

Cape Town Herald

# Over-exposed

SALLY RAND, fan dancer, tangled with the police again, this time in New York, where they refused to issue her a cabaret employee's card. Assistant Corporation Counsel, Leonard Katlin put it this way: 'A strip teaser has some clothes on to take off. Miss Rand hasn't.' Hyman Barshay, Miss Rand's attorney, said: 'You would have to be looking very closely to see the over-exposure.' Isn't that what people go to night clubs for—to look closely?' asked Judge Morris Eder. He reserved decision.

Newsweek

### Difficult Choice?

The International Artists Committee of 247
Parke Ave., Manhattan, announced today its selection of the ten most clamorous women of 1946.

Brooklyn Eagle

# Stunning!

PROMPTLY at 9 o'clock the President, clad in black tie, and Mrs. Truman, wearing a stunning dark gold lamé evening gown, arrived at the Seventeenth street entrance of the Mayflower Hotel.

Washington Star

# Domestic 'U.N.O.'?

To a distinctive household which demands gracious living, this old-world group of trained servitors is now available: English butler, Russian chef, Swedish upstairs maid, trish parlour maid, English chauffeurgardener, Belgian groom and whip. Can be engaged only as a unit. Call 'Hurley' for appointment. Wilton 648.

Wilton (Conn.) Bulletin



British goods are 'in the window' when British films are shown to the world. That's how Mr. Chang of China comes to want his British bicycle. A demand is created, and trade is born.

This is what happens when producers and manufacturers grasp the importance of this indirect form of salesmanship. For films cannot help showing your goods. Every time a film star changes her costume she models British fashions. The arc lights play on the love scene and with equal clarity on the furnishings. How vital it is that the best of Britain should go on the screen! Other countries have been very alive to the sales appeal of this most 'visible' export, and we in Britain are now equally aware of it. When important films go into production nowadays, manufacturers and the Board of Trade and the Council of Industrial Design all co-operate. In this way (with no loss at all in entertainment value) films are at the same time groomed as travelling salesmen for many British industries.



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